THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1890.

BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

Something About the Candidates for City Offices.

MR. GOURLEY'S FARM LIFE.

Career of John H. Bailey as Lawyer, as Editor and as Judge.

MORROW AND DENNISTON SKETCHE



ENRY L. GOUR-LEY, the Republican nominee for Mayor of Pittsburg, has a familiar face,

county, Pa., October 3, 1838. His father, Joseph Gourley, was a farmer and died in 1843, leaving two sons and one daughter aged respectively, 3, 5 and 7 years. Being deprived of the support of her husband and left without pecuniary means, the mother decided soon after his death to remove with her three children to Pittsburg. At the age of 6 years, therefore, young Henry was placed under the care of a farmer in Pine township, Allegheny county. Here he worked until the age of 18. In order to secure means with which to get an education he contracted with neighboring farmers to cut wood at 40 cents per cord. In 15 days he had cut 50 cords, earning \$20 in Then, in the next harvest season be added \$30 more to this. With this money



he procured four months' tuition at Witherspoon Academy, in Butler, Pa. Upon a further replenishing of his of his museles, he entered Duff's Commercial College at Pittsburg, and graduated thereform in January, 1857.

With his diploma under his arm, Mr. Gourley applied at the grocery store of Joseph Craig, in Allegheny City, for a posi-He staid there at \$8 per month and boarding for four months, when, with \$25 in his pockets, he started westward. The panic of 1857 came on while he was away, and he came back to Pittsburg almost

TEACHING AND LEARNING.

From 1857 to 1861 Mr. Gourley's time was principally occupied in teaching and attendang school himself, the former occupying his attended Elder's Ridge Academy, where he prepared himself for the senior class in college. In the fall of 1861 he was elected to the Principalship of Troy Hill (now Seventh ward, Allegheny City) school, at a salary of 1840 a month. At the end of two years of this responsible labor he took a step forward in his chosen line, and was elected to the Principalship of the Third ward (now Grant) schools, Pittsburg, at a salary of \$1,100 per annum. In 1868 he opened a select school for boys and girls.

As late as 1875 he was Principal of the Grant school again. But for five years preceding that time and three years sub quently he was extensively engaged in the text book publishing houses of Scribner & Co. and A. H. English & Co. By the failure of the latter firm he lost nearly all his savings. Mr. Gourley then commenced preparing, publishing and selling school books himself, with the assistance of such eminent people as Milton B. Goff and J. N. Hunt. He is now in that business.

CAREER IN COUNCILS. In 1876 he was elected to represent the Seventh ward in Select Council for a term of two years. This position he held uninter-



ruptedly, having been re-elected five times His popularity, and the high order of his official services, can best be understood when it is known that in three of these elections he received the unanimous vote of the ne ple of his ward, representing all political parties. In 1879 Mr. Gourley was elected President of Select Council, and for eight years his course was indorsed by a unanimous re-election to that position each year. But one of his decisions was overruled by

Jennie Brenneman, of Pittsburg. He is highly cultured, has read much and studied much, and even while deep in the cares of business finds time to keep up with the current thought and literature of the day. He is devoted to his pretty home, which stands at the corner of Logan street and Wylie

Hon. John H. Bailey, who will be the Democratic nominee for Mayor of Pittsburg, is a native of this city. His father was one of those pioneers from the north of Ireland to whose influence in the building up of Western Pennsylvania's metropolis, the present generation owes so much. He was upon the expiration of that term he was reson John was in that line. But the boy evinced a taste for the professional side of labor. The public schools could not estisfy

his searches for knowledge, so after digesting what they offered he went to college. His education there was of the most finished

Along about 1850 young John began to read law in the office of Judge Charles Shaler. He was a favorite of that eminent jurist, and in both legal and political life afterward he reflected many of the characteristics of his tutor. They were both Democrats. Perhans that is why year early in ocrats. Perhaps that is why very early in his professional career Mr. Bailey took an active interest in politics. He was admitted to the bar, and although practice in the courts was congenial to him, there presently offered an opportunity for the employment of both his scholarly tastes and his political devotions. The Daily Union was for sale. It was one of the old-time Pittsburg news-papers, and had been originally in the hands of Collector of Port Hastings. While that gentleman was trying to operate both news-paper and Government offices at the same time, the vaults in the latter were robbed of some \$15,000. A tedious government investigation which followed took most of Hastings' time. The Daily Union randown, and finally Hastings had to let it go.

CAREER AS EDITOR. John H. Bailey and Thomas J. Keenan, Esq., purchased the paper in 1857. They conducted it as a staunch Democratic organ. He has been so Mr. Bailey displayed an ability as an ediprominently identified with official, political, educational business, and Masonic affairs in Masonic affairs in and he ran the best of what was written for the State of Pennsylvania, that "if kins and Alfred McCalmont. Of course you don't see his face one place you do the this line made him doubly useful to his party. From counsellor he rose to leader of the ranks, and for ten years he was Chairman of the Democratic County Committee. This was during war times, and after he had returned to the practice of law. In those days Democratic stock was away below par, and it required a courageous soul to lead such hopeless campaigns. But Mr. Bailey stuck to the cause of his fellow men. He remained all through the McClellan strug-gle, and then for five different campaigns he led the party's forlorn hopes by being a

> Court, defeating the Republican candidate, Judge Fetterman. His commission, of course, extended for ten years. POPULAR ON THE BENCH.

