THE WORLD.

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"CHAIN-GANG" CHARITY.

SATAN TELLS HOW HIS GENEROUS HEART HAS BEEN VICTIMIZED.

He Hires a Typewriter to Attend to New Philanthropic Scheme—Major-General Satan Actively at Work—Two Simple Circulars—Worthy Objects of the "Good Hand of Think Moulders."

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ONE reason why life at times seems hardly worth living is that so many good and noble things are perverted to bad uses. Just as a high and thoroughly estimable method of doing good is fairly under way, along comes the shrewd and observant Major-General Satan, and, adopting the system, together with the letter-head and so forth, begins to sow and other hardy shrubs in the great fields while he himself profits by reason of it.

HAS TO HAVE A TYPEWRITER.

Some that my readers will hardly believe it I tell them that the chain system has, in my case alone, necessitated the employment of additional amanuensis with deep, dewy, brown and clustering hair, which on muddy days I do up in a Psyche knot. These features I have just referred to are among the pleasures connected with the system. The system, I mean.

A PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

Since the beginning of the Christian era, at no time when the first request was made for charity funds to spread religion over as large a field as possible, from the earliest and simplest down to the intolerance and caraway seed of the Puritans and the more refined and spectacular notion of to-day, the great problem, as I say, has been how best to save the largest number of souls and still pay expenses. Every thing, from the sword and the rack down to the burning and the humorous lectures, have been employed to woo the coy and reluctant scudi from their pockets. Gentle words, kind glances, melting and unanswerable logic in the pulpit and the columns of the press have united to build churches and to spread the Gospel in order to make the world better and to bless the world. (Women were not enough to start with.) But what a battle it has been to make religion self-supporting! How many sighs and tears and heart-burnings and anxieties, with frosting on them it has cost. The whole real history of religion in America has been a history of uninterrupted struggle, alternate hopes and fears, oppression, exhilaration, apprehension and elation. Worst of all, however, good methods fell into bad hands. The unscrupulous sought to profit by the generosity and charitable motives of people, and so new methods have given place to old ones. Progress has marked the whole line. Torture and the clash of arms have given place to the grab-bag and the arts of peace.

Charity will suffer most by reason of the numbugs and nuisances which have grown out of the chain system, and as Mrs. Cleveland has gracefully expressed her disapproval of the system, I take the liberty of printing two letters myself, just as an illustration of the way in which a good custom may fall into bad hands.

The first letter in which I have changed the names and now give in order to make the plan clear to those who may not be familiar with it:

"NUMBER 3."

"Sire has been for a great many years the pressing need in Blankville of a hospital for the infirmities sick. Such an institution has been recently established, and there the King's Daughters and Sons of Blankville have founded a children's hospital, the support of which will depend on subscriptions received by members of the Band. In view of this cause you are requested to comply with the following directions:

"Make two (2) copies of this paper, placing at the head the next higher number (the same number on each paper), and send to two friends, directing them to make each two other copies of the next higher number in the same manner.

"Return this paper to Miss Blank, Blankville, Ill., with five two-cent stamps. Those receiving this will make no copies, simply inclosing stamps and returning to Miss Blank.

"Any one refusing to comply with this request please notify Miss Blank at once, returning paper, or otherwise the chain will be broken."

"Those who have given the subject thought know the sufferings of a sick child under the best of circumstances and will appreciate the blessing to those who takes the neglected little ones from the crowded quarters of a city tenement. Although the payments are simple, demanding only a dime and 10 cents from each one participating, a single failure will involve serious loss, while if properly carried out, will bring to the hospital fund a sum of $600. With these considerations you are asked to help.

A MERCENARY SCHEME.

There could be nothing more noble or more unselfish than the organization, perfection and execution of such a plan as the one outlined in the above letter, but in the following one it is different:

"NUMBER 18."

"There has been for many years the most pressing need of more knowledge throughout our country in relation to the tariff. Everywhere people are groping in the most deep and impenetrable darkness as to the indirect results of duties, imposts and such things as that. There is ignorance enough loose in the country upon this subject to start an intelligence office in every school district throughout the United States. This ignorance is especially noticeable among political stump-speakers, who are necessarily up nights a great deal and travelling about so constantly that they have little information or opportunity for obtaining same. Though they frequently refer to the tariff and make long speeches in relation to it, they do not agree with each other and frequently forget in one State what they knew about it in another. For this reason there has been organized in New York, with headquarters in Hester street, what is called the 'Do Good Band of Think Moulders,' whose object is to get together, if possible, quite a number of people who are willing to know more about the tariff and also desirous of establishing a consistent and sincere system among political speakers. It is hoped that enough money may be contributed voluntarily to establish a night-school therefor, for the purpose of affording to stump-speakers, after the campaign, a place where they may go evenings, take instructions in voice culture and obtain information relative to the tariff. In aid of this cause you are requested to comply with the following directions:

"Make two (2) copies of this paper, placing at the head the next higher number (the same number on each paper), and send to two friends, directing them to make each two other copies of the next higher number in the same manner.

