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To the Insured and Intending Insurers.

MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION,

307 & 309 Broadway,

New York City.

FREDERICK A. BURNHAM, PRESIDENT.

Our new business for 1895 was....$69,000,000

Our new business for 1896 is.....$84,000,000

Gain $15,000,000

This phenomenal result, in a year of great commercial depression, was achieved by offering to the public a policy which gave to them the greatest advantages at the lowest cost consistent with safety, and we did not use the policy-holders' money in distributing Loving cups, Gold watches or bonuses of any kind or description. $28,250,000 have been paid to the representatives of those insured, and during the past sixty days $687,000 were paid out for death claims. If those who took this insurance had taken a policy in an Old Line Company, their representatives would have received only $327,000. Our new policy provides for cash surrender value, one-half the amount while living in the event of total disability, extended insurance in the event of inability to pay premiums, and reducing premium. Our system gives to the Company STRENGTH, to the representative who understands it thoroughly POWER, and to the policy-holder who grasps its force CONFIDENCE. Do not be induced to take a policy elsewhere until you have inquired of this Association. Representatives will find it easy to work for and hard to work against. For all particulars apply to

General Manager.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 3, 1897.

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The Czar is said to be about to establish a Supreme Court in Russia, in order to relieve himself of the less important affairs of State. ═══ Business was practically suspended in London on account of the dense fog which prevailed, and many accidents occurred. ═══ A special Ministerial Council was held in Berlin to consider the opposition made by the exchanges to the new bourse law.

DOMESTIC.—The flax, hemp and jute schedule was considered at the tariff hearing before the Ways and Means Committee in Washington. ═══ The Dolphin and the Vesuvius have been ordered to the Florida coast to aid in suppressing filibustering expeditions to Cuba. ═══ Many members of the Pennsylvania Legislature arrived in Harrisburg, where a sharp contest for the United States Senatorship is in progress. ═══ Thomas Bram was convicted in Boston of the murder on the high seas of Captain Nash, of the barkentine Herbert Fuller. ═══ The body of W. A. Hammond, second vice-president of the National Bank of Illinois, was found in the lake at Chicago, he having committed suicide. ═══ A number of banks in the West closed their doors, including the Omaha Savings Bank.

CITY.—Six men were badly hurt and about $10,000 damage was done by fire at No. 257 East Houston-st. ═══ The Greater New-York Commission received the report of the Draft Committee. ═══ Stocks were strong and higher.

THE WEATHER.—Forecast for to-day: Increasing cloudiness; light showers this evening; warmer. The temperature yesterday: Highest, 48 degrees; lowest, 38; average, 43½.

The Tribune to-day consists of Three Parts, containing twenty-eight pages, and, in addition, "Twinkles," a colored pictorial weekly of sixteen pages. See that your newsdealer supplies you with a complete copy.

THE CASE OF GENERAL M'LEWEE.

If the last few days had not witnessed such important occurrences as the advent of a new year and the accession of a new Governor, the principal topic of discussion in New-York during this time would have been the removal of Inspector-General McLewee; and we are not sure it has not been the principal topic, notwithstanding that extraordinary competition. By an explicit provision of the Constitution members of the Governor's staff hold their places during his pleasure, and consequently Mr. Morton's power to dismiss his Inspector-General cannot possibly be disputed. The proprieties of the case are not quite so clear, but we are disposed to think that the swift action of the Executive was not unwarranted under the circumstances. Not only his own term, but that of his military subordinate, was about to expire, and whatever was to be done had to be done at once. If there had been time for a trial of charges, a court-martial would have been the proper mode of procedure, and it is to be regretted that the issue could not have been drawn in that way.

For, though several comic elements diversify this case, the serious elements predominate, and it is not only desirable but necessary that a sober and careful investigation should be made of the charges which an experienced officer of high rank and reputation has brought against the National Guard of the State of New-York. As it appears to us, General McLewee undoubtedly committed a serious offence against discipline, which is the vital force of a military organization. If his report was true, it was his duty to make that report to the official appointed by law to receive it, with careful regard to the obligations of formal respect due from a subordinate to a superior. It is the custom, we believe, for department reports to be furnished for publication by the persons making them, after they have been regularly filed, and if General McLewee's report had been of the usual routine character nothing more would ever have been heard of the matter. But he knew that it was not a report of that sort, that it contained not only grave charges against the Adjutant-General and other members of the staff, but serious, though indirect, censure of the Governor himself. In view of this fact it was his obvious duty to refrain from furnishing advance copies to the press, putting the responsibility of making the report public upon its official recipient. What it might have been his duty to do subsequently, in case the report had been suppressed, it is not necessary to inquire, for that situation did not arise, possibly owing to General McLewee's premature action. From the point of view of strict military obligation, therefore, we are compelled to condemn him. He cannot be technically acquitted even by proving that officers of the staff have committed numerous irregularities and violations of law; still less by unofficial accusations of falsehood, drunkenness, and general moral and military unfitness for the service.