He was regarded by attorneys and both political parties as one of the ablest dispen-sers of criminal law on the bench, because of his terse rulings and charges, and his objection to all irrelevant matters during a trial. He was devoid of sentiment, and usually maintained a judicial dignity, cold yet respectiul. This led to prompt-ness and business-like methods in the courts over which be presided.

Since Judge Bailey's retirement from the bench, he has been quietly engaged in legal practice. Being fond of literature, he can be found much of the time at his library. He has entered more or less into social life. Mrs. Bailey is a charming woman, whose history recalls the patriotic romances of America. She is a descendant of the cele-brated Washington family, being the daughter of Bushrod Washington, one of the old-time residents of Pittsburg, whose ancestors were the brothers of General daughter of Bushrou

the old-time residents of Pittsburg, whose ancestors were the brothers of General
George Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey have a son, Reed Bailey, a prominent young man of the city. The tamily is prominent in Episcopal church circles. They reside at the Central Hotel since the Monongahela House was burned out.

The building is a landmark, having been built in 1800. His wife was Annie Reed, daughter of Ralph Reed, and they were married in 1863. She died in 1879. Since then Mr. Morrow has devoted his home.

Anything that can be written here about Eustace S. Morrow, the candidate of both parties, for re-election to the office of City by the use Controller, will not be new. But as history is repeating itself in his present campaign so must the story of his career be retold as a



Not particularly have these facts been stated often because he has often been a candidate, but because the remarkably clean record he has written, and because the repeated acts of honesty of purpose in the dull routine of office, has called attention to him and caused the public to ask: "Who is this man?" and now they know his history off by heart.

Away back in 1836 Robert Morrow was the able and esteemed editor of the Pittsburg Mercury (now Post). Besides that he was a student of the law of the land, and so well versed in its text and principles did he me, that although never a member of the bar, there were few lawvers in this country who did not prize the advice and assistance he gave them. His equal versa-tility with municipal affairs brought him into places of trust and honor, and when he died in 1862, he died in such an office-that of Clerk of Select Council.

ALMOST AN EDITOR Such a man was the father of the present Controller. In almost exactly the same footsteps has the son been following, except that the path has ascended (and is ascending) to higher points. True, the Controller has never occupied an editorial chair, but there is not a journalist in this city but who Mr. Morrow has had to edit all the papers in town through the devoted reporters who sit around his desk every day. Many a

little man has been astonished to find that with strange unanimity the public press has put in type his spoken editorial. Such power is not held in the pent-up limits of a single editorial chair. Eustace was only 23 years old when his father died, but Select Council elected him to succeed his aged parent as its clerk. The young man also took up the study of law, pursuing it under the eye of George P. Hamilton and John Barton, Esqs. He was admitted to the Bar, but under pressing solicitation of a friend he took charge of a set of books, for what he supposed to be a few weeks' time. But this business engage-

ment lengthening, the war broke out, and Mr. Morrow found himself presently ap-

and the next morning often the mild-spoken

pointed Deputy Provost Marshal of Pitts burg with J. Herron Foster. FAMOUS AS 'SQUIRE. At the close of the war he became a clerk in the office of the Clerk of Courts, under John G. Brown. When Hon. William C. McCarthy was Mayor of Pittsburg he selected Mr. Morrow as his deputy to preside at hearings in the Mayor's office at Municipal Hail. But long before this the rising young man had had experience in administrative offairs. He had been elected

ward, but there was either no crime up there, or else Mr. Morrowdid not understand the modern method of inducing quar-reling neighbors to enter cross suits, for the Alderman had nothing to do but entertain reporters of the daily papers when they came out that way hunting items. Those re-porters included Frank Case, the present City Assessor, "Judge" Ramsey, James M. Purdy, John Neeb, Ed Locke, and a host of others who have since become public officials or newspaper proprietors. The newspaper friendship then begun has lasted through two or three generations of re-porters, and rests on a basis of personal worth far above any sordid object.

THE FIRST CITY CLERK. In 1872 Mr. Morrow was elected City Clerk, a position which was new and which he first organized. Up to that time municipal affairs had been managed clerically the same as those of a provincial town. He held the office for several years. Since then he has been City Controller, having been elected three different times, the last time being like the present campaign, the Democrats refusing to nominate anyone against him. The office is a trying one, every year questions arising in the financial affairs of the city which the Controller has to look squarely in the face with right on one side and wrong on the other. How Mr. Morrow has met them, is well known.