"Return this paper to Mr. Ransom Viaduct, of No. 6½ Hester street, New York, with five 10-cent stamps or twenty-five two-cent stamps. Those receiving No. 99 will make no copy, simply inclosing the stamps as above stated, and return the same to Mr. Viaduct.

Any one refusing to comply with the request will please notify Mr. Viaduct at once, returning the paper and his name, so that it can be published in our black list, otherwise the chain will be broken and we hate to have the chain broken for personal reasons. The money thus contributed will be very carefully and judiciously used by our Society or returned to the sender in the Spring.

"We also hope to establish in connection with this, a home for young men who have no place to go at night. There are thousands of young men about New York who wander about the streets and by 11 or 12 o'clock, having no other place to go, are almost forced to go to bed. We hope to establish a cosy little home for these young men where they will feel welcome to enter after other places are closed.

"Man, being social, is therefore a social being and he must either have healthful amusement or rum. We desire to throw things around him at this home which will make him just fairly loathe anything wicked. Who will be the first to help us throw something around a young man and draw him to our place? Although the requirements are simple, demanding only a little time and 50 cents spices from those contributing, yet a single failure will involve serious loss. While the plan, if properly carried out, will bring to the Society a pretty good-sized wad. With these considerations you are courteously asked to help.

"Any one having a good cow which will give milk all Winter and for which he is willing to take postage stamps will do well to communicate with Mr. Viaduct at the above number, inclosing references."

The above only shows how soon a praiseworthy method of raising money is taken up by the unscrupulous and used for selfish purposes.

BILL NYE.

RELYING ON WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

How an English Firm Will Sell American Postal Cards at Half Price.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WORLD.]

LONDON, Oct. 26—An English corporation, with big capital to back it, is now negotiating for "protected rights" to sell twelve one-cent postal cards for six cents to everybody in America who cares to buy them. The same scheme has been tried here in England with success. In this country postal cards are more generally used than they are in America. People here count the ha'pence. If a business man wants to make an appointment he uses a ha'penny postal card. If a housekeeper wants to order a shoulder of mutton she sends her butcher a postal card. Poor men applying for situations, rich men answering applicants for work, all use the postal card. There were 188,800,000 of them bought in England last year.

As a matter of fact the ha'penny postal card in England costs one farthing—considerably more than a half-penny. Eight pence (or 16 cents) for one dozen is the price charged at the general post-office. Many retail shops which sell them as a "convenience" charge tenpence a dozen for them. The workingman grumbles at the excess, but he pays. After all, it is cheaper than a penny stamp.

The "Farthing Letter Card Company" flooded the town with advertisements and baited its hook for popular patronage by offering two half-penny postal cards for a half-penny. The booksellers and stationers took hold of it and pasted their windows with placards offering two cents for one. The public thought it was a trick, and fought shy of it. Then the projectors were shrewd enough to advertise a letter from Mr. Gladstone in which he said:

I shall watch your experiment with interest, and I shall be glad if it operates as a corrective of the extravagant price now charged to the Government for post cards, since in that case it must extend the consumption, and thus enlarge the revenue. I should be glad to have a few specimens.

The WORLD correspondent got a specimen, too, and the whole source of profit was apparent at a glance. The "stamp side" of the postal-card was the same as postal-cards the world over. Nothing was allowed there but the address. But on the reverse side of the card one dozen London advertisers had paid $10 each for the privilege of fringing 100,000 cards with their "ads." A blank space about two inches square was left at the disposal of the sender.

A talk with the President of the company elicited further information. He said: "A man or a woman who would never dream of reading a private letter never hesitates to read a postal card. Thousands and thousands of postal cards are read in this city every day by people who have no business to read them. We find by visiting waste-paper houses that while the average man tears up a letter he throws a postal card into the waste basket untouched. We propose to profit by this weakness in human nature. We will sell postal cards at half their cost and will rely on advertising for our profit. We have contracted to take 100,000,000 postal cards a week from the British Government for three years, from October of this year. Our orders already promise to outdo that. We pay the Government one half-penny for each card stamped for us and give them a premium for the trouble. We furnish the cards and print our "ads." on them. To make the dealers sell our cards we must give them a discount. In fact, we sell a half-penny card for less than a farthing and still make a profit. The cards are printed in series of 100,000, and an advertiser who has an extensive use for cards can, by buying 15,000, have his advertisement on 100,000 cards for nothing. The saving in the price of cards more than pays for the cost of advertising.