But, though General McLewee was at fault and may have been justly punished, we are disposed to believe that he acted from a sense of duty, and we are firmly convinced that he has raised an issue which neither the National Guard nor the Commonwealth can afford to drop without a rigid investigation. The people have cheerfully borne a heavy expense for the support of the military establishment, have quartered the citizen soldiers in costly and luxurious armories and have bestowed upon them various privileges and immunities in return for services rendered and due on demand. They are entitled to know, and pretty sure to insist on knowing, whether General McLewee's official charges and the more serious and explicit accusations with which he has supplemented his formal report are true or false. If officers of the National Guard have converted the State encampment "into one gigantic jag," for example, and thus and otherwise have not only demonstrated their own unworthiness but demoralized the organization under their command, disgracing and defrauding the State by impairing its defences and wasting its money, it is high time that the exact facts were made known, whoever may be harmed in the process. Without prejudging the case, or acquitting General McLewee of the military offence for which he was dismissed, we must admit that he seems to us to have made himself the instrument of an important public service.

SOCIAL REFORM NEEDED.

It would be hasty judgment to say that a recent occurrence in a fashionable restaurant in this town which has been largely and unnecessarily exploited by that portion of the press which makes a specialty of salacious sensations, and which has given rise to a police investigation that threatens further disclosures of a "racy" nature, furnishes proof of general social demoralization. But that it indicates social tendencies of a most demoralizing and degrading character is not to be denied. It raises the question in the minds of thoughtful men and women, and especially of fathers and mothers, whether or not in the social life of this great city there is something so radically unwholesome and bad as to endanger not only the manners and morals of the young men and women exposed to its influence, but the very permanence of society and stability of the State. For one thing, at least, is certain: that the framework of a society whose recreations are impure and gross, and which finds its pleasures in sensual exhibitions either insidiously suggestive or wickedly wanton and baldly bad, cannot long endure. While it does endure it saturates all the strata and all conditions of civic life with impurity and vileness, rotting out the very foundations of public virtue, upon which depend the welfare of the people and the permanence of the State.

It is a good sign that the disclosures which have been made, and have been utilized for profit by newspapers which deal in pruriency by wholesale and retail, have actually shocked the community. Shocked not merely its religious sense or its moral sense, but its sense of decency—that common-sense which surveys all transactions, whether social, political or commercial, from the coldly intellectual and philosophic point of view of their effect upon material interests. From that point of view it is easily discerned that neither public nor private credit can long survive, nor business prosper, nor enterprise succeed, in a community whose higher social classes have in their love of luxury and habits of idleness lost all self-respect and sense of shame. The occurrence referred to was not a sudden outcropping of vicious tastes or an abrupt eruption of youthful folly. It was the logical development of a tendency which has been manifesting itself in myriad forms for a long period in what is called, or calls itself, our best society. Depraved tastes have been fed fat with social scandals and rank gossip, with the vileness of insinuation and the malice of innuendo, with the tittle-tattle of the idle and the coarse jest of the literary buffoon, all spread in unctuous display upon the pages of the cheap and nasty press. Contributory to this volume of unwholesome emanations have been the drivellings of the drama, the vileness of the vaudeville and the pernicious activities of the press agent.

And has society—so called—no business with this state of things? No duty to perform? No mission to accomplish to relieve it from the stain of complicity with the forces of corruption and demoralization? Can it do nothing but drop down with the tide? Is there not enough of intellectual force in it, to say nothing of the stamina of moral purpose and the uplifting influence of proper self-respect, to do something to check the downward tendency of the time and assert the rule of common morality, common decency and common-sense? Certainly there is. But who shall move in it? Who take the first step toward arresting the manifest tendency, purifying the public taste and elevating the standard of common morals? Social influences can do what is impossible for any other agency, even legislation, to accomplish. Who are the society leaders to undertake it and find in it the reward of public approval, with the satisfaction of the highest social duty done?

AN AUSTRIAN CRISIS.

