POLITICS IN NEW JERSEY

KILKENNY CATS NOTHING TO QUARRELLING JERSEY FACTIONS.

Sewell and Anti-Sewell in Republican Camden—Ring and Anti-Ring in Democratic Warren—All Sorts of Trouble All Around

TRENTON, Oct. 22.—The political atmosphere in New Jersey, tolerably well cleared by the United States Senatorial thunder storm last winter, has assumed again the murkiness which has come to be inevitable before every election, and which undoubtedly shrouds more things in the political heaven and earth than ever Horatio or any other bone dreamed of.

Somewhere in the mist there are feeling around such men as United States Senator John R. McPherson, Leon Abbett, Henry C. Kelsey, William J. Sewell, and William Walter Phelps. It is even possible that a good deal of the haze that envelops things is of these men's manufacture, and the moves it conceals may be intelligent. As far as appearances go, however, New Jersey politics are in a state of abject flounder. If John R. McPherson, in spite of his recent letter of withdrawal and his expressed disgust with present political methods, is really anxious to succeed himself, he shows no surface indications of it. And if Leon Abbett is really looking for McPherson's fifth rib with the idea of inserting a knife under it for McPherson's demoralization and his own advancement, he is doing it so cunningly that nobody catches him at it; while if Kelsey is prowling around in the fog, gunning for both McPherson and Abbett, he is doing it entirely on the quiet. Phelps and Sewell, too, are as secretive as the rest, and if they are working a grand combination to send Phelps to the United States Senate nobody knows it but themselves.

Henry S. Little's McPherson letter has been only a lightning flash that illuminated without clearing up, and has left things as dark as ever.

This is an off year in Jersey, as elsewhere, but not so offish but that eight votes for a United States Senator to succeed John R. McPherson, and several other valuable things, including a Comptroller and a State Treasurer, are more or less at stake.

The one objective point, or the eight objective points, of the campaign is the control of the State Senate by the election of the eight Senators in whose political affiliations this control is involved. The retiring Senators are Herring of Camden, Fish of Essex, Pancoast of Gloucester, Miller of Salem, and Thompson of Somerset, Republicans, and Chattle of Monmouth, Livingston of Union, and Moon of Warren, Democrats. Of the Senators holding over, ten are Republicans and six are Democrats. The Republicans must elect four and the Democrats five Senators this fall to secure control of the Senate.

The nominations are now about half made, and already three of the eight counties where Senators are to be elected are confronted by bitter faction fights, of which the bolting of a regular nomination is the least violent feature. Camden county is the home of Gen. Wm. J. Sewell, who was not reelected to the United States Senate last winter, and it is, besides, the strongest Republican county in the State, being counted on to give a majority in every Presidential election. But it isn't offensively partisan enough to elect two Republicans to the Senate at the same time, which is the feat that is being attempted there now. The Mugwumps in Camden county refuse to leave the Republican fold, but they put on an anti-Sewell label in their disloyal attempt to be rid of Sewell men in their own party. Thomas H. Dudley, who used to be United States Consul at Liverpool, is the chief of the anti-Sewell men. The factional strife among the Republicans of the county reached its climax last fall when Dudley organized a ticket of his own and worked for the defeat of every candidate for the Legislature who would not pledge himself not to vote for the reelection of Sewell. His success was not startling, for almost all of the Republicans he opposed were elected, and the Democrats he did help elect failed to recognize in him an available compromise candidate when the Senatorial fight reached the point where it was time for the dark horse to appear. He stuck to Sewell this fall with his old slogan, "Anything to beat Sewell," and when the Dudley men in the Convention to nominate a Senator found that the Sewell men were in a majority, they promptly bolted and held a Convention of their own. Of course they nominated a Dudley, a son of his father, who has been prominent in politics and other things for some time, but has never been elected. The majority of the Convention went on and nominated Senator Herring to succeed himself. Both candidates are staying in the field, and the Democrats are filled to the brim with ghoulish glee. Sewell and his friends profess confidence in their ability to elect Herring, just as they have elected other candidates over Dudley bolts, but it is the biggest contract they have ever undertaken, which is saying a great deal. The State Committee has come to their aid by declaring Herring the regular nominee.

Monmouth county is the next seething caldron of political misery, but there it is the Democrats that are boiling. The row is chiefly over the election of a Sheriff, however, and the chances are that the fight between the two Democratic candidates, who are in nomination, will help the Democratic Senator there that it will help him, by helping to cut unusually heavy votes. Ex-U. S. R. Brown, the Democratic nominee for Senator, seems to be reasonably satisfactory to all the factions. Monmouth is capable of queer things, politically, and in the last nine years it has been represented in the Senate successively by an Independent, a Republican, and a semi-Prohibitionist, while on general tickets the majorities have varied from more than 2,000 Democratic to 16 Republican, the latter being in last fall's election for Governor. The Republicans have nominated H. M. Nevius, who is a Grand Army lawyer, with but one arm and considerable popularity, and who has been Commander of the State G. A. R. Monmouth is United States Senator Blodgett's own county, which may add materially to the Democratic chances in it.