"This plan is popular in England, and I think it will be popular in America. Our agents are over there perfecting arrangements for a patent, and we expect soon to place in all the principal cities packages of one dozen one-cent postal cards for six cents."

A Love Song.

Turn those starry eyes upon me,
Filled with love-light deep and true;
Let me quaff a draught of sweetness
From their depths of liquid blue.

Let me see the white lids quiver
As my glance becomes more bold;
Let the lashes droop and fall, dear,
When the tale in mine is told.

Let the fluttering sigh escape, love,
Through those sweet and trembling lips,
Like the perfume of the field-flower
From whose cup the wild bird sips.

Then, when bravery conquers shyness,
Lift again those eyes divine,
And, with love's electric power,
Pour their contents into mine.

ELLA MAIR DUDLEY.

NELLIE BLY ON THE WING.

SOME THINGS SHE SAW, HEARD AND EXPERIENCED WHILE TRAVELLING.

Saidee Polk Fall's Happy Life at the Famous Polk Homestead—A Bit of Amelie Rives's Early History—Poet Riley's Wisdom—Experience with a Southern Quarantine Officer—An Indignant Traveller.

Miss Saidée Polk Fall is the belle of Nashville, Tenn. Her mother was adopted and educated by Mrs. James Knox Polk, whose niece she is. After the death of President Polk Mrs. Fall, then a little black-eyed girl, was the only companion the sorrowing widow had to share her lonely home. Mrs. Fall married, but still made her home with Mrs. Polk. Her only child, Saidée, is the joy and pride of the household, and Mrs. Polk loves to hear her girlish clatter about the house and takes delight in having her young visitors made welcome.

Saidée Fall, who was named in honor of her grandaunt, Sarah Polk, completed her education at Mrs. Reed's school in New York. Afterwards her mother sent her for a short trip through Europe, and she returned to take her place in society as the belle of Nashville. The fame of her illustrious grandaunt has made all social circles cordially open its doors to her. Before the marriage of Grover Cleveland she and her mother were the guests of Miss Cleveland at the White House.

Miss Fall is above the medium height, and dresses in perfect taste. Her waist would break a New York girl's heart, it is so wee. Of course, it is very noticeable in these days of curving waists, and would cause many heads to turn for a second look, but after the first glance of surprise one rather admires it. Miss Fall's face is not quite oval, and nature, aided by a Southern climate, has tinted it most beautifully. The nose is delicate and straight, and the soft red lips curve with a sweet pride as if the owner knew her worth. The eyes are black and deep, and in repose gaze with a dreamy look as if they could tales unfold. The arched eyebrows match the eyes in color, but are unusually heavy. Over the fair, smooth brow and curling round the pink-tipped ears falls her soft, reddish-golden hair. Add to this a graceful ease of manner and dresses that any stylish New York girl would be proud of, and you have Miss Saidée Polk Fall.

MISS SAIDÉE POLK FALL.

Miss Fall's apartments are in the second story of the Polk mansion. She has her own parlor filled with all the little dainties that young girls love. She has her dog-cart and horse, which she drives every day, and a little black-and-tan that likes to lie on the fur rug in the parlor. Miss Fall is quite a musician and plays the piano, guitar and banjo with skill. Besides this she has a clear soprano voice. This is her third year in society. Miss Saidée is a very happy girl. She is the idolized child of her parents, the pride of her grandaunt and the belle of Nashville.

What girl would ask more?

AMELIE RIVES'S ROMANCE.

In my travels through Virginia I met a gentleman who has been the life-long friend of Amélie Rives-Chanler. He told me a bit of her life, which is very interesting. Mr. Rives is a civil engineer for the Panama Canal, and Amélie is the pride of the family. They all bowed to her superior genius and she "ruled the roost" at home. In some of her travels Amélie Rives saw John McCullough and became possessed of a passionate admiration for him. She managed to be in several towns where he played and at last was rewarded by making his acquaintance. It is said that a closer acquaintance fanned her admiration into a warmer regard, and that at last John McCullough went to her Virginia homestead to spend his vacation.