'Squire Morrow didn't want to be School Director once, but the people of the Four-teenth ward elected him anybow. He re-fused to go near the polls for work, and this fact encouraged the Democrats to hard work for their candidate, Thomas B. Evans. But Morrow was elected by a majority of a few votes. Evans threatened to contest the

"Go ahead, Tommy," said Mr. Morrow, "if you think there was any improper vot-ing, and I myself will pay the expenses of So Evans had the Court appoint a com-

mission to investigate. Morrow paid all the expenses, and Evans succeeded in hav-ing five or six votes thrown out, thus senting himself. So the 'Squire did not have to be school director after all.

MR. MORROW AT HOME.

candidate for judge—being a candidate with no idea that a Democrat would be successful. But in 1877 he was elected one of the associate judges of the Common Pleas sion on Fifth avenue opposite Seneca street.



hours to two children. The daughter, now a young woman, is at college in Ohio. The father sets them an example in liberality and charity, for which he is well known He is a strict churchman, never missing h Wednesday night prayer meeting, Bible class or preaching. He was one of the orclass or preaching. He was one of the or-ganizers of the Eighth U. P. Church in Soho, and is still connected with it. He has three times been a delegate from Pitts-burg to the General Assembly of that denomination, and only recently missed by three votes being elected Moderator of the

Pittsburg Presbytery. He now resides in a modest rented house on Oakland avenue.

Major Joseph F. Denniston, the Republican candidate for re-election to the City Treasurer's office, as is well-known, is a military hero as well as an able civil executive. He lost a leg in the war, having been all through the great conflict, not being mustered out until nearly six years after the fall of Sumter. He went out from Pittsburg with the Friend Rifles, and was gradually promoted from private to captain, and commissary of subsistence, and eventually breveted major for gallant services. It would take much space here to relate all the story of Mr. Denniston's hard fighting in Virginia. He has always been foremost in G. A. R. matters and is now a candidate for Department Commander in Pennsylvania. In civil life Comrade Denniston has equally made his mark, having been honored by his fellow citizens with many positions of trust and responsibility, first as Tressurer of Allegheny county for four years, and for the past nine years as Treasurer of this city-twice re-elected to the position by the indorsement of both political

THE MAJOR'S BUSINESS INTERESTS. For 20 years he has served as a director of one of our large banking institutions, and for seven years has been called to act as the representative of the soldier interest on the Board of Managers of the West Penn Hos-

pital, a position he has filled with benefit to comrades in distress. The fact that he has to furnish the largest bond in City Hall does not bother Major Denniston. This bond is for \$150,000. Yet he himself is not a wealthy man. He was unsuccessful in several business ventures, both before and after the war. He lives in his own house on Denniston avenue, East End, on a part of his father's old estate. The street was named after his father.

Mrs. Denniston is a lady whose acquaintance is sought in the East End. The Major married her seven years ago, and brought her from Hagerstown, Md., where her parents had been Unionists during the war. It is said that in profile she bears a remarkwill understand what a grand opportunity ably true resemblance to Maggie Mitchell, the actress.

FIRE-PROOF HOUSES.

A Method Used by Wenlthy Japanese-A Kurn Described.

The combustible nature of Japanese houses renders large fires a frequent and disastrous calamity; hence since a long time ago the more wealthy Japanese merchants, as well as farmers, have been in the habit of building a kura or fireproof mud house contiguous to their shops and dwellings, yet generally entirely isolated. Into these are hurried at the first alarm which indicates a fire approaching the premises the portable property, household stuffs, merchandise, etc., and the kurs is then closed, and if time permits, the joints of windows and doors are sealed with fresh mud. A fire passing around and over such a structure will leave

its contents unbarmed.

It is a very common thing to see in Yokohams, in the streets of the native town, many of these kura built with much attention to architectural effect. They resemble very closely gigantic fireproof safes which may be one, two and even three stories high. The kura is built of a light framework of wood, between the openings of which is se-curely fastened open wicker work of bamboo. Then the whole wall surface inside and out is solidly filled with stiff plastic covered with stucco often treated ornamentTHE PROPER DINNER.

Expressions From the Best Entertainers of the Capital City.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF LATTER DAYS.

Strawberries at 25 Cents Each, Plates of Gold, Napkins of Lace.

NUMBER OF GUESTS AND THE TIME OBRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, February 1. ARRELS of terrapin at \$25 per dozen; crates of canvass back ducks at \$6 per pair; thousands of ices at \$1 per plate: these are some of the extravagances that are slipping down some of the throats

of the Capital's visiting population of the Capital's visiting population this season. Then the flowers. Who can compute the gold that has gone up in the odor of orchids at \$1 apiece, roses at \$10 per getting up a dinner has exactly quadrupled dozen, white lilacs at 50 cents per spike and since I came to Washington, and they tell lilies of the walley at 10 cents a stem. On the altar of New Year week \$10,000 worth of blossoms were sacrificed, for during that time Roswell P. Flower put \$5,000 into the flowers of his only daughter's wedding.