Both Republican Camden and Democratic Monmouth, however, with all their turmoil put together, are not a circumstance to the state of affairs in old Warren, home of the Democratic prophets and hotbed of Jacksonian Democracy. Warren has a small population and 2,000 Democratic majority, and in the Presidential year ago, at the time of the famous Warren county ring exposures, it did elect a Republican Senator and a Republican Sheriff, but the issue then was not politics, but whether the thieves who had cost the county $200,000 should go to prison. The issue now is not the same as then, for the thieves are in prison, and even their terms, but the lines are drawn, and to men, a good deal as they were then. The regular Democratic leader is Joseph Cornish, who paid the penalty of his connection with the Ring, and has now been home from prison for several years. He is trying to elect his son, Lemuel Cornish, to the Senate. Howard Mellick is the candidate for Sheriff on the same ticket, and it is alleged that both nominations were gained by fraudulent manipulation of the returns at the primaries. Warren county nominations are made by ballot, the same as elections. On the other ticket is Benjamin F. Howey, the Republican who was elected Sheriff in the Ring times, and who has since been a Congressman and a candidate for Governor. He is now running against young Cornish for the Senate, while among his supporters are Henry S. Harris, the young Prosecutor, who won fame and a election to Congress by his work in sending the elder Cornish and the other ringsters to prison, and whom Howey afterward defeated for Congress on the River and Harbor issue. With Harris are almost all of the present Democratic county officers and other Democratic leaders. The Republicans have made no other nomination, and have agreed to support the Democratic Senatorial candidate for Sheriff, in consideration of the boliers' votes for Howey. On the face of the thing it is a snap for the Republicans, but there is no doubt that Cornish is recognized by the Democratic leaders of the State as the regular candidate, and as such is receiving a support that is likely to prove powerful enough to elect him, in spite of all bolts and combinations.

In Essex county the nominations are yet to be made. Senator Frederick S. Fish of Newark, the Republican incumbent, was booked for a renomination, and his reelection was conceded, but he has married a wife and settled down, and says in a written card declining to be a candidate that he is done with politics. The county is naturally Republican, but the Democrats sometimes carry it.

Union county generally elects a Republican Senator, but is naturally Democratic, and it chose Democratic Robert L. Livingston of Plainfield Senator three years ago. He has been renominated in the Republican ticket, put up Frank Miller, who makes blacking. He has no record, and in other respects is very eligible.

Somerset county is John R. McPherson's own county, and his little weariness of present political methods will probably not prevent him from applying a few methods to the immediate neighborhood of his farm. The big farm Democratic leaders discredit his withdrawal, and assert that its purpose was to keep away importunate beggars for present methods and other things. His gentle hand is alleged to be seen in several places where McPherson Democrats are on the ticket, and there is little Democratic apprehension about Somerset, although the Republicans have elections along with all the rest of the State. Its normal majority is either 7 Republican or 5 Democratic, nobody knows just which. It rarely gives more than a hundred majority either way, and goes as often one way as the other.

Another county of the same sort is Salem. In present Republican Senator got seven majority after a recount of the votes. Last year the Democrats elected their Assemblyman by twelve majority. The same man is running now, and he thinks he has his dozen votes corralled, while the Republicans say that four deaths, six removals, and one conviction of larceny have reduced his majority to one. They are gunning for that one now. The county has had a Republican Senator for many years, but it is too close for either side to rest easy about it until the votes are counted, and, very likely, recounted.

Gloucester county goes Republican by a good majority when the Prohibitionists don't knock things endwise, and, having elected Dr. Roe to the Assembly twice consecutively, it is now counted on to send him to the Senate. The Democratic candidate is a new man. This is the only one of the eight counties that the Democrats will concede to the Republicans, and even there they "have hopes."

If the Democrats hold their own in Monmouth and Union and gain Somerset, Salem, and Camden, they will have the next Senate by one majority, even though they lose Warren. If the Republicans hold Gloucester, Essex, and Salem and elect in either Warren, Union, Somerset, or Monmouth, they can lose Camden and still have one majority. It is a puzzle that will work out either way, and just as satisfactorily one way as another.

For the control of the Assembly the fight is, as usual, a scramble, with one party as likely as the other to come out on top. Last year the Democrats had a clear majority, although the Republicans organized the House and did about as they pleased with it afterward. This year as likely a thing as can happen will be an Assembly so nearly evenly divided that two or three labor men and independents will hold the balance of power.

MANAGERS AND NEW PLAYS.

The Way Different Managers Receive the New American Play—Actors and How They Rest Playwrights—Bits of Gossip

It is a deal of work to get a play accepted in New York. The first time a man writes a play and sees that it is good, in his mind's eye, he takes it to the most celebrated theatres, and in guilelessness of heart asks at the box office for the manager. The young man there says that Mr. Belvedere, or whatever his name is, is out of town, or that he is "extremely busy just now," or that he is conducting rehearsal, or, briefly, that he can't be seen.

