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No. 644—Vol. V.

TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1895.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

DICK WHITTINGTON AT DRURY LANE.

THE WENTWORTH OF THE YEAR. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 1.30. Messrs. Dan Leno, Herbert Campbell, Griffiths Brothers, H. Spry; Ada Blanche, Marie Matrosos, Lily Hand, Agnes Hewitt, & MATTINEE. TO-MORROW and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 1.30. Sole Lessee, Mr. TIZZ.

MAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 8.30, AN IDEAL HUSBAND, by OSCAR WILDE. Messrs. Lewis Walter, Alfred Bishop, Charles Brook, George Stanger, Edward Sprick, Goodhart, and Charles H. Hawtrey; Mademoiselle Fanny Brugh, Maude Milliet, Florence West, Vera Featherstone, Helen Forsyth, and Julia MATTINEE. TO-MORROW and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 1.30. Sole Lessee, Mr. TIZZ.

COMEDY THEATRE.

TONIGHT, at 8.0, LEADER OF MEN, by Charles E. Ward (LAST FOUR NIGHTS) Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Sydney Smith, Mr. Will Dennis, Mr. W. W. Wynn, Mr. J. Carr, Mr. Miss Alma Murray, Miss Le Thorne, Miss May Harvey, and Miss Marion Terry. MATTINEE, at 2.30. Sole Lessee, Mr. TIZZ.

GAITY THEATRE.

EVERY NIGHT, at Eight o'clock, THE SHOP GIRL. Written by H. J. W. Dam. Music by Ivan Caryll, and additional music by Walter Slaughter. Doors open at 7.00. Box Office open daily, 10 to 6 MATTINEE, SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30. Doors open 1.00.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.

TONIGHT, at 8.30, a New Musical Farce, entitled, (THE HANSON CABBY), by Geo. R. Sims and Ivan Caryll. Words and lyrics by Basil Hood, music by Walter Slaughter, in which Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS will appear, supported by a powerful company. Doors open 7.50. Box Office open 10 to 5.

LYRICO THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, at 8.20, TONIGHT, by W. S. Gilbert and F. Osmond Carr. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS COMPANY. Proceeded, at 7.00, by PAPAS WILTZ, a New Musical Farce, by F. C. Phillips and Seymour Hicks, music by Filaine Ferris. Kate Weatherby, Miss Marion Terry, Gerald Singleton, Mr. Arthur Playfair. Doors open 7.30. Box Office 10 to 10. MATTINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.50.

DALY'S THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY. TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, AN ADULT MODEL. Proceeded, at 8, by DINNER FOR TWO. MATTINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.50.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. GEORGE ALLENBY. TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.0, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, by OSCAR WILDE. Mr. George Alexander, Messrs. Herbert Wynn, Allan Ayres, Mr. H. H. Vincent, Arthur Royston, Frank Dyll, F. Kinsey Pate, Miss Rose Leckie, Mademoiselle Irene Washburn, Lilian Page, Mrs. George Cannings, Miss Evelyn Millard. At 8.20, IN THE SEASON, MATTINEE, TO-MORROW (Wednesday), at 2, and EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.5.

ADOLPH THEATRE.

Sole Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GAYL. TONIGHT, at 8, THE FATAL CARD. Mr. William Terriss, Messrs. Murray Carson, James Fulton, W. J. Abingdon, Richard Duroso, E. W. Gardiner, Mademoiselle Vane, Laura Ades, Lippa Larkin, and Miss Millward. Box Office open from 10 a.m.

AVENUE THEATRE.

Mr. WILLIAM WELLS, Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING, at 8.0, a New and Original Opera Bouffe, entitled, HANNO DICK WHITTINGTON. By Geo. R. Sims and Ivan Caryll. Messrs. John F. Sheridan, Robert Pateman, John Barr, Henry Wright, F. Vaughan, A. J. Martin, H. M. Wynnham, Mr. Eriol Hayden, Florence Lee, Grace Whitford, Maude Fisher, Lillian Gray, Bertha May, and Miss Mary Vioth.

MESS MARY VIOTH AS DICK WHITTINGTON.

The piece produced by Ivan Caryll. Musical Director, Mr. LAURENCE WATSON. Doors open 7.30 (if wet, 7.15). Commence 8. MATTINEE NEXT SATURDAY and every Saturday, at 2.50. Box Office open from 10 to 10.