"If you have read the book which made her known to the public," said my fellow-traveller, "you can judge what a happy time they had. He undoubtedly admired her and she more than admired him. While he was there she painted a life-size oil portrait of him, which is very artistic. Just after this he became insane, and the shock to Amélie's peculiar temperament was very severe. She became more eccentric than ever, and after his death she decorated the bedstead in which he had slept with a full assortment of angels. They said then that she cherished everything that he had used, even saving a half-smoked cigar, and locked herself for hours in the room with his portrait. Then she wrote a little play entitled 'Mad as a March Hare,' and played the leading rôle in it herself. She acted in Richmond, and donated the proceeds to a charity fund.

"She is so peculiar," he continued, "that she never leaves many friends behind her. She trusts to her beauty and genius to save her from any consequence of her rudeness. She makes a rule never to go anywhere until everybody else has arrived. Then she makes such dramatic entrances that I have seen a perfect silence fall on three hundred people as they turned to watch her. In the South she is considered very beautiful. The only objection any one finds is that she is too 'dumpy.' She is extremely fair, even to pallor, and her hair is of a pale gold hue. Her lips are very full and so blood-red that envious ones have accused her of painting them. Her eyes are peculiar. They are blue, but the iris is so large that it almost covers the pupil, leaving but a tiny blue rim to be seen. We Southerners are very proud of her."

POET RILEY'S KEY TO HAPPINESS.

"Do you want to succeed in life?" asked James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, of a pack of poems has just been published in England by the English public and press.

"I do," I replied, with as much fervor as that might have been felt a block.

"Then dress well," he said. The secret to success is a good personal appearance. Why, if I struck a town with only 50 cents in my pocket the first thing I'd do would be to go a barber shop. A barber shop is the intelligence office and newspaper of every town. So you see my first move would be to go there. I'd have a shave and give the barber my 50 cents, and when he offered me back the change I'd tell him with a knightly wave of my hand, "It's all right." He would tell everybody else, and it would help me to get an opening somewhere. But about dress. Now, wouldn't you rather give a nickel to a beggar who was brushed and had a clean face than to one who was not? Any one would. When one goes to a hotel doesn't the clerk take an inventory of his guest before he gives a room and doesn't the room always match the appearance? If I want to sell some verses the editor glances at me. If my clothes are shabby he thinks, 'Oh, he's in hard luck and will be satisfied with any price.' If my appearance is that of prosperity he'll be afraid to offer me a small price, or if not afraid at least ashamed. A woman should be even more particular. Her gowns give her her place more than a man's coat. Men always look at the women's dress and in almost every instance judge accordingly. To be successful one must look successful. Good clothing makes everything easier. Take my advice if you wish to succeed—never look shabby."

WANTED—A WIFE.

Who wants a husband?

I have just received a letter from a man in Nova Scotia who is anxious to test matrimony. Somehow I like the ring of sincerity in his letter so well that I wish my acquaintance among women was larger, that I might speak a good word for him. If any girl feels a responsive thrill while reading this and thinks she answers the requirements, I shall be pleased to hear from her and to do what I can in helping two people towards the one glorious end—matrimony. This is the letter:

MISS BLY: I am much interested in the stories you have given the public, which I have seen referred to in our provincial papers. I write to ask the favor of being referred to some worthy young woman whom I might find eligible and available for a life partner.

I am a farmer in a small way, living in a thinly settled neighborhood on the shores of Annapolis Basin. I am now building a house on my own farm, and in selecting a mistress for it nothing would suit me better than to bring some good girl, who might make an efficient helpmeet, from the struggle with poverty and temptation of city life to the homely plenty of country life. Doubtless you could point out to me some such person as I desire, possessing good character, good health, industry, economy, neatness, honesty, truthfulness, amiableness, natural refinement of feeling, good judgment and a fair share of those graces of heart, mind and person that constitute the glory and value of this sex.

She should not be above the average height, of the vital or sanguine or vital-motive temperament, and not very much past twenty years of age. Something under twenty would be just as well. If you could place me in communication with a person of this description, who seemed to you likely to possess the ordinary good qualities I have mentioned, you would confer a grateful favor on myself, and possibly on another.