Told that it is a play to be shown the manager, the young man says with apathy that if it is left he will see that Mr. Belvedere gets it when he comes out. Of course, it is not left, for it must be delivered to Mr. Belvedere's own hands. Calls again and again have the same result, until one day not Mr. Belvedere, but Mr. Belvedere's son, a very smart young man, may be found in. He takes the play, says that he will read it soon, and if he finds it good will "pass it on" to his father. The playwright goes away radiant.

Two weeks elapse. It is time the play had been found good and passed on. The two weeks become a month, and a call at the box office brings information, again with frigid apathy, that Mr. Belvedere and son have gone West. A telegram to Omaha, after two weeks, brings a reply in a letter from Los Angeles, saying that Mr. Belvedere, Jr., will be back in three months, and that some time during the summer he will try to find time to read the play. This is only the very beginning. In all probability years of it follow at one theatre and another, unless the writer happens to be favorably known to the management, or to be in a position of influence, or to have already had a play successfully produced. Of course, there are exceptions, and it is just possible that the first play may be promptly read, cordially approved, and placed upon the stage in the height of the season. But if this is the case, the manager was in desperate straits. He grabbed at it as at a straw, and the straw may save him, instead of proving the last one that breaks his back.

In detail, as to the different managers, Lester Wallack was the soul of punctuality. He kept his business appointments as religiously as though they were the commandments, and when he had once taken a play was accessible at all hours. Management of business matters used to be intrusted to the late Mr. Floyd. A man who had just had a play produced at Wallack's one night now called the next, asked Mr. Floyd's attention to some business points which he wanted clearly understood.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Floyd, looking very impressive, "this is Wallack's!" The idea, amusing in its unconscious solemnity, was that where a Wallack was concerned, a Floyd was as good as a bond.

Mr. Palmer, at his snug Madison square house, is always besieged with callers. Before deciding whom he shall receive, he confers elaborately through a telephone with the box office. Well-known dramatists are welcome, and even the unknown are sometimes received. Mr. Palmer does not care to read plays, he prefers those which have already been produced successfully in London and Paris; and it is highly probable that neither "The Private Secretary" nor "Jim the Penman" would have been produced by him had he merely read them in manuscript without having seen them performed. Yet during his years of management of the Union Square and Madison Square Theatres he has brought out a good many plays by Americans. The French plays are usually given to Mr. A. R. Cazauran to translate and fix up, and Cazauran is frank enough to acknowledge that in fixing them up their integrity is often marred, for some of the most delicately drawn points, which would please a French audience, have to be torn out to please an American. When Mr. Palmer takes an American play he produces it to perfection.

Mr. Daly is celebrated for his calm, cordiality, yet he sometimes chooses a cold corridor as a convenient place for holding an interview with a friend. Authors who should be brief, dramatists are no longer taken as freely to his bosom as heretofore, as his desk is usually filled with translations from the German, to which his industrious pen gives local coloring.

Mr. Hill of the Union Square, is one of those quiet men, who listen with expressionless features to the tale that visiting playwrights have to say, and then give laconic answers. He is always immersed in business, is in and out of his theatre fifty times a day. When he is neither on the stage, in his office, nor taking a hasty lunch in the adjoining hotel, he is "about somewhere," as his box office representatives will confidentially assure the caller.

Mr. Daniel Frohman of the Lyceum is an encourager of native talent, although a play is not actually despised by him because it happens to be English or French. He is punctuality itself compared with other managers, and those he knows may depend upon having their plays read with promptitude.

Lawrence Barrett is one of those actors who boldly announces that he is always ready for a new play if it suits him. The difficulty he finds in getting one is shown by what suits him is evidenced by his having awakened "Francesca di Rimini" from its sleep of twenty-five years on library shelves, and in his having tried to galvanize into life Miss Mitford's "Rienzi." Mr. Barrett has very lucid ideas on new plays, expresses them clearly, and is extremely practical in his point of view in his criticisms.

Mr. Booth has never wanted anything new. He is content with Shakespeare and the few dramas not by Shakespeare to which he has clung during all his career. A good while ago Mr. Boucicault and other dramatists tried to persuade him to appear in a play of which the first Napoleon was the central figure; but the great American tragedian would not consent. He likewise shook his head at "Cæsar Borgia." Mr. Booth's answer has always been that since he drew crowded houses in his old characters, why should he try anything new?

Mrs. Langtry is sought by a throng of playwrights, to whom her secretary or agent usually replies in the following manner: She has all the plays she wants for next season.

Miss Pixley is non-committal over new plays presented to her, until she meets one that exactly suits. Mrs. John Drew, Miss Georgia Cayvan, and Mrs. Agnes Booth write brief and intelligent comments on dramas upon which their petitions are referred, provided they have time to read them. Miss Ellen Terry, who once had a great affection for the American dramatist—for instance, Miss Dickinson—has wholly ceased to take any interest in that being since her success with "Fedora." She is capable of writing quires of paper upon what she wants, but like many other actresses and actors, she cannot tell you how what she wants until she sees it before her.