TERRYS—Proprietor, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.

TONIGHT, at 8, AN INNOCENT ABROAD. Proceeded, at 8, by HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS. Doors open 7.40.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

HANSEL and GRETEL (in English) EVERY EVENING at 8.30. SATURDAY MATTINEE at 2.30. Seven performances weekly will be given until further notice of this entertainment. Box Office open.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Under the Management of Mr. ALFRED GERMAN REED and Mr. CORNEY GRAY. TONIGHT, at 8, MELODRAMATI, a New Burlesque in three acts, by Malcolm Watson, music by Walter Slaughter, concluding with a Musical Sketch, MUSIC A LA MODE, by Mr. Corney Gray. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, at 8. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, at 8. Staffs, 5s. 6d. Seats, 2s. 11-21, GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE, W.

NUBARA HALL.

ST. JAMES'S PARK STATION. FEAT. ICE SKATING—Ice always in Perfect Condition. Daily, 9.30 to 10.30; 3.0 to 6.30. 5s.; 8.0 to 11.30, 5s. EXCELLENT ORCHESTRA. FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT OPEN ALL DAY.

SHOULD WE TO GERRYMANDER?

AFTER the dead-heat, what? A deadlock? or a piece of sharp practice? or a loyal acceptance of the mandate of London, and a compromise? We hope and believe that there is no real doubt about the matter; but it is the duty of every-body to raise his voice, while yet there is time, in favour of what he believes to be the most honourable and the wisest course.

Now if we Progressives like to do the trick we can do it, and we gather (though perhaps incorrectly) from the interviews with various Councillors of light and leading that there are some who think we ought to do it. "We have the power; let us use it," is the argument, "and as the power comes to us by means of that Tory institution, the Aldermen, it will be particularly amusing to make them pay for it." Well, we can do it, undoubtedly. As we explained to our readers yesterday, the first thing the new Council has to do is to elect a Chairman, and in the election of a Chairman the Aldermen who do not retire have votes. But a majority of these Aldermen are Progressives. Therefore a Progressive Chairman can be elected. And so far, we do not know that there is any great objection to be raised. But now comes the second step. Having elected a Chairman, the Council proceeds to elect the new Aldermen, and in this election only the elected Councillors vote, and among the elected Councillors, there is a dead heat in the party race. But, as we showed yesterday, the Chairman, if an elected Councillor, has two votes—one vote as a Councillor, and a casting vote, if there is a tie, as Chairman. Therefore, if the Progressives choose to do a piece of sharp practice, and to carry things with an unscrupulously high hand, they could use the Chairman's casting vote in each case to pack the Council with nothing but Progressive Aldermen. They might even do this, it seems, in another way: trusting to chance instead of to the Chairman, for two Moderate Councillors are reported to be at this moment on the sea. But it is enough, we imagine, to state this alternative to dispose of it. The Council could be gerrymandered; but only by such very sharp practice as would discredit any body and any party responsible for it.

What, then, is the proper course? The Moderate propose that we shall import an ideal Chairman from outside the Council—a strong impartial man attached to neither party, capable of doing strict justice between them, without suspicion of bias or self-interest. Certainly if we could find such a man, we would fall on his neck and implore him to come in; but he belongs, we are afraid, to that "New Heaven" which for the moment is "off." However, we are quite sure that suggestions will be thankfully received on our side. But failing such a man, we really think there is a great deal to be said for re-electing our old Chairman, SIR JOHN HUTTON. He is, of course, an avowed and active Progressive, and since his opponents have not given him the Speaker's benefit of exemption from challenge, but on the contrary have made special efforts to secure his defeat, he has lately been driven to fight hard for his life. But his impartiality in the Chair has never, that we know, been questioned: he knows the routine of business admirably, he has been strong and competent in this place for the last two years. If SIR JOHN HUTTON becomes Chairman, the Vice-Chairmanship should go as a matter of course to the Moderates, and we need not quarrel over the further question whether they or we shall have five out of the nine Aldermen. Indeed, if we have the Chair, the Moderates ought, we think, in fairness to have the five Aldermen for the Chairman has both an ordinary vote, and in case of a tie, a casting vote also. This will be a compromise which will come as near strict justice as is possible in mundane affairs.