I am a bachelor, aged thirty-five years, 5 feet 8 inches in height, weight 142 pounds; am light complexioned, light-brown hair, somewhat bald at the crown; am not bad looking, have good health and constitution, bear a good character, have always been a total abstainer from intoxicants, tobacco, &c.; have no bad habits, strongly inclined to be domestic. I belong to a respectable family and live on the southern shores of Annapolis Basin, a most beautiful spot. Its picturesque scenery and fine climate are making it a favorite summer resort for American tourists. Our Summers are cool, Autumn very fine, Winters moderate. Very little cold weather, but more prolonged than in New York, and backward Springs.

What I ask is that you would kindly give me the address of some worthy young woman who is likely to be unengaged and who appears to you to possess the qualifications I have enumerated. I care not how poor or what her circumstances, parentage or race is—if white—provided she is good and healthy, and calculated for a suitable helpmeet for a poor man. Or you might merely hand this letter to such a one, who could consider it as addressed to herself and write a reply. A correspondence could thus be opened, photographs exchanged, and New York is not so far from here but that a meeting might be arranged before long. Then, if we were mutually satisfied I could secure the companionship I so much need, and in return supply a poor girl with a good home.

If she could not afford to carry on such a correspondence I would supply her with the means. Pardon my trespassing on your valuable time, but I doubt not that you feel sufficient interest in the poor in whose behalf your pen has often been employed to be willing thus to help one poor girl to find a better home, and also ready to aid a lonely man to find a congenial companion.

Should any one desire references to indorse my good character and standing I can easily supply them from clergymen and other prominent citizens here, but I know no one in New York. I am, very truly yours, ——.

PASSING THE QUARANTINE.

"It's too mean for anything!" I heard a girl half sob, and I looked to see what was wrong. She was one of a party of six—two men and four girls—who had started from Nashville at the same time with myself for Chattanooga, Tenn. The party had been very lively, and this dark-eyed Southern girl who was now on the verge of tears had been the jolliest of the crowd. A soldierly looking man in a close-fitting dark blue suit, with cap to match, stood looking first at her and then at a small book he held in a vexed but determined manner.

"I don't see why anything won't do as well," she said as her cheeks grew redder. The young men did their best to hide their amusement, but the soldierly looking man was unrelenting.

"I will go to the office and sign to-morrow," she pleaded; but the man shook his head. "Well, I don't see how it makes any difference whether I put sixteen or thirty-six," she said at last. The officer turned the book upside down and read something from it to the crowd; the young men burst into hearty laughter, and the poor girl as she wrote something in the book, her eyes filling with tears, said:

"Chattanooga is a mean old town and I will never come here again—so, now."

I watched him have a turn with each of the other girls, which always ended in the girl's defeat, and I was burning with curiosity to know what caused so many tears among the girls and so much laughter among the men. I had not long to wait, for finishing with the party of six the man came to me.

"I am the Quarantine Inspector," he said, slightly touching his cap. "Where did you come from?"

"Nashville," I replied.

"Then fill out this blank, please," he said, handing me the book and a pencil. I did so, and then begged a sample sheet, which is reproduced as I filled one out:

What is your name? Nellie Bly.
Age?.....
In what State, county and town do you reside?.....
In what place or places have you resided in the past fifteen days? New York City, Herkimer, Albany, N. Y. Painesville, Fremont, O., Nashville, Tenn.
To what point are you going? Washington, D. C.
Has your baggage been disinfected? No.
Will you stop in Chattanooga? No.
I solemnly swear that the answers to the above questions are true and correct, so help me God.

"What made the girls so vexed?" I asked the officer, referring to the party we had just left.

"Kicked on telling their age," he said with a grin, as he wrote on the back of the page a description of my color of hair, eyes, dress, hat, cloak, &c. "That one word 'age' causes me more trouble than a hungry mosquito on a hot night. The women try every persuasion to escape, but I just turn up the page and read this"—

QUARANTINE OFFICER'S BLANK.

Issued by authority of
CHATTANOOGA BOARD OF HEALTH.
Quarantine Ordinance of the City of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Any person refusing to answer these questions, or making untrue answers, or refusing to subscribe the oath attached, is guilty of a misdemeanor and may be fined not less than $5 nor more than $100, and forbidden to enter the city, or remain therein, and may also be imprisoned for not longer than thirty days.

"I struck a woman with nose glasses and curls the other day," he continued, "and she was a head worse to whip than a Yankee soldier. I suspected that she was a back number, and she refused to state her age. I just threatened to have her imprisoned and then she wrote it, but she raved at me until I left the car, and they say that she cried all the way to Chattanooga about the 'outrage perpetrated on a respectable Southern woman.'"

NELLIE BLY.

LONDON'S BAD MUSICAL TASTE.

The Composers Are Imitators and the Singers Are Mercenary.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WORLD.]