Miss Clara Morris's chronic ill health makes it necessary for her to be assiduously guarded by her husband, Mr. Harriott. Accessibility to Miss Morris is all but impossible, excepting to those who know her well. She is a most charming talker, understands perfectly what she would like to have in the way of a drama, yet seldom produces anything new. A reading is occasionally undertaken by Mr. Harriott.

Mme. Modjeska is one of the most languidly sweet and pensively graceful actresses upon whom an aspiring dramatist ever called. On such occasions she lies in her boudoir, garmented verging on the Oriental, with long wide sleeves that almost touch the floor, and a mixture of gorgeous colors that seem subdued only because of the divine fatigue of her demeanor. Her first inquiry, made with a delicious accent, is in regard to the character intended for her is it a good part? Extraordinary sweetness being apparently a necessary attribute.

Miss Claxton talks business. She is always on the point of producing a new play and never does it, so successful are the old ones.

Mrs. McKee Rankin has recently acquired a very successful role as *Bessie Fairfax* in Mr. Clay Greene's clever play, "The Golden Age of Plant." This will probably last her and her husband for years, but she is willing to take another of the same kind. It must be pure in tone, full of human life, with plenty of boisterousness thrown in, and lots of fun, not necessarily refined, to catch the multitude.

Madame Janauschek is imposing in her solemnity. It would be easy to believe that she carved beef with a bowie-knife and peeled potatoes with a poniard. Her interest in new plays is over. Mrs. Bowers apparently means to act for ten years yet, and is therefore approachable with new plays.

THEY STEER THE CANVASS.

A LOOK AT THE DEMOCRATIC, REPUBLICAN, AND LABOR MANAGERS.

The Tallest Largest, and Biggest in the Head Are the Jeffersonians—Grouped According to Beards, Clothes, and Drinks.

All the campaign committees have been at work in New York long enough to show what kind of men are in charge and how they do their work. The officers of the Democratic Committee are the tallest, the largest, and have the biggest heads. The officers of the Republican Committee are the thinnest, Chairman Bliss being the only one who has a well-fed look. The men in charge of the Labor campaign are the chunkiest and heavy in proportion to their height. Every officer of the Democratic Committee wears a moustache, and, with the exception of Treasurer Cooper, only one has a smooth chin. Except Secretary Smith, the officers of the Republican Committee have side whiskers. The Labor party officers are bearded, except Dr. McGlynn.

If the officers of the three committees were put in a group and a man with good judgment were told to sort them he would be pretty sure to get it right, unless ex-Mayor Cooper were smoking a cigarette in a holder—a habit of his—in which case he might be taken for a Republican. Were it not for an expert look in Gen. Knapp's face he might be herded with the Labor men. But, with a possible exception or two, the Democrats are tall, well-built men, with high foreheads, big heads, stalwart frames, and moustaches; the Republicans are of medium height, with wiry frames, symmetrical heads, all twenty pounds lighter than the Democrats, and wear side whiskers or beards. The Labor men are below medium height, heavy for the height, have big, oblong heads, good brows, ungraceful bodies, and beards.

The Democrats smoke the best cigars, the Labor men next, and the Republicans the worst. The Democrats drink champagne, whiskey, or plain cocktails, the Labor men ordinary wine or plain cocktails, and the Republicans beer or fancy drinks. Few Republican statesmen drink straight whiskey where they can be seen of men. About the same proportion of each committee wear silk hats. The Democrats dress best and the Labor men worst. The attire of the Labor officers is partly professional, worn to avoid seeming proud. The biggest men wear coats with tails, back coats do not seem to be an attribute of political greatness.

The Democratic headquarters is on the ground floor of the Hoffman House, on the Broadway side. There is no entrance to it from the street or the main lobby. The billiard tables have been taken out of the billiard room, and desks have been moved in. In the corner an eight-foot high red cloth partition has been put up, back of which Chairman Williams of the Executive Committee sits. Outside the partition, in the opposite corner, is the desk of Clerk De Freest, and next to him is the desk of Assistant Clerk Demon. There is a large table in the centre of the room, where the Democratic papers are kept, and a register where visiting Democrats enroll their names. In this room all the public work is done. Up stairs there are a press room and a private room for Chairman Murphy and Secretary Muller. Treasurer Cooper has not yet opened headquarters, but any contributions sent to the State headquarters will not be lost.

The head of the Democratic Committee is ex-Mayor Edward Murphy, Jr., of Troy. He is one of the happiest, most benevolent-looking men in politics. He is round-faced, his moustache and eyebrows are snow white; his eyes are blue, and his cheeks are red as a girl's. He is a little over medium height and weight. His apparel is plain and neat. Mr. Murphy has been prominent in politics for years. He has been a member of the State Committee since Tilden's time, and was Mayor of Troy through the war period until he tired of it. He is interested in brewing and manufacturing. Though one of the wealthiest men in his part of the State he lives in a quiet way with less display than men with a fraction of his income make. He is a shrewd political manager, and both in political experience and personal ability surpasses Chairman Bliss of the Republican Committee.