The fruits we use are also costing gold galore. Twice in the social history of the Capital opulent hosts have floated strawberries in their white wines when it cost 25 cents apiece to bring each berry from California to Washington. Ex-Senator Palmer, our present Minister to Spain, treated his guests to such a luxury last year, and this winter these 25-cent strawberries rolled over the palates and through the larynxes of Senator Stanford's guests when he dined Mrs. General Grant. From all accounts that dinner of Senator Stanford's to Mrs. Grant was one to make your eyes bulge out and your mouth to water. There were only 18 guests and they are from plates of gold and silver. The "queen of plenty" had scattered roses all over the table and under each bit of crystal there was a napkin of as a gastronomic poem.

A CHINESE MINISTER'S FEAST. The last Chinese Minister gave a dinner selore he retired, at a cost of \$28 per cover, cluded in this estimate. His bill of fare included sharks' fins and birds nests. The two best dinners of the present season have been the state dinners of the Executive Mansion and those circular the state of the Executive Mansion and those circular the state of the Executive Mansion and those circular the state of the Executive Mansion and those circular the state of the Executive Mansion and those circular the state of the Executive Mansion and those circular the state of the Executive Mansion and those circular the state of the Executive Mansion and the state of the state of the state of the Executive Mansion and the state of the state of the Executive Mansion and the s sion and those given by Vice President Morton. Both series have necessitated a re-

pay their society bills. Uncle Sam gives him a house and he finds himself. Custom makes him give at least four State dinners every year, and inasmuch as each one of these costs him at least \$1,000, it will be seen that the sum total is worthy of consideration. Demonet, who has for the past 30 years, been caterer for the White House. tells me that Presidental viands are going up. He says he served ices to President Buchanan at \$3 per dozen, and was glad to get the money. Now he charges \$1 a plate and does not think this at all too high.

MRS. PRESIDENT HARRISON. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison enjoys a dinner party more than any other entertainment, and next to a dinner she is fond of a luncheon. She makes an admirable hoatess for both and she intended to give many little affairs of both kinds had not her pro-gramme been changed by the deaths in the administration circle. She will say nothing of the cost or extravagance of Washington dinners, but only states that she thinks they are a very pleasant feature of the Capital or as her daughter, Mrs. McKee puts it: "I begin to think I am growing old for I enjoy a dinner so much more than a dance, and it used to be that I never thought of the dining room when I was out in the evening."

Mrs. Morton has made a number of inno-She will not have an atom of colored em-

vations in table appointments and menus. broidery or lace in her linen. She uses very few flowers and many fern fronds, does away with buttoniers and uses bombs instead of individual tees. A dainty conceit with her is to scatter a few violets and a bit of lemon verbena upon the water of the finger bowls. She has a most elegant table service of silver. Her dinners would de light Brillat Savarin. What they cost no one knows, but it would not be a strange thing if the amount of the Vice President' salary is several times eaten up by his diuners. When Evarts was Secretary of State he spent, it is said, \$30,000 more than his salary in entertaining, and Senator Sherman once told me that the expenses of his entertainments during his Secretaryship of the Treasury was greater than the amount

he received from the Government. THE AVERAGE DINNER. The extravagances mentioned at the beginning of this letter, however, are confined to the wealthy few. The average dinner in Washington costs \$12 and upward per cover, and the following interviews which have had during the past few days with the leading ladies of the Capital give much of interest regarding the successful dinner, as to how long it should last, and as to what

My first talk was with Mrs. John Wans maker. She said: "I attended a dinner the other night which required one hour and ten minutes for the serving, and it was one of the most delightful affairs of the senson. The host told me that one hour was all he would allow his wife for dinner courses, but that she always took ten minutes' grace. Of course the service must be faultless and the courses few, and l am glad to notice that the latter has been adopted this season. Washington people go so much in a season that they are too weary to remain long at table. Mr. Wansmaker thinks a dinner should not be given during the social season, for he says that people should be at their best at a dinner, which, according to his view, is the highest

'Yes, it is true," continued Mrs. Wana-maker, "that I do not favor anything but white linen both for luncheons and dinners, and do not in the least believe in extravacant embroideries and laces about the table. The only color, I think, should be produced by ferns and a few roses. I never serve

A QUARTER CENTURY AGO. The wife of the senior Justice of the Su

preme Court was next interviewed. Said she: "Entertainments are not a whit more she: "Entertainments are not a whit more extravagant now than they were 27 years ago when I came to Washington. I distinctly remember the elegance of the first dinner, I attended. It was given by Chief Justice Chase and he escorted me to the table. He was then a member of Presider Lincola's Cabinet. Many a time since I

have recalled the menu of that night, and I do not think any subsequent dinner has surpassed it. Of course there were no terrapin or canvas backs, as people did not consider them a luxury then. The table appointments were sumptuous. There was one wine set of Bohemian glass that was the most beautiful thing I ever saw on a Washington table.

table. Mrs. Sprague reserved it when her father's effects were sold. We sat nearly three hours at the table. That reminds me of the modern fad, for it deserves no higher name, of rushing through a dinner in an hour and a half. It is an absurd custom. We ought to take even a longer time to serve our dinners than the English, for we have so many more courses."