LONDON, Oct. 27.—To the Londoners professional music certainly seems to fill no higher place than that of a commercial commodity. "Pictures bring in money; therefore it is good to be a painter. But if house-painting brings in more money than picture-painting, then by all means be a house-painter." So with music. If singing is more profitable than piano-playing, then by all means learn to sing. If soprani make more money than contralti, then by all means be a soprano, if it be only so far as to get out the high sounds, no matter how they are emitted and no matter by what violation of nature. The public love noise better than tone and high sounds better than low ones, otherwise it would not pay more to hear the former than the latter. Hence there are singers here in droves, but who cannot play the simplest accompaniments, and perhaps half as many others who try to play them but who succeed only in murdering both the accompaniment and the song. There are myriads of so-called soprani and tenori who force and strain their voices into the high register when they ought never to attempt any music at all above that of mezzo-soprano and baritone, and there are a few—very few—luscious, smooth, clear, pathetic and truly dramatic native voices.

The want of sincerity, or enthusiasm, climacteric bursts, expression, good taste, inspiration, or any sign of innate spontaneous love for the art of arts has been painfully, in fact repulsively, manifest. I see this in almost everything I have heard here in music from English throats and fingers, although not from English brains, for it is undoubtedly true that this tremendous nation can at least boast of some genuine genius in composition, among whose representatives, according to the famous Dr. Hans Richter, Dr. Hubert Parry stands first. But the names of Barnby, Goring Thomas, E. Prout, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Dr. Villers Stanford, Mr. Cellier and Arthur Sullivan are also just now crowned with glory, and we can but cordially confess the entire justice of their brilliant decoration.

It is unjustly but commonly the fashion to place performers first when treating of the musical status of any nation. But one might as properly place actors and readers first when treating of a nation's literature, since without the creators of some set actors and readers could neither act nor read. Such injustice to the brain fountain, or rather cradle, of either intellectual exercise is nevertheless manifestly absurd, and to affront the composers whose music is sung and played is surely as bad as to ignore the authors whose works are noted and read. I should prefer to judge the music of a nation by its composers; but music, however, is of that the limits of sympathy among English composers are very narrow. Excepting Dr. A. C. Mackenzie (who must not be confounded with "Norman Mackenzie," a tea-house clerk, who presumes to "conduct" an amateur orchestra here, and whose real name is Megone)—excepting Dr. Mackenzie, Sullivan and Mr. E. Prout, I do not recall another recent English composer who has done much in symphonic composition, while as for solid works for pianoforte, such as those of Ernest Pauer and other resident foreigners, scarcely any progress has been made at all here since Sterndale Bennett died, and he was only a skilful thief, as all know.

The reason of this is plain. London, although full of pianists and organists, some to think of distinguished technique, and with numberless magnificent orchestras, is nevertheless dependent upon foreigners for most of the best material upon which those musicians feed, and the strength of English composers goes into the old-fashioned oratorio, cantata, or "royalty" songs, because they pay the best, when it is not comic opera.

One sees the strangest evidences of this statement on all sides. I myself had an offer from a basso lately to sing a certain song of mine "if I would pay" him "$10 each time." I declined the compliment with the response that "if not good enough to merit his distinguished attention without being paid for, I would put it in pickle until it was." Of course, he did not sing it. He would no more have sung it for free of music or of me than he would have jumped into a fire.

I had the honor of playing an accompaniment for a young lady singer the other day at a musicale, and wondered how she could possibly have selected for a song so vile a specimen of rubbish. After the infliction I turned to look at the title-page, and found this note: "Any one is allowed to sing this song, even in public, without payment of royalty." Good heavens! how very kind of the modest composer! That was an exception to the rule here, but I suppose only because that particular song happened to be particularly bad. Good songs are not only copyrighted, but after being purchased they must have a further sum paid before they are allowed to be used in public by professional singers.

As for composers of oratorios, it is surprising how numerous they are when one realizes that their only avenue to a public hearing is through the keyhole of some one of the yearly musical festivals in the provincial cities—Bristol, Leeds, Birmingham and Gloucester. Naturally, but a limited number is sufficient to supply the demand. But it is truly astonishing to one soaked with the best musical lore of German, Italian, French and Russian musical genius to realize what simple, innocuous music is here accepted as "new" by these festival committees. The critics, too, fall right into line with the prevailing conservatism and have the funniest ways of protecting their friends, the kleptomaniacal composers, by traditionally damnatory faint praise. To read the critiques and hear musicians