Judge William L. Muller, Secretary of the Democratic Committee and formerly Gov. Hill's law partner, is the only one of the officers who wears side whiskers. He is of medium height and weight, with an erect carriage, and looks five years younger than his age. His hair and side whiskers are a dark medium auburn brown. He usually wears a double-breasted frock coat, trousers of sober color, and a black silk or pot hat. Judge Muller lives in Elmira. This is his third year as Secretary of the committee.

James L. Williams, who is Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, comes from Poughkeepsie. He is the biggest and most striking looking man on the committee. He is over six feet, weighs at least 200 pounds, has square shoulders, dark brown hair, a heavy moustache, and has the build of a man who would make a good physical as well as political fighter. He is one of the two members of the *Poughkeepsie News-Press*, the leading Democratic paper of Dutchess. In 1878 he was elected District Attorney of Dutchess county, running ahead of his ticket. He was appointed State Assessor in 1883 by Gov. Cleveland, and has been continued in office by Gov. Hill.

Ex-Mayor Edward Cooper of New York, Treasurer of the Democratic Committee, is the best dressed man on the committee, and in benevolence of countenance is even with ex-Mayor Murphy. He is the son of Peter Cooper, and has long been prominent in New York politics, though not running for office himself. He was Mayor in 1878, and may be a candidate for Governor this year. He is a shapely head, a pointed full beard verging on white, and wears sack suits and pot hats.

The Republicans occupy the series of rooms on the Twenty-fourth street side of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which can be entered either through the barroom or from Twenty-fourth street. There are three rooms together, and a fourth to which there is a private entrance. The first two of the three adjoining rooms are occupied by the document clerks and for the reception of general callers. In the third room are Secretary Frank Smith and Assistant Secretary Chickering, who look after the official correspondence. The fourth room is the sanctum of Chairman Bliss of the State Committee and Chairman Knapp of the Executive Committee. It is also used for private conferences by members of the committee and visitors.

Chairman Cornelius N. Bliss is known to every business man in New York. Though some of his relatives have been active in politics both as leaders and officeholders for some time, he has given his attention to business, and was made Chairman of the committee to secure the support of moneyed men and Republicans to the support of the ticket, while Gen. Knapp looked after the political details. He is a model of a business man in looks, square, resolute, temperate face, gray side whiskers and hair, clear eyes, good physique, carefully dressed, with business methods in all that he does, and a business manner.

Secretary Frank Smith is the youngest man on either of the two main committees to hold an executive office. He is the son of Health Officer Smith and a successful lawyer, practising both in New York and at his home in the western part of the State. He has black hair, a curly black moustache, and very dark brown eyes. He is the confidential adviser of Mr. Platt, and the making of a good politician is in him. He conducts the official correspondence.

Gen. John N. Knapp is chairman of the Executive Committee and the head of the organization, though under Mr. Platt's instructions, of course. His title comes through his having been Chairman of the committee in 1878. He and Henry George have many points of resemblance. Both are short, both have finely shaped heads, both are bald, both have blue eyes and red beards, both are nervous, amiable, and energetic, and both are careless about their personal appearance. Gen. Knapp sits at a desk by the window and writes letters. He can talk and listen and say nothing which he had not decided he would say.

Congressman Stephen Van Cullen White is Treasurer. He was chosen for his ability to get money out of men and the weight his name would carry in Wall street. He is a small, agile man, with black hair and beard, who wears worsted slippers while at his office. He is seldom seen at the headquarters.

The Labor men have their headquarters on the first office floor of Cooper Union, overlooking Third avenue. They have three rooms—one for the anti-Poverty Society, one for State Committee and other meetings, and a third for the officers of the party. The last room is divided into three rooms by partitions. The ante-room is for the reception of visitors. One of the inner rooms is for a clerk and stenographer, and in the innermost room Gaylord Barnes, Secretary, and John McMackin, Chairman of the party, have their office. Dr. McGlynn has his office in the room of the Anti-Poverty Society, of which he is President. The offices of Henry George are in the *Standard* office on the corner of Nassau and Ann streets.

John McMackin is a painter and decorator, and worked for a firm in Fifth avenue before he gave all his time to the organization of the Labor party. He is a spare, thin man, with a face that has many lines. In conversation his voice has a harsh sound, which it loses when he addresses an assembly. He is an able organizer, and his acquaintance among the labor organizations of the State is most extensive. In his personal apparel he is careless, and has been wearing the same suit of clothes and hat for two weeks. He occasionally makes and occasionally drinks. He has been in Labor politics more than ten years, and has been Chairman of the party ever since it started.