FOUR OF THE INDISPENSABLES. "First of all," replied Mrs. Miller, "the guests. They should not exceed 18 in number, although a high official must often have twice that number. Then they should know each other so that there can be a current of talk around and across the table. Second,

the service. There should not be an instant's delay in the courses. Third, the choice and service of wines. Fourth, the chef. I do not think a house can have a reputation for characteristic dinners if they have a caterer. Everything should be cooked in the house and in an individual me this year that canvas-backs are \$6 apiece instead of a pair."

Mrs. Senator Quay said: "There have been fewer entertainments given this year than I have ever known, and I think it is because people have been depressed by the epidemic of influenza. Some dinners have been given, of course, but nothing like the number given last season. They are the pleasantest entertainment for older people, but it is equally true that they are the great-est trouble to a hostess. When I have given them I have never had more than 18 guests, as I think they lose their intimate, friendly quality if more are at the table. With one or two exceptions I do not think Washington dinner-givers are a whit more extravagant than those of other cities."

HER DINNER OVERESTIMATED. I found Mrs. Senator Hearst at home, and asked her as to the cost of Washington dinners. She said: "I gave an entertainment last winter at which it was reported the and your mouth to water. There were only 18 guests and they ate from plates of gold and ailver. The "queen of plenty" had scattered roses all over the table and under each bit of crystal there was a napkin of point duchess lace while the long table cover had a border of the same priceless web. Instead of linen the finger bowls rested on napery of lace and the lordly terrapin was served in individual silver tureens. Every piece was of the same costly nature and the epicares of the Capital describe the dinner as a gastronomic poem. to Washington I was told that every one gave very large entertainments, and I said that I should stand by my principles and give small ones if I had to give many. They told me that I could not do it, but I have, for I will not invite my friends to a crush.

WIFE OF THE MEXICAN MINISTER.

I next called upon Madame Matias torm in the number of courses. The time of sitting at the table has been cut down, and the first state dinner at the White House this year consumed only an hour and three-quarters, and at Vice President Morton's the guests were at the table only an hour afternoon levels in a season. At the dinner we have 16 or 18 guests and a season. At the dinner we have 16 or 18 guests and a season. and asked her as to these matters. She said: "I usually give two evening receptions or balls, two or three dinners and four afternoon levees in a season. At the dinreally do not know what we usually pay for tion they represent the greatest expense, as a house to be beautiful must be filled with flowers. At the ball which we gave to open the legation we had the walls covered with palms, vines and flowers as though they had not been frescoed."

A CABINET MENU. I close my letter with the bill of fare of one of the \$1,000 feasts of the White House. It is the menu used for President Harrison's dinner to the Cabinet, and it reads as fol-

Oysters on the half shell. Potage. Green turtle soup. Poisson,
Boiled salmon with sauce.
Pommes Duchesse. Cucumbers.
Hors D'Oeuvre. Bouches a la Financier.
Cheese straws and olives. Releve. Cheese straws and olives. Releve.
Filet de boeuf a la jardiniere. Entrees.
Supreme de Valaiddes aux truffles.
Terrapin, Maryland style.
Petites aspio de Fois gras en Belleove.
Sorbet. Kirsch punch. Roti.
Canvas-back ducks. Currant jelly.
Salade. Celery and lettuce mayonnaise.
Legumes. Asparagus. Entremets.

Legumes, Asparagus, Entre Gateau Sant Honore, Glace, Pomíretta, Desserts, Conserves, marrons glacis, bonbons, etc. Cafe, Spice the above with witty conversation, decorate the table with the costliest flowers, make the women all beautiful and the men all bright and you have a feast for a King.

MISS GRUNDY, JR. THE PRETTY BOOK AGENT. A Boston Man's Method of Teaching Her :

"I was settling down to work," said a book agent pestered man yesterday, "when a pretty woman entered my office. No one

She placed a volume in front of me and began to talk. I told her I would not buy the book if I really wanted it. 'Never mind,' his lines and take up wrong cues. I think book if I really wanted it. 'Never mind,' said she, saily. 'It won't cost you anything one part cannot be played too often, if the actor does not lose his interest in it. It is to look at it. "As she desired, I did look at it. the introduction and then chapter I. It was about 10 o'clock when I opened the book. At 11 o'clock the pretty book agent had become uneasy. I never raised my eyes. Another hour and she was pacing up and down the floor. At 1 o'clock when she had nearly

worn herself out, I laid the book down and, putting on my hat and coat, said to the thoroughly exasperated woman. 'That's a clever book, I regret that I cannot read more "She was mad, but she didn't say a word. Grabbing the book she shoved it into her satchel and made for the street.

THE RABBIT'S LEFT HIND FOOT. How the Georgia Moonshiper Uses It to Temper Justice.

Atlanta Journal. J The Georgia moonshiner is a great believer in the witchery of a rabbit's foot, the one coming from the left hind leg of the rabbit killed in a country graveyard. When matic work are the merest accidents. You the moonshiner comes to grief he brings his can find that such is true by referring to the rabbit foot with him to jail. When he is called into court he rubs the foot over his breast as soon as he enters the room. When the Judge calls him to the front he rubs himself once more and oftimes he drops the charmed piece of property upon the floor.