The general election which is presently to be held in Austria will be regarded with unusual interest, not only in both parts of the Dual Realm, but throughout the whole world, as possibly marking a crisis in the affairs of the Empire. As hitherto stated, it will be the first held in Austria by universal suffrage. That fact alone invests it with unique importance. But that is not all. The present constitution and alignment of parties make it not improbable that it will cause some revolutionary changes in Governmental policy, in both domestic and foreign affairs. Indeed, the attitude of the Government itself is one of expectancy of such a result. For the Prime Minister, Count Badeni, is now playing the part of an extreme Opportunist. He proclaims no policy on which to "go to the country." He will let the election go as it may, and shape his future course according to the result, and be governed by the will of whatever party or coalition may control the new Reichsrath. That is a novel attitude for a Prime Minister to assume. It would be impossible, or suicidal, in a country like Great Britain, where there is government by party, and the Ministry is responsible to and indeed the creature of Parliament. But under the Austrian system it is by no means illogical and, at the present juncture, in view of Count Badeni's course during the last year, by no means surprising.

Count Badeni entered office with the great prestige and reputation he had won as Governor of Galicia. Of his two next predecessors one had been weak, the otner a slave of routine. He was hailed as a strong and brilliant man. He had unchecked power, too, for the Reichsrath was absolutely subservient to him. But now even his friends are saying he seems not to have made the best use of his opportunities. He was expected to resist and suppress the anti-Semitism of the Lueger-Liechtenstein faction. Instead he came to a friendly understanding, almost an alliance, with it. He delivered the government of Vienna wholly into Dr. Lueger's violent hands, with the result that the Anti-Semites have been greatly encouraged and have become more extreme than ever in their campaign of hatred. They have openly insulted the Emperor, organized mobs and rioting, and publicly applauded the deliberate murder of unoffending and estimable Jews. That in such circumstances the Prime Minister should countenance and even encourage them is deemed cause for much wondering.

Nor was Count Badeni, apparently, more happy in his dealings with the question of the suffrage. Like the man in the fable, he tried to please all and succeeded in pleasing none. He granted universal suffrage. That pleased the masses but displeased the classes. Then, as a counterfoil, he enacted that only seventy members of the Reichsrath should be chosen by universal suffrage, the rest being chosen as of old. That pleased the classes but displeased the masses. The result now looked for is that all the seventy members elected by universal suffrage will be opponents of the Ministry, or at least of the present electoral system, and will agitate vigorously for extension of popular representation as well as of the franchise. They will not, at any rate, form a party to which Count Badeni can look for support.

This, then, is the present situation: The Anti-Semites absolutely control Vienna and the Lower Austrian Landtag, and have good prospects of controlling the Reichsrath. They are waging the bitterest possible war against the renewal of the compact with Hungary, and against the continued union of the two realms. In this, they loudly proclaim, they have the Prime Minister and Government on their side. That is, of course, a falsehood. But Count Badeni's undeniable bargainings with them give it just enough color of truthfulness to make it mischievous in Hungary and to put the Union in greater peril than it has been in since it was established by Deak. The Clericals, too, are rampant, demanding the repeal of all liberal laws, the suppression of all dissenting churches, the placing of all schools in the hands of priests, and the restoration of the Church to paramount influence in all affairs of State. And these are the two great parties, upon one or both of which the Government will have to rely for its majority in the new Reichsrath. In such circumstances to remain "on the fence" until after election may not be particularly heroic, but it may prove to be eminently discreet. But after election, what? The present outlook is unutterably ominous of storm and stress, which it may severely tax the tact and wisdom of the venerable Emperor to quell.

"THE CONDITION THAT CONFRONTS US."

It is the season of congratulations and good wishes—the latter, for obvious reasons, being the more numerous and hearty. The former, indeed, take chiefly the good old Methodist form of thankfulness "that things are as well with us as they are." It was a hard year for most people, in most respects, and there is cause for rejoicing that it is now past and gone, and that the new year is radiant with the sure promise of better things. Nevertheless, there are those who endured the trial well, and who can now give and receive both congratulations on the past and good wishes for the future with sincerity and with ample deserts. To that happy class The Tribune modestly but confidently claims to belong, and it trusts it has the companionship therein of a goodly proportion of its friends and patrons.

A year ago, in the chaos of uncertainty which prevailed in the political and business world, The Tribune endeavored daily to speak with no uncertain voice. It spoke, in season and out of season, for the old, bedrock Republican principles which had for a generation given this land a prosperity and a greatness that were the wonder and the envy of the world. It spoke for sound money, for protection to American industry, and for honest, liberal, progressive government on American lines and for the promotion of American welfare. When the time came to choose a new Chief of State it spoke for that candidate who was most conspicuously identified with those principles. It did not always find itself in agreement with all of its friends and party associates, but it did keep itself in unfailing agreement with its own best traditions and highest ideals, and with the policy it believed to be best for the whole Nation. It has found its vindication in the event. The candidate it favored was overwhelmingly chosen by his party, and elected by his fellow-countrymen, and the policies it advocated are to-day in a fair way to triumphant fulfilment. Concurrently have come and are still more largely coming the results it confidently anticipated. Prosperity is following closely in the wake of its "advance agent." The closing months of the old year witnessed an unmistakable revival of business; not a sensational and inflated "boom," but a sure, substantial growth toward such ordered prosperity as befits a great industrial Nation.