Gaylord Barnes, the Secretary, was formerly a Democrat, and was defeated for Secretary of the Brooklyn Board of Education some years ago by one vote. This is the only office he ever was a candidate for. He is a little taller and much heavier that McMackin. His head used to look like the head of Shakespeare, but comment was made on it, and he destroyed much of the resemblance by taking off his goatee, and wearing a short chin beard. Barnes has excited the antagonism of some of the men who call on him because he puts on a clean shirt every day, which they think is a sign of pride and haughtiness, and because he smokes good cigars. Barnes was with Harper Brothers years ago, and left them to go into the publishing business himself. Henry George formerly had a desk in Barnes's office.

Dr. McGlynn is the only smooth-faced man who is an officer on any of the committees. He is, perhaps, the best known of them all. He was a priest in charge of St. Stephen's until he was removed by Archbishop Corrigan. Since then he has given his whole time to the Labor party. He is President of the Anti-Poverty Society, and the most sympathetic speaker the Labor party have.

WHERE BOSS TWEED LAY HID.

A Gambler's Country Paradise that was Never a Lucky Dwelling Place—What it Did for Boss Tweed when the Officers were Hot After Him—Its Last Owner.

The Miles River, for thus the St. Michael's has slipped its consonants, is one of those broad salt water streams, the home of the oyster, crab, terrapin, and wild duck, that pierce the peninsula of the eastern shore of Maryland until there is scarcely so much land as water. This part of the peninsula is called Talbot county.

A tongue of land thrusts itself out into the river. There is a tasteful boat house and pier, beside which a yacht lies moored. Above the thickly set trees a square red tower, capped with white, indicates the site of "The Villa"—such is the distinction of the name of the place in the county.

As with families, so it is with land. Some tracts undergo a quiet, humdrum existence from century to century, others are as full of affairs as a bailiff. This tongue of land, with its neighboring estate, is one that seems to be inextricably woven into the fate and fortunes of men. In 1661 occurred in Boston the memorable trial of Wenlock Christison, for the crime of being a Quaker, of which the quaint old volumes of Besse gives so full a story. Having been exiled, he returned to Boston to protest against the murder of a fellow Quaker named Leddra, where he was seized by a mob headed by the Rev. Seabury Cotton, clad in hand. Christison had put about tongue of his own, and after his trial was, with other Quakers, condemned to death by Gov. Endicott. The day before the execution came the pardon of the king, and the prisoners were released, the Governor being obliged to satisfy himself with whipping two of the men through the streets. Wenlock Christison then emigrated to Maryland, taking advantage of the religious toleration extended by the Calverts. Here, in 1661, he obtained a grant of land from Lord Baltimore, including this tongue on which the Villa stands. He became one of the substantial men of the colony, and the late criminal took an important part in the House of Burgesses, of which he was a member.

The descendants of the Christisons here dwelt in peace and prosperity, and in time the estate fell into the hands of Isaac Atkinson, who had married into the family of Christison, and their house of old English bricks remains in part upon the land until this day. After the Christisons had married, borne, and died the family gradually dwindled away, and the estate passed into the hands of Richard France.

Richard France was the lottery king of Maryland. The State recognized and legalized the business, and Richard France waxed rich and prosperous. He built a palace, the word is used advisedly, on Mount Bergen near, and he bought an estate on the Eastern Shore. Here he built "The Villa," with its red tower overtopping the trees. In magnificence nothing in the vicinity rivalled it. There were winding walks and fountains, rich vases and marble statuary, glass houses and everything else that money could buy to make complete a gentleman's country seat. The grounds are of all the country roundabout, overshadowing "The Anchorage," the seat of Commodore Lowndes, and "The Rest," the beautiful home of Admiral Buchanan, confronting one another on the river just below.

So enviable was the prosperity of Richard France that a man named Broadbent set up an illicit lottery known as the "Lottery Policy Company," which in time made such inroads into Richard France's business that he was forced to admit Broadbent into partnership. Then Broadbent also waxed rich and prosperous, and built him a superb place beyond the limits of Charles street, a place now owned by the Presbyterians.

But the conscience of Maryland had become tender. In time the lottery license to Richard France was revoked. He then, with Broadbent, went to Delaware, which being a small State, he with great simplicity bought up the Legislature. This was not in each case a private sale. One of Richard France's heirs is a tender conscience. For him Richard France built a church, where his constituents worshipped for many a year.

Then Delaware in its turn became sensitive to the enormity of the lottery, and revoked the license of Richard France. Meanwhile Broadbent had been undermining his business with rapid hand. It became necessary to buy up other States. In this effort Richard France failed. Baffled and plundered, when the lottery king came to take stock of himself and his belongings he found he was in debt everywhere and a ruined man. Going back to Delaware in the desperation of his affairs his person was seized for debt, and he died there in prison and a pauper.

In the wreck the Villa was sold to Henry May of Baltimore. This was before the late war. In his hands the career of the place was renewed. It was still the finest place for miles about, and again were renewed the scenes of hospitality for which the country round about the old Maryland days. Then the war broke out. With great shrewdness Henry May immediately invested his fortune in gold. His broker was a banker named Carson in Baltimore. All went well until the surrender of Gen. Lee, when gold declined and swept Henry May along with it unfulfilled margins.