If he has his sentence suspended he attributes it to the rabbit foot; if he is sent to jail he consoles himself with the thought that he has rubbed the charm upon the wrong spot and carries it with him back to jail, firmly believing that it will, in some magical manner, secure his release before

his time expires. The colored janitor who cleans up the

COMEDY IN AMERICA.

Joe Jefferson Finds His Audiences Are Too Willing to Laugh.

BURLESQUE GONE OUT OF STYLE.

The Stage in Need of Young, Attractive and Talented Women.

"What makes the successful dinner?" I SPFECT OF CONSTANT REPITITION

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) "Comedy is a very pleasant line of business," said Joseph Jefferson, the Nestor of American comedians, as he sat with me one night last week at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, in his dressing room, white filling an engagement at that house. "Audiences like to laugh," he continued, 'and it is usually very easy to make them do so. In fact, a comedian's greatest annovance is that his auditors will persist in thinking that everything he says or does is funny, and in laughing at it just as English society used to laugh when the late Sydney Smith used to ask some one to pass

the mustard. "In that scene of 'Rip Van Winkle' in which poor Rip, after returning from his long sleep, reveals himself to his daughter Meente, which, to my thinking, is indescribably pathetic, I have heard people laugh as though it were the funniest thing in the whole play. I am convinced that this ill-timed mirth is not due to any insensibil-ity to the pathos of the situation, but to the fact that the people who give vent to it, having come to see a comedian, think that his every word and action must necessarily be funny. A comedian should always de-rive his humor from the character he is playing and not from himself. If his humor is developed from himself it is always the same; if from his characters, it will always be in keeping with the spirit of

DICKENS WROTE FOR ALL TIME. "I think the humor of Charles Dickens the best and the most lasting. It will never lose its charm. Like Shakespeare, he wrote for all time. The oftener you read him the fuunier he seems. He grows upon you. That last phrase, by the way, reminds me of a capital thing I heard once at a dinner party in London. It was during a rage for false hair among the ladies, and one gentle-man was speaking to another of the hair of a female friend. 'She has the most exquisite hair, but beautiful as it seems when you first see it, it grows upon you."
"'Ah,' said the other, 'but does it grow

upon her?"
"For broadly humorous writers there is certainly no better field than burlesque, yet it is a form of entertainment which in this country seems entirely dead. The kind of ourlesque which I mean—that which really does burlesque some serious production—has been dead for a number of years, but what old theater-goer does not remember Stuart Robson's capital burlesque of 'Hamlet, or The Wearing of the Black,' and his equally funny 'Black-Eyed Susan, or the Little Bill That Got Taken Up?' This admirable style of burlesque died out, however, and was succeeded by meaningless extravaganzas bur-lesquing nothing and serving merely to in-troduce pretty girls in handsome costumes and songs and dances, together with any nonsensical dialogue or ridiculous, grotesque the guests were at the table only an hour and a half. Secretary Blaine and Mrs. "Zach" Chandler pronounce President Harrison sfirst state dinner one of the best they have ever sat down to, and this shortening of our dinner hours promises to be a success. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences to the less objections. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences to the less objections. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The man difference was first made pepular in this country by Lydia mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences are prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes such as mole with sauce piquante and Chile vellences. The first is turkey prepared in Mexican dishes a such as mole with sauce piquante an found nothing to interest them in the bur-lesque. The place of the letter is also comedies now so popular.

MARY ANDERSON AND ANNIE PIXLEY "One of the greatest needs of the American stage at the present time is young, talented and attractive women—such women, for example, as Mary Anderson and Annie Pixley. I shall never torget the first time I ever saw the former. It was in one of the parlors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. She had just returned from the theater on a cold winter night, and as she came into the cheeks all aglow, her beauty greatly heightened by a white nubia thrown about her head, I thought her the very embodiment of womanly loveliness and purity.

"Annie Pixley I first met while playing in California. There was a stock company attached to the theater at which was about to commence an engage ment in San Francisco, and I was not quite satisfied with the lady who was cast for Gretchen in "Rip Van Winkle." While I was anxiously wondering whom I could obtain to replace her, I chanced to see Miss Pixley play a part in "The Danites" and was at once convinced that she possessed great ability. At my suggestion she was engaged to support me, and during my San Francisco engagement she played not only Gretchen, but also Lydia Languish, in "The Rivals," and Cicely Homespun in and as it flashed and died he seemed to know that henceforth, for life till death, ayl advised her to visit the East, and subsequently meeting the late John E. McDonwood, his fate and that sleeping woman's were one fate. It was but a moough, who was in search of some one for the role of M'liss, I recommended Miss Pixley in the highest terms. He engaged her, and the result was, as everybody knows, that

she became a successful star. OVER FIVE THOUSAND TIMES. "I have often been saked what effect the constant repetition of one part has upon an would suspect that she was a book agent. actor. There is one curious effect that it has, and that is, that after playing one part for a just as it is with our age. It was in 1865 that I first appeared as Rip Van Winkle, and I have played that part over 5,000 times in the quarter of a century that has passed since then. I cannot claim to be the original of the part. My kinsman, the late Charles Burke, was the first to dramatize Washington Irving's famous legend. When, at his death, the piece came into my hands. it was readapted by Dion Boucicault and myself. The same leggings which Burke were when playing Rip I have always worn in the part ever since I first presented it to the public," FRANK FERN.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S LUCK.