In these circumstances alone would be sufficient compensation for all The Tribune's labors. But other reward is given in abundant measure. This journal has shared, perhaps more than might be reckoned proportionately, in the revival of prosperity. Its commanding rank as the representative Republican paper of the United States assured a great increase of its circulation during the campaign. That was, however, not for the campaign alone. Hosts of new acquaintances made in those tumultuous days have ripened into fast friends and permanent patrons. There has been a marked enlargement of the Daily circulation throughout the whole metropolitan district, and along the great railway routes. The Semi-Weekly has won an army of new readers. And The Weekly has so swelled its formerly enormous roll of subscribers, from Eastport to the Golden Gate, as to have more than ever an indisputable pre-eminence as the great National family journal of America.

Nor has the advertising department lagged behind that of circulation. Business men in every branch of honorable industry have shown their confidence in reviving prosperity, and in the journal that was and is the spokesman of that revival, by making The Tribune's pages day by day a veritable guidebook and directory of metropolitan trade. In this they serve, of course, their own financial interests, for every dollar spent in Tribune advertising surely and promptly returns to its spender increased a hundredfold. And, further, so far does a good influence extend, they serve the interests of the whole vast Tribune public, for the paper, thus encouraged, increases its own value to its patrons by the addition of new features and departments of news, literature and art. The popularity of these latter was never doubtful.

Without hesitation, then, The Tribune congratulates its myriads of constituents upon their happy progress from the Wilderness into the Promised Land, and wishes them all possible good things for the New Year. And it accepts, modestly but as its undoubted due, the congratulations and good wishes its friends are multitudinously offering to it. The Tribune is hopeful, confident, optimistic, and with good cause, both for itself and for the American people. And not the least source of its satisfaction is in this, that it has won prosperity for its friends by fighting a good fight. It has not strayed into by and forbidden paths, nor resorted to meretricious expedients to catch the passing fancy and cajole the public into half-unwilling support of it. It has endeavored to do the legitimate work of a great newspaper, and to do it in the name of good morals, upright manhood and unwavering patriotism. To-day it rejoices in the assurance of its readers that they deem it even more than ever worthy to be known as "the leading American journal," and it assures them in return that it will never spare effort or expense in maintaining its title to that honorable distinction.

POETS AS SEERS.

The poet is said to be the modern successor of the prophet. He sees the hidden causes and meanings of things, and discerns the outcome of events long before other people understand even their tendency. Doubtless all true poets are, in a measure, gifted with this power of intuition or seership which alone makes their message to the world worth the telling. Yet of many we are obliged to confess that their exercise of this gift leaves much to be desired. In these first days of the new year, if we turn to the poets for a true interpretation of present-day life and tendencies, we will get it from very few. Some of them never touch this great question at all, being content to turn off pretty sonnets and cleverly constructed rondeaus about nothing in particular. But others of them that do essay to exercise the gift of seership give us little more than the old commonplace to the effect that the golden age was in the more or less distant past, and that life and manners to-day are growing worse.

Now there are two objections to this message, if such it can be called: it is not new, and it is not true. Exactly the same thing was said by the seers of the ages lauded as golden by modern poets and by some who are not poets. The tendency to view the days of old through a hazy glamour, and invest its worthies with a golden aureole, is all but irresistible; and, though it has added a picturesque charm to the past that is not without its value, it stands in the way of our understanding the past and so profiting by it. How often, for instance, we hear glorifications of the simplicity, virtue and moral elevation that characterized the days of Washington! Those were the golden days of the Republic, we are told, compared with which the National and individual life of to-day are both commonplace and mean. This view of the case is utterly false. The good and earnest men who lived in the days of Washington took no such optimistic view of that time. They thought that base and sordid men were in the ascendancy then, just as some of our modern seers think is the case to-day. And Washington, whom the reverent homage of the Nation has immortalized, was, during his life, assailed with the coarsest abuse. Where were the seers of that day, to interpret its great movements and throw the light of their inspired genius on the tendencies of the time? Where, indeed? Henry James Pye, the English Poet Laureate, was weaving for himself a thick mantle of oblivion, in which he and his "songs" have been ever since enshrouded; and in this country, "the Hartford Wits," John Trumbull, Lemuel Hopkins, David Humphreys, Joel Barlow and Richard Alsop, pleased many by their melodious verse, but said nothing that any intelligent citizen of the time did not feel.