But between him and ruin stood the broker Carson. He, abandoned by May, went down in the crash. In vain he called upon his client to protect him. A suit was brought and, against the feelings and temper of the community, it was won by Henry May. The broker Carson never recovered, but died a few months after his ruin, leaving his debts.

Henry May returned to Baltimore, but his old friends turned away their faces. An isolated, ostracized man, he returned to the Villa, and in a few months he, too, died, it is said, out of pure chagrin.

The Villa was then bought by a young man named Randall, who, with his young and gay wife, more than revived its old reputation for luxurious hospitality. The fun was fast and furious, and with it slipped away the great fortune to which Randall had fallen heir. In a few years, utterly ruined, young Randall was obliged to give up the Villa, and now, it is said, lives a humble life as a railroad employee, while his wife supports herself in some feminine vocation.

The Villa was then bought by a man from Greenwich Point, as it is known in Talbot county, named Brady. Greenwich Point is better known in this section as that part of Greenwich on which stood that notable resort much frequented a dozen years ago by the men of "Big Six" and the Democratic Club. The county marvelled much at the advent of a man of the type of Brady, a blacksmith, it is said, but a blacksmith who had found his trade most lucrative, since he was able to possess the Villa.

He had none of the qualifications for a country life. He was the owner of a superb place, with its walks and fountains, its marble vases, marble gods and goddesses half clothed in foliage. That fact seemed to content him. He strutted about in his shirt sleeves, and if it so inclined him, in his bare feet. The neighbors ceased to marvel, and in time left this new and strange type at the Villa to his own company and habits of life.

After a time there came a rumor, told about mysteriously by the neighbors, of the yacht flitting about the river, and of a strange man, bearded and old, seen by chance, but furtively keeping out of the way. So isolated is the Villa, the tongue of land stretching out far into the water, and the gates as usual kept locked, that there could be no better place for concealment. The rumor grew and was confirmed in the belief of the people of the neighborhood that the strange owner of the Villa had now his chance to return the favors done by a friend and possibly benefactor, and what better place could a hunted old man find? To complete the tale, a party of officers descended upon the place, but whatever might have been going on there nobody was found by them.

But the story was believed, and contributed to the interest in the place and its changing fortunes that every rumor did. Without positive knowledge than crystallized rumor affords, the Villa is pointed to the stranger as the place where Tweed lay hid when the newspapers believed him in Florida. The story is plausible, because he could so easily be removed by yacht down the Chesapeake and off to Cuba. But supposition is not fact. My own knowledge is more direct, although one treads gingerly among names. It was here Tweed lay concealed, and from here he was taken away by night by the son of a prominent Democratic politician of Maryland, who was once the political ally of the dethroned boss.

The story is too sweet for detail, since it is on the authority of one of the principals of that midnight adventure, the young man himself, and through unquestioned channels.

The Villa has fallen from its high estate, the walks are overgrown, the fountains tottering, and the marble gods overthrown. When misfortune overcome a pane of glass or a mildew attacks an ornament it never recovers. The gate is still kept locked, but the yacht occasionally glides through the water. The Villa is still a show place with its past grandeur and memories, but the finger is pointed from afar, and every one wonders what next?

UNION IN BEER BREWING.

HOW BREWERS GET ON WITH THEIR MEN SINCE LEAVING THE K. OF L.

The National Union of Beer Brewers—35,000 Men and All Branches of the Trade in its Ranks—It Makes Agreements with the Employers, Keeps Them, and has No Occasion for Strikes—It has Raised Wages and Shortened Hours—And has Joined with the American Federation of Labor.

A signal instance of the power of labor organizations conducted for a specific and reasonable purpose, to protect the immediate interests of members without going over all creation after wild theories, is seen in the rapid growth and present power of the National Union of the United Brewery Workers of the United States. This body was started with seven members in a small room at 213 Forsyth street in this city, in 1884. There was then no union of the kind. The old union of the beer brewers and drivers had been broken up by the strikes of 1881, when the men were defeated in their effort to get better wages and shorter hours. The organization, which had 1,500 members, went to pieces.

The new organization of 1884 left out the drivers. It grew rapidly and in secret. The wages paid to the beer workers were from $40 to $60 per month, and the hours of labor varied from fourteen to seventeen per day, and the work is very hard. The union grew rapidly. It joined the Central Labor Union in 1885 and the Knights of Labor in 1886. All the preliminary meetings were held in secrecy, as the men were fearful of being turned out by their employers.

Then came the fight with Peter Doelger, who discharged four of their men. The Central Labor Union took up their cause, and a boycott was ordered, which was kept up for seven months, the beer workers' organization growing meanwhile stronger and stronger, until finally it included about all the beer workers in this city, numbering 1,800, and then 500 members were taken in from New Jersey. Then the union got strong enough to give an ultimatum to the employers. They made temperate but firm demands, and they held out such strong inducements to the employers to avoid strikes and secure capable men that finally an agreement was entered into in May, 1886, and renewed in April, 1887. The following is the agreement:

AGREEMENT.