Promising Things. If you have to do with the public, says

Charles Hoyt, the playwright, in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, never bank on what you have carefully prepared, and particu-be wary of what you think is sure to make a hit. The most successful pieces of drahistory of such men as Sothern; but I have seen it so often in my own career that I am convinced of it.

my right was a great globe of light, and to my left was another globe, and I knew that the globes were named Life and Death. A thing may be good, and it may be funny

and all that, but no one can tell what will please the public until the public hears it, and nine times out of ten what you thought would eatch falls flat.

A Coming Lawyer.

One Sunday Bobby was discovered pounding a nut trying to crack it. Mamma said to him: "Why, Bobby, what are you doing? It is wrong to crack nuts on Sunday. Put them away; you musn't crack another one." She left him looking a little disappointed and soon heard him pounding again. Returning she said: "Bobby, why don't you mind me?" "Zis isn't nuzzer one," replied the little 4-year-old; "Zis same one."

thread it left behind it was twisted from a woman's hair. Half way between the globes of life was broken, but the shuttle flew on and vaulable. For a moment the thread hung in air, then a wind rose and blew it, so that it floated away like a spider's web, till it struck upon your silver thread of life you know. By the way, I hope that you recovering. I do not think that you recovering. I do not think that you recovering. I do not think that you ware to go canoeing again with me, I began to twist round and round in. As it twisted it grew larger and There was an opening for a compliment.



[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. The story opens on the Weish coast. Beatrice Granger, village schoolmistress and daughter of the rector of Bryngelly, while paddling in her cance, discovers Geoffrey Bingham, a rising young London barrister, who has been cut off from the shore by the rising tide, and accepts Beatrice's offer to take him to shore. A storm comes up. The cance is overwhelmed by a wave, Geoffrey is hurled against a table rock and knocked senseless. Beatrice clings to him and the seaweed on the rock. A wave washes them away, but sailors rescue them. The doctors work long with both and they recover. Geoffrey's titled wife comes and shows a lack of wifely feeling. 'Squire Owen Davies, wealthy and honest, betrays his love for Beatrice by walting three hours in the rain to hear of her condition. Beatrice's sister, Elizabeth, is ambitions to become Mrs. Owen Davies. In Chapter VI, is described Mr. Davies' first meeting with Beatrice, his ever-increasing devotion and Beatrice's annoyance While Geoffrey is recovering, his little daughter, Effle, runs away from her mother and visits him. This leads to a scene between Geoffrey and his titled wife. She chafes under poverty and he accuses her of heartlessness.

WHAT BEATRICE DREAMED. Geoffrey lav upon his back, watching the still patch of sunshine and listening to the ticking of the clock, as he passed all these and many other events in solemn review, till the series culminated in his vivid recollections of the scene of that very morn-

"I'm sick of it," he said at last aloud, "sick and tired. She makes my life like sighs, till at last it sighed itself to wretched. If it wasn't for Effie, upon my word I'd—. By Jove, it's 3 o'clock; I'll woke I was floating upon such a misty sea go and see Miss Granger. She's a woman, as we saw last night. I had lost all sight of foolish thing to be."

Very shakily, for he was sadly knocked about, he hobbled down the long narrow room, and through the door which was ajar. The opposite door was also set half open. He knocked softly, and getting no answer, pushed it wide and looked in thinking that he had, perhaps, made some mistake as to the room. On a sofa placed about two- and in darkness seek for light." white wrist and hand hung down almost to the floor, and beneath the spread curtain of the sunlit hair her bosom heaved softly in her sleep. She looked so won-drously beautiful in her rest that he stopped almost awed, and gazed, and gazed again, feeling as though a present sense and power were stilling his heart to sience. It is dan-gerous to look upon such quiet loveliness, and very dangerous to feel that pressure at the heart. A truly wise man feeling it shew you light,' and bending forward you

heavier, till at last it was thick as a great tress of hair, and the silver line bent beneath the weight so that it soon must break. Then, while I wondered what would happen, a white hand holding a knife slid slowly down the silver line, and with the knife severed the wrappings of woman's hair, which fell and floated slowly away, like a little cloud touched with sunlight, till they were lost in darkness. But the thread of silver that was your line of life, sprang up quivering and making a sound

"Then I seemed to sleep, and when I not a female ghost at any rate, though she is a freethinker—which," he added as he slowly struggled off the couch, "is a very foolish thing to be."