The fact of the matter is, the poet is too much inclined to regard his mastery of rhythm as the proof of his seership; and the public is too much inclined to let him do so. With the exception of men like Shakespeare and Wordsworth, he possesses no peculiar gifts of insight, and has just the same capacity to interpret his age that any other intelligent and educated man has. Moreover, he makes the fatal mistake of projecting the golden age into the past, instead of seeing it in the future, where, if anywhere, it really belongs. We do not forget that occasionally poets have discerned this truth. The old Hebrew prophets, who were not more prophets than they were poets, looked forward and not backward, for the ideal time of happiness and goodness. So did Virgil in one of his famous poems. And Pope's line, "Man never is, but always to be blest," has become a classic of quotation. But Pope certainly had no glimpse of the truth that the good time coming has its roots in the present time, which must also be good in a measure. Nearly every poet thinks that he is living in an age of iron or of brass. And for his heroic ideals he is wont to go back to the so-called ages of chivalry, which were really as cruel and brutal as they were picturesque; failing to discern the heroism and the high endeavor of to-day, because men wear pot hats and trousers instead of doublet and hose. Of two modern poets, however, this is not true. Tennyson and Browning, whom many would classify as the two greatest poet-prophets of this century, really saw some of the glory and beauty and worth and promise of the present underneath its prosaic and sometimes mean exterior; and each in his way made the world his debtor by telling what he saw.

The report that the European Powers will generally approve the permanent arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States is gratifying. One of these days, let it be hoped, each one of them will have a similar treaty of its own with the others.

The employes of the Federal penitentiaries have been placed under the Civil Service rules. And still the good work goes on and "the boys" wail.

An official of the Metropolitan Traction Company is authority for the statement that the underground trolley system has been experimented with and "has been found to meet all requirements." This is a singular affirmation, in view of the trouble experienced during the recent snowstorms in the upper part of the city, where this system is in use. The underground trolley appears to have given satisfaction in Budapest, but that has not been the case in New-York up to date. If effective means have been found for preventing such breakdowns of the system as recently caused so much annoyance the fact ought to be made public, and a further test of a severe character should be applied before this method of employing electricity is declared perfect.

There would be better data in existence for discussing the question whether the salaries paid in the District-Attorney's office are sufficient to attract lawyers of reputation if there was any record of the District-Attorney having made unsuccessful efforts to get deputies of ability before turning to political hacks.

Purroy was a standard authority on morals in the old Wigwam, and will doubtless be in the new tepee which he has just set up. It ought therefore to be run on the highest ethical principles. The jaw-breaking moralist of the new lodge scorns the defaulting professor of virtue who rules the old one, and has no hesitation in saying so in tolerably fair Tammany English. He is equally despised and denounced in return, showing that they have a correct sense of their mutual deservings. They are the sort of people who ought to fall out in order that honest folks may get their dues.

Spain has shown her unworthiness to control colonies since she began to possess them. One by one they have revolted against her oppression and thrown off her rule, only a handbreadth besides her Caribbean possessions and the Philippines remaining to her. Her pride is interested in the retention of these, but so it has been, without avail, in the case of other possessions, and so it is sure sooner or later to be with these. She will find enough to do at home if she sets diligently about it. Only about half her people can read and write, and it would be the wisest possible stroke of policy to teach these arts to the remaining half. She would thus be better qualified for home rule; but for authority abroad she has had nearly four centuries of trial, and has been found a failure. She will have to give it up altogether. Europe is of that mind and politely declines to take up her cause against us, which, indeed, she could not do with effect without an effort much too costly for the occasion. Spain will really feel a great deal better when she is discharged of all responsibility for Cuba. She will then, but not before, have a little leisure for recreation, and perhaps a little money to spend on herself.

PERSONAL.

Professor J. E. Keeler, of the Allegheny (Penn.) Observatory, has been asked to assist in testing the huge Yerkes telescope at Lake Geneva, Wis. Professor Keeler has already made important discoveries in spectro-photography with the 13-inch refractor at the Allegheny Observatory, and what he will do with the 40-inch glass, the largest in the world, is a question of great scientific interest.

"No one will be surprised," says "The Lady's Pictorial," "if the rumor that the Queen intends to create Princess Beatrice Duchess of Kent in the new year should prove to be correct. Her Majesty has thought more than once of reviving the title of her beloved mother, and there is certainly no one upon whom it could be conferred with better grace than Her Royal Highness, whose life has been so largely, almost so wholly, devoted to the Queen. Such an act would also insure for the Princess's son, Prince Alexander, a position of greater dignity than, under other circumstances, he could enjoy, and one which would be entirely in harmony with Her Majesty's deep affection for him."

President Faure gave a breakfast the other day to about a score of the most famous writers and artists of France.

The Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, pastor of the People's Church, of Kalamazoo, Mich., was married to a physician the other day. Miss Bartlett's church has no dogmatic creed, and among its members are Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Spiritualists, Christian Scientists, Free Thinkers and Agnostics.

It is announced in London that in her capacity as Governor of the Isle of Wight, Princess Beatrice will next summer publicly unveil the memorial of the late Lord Tennyson, to be erected on the cliffs at Farringford. It gives the inhabitants of the island great delight and satisfaction for the Princess to appear in her official role, and furthermore she is, like the Queen, a passionate admirer of Tennyson's poetry, so that her unveiling of this memorial to the late Laureate will be something much more than a perfunctory duty. Princess Beatrice herself frequently reads Tennyson aloud to the Queen.

"Bailey's Magazine," a sporting monthly of London, thus describes Arthur J. Balfour as a golfer: "He treats the game as seriously as Sarah Battle treated whist. There is no pretence of his not caring whether he wins a match or loses it; he likes to win, and when he plays with a friend he has usually something 'on the game.' It is delightful to witness the zest with which he enters into the sport. As he strides across the links he exults in the fresh air, sometimes handing his deer-stalker cap to his caddie. He is fond of a foursome with a professional on his side. The iron shots give him most difficulty, but his play is generally steady. He gets a long easy drive off the tee, his second shot with the brassie is also clean, and his cool nerves are invaluable in a bunker."

The Duc de Loubat has presented to the University of Pennsylvania a contribution of a copy of his reproduction of the Vatican Codex, 3,773. The gift has been placed in the Museum of Archaeology. The codex is a native American book made in Mexico before the conquest by the Spaniards. It serves in every way the purposes of the original, which is carefully guarded in the library of the Vatican at Rome.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

The two hundred and fifty-seventh anniversary of the birth of Racine was celebrated in Paris the other day.

Crimsonbeak—I hear Miss Painter has quarrelled with her theatrical manager.

Yeast—Oh, she'll get over it.

"No; she says she'll never make up with him again."—(Yonkers Statesman.

There is a possibility that the city of Boston may try an interesting experiment in municipal ownership by establishing its own printing plant. Speaking of this, "The Boston Herald" says: "When the Mayor presents his plan to the City Council he will undoubtedly have strong support in favor of it. It is understood that there is no city in the country that does its own printing, and the experiment will be watched with a good deal of interest. The only public printing office in the country is that of the National Government at Washington. The success of that office is well understood, and if the city of Boston can equal it the experiment will have proved a success."

A manufacturer who had expected to push his business as never before writes us as follows: "I had returned home from Europe this fall prepared to push business, but on looking over the situation I have decided to let matters rest where they are. The United States Senate is too dangerous a menace to manufacturers to attempt any extension now."—(Hardware.

The closing of Robert Beall's book store in Washington removes one of the city's landmarks. It dates back to the early '50's, when the proprietor, then a young clerk, branched out for himself. An order for $1,000 worth of books, procured through John Sherman's favor, set him on his feet. Webster, Sumner, Winthrop, Toombs, Alexander Stephens and ther ante-bellum statesmen were Beall's frequent customers.

Snyder, the calculating barber, was in a talkative mood last night. "Five thousand horns are tooting on Chestnut-st.," he said, "and perhaps 10,000 are in use throughout the city. Each one will be blown say 600 times during the evening, making a total of 6,000,000 toots. The amount of lung power required to blow the average horn once would raise a five-pound weight one inch, and 6,000,000 toots would raise it 6,000,000 inches, or 500,000 feet. This would be the equivalent of raising one pound 2,500,000 feet, or of lifting a ton approximately 1,116 feet. The City Hall tower is 547 feet high, and you can readily see that the lung power wasted in seeing the old year out would raise a ton of coal a little more than twice as high as the crown of William Penn's hat. Does the razor hurt?"—(Philadelphia Record.

Speaking of the Postoffice Department regulation that the letters "N. Y." must be put after the name of this city in addresses, "The Boston Transcript" says: "Of course everybody but the postoffice people knows that the State of New-York has its name from the city of New-York, and that a reference to the State is something addressed to the city is superfluous and without reason. No doubt there is a postoffice named New-York in Kansas, but that impertinent fact does not put on the real New-York the duty of identifying itself in any such superfluous way. 'Boston, Mass.,' is not quite so absurd as 'New-York, N. Y.,' but it is, nevertheless, absurd. Even in old England a letter addressed simply to 'Boston' generally comes to Massachusetts, though there is an ancient and respectable town of the name in England; and a book which bears the name of Boston on its title page is never supposed in England to have been published in the town of St. Botolph.