This is the course which loyalty to the London electorate seems to us to dictate; and we have sufficient faith in the Progressive policy to feel no doubt that it would also be the best course in the interests of Progressivism itself. In a few points, it is true, the Progressive cause is clearly set back for a time. But for the most part we shall be able to "progress" just as much as ever. For the Progressive policy is not a policy which depends on acceptance of theories, but is a matter of practical, administrative good sense. The Moderates will find that out as soon as they get to

administrative work. What we have to aim at is the conversion of the really moderate Moderates. What we have to do, in fact, is to run the two parties in double harness this time.

THE NEW FICTION.

A PROTEST AGAINST SEX MANIA.

BY THE PHILISTINE.

I read the other day a very interesting novel by Mr. Henry Murray, entitled "A Man of Genius." The "man of genius" is a young Bohemian who lives with a chorus-girl from the Frivolity stage, and upon both her and himself he imposes a constant martyrdom of sordid privation. Not that he declines to work or is without the means of earning a livelihood. He is simply a "martyr to art"; his conscience prevents him from writing any but nasty stories which no publisher will consent to print. Every one of his novels contains at least one impossible passage which his "principles" forbid him to strike out, and which decency forbids the publisher to print. So the "man of genius" and his chorus girl come near to starving, though it is to be remarked that no principle hinders him from living on her slender earnings, so long as these hold out. That also is in the cause of art. He is unemployed, not because, like some trade-unionists, he declines to take less than a standard wage, but because he refuses to do any but dirty work.

The Need for Critical Plain Speaking.

Now this story is a very clever piece of satire, and I commend the subsequent experiences of this "man of genius" to anyone who has not made his acquaintance. But there is one point about it which somewhat strains my credulity. I am unable to conceive what kind of writing it was that this gentleman failed to get published. He must have been singularly unfortunate, or his particular variety of nastiness singularly out of the common, if he failed to launch it on to the public through one or other of the recognised alternatives. For since the days when Mr. Vizetelly was prosecuted at Bow-street for translating Zola, the fear of the police-court has ceased to be operative, and if some publishers have old-fashioned fears or qualms, there are numerous others who are more liberal. Personally I have no desire to see the police-court method brought back, but in its absence we Philistines must assert ourselves. One of the chief defects of criticism just now, as I have tried to show on another occasion, is a morbid fear of being out of date. It takes up with the new art which it does not understand, or with the decadent in literature which it positively dislikes, for fear some emancipated lad should pronounce it to be anile or moral. If we who positively rejoice in these epithets do not speak up for ourselves, no one will.

From the Yellow-back to the Yellow-book.

In this country, the decadent movement had touched painting and poetry long before it laid a finger upon fiction. In our childhood certain lady novelists were talked of with bated breath as improper reading for the well-brought-up, and there were households, not otherwise illiberal, in which the yellow-back novel (the invention, I believe, of Mr. W. H. Smith) was supposed to be the vehicle of mysterious contaminations. Good, respectable lady novelists, whose only daring, as a rule, was an elopement which looked compromising for a few chapters, but was invariably found at the end of Vol. III. to have been consecrated by Holy Matrimony! From the yellow-back, too, we have travelled to yellow-book, leaving the former in a kind of stranded respectability, for the consolation of those households which the emancipated youth calls "suburban." Only see, says this young man, how we have progressed, how modern we are! "On our sleeves we wear our sexes, our diseases unashamed." There I stick. It is quite true, and it is rather nasty; but why "progress"?

Progress or Decadence?

In what respect, unless in prurency, morbidity, degeneracy, are we "advanced," when we become proud of our diseases, unreserved about our animalities, and boastful about our appetites? I know the answer: It's there, it's life, let us be "brave" (that is always the word) "and recognise it." Why not say at once, let's sit upon the ground, and talk of drains and sinks and rubbish-heaps? They are there; they, I suppose, are life, and they are certainly of great importance to the sanitary engineer. Possibly, a "martyr to art" will in the next century think it necessary to demonstrate through fiction

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Some people will be not a little surprised to see in the papers to-day that Lord Randolph Churchill has left personally amounting to as much as £76,000, for it had been frequently rumoured that he was nearly at the end of his resources. But, as "The Linkman" in Truth remarks, "acting upon the generous advice of the house of Rothschild, and of Colonel North, Lord Randolph could scarcely have been seriously unfortunate in financial transactions."