as we saw has algan. I have saw in the land, and I could not remember what the stars, were like, nor how I had been taught to steer, nor understand where I must go. I called to the sea, and asked it of the stars,

and the sea answered me thus: "Hope has rent her raiment, and the stars are set.' "I called again, and asked of the land where I should go, and the land did not answer, but the sea answered me a second

time: "Child of the mist, wander in the mist, thirds down its length, lay Beatrice aleep. She was wrapped in a kind of dressing gown of some simple blue stuff, and all about her breast and shoulders out of the sea and sat before me in the boat. and all about her breast and shoulders streamed her lovely curling hair. Her sweet face was toward him, its palior relieved only by the long shadow of the dark lashes and the bent bow of the lips. One looked into your heart, and read what was

written. And this was written:
"'Woman whom I knew before the earth
began, and whom I shall know when the

tuture is ended, why do you weep?"
"And my heart answered, 'I weep because I am lost upon the waters of the earth, be-



would have fled, knowing that seeds sown in such silences may live to bloom upon a bitter day, and shed their fruit into the waters of desolation. But Geoffrey was not wise-who would have been? He still stood and gazed till the sight stamped itself so deeply on the tablets of his heart that through all the years to come no heats of passion, no frosts of doubt, and no sense of

loss could ever dull its memory.

The silent sun shone on, the silent woman slept, and in silence the watcher gazed. And as he looked a great fear, a prescience of evil that should come, entered into him and took possession of him. A cloud with-out crossed the ray of sunlight and turned it. It wavered, for a second it rested on his mentary knowledge; the fear shook him and was gone almost before he understood its foolishness. But it had been with him, and in after days he remembered it. Just then she woke, opening her gra

eyes. Their dreamy glance fell upon him looking through him and beyond him rather than at him. Then she raised her self a little, and stretching out both her arms toward him, spoke aloud:

"So you have come back to me at last," she said. "I knew that you would come, and I have waited."

He made no answer; he did not know what to say; indeed, he began to think that he must be dreaming himself. For a little while she still looked at him in the same absent manner, then suddenly started up, the red blood streaming to her brow.

"Why, Mr. Bingham," she said, "is it really you? What was it that I said? Oh, pray torgive me, whatever it was. I have been asleep, dreaming such a curious dream, and talking in my sleep." "Do not alarm yoursel', Miss Granger," he answered, recovering himself with a jerk; "you did not say anything drendful, only

you dreaming about?" She looked at him doubtfully; perhaps his words did not ring "I think that I had better tell you, as I have said so much," she answered. "Besides, it was a very curious dream, and if I believed in dreams it would rather frihhten me, only fortunately I do not. Sit down and I will tell it to you before I forget it. It is

that you were glad to see me. What were

not very long." He took the chair to which she pointed, and she began, speaking in the voice of one yet laden with the memories of sleep.

"I dreamed that I stood in space. Far to From the globe on the right to the globe on the left, and back again, a golden shuttle, in which two flaming eyes were set, was shot continually, and I knew also that this was the abuttle of Destiny, weaving the web of Fate. Presently the shuttle flew, leaving behind it a long silver thread, and the eyes in the shuttle were such as your eyes. Again the shuttle sped through space, and this time its eyes were like my eyes, and the thread it left behind it was twisted from a

touched me on the breast.
"And suddenly an agony shook me like the agonies of birth and death, and the sky was full of great winged angels, who rolled the eyes of night, and there, her feet upon the globe, and her star-set hend piercing the firmament of heaven, stood Hope breathing peace and beauty. She looked north and south and east and west, then she looked upward through the arching vanits of heaven, and wherever she set ber eyes, bright with holy tears, the darkness shriveled and sorrow ceased, and from corruption arose the incorruptible. I gazed and worshiped, and, as I did so, again the sea

spoke unquestioned:
"In darkness thou hast found light, in death seek for wisdom.'
"Then once more Hope rent her starry robes, and the angels drew down a veil over the eyes of night, and the sea swallowed me, and I sank till I reached the deep foundstions of mortal death. And there, in halls of death I sat for ages upon ages, till at last I saw you come, and on your lips was the



If it Wasn't for Effle. but what it was I cannot remember. Then stretched out my hands to greet you, and woke, and that is all my dream. She ceased, her gray eyes set wide, as though they still strove to trace their sparitual vision upon the air of earth, her breast heaving, and her lips apart.
"Great heaven!" he said, "what an imagination you must have to dream such a

dream as that." "Imagination!" she answered, returning to her natural manner. "I have none, Mr. Bingham. I used to have, but I lost it when I lost—everything else. Can you in-terpret my dream? Of course you cannot; it is nothing but nonsense-such stuff as dreams are made on; that is all."

"It may be nonsense, but it is beautiful nonsense," he answered. "I wish ladies had more of such stuff to give the world." "Ah, well, dreams may be wiser than wakings, and nonsense than learned talk, for all we know. But there's an end of it. I don't know why I repeated it to you. I am sorry I did repeat it, but it seemed so real it shook me out of myself. This is what comes of breaking in upon the routine of life by being three parts drowned. One finds queer things at the bottom of the sea, you know. By the way, I hope that you are recovering. I do not think that you will