The members of the Association of the United Lager Beer Brewers of New York city and vicinity hereby agree with the Brewers' Journeymen Union upon the following rules, from April 15, 1887, to April 1, 1888:

1. That only members of the union be employed in breweries, one foreman (one for each branch where both ale and lager is brewed) and one assistant foreman excepted. The assistant foreman shall not do brewery workmen's labor, and should such assistant foreman be a member of the Brewers' Union, he shall not be compelled to withdraw from said union. Neither shall any one be appointed as assistant foreman who has been either ignominiously expelled from the union, or whose application for membership has been rejected by them.

2. No workman recommended by a saloon keeper shall be employed. Employers shall have the right to employ any union man in possession of a card from the Brewers' Union.

3. If a member of the union be expelled therefrom on account of grounds based upon occurrences in the brewery, the employer shall have the right to inquire and ascertain the cause of such expulsion.

4. Every workman shall be promoted in the various branches of the brewery in case of a vacancy, competency to fill the place satisfactorily being requisite to entitle him thereto.

5. The following shall be considered the grounds for the dismissal of workmen:

I. Neglect of his avocation.
2. Refusal to do work assigned to him.
3. Neglect of duty.
4. Drunkenness.
5. Dishonesty.
6. Disrespect to his employer or foreman.
7. Unforeseen occurrences making a reduction of force absolutely necessary.

Any workman once discharged from a brewery for cause, as above, will not be entitled to the support of the union, which will not insist upon his reemployment.

6. Should a workman be prevented from work on account of sickness, he shall be entitled to resume his position after recovery, provided his sickness does not extend over four weeks; if over four weeks, but not over two months, he shall be assisted to fill any position assigned to him.

7. If work be allotted to a workman by his employer or foreman, he shall accept it, unless he can present proof of his health or injury to his body, and he be compelled to attend to those duties, he shall have the right to enter complaint.

8. To prevent wholesale discharges of men in the fall, the employer shall make arrangements with his workmen that during certain periods they shall "lay off" alternately (which shall be done impartially).

In case of a reduction of the number of men employed, the four "first" men to participate in the "lay off."

9. If necessity should require it, the foreman shall have the right to take a workman from one department of a brewery to work in another temporarily, not to exceed two hours per day, without change of wages.

10. A workman shall have the right to live and board in the house he chooses.

11. In a brewery where twenty-five men or less are engaged, one apprentice may be admitted. In those breweries employing more than twenty-five men, one apprentice may be admitted for every twenty-five men. Such apprentice shall not be under 16 or over 21 years of age, and shall be instructed in the various branches of the business, in order that he may, five years after which he can be admitted into the union, provided he satisfactorily passes an examination.

12. It shall not be detrimental to the interests of any workman to be called upon to perform duties or mission in the interests or by direction of the union.

13. WORKING HOURS.

1. A day's work shall consist of twelve consecutive hours, including one hour for meals. The time for meals to be agreed upon in each individual brewery.
2. In case the foreman shall find it necessary to complete a certain work after the ten hours it shall be finished, providing however, the same does not take more than fifteen minutes, which will not be considered "overtime."
3. Six working days shall constitute a week.
4. The hours of work on Sunday shall not exceed two hours, and only such work as is absolutely necessary shall be performed within the specified time, with the exception of kreusing.

14. WAGES—PAYABLE WEEKLY.

Apprentice	$6 per week
Workmen in wash house	15 per week
First man in wash house	18 per week
Workmen in cellar, fermenting room, and at the kettles	18 per week
Malt millers who are employed for that duty exclusively, and coopers represented in the union	18 per week

Sunday work to be paid at double usual rate per hour.

Beer shall be furnished to the workmen, as heretofore, free.

15. Each workman on leaving a brewery shall, on application therefor, be furnished with a certificate as to his qualification.

16. This agreement to remain in force from April 15, 1887, to April 1, 1888.

ARBITRATION.

In order to overcome any unforeseen difficulties that may arise between workmen and employers, and to settle the same in an amicable way, an Arbitration Committee shall be organized, to consist of two members of the Association of the United Lager Beer Brewers and two members of the Brewers' Union, who shall decide such cases, should they be unable to agree, a fifth member shall be selected, who must be a member of the Association of United Lager Beer Brewers.

The finding of such committee to be final.

It is mutually agreed and understood that no strikes, lockouts or boycotts are to be ordered or sustained, but all disputes must be left to the decision of the Arbitration Committee.

For the Association of the United Lager Beer Brewers:
H. B. SCHAMANN,
JOSEPH LIEBMANN,
RICHARD GETZENMAYER.

For the Brewers' Journeymen Union of New York:
HENRY RIEGE,
CHAS. FORSTER,
E. KUNZENKNABE, Secretary.

For the Brewers' Journeymen Union of Newark:
AUG. BAUCKNEHL.

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