A characteristic story is told of Herrmann. The incident took place at a well-known London club, where écarté was one of the favorite games indulged in for stakes by no means insignificant. It was observed that on these occasions a certain member almost invariably rose a considerable winner. At length so marked became the good fortune of this member that another determined to probe the matter to the bottom. One evening, accordingly, at his own rooms, he introduced Herrmann under a false name to a select party of the members, among whom figured the suspected one. At the close of the night's amusement, when the guests had departed, the host turned to the conjurer and demanded his opinion. "Not a doubt of it," replied Herrmann, "our friend cheats, but exactly how I can't say yet. Give me another chance." A second meeting was subsequently arranged, and play began. Suddenly Herrmann, looking straight at the supposed culprit, exclaimed: "Where did you get that king?" "Where?" replied the other, "out of the pack, of course." "Impossible, my dear sir," retorted Herrmann, "for I happen to have all the four kings here," and thereupon he calmly drew them from his sleeve and laid them on the table.—(St. James's Gazette.

With such an array of chefs as she possesses, expert in entrées and intricate culinary confections, the present plague of rats in Paris ought to be turned to profitable account, instead of being, as it is, the occasion of popular alarm and apprehension. In the time of her siege by the German armies, such a visitation might have been as welcome as that of the tempest-driven quails to the famishing children of Israel. In seasons of peace and abundance it is, of course different, but the skill which converts the harmless necessary cat into acceptable ragouts ought to be equal to some similar conversion of the rat, otherwise the advent there of a pied piper like him of Hamelin is much to be desired.

Making Things Clear.—An old Peebles worthy and an English lady were one day recently occupants of a railway carriage in an Edinburgh-bound train. The train had been waiting long at a certain station, and there was no appearance of its starting, when the worthy remarked: "They're a gey sniglesome lot here."

"I beg your pardon," said the lady.

"I'm sayin' they're an awfu' daidlin' squad here," said the old fellow.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," she rejoined.

"I'm remarkin' they're a vera dreich lot here the nicht," the old gentleman further ventured.

"Really, I must again beg your pardon," said the lady with marked embarrassment, "but I do not comprehend you."

"I was just tryin' to say the train was late," he finally blurted.

"Indeed, sir, it is very late," agreed the lady.

And the conversation collapsed.—(Dundee News.

THE ACTORS' FAREWELLS.

MR. CRANE, MR. MANSFIELD AND MR. TREE CLOSE THEIR ENGAGEMENTS AND MAKE SPEECHES.

Several prominent actors closed New-York engagements last night, and made the usual speeches of farewell to their audiences. William H. Crane, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, brought to an end an engagement that has been, on the whole, a successful one, and at the end of the play, "A Fool of Fortune," he made a speech, in the course of which he said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Somebody said the other day that there was one thing he wished several actors would resolve to do on the New Year, and that was to inflict no more speeches on a suffering public. From the fact that I am here, you see that the suggestion has had no weight with me. On this, my farewell night in New-York this season, it would be rather ungracious on my part to go away without saying a few words to the theatre-going public of this city. That I am most grateful for the very evident good will you have shown me, for the generous support you have accorded by your presence and for the encouragement of your applause, you must all know. My holiday greetings from the public have been warm, and I am thankful.

While I am here I wish to say a few words on a subject which is of great importance to the dramatic profession and of more or less importance to the public. It is that condition of affairs in the dramatic profession brought about by the general depression in business. It is a subject which you have heard a great deal about lately, and one which has given the pessimists an opportunity to picture direful things and to talk of the decadence of the theatre and the degeneration of the drama. This is all "rot." There is no decadence of the theatre, and the drama is not degenerating. Those who can afford to go to the theatre during times of business depression want to feel assured in advance that they are going to receive their money's worth. They have as a consequence become more exacting, more discriminating, more critical. They have left alone the plays that were weak, trashy and devoid of human nature. This is the real reason why so many plays have failed, why so many actors have been forced into the vaudeville ranks. We have yet to hear of a good, honest play, adequately presented, failing to make money. The public always has supported, and always will support, good, honest plays, that hold the mirror up to nature and present pictures of life as we know it, without pandering to the tastes of the depraved. The outlook for the future is most encouraging, for the simple reason that the actor, the manager and the producer of plays have found that the taste of the public is more exacting. The playwrights must keep up to the standard set by the advanced taste of the public, the actor must give better performances, and plays must be adequately presented.

Richard Mansfield made a special occasion of his last night at the Garden Theatre by playing single acts from five of the favorite plays of his repertory. He spoke briefly at the end, thanking the audience in the usual manner and congratulating the people of New-York and of America on the possession of the best artistic taste to be found anywhere in the world.