There is an interesting article in the Standard this morning from its correspondent at St. Petersburg explaining that in that city, though King Zero is in power for months at a time, such a thing as a frozen water-pipe is almost unknown. We are reminded of Lord Randolph's remark when asked why he selected the winter for a visit to St. Petersburg, what was he going for? "To get warm," he replied. In St. Petersburg—as the Standard's correspondent explains, they know the secret of laying mains properly, of excluding draughts, and of warming rooms.

A contemporary announced last evening that the Princess of Wales will hold the next Drawing Room "which falls before Easter," a statement which is entirely incorrect. The next Drawing Room is to be held by the Queen herself during the second week in May, probably on Tuesday, the 7th. There will be a fourth Drawing Room, most likely on Thursday, May 9, if the third one is fixed for the 7th. The only Court functions "before Easter" will be two Levées.

The Queen will be wheeled in a chair this afternoon from her own apartments to the Throne Room. The Princess of Wales and the members of the Royal Family join her Majesty in the corridor outside the Throne Room. During the reception of the Corps Diplomatique and the entire company, the Queen will occupy a

chair placed in front of the Throne, which has been constructed expressly for her Majesty's use at these functions. It has a seat which is raised and sloped so cleverly that it supports the Queen comfortably in a position which is really half standing and half sitting, and her Majesty holds in her hand a stout case of ebony. Princess Christian, in the absence of the Princess of Wales, will receive the general company, and the Queen is to drive out this afternoon with the Empress Frederick about a quarter to five.

A set of apartments in Hampton Court Palace, which has become vacant by the death of Mrs. Donville, has been given by the Queen to Miss Wyndham, daughter of the late Colonel Wyndham, of the Scots Greys, who was for some time Keeper of the Regalia in the Tower of London. There were a great number of applicants for the residence.

The German Emperor and Empress have sent a superb porcelain dinner service to the Emperor and Empress of Russia as a wedding present. The service, which consists of more than sixty pieces, was made expressly for the purpose at the Royal factory in Berlin, and it is in the very richest rococo style, being a copy of one which was designed for Frederick the Great, and which is now at the Neue Palais, Potsdam.

The Empress Frederick is to spend a few days at Sandringham with the Princess of Wales before she leaves England, and after the departure of the Queen from Windsor for the Continent her Imperial Majesty will make a short stay at Buckingham Palace. The Empress Frederick is to meet the Queen at Darmstadt on April 24 or 25.

There are seven members of the House of Lords among the elected London Councillors, and only six members of the House of Commons. Three of the peers are Progressives and four are Moderates. Of the M.P.'s two are Progressives and four Moderates. Of the 118 councillors, seventy-two were also members of the last Council.

It seems to be a fixed rule in British public life that no party or policy should be allowed more than a six years' clear run. The Progressives have now had a six years' spell, just as Lord Salisbury had from 1886-92. At the end of the six years John Bull puts on the break.

His many friends will be sorry to hear that Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., has been very seriously ill. Both he and Mrs. Potter were seized with influenza two or three weeks ago. Mrs. Potter soon recovered, but with her husband bronchitis in a very bad form was developed, and at times during the past week his immediate friends have been alarmed about his condition. The latest reports are that he is somewhat better.

The selection of Mr. William Leatham Bright, the second son of the great orator, as Liberal candidate for Rochdale, is the very best that could be made. He was exceedingly popular in Rochdale when he lived there, and all sections of the Liberal Party have hailed with delight his selection as a candidate for the seat held so long by Mr. Bayley Potter. The Conservatives have a strong candidate in Colonel Roys, who, by the way, is warmly supported by Mr. W. L. Bright's brother and Mr. J. A. Bright, M.P.

The Dean of Westminster has appointed the Rev. John Troutbeck, D.D., to the Precentorship of the Abbey, which has become vacant by the death of Precentor Flood Jones, who had held the office for nearly thirty years. Dr. Troutbeck has been for many years a Minor Canon of Westminster, and he was formerly one of the priests of the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, but resigned that office on being appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Dr. Troutbeck is a brother-in-law of Canon Duckworth, the senior member of the Chapter of Westminster.