Beerbohm Tree said a few words of farewell to his audience at the Knickerbocker Theatre, where he appeared in "Hamlet." He said that he could not come to New-York again this season, on account of having to be in London at an early date to open the new Her Majesty's Theatre.

GENERAL SICKLES'S SICKNESS.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION DUE TO INSOMNIA—LIMITED IN HIS USE OF TOBACCO.

General Daniel E. Sickles has for several days been seriously indisposed, and, although he has not been compelled to take to his bed, his condition is arousing some anxiety in the minds of his physician. General Sickles's trouble arises mainly from insomnia, induced, it is thought, by his arduous efforts during the Presidential campaign.

"Unless I can get some sleep very soon," said General Sickles yesterday to a Tribune reporter who saw him at his home, No. 23 Fifth-ave., "it is likely that my condition will become exceedingly grave. For many nights past I have been unable to obtain an hour's sleep, although I have resorted to many remedies. I am unable to rest either in bed or out of it. I am unable to compose myself in the least, and cannot even sit down for a quarter of an hour without getting restless and feeling impelled to move into some other room or place. There is no doubt that the work I did during the campaign was beyond my strength. I was told then that unless I put some curb on myself I would break down. But I was determined to keep on and was sustained by patriotic motives and by the knowledge that I was laboring in the best interests of my country. I was as much excited by the struggle as though I had been engaged in actual warfare. But, with the end of my self-imposed task came the reaction, and now I am a victim of nervous prostration, and an apparently unconquerable insomnia is doing its best completely to shatter my overwrought nerves. But, as I have passed my seventieth year, it is not, I suppose strange that I should begin to feel the effects of the exposures and hard work that have filled my life."

Despite his nervous trouble the General was by no means unduly depressed. "The worst effect to me of this attack," he said with a smile, "is that I am reduced to one cigar a day, and as I am a hard smoker I feel the deprivation severely." Holding up a partly smoked cigar he resumed with a smile: "You see this cigar. Well I have already been smoking that for two hours. I try to string out the pleasure of that one cigar a day to the utmost limit. I light it, take two or three puffs, let it go out, and then light up again a little later. In that way I get three or four hours' solace out of a single cigar."

There were many callers at General Sickles's house yesterday. One of those who came to inquire after his condition was Mrs. Butterfield, the wife of General Daniel Butterfield, who was announced while General Sickles was talking with The Tribune reporter. Mrs. Butterfield's visit was all the more welcome to the General, inasmuch as it was for a practical purpose. "I have come to try to cure your insomnia," she informed the General. "I have had prepared these powders and I know their efficacy. You follow my instructions in taking them, and I will warrant you will sleep well enough to-night."

In thanking her for the kind attention she had shown him General Sickles added, "If your remedy sends me to sleep to-night I shall in future call you not Mrs. Butterfield, but Dr. Butterfield."

DR. DVORAK TO RETURN TO AMERICA.

MRS. THURBER SAYS HE WILL RESUME HIS WORK AT THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY.

Dr. Antonin Dvorak will return to America as the director of the National Conservatory of Music, in this city, according to Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, the president of the conservatory. Dr. Dvorak was first engaged as director of the National Conservatory in 1891. He held the place three years, publishing in that time a number of his compositions. It was expected that he would return to America in the autumn of 1895, but he failed to do so.

It was Dr. Dvorak who started the annual prize competitions at the National Conservatory, and it is his intention to continue the work. The fifth of these competitions will be held next season, and composers may send their manuscripts to the Conservatory any time before September 1 next and January 15, 1898. Three prizes are offered—$300 for the best symphony, $200 for the best overture and $200 for the best piano or violin concerto. The awards will be made on or about May 15, 1898.

ROSENTHAL SUFFERS A RELAPSE.

Chicago, Jan. 2.—Moriz Rosenthal, the pianist, is suffering a relapse. The facts of the case have been withheld from the public for the alleged reason that facts published are telegraphed abroad and cause alarm to Rosenthal's relatives, who have been all along depressed by premonitions. Mr. Rosenthal suffered a relapse on Sunday last. Two nights ago his case was considered critical. Last night he was somewhat better. Dr. Kuhl, the physician in charge, said last night:

"The probability is that Mr. Rosenthal will recover, but two days ago he was dangerously ill. His condition is now much more favorable, and while his temperature is high there are not certain attendant symptoms to make that alarming. His temperature I do not care to give out until I make a statement of the case, for while it would now sound alarmingly high there are none of those symptoms which would go to make it so."

A WARNING TO MR. CRANE'S ADMIRERS.

The public has come to look upon William H. Crane as a fun-maker, a comedian clear through, and a man who under no consideration is to be taken seriously. His plays have always been jovial, hearty and wholesome, with never a tinge of