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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

LIBERTY AND HUMANITY.

Aguinaldo, that heroic little Shafter who remained safely secluded in the rear while American guns were slaughtering his men and emerged after the fighting was over to issue proclamations about the result, has retired from service certain attractive catchwords that have been doing industrious service among the American opponents of expansion.

"Liberty," for instance. The Filipinos are fighting for liberty—that moves the sympathetic heart of Senator Hale, who was willing to let Weyler exterminate all the inhabitants of Cuba rather than have us raise a finger to help them. Well, Aguinaldo has shown us the kind of liberty he is fighting for. In one of his proclamations, promulgated before the treacherous attack on the American lines, he said:

I order and command:
(1) That peace and friendly relations with the Americans be broken, and that the latter be treated as enemies within the limits prescribed by the laws of war.
(2) That the Americans captured be held as prisoners of war.
(3) That this proclamation be communicated to the consuls, and that Congress order and accord a suspension of the constitutional guarantee, resulting from the declaration of war.

So this champion of liberty, on his own sole motion, can issue a declaration of war on the deliverers of his people and can "order and command" his "Congress" to suspend his "Constitution." In this American land of despotism, whose effete institutions we are trying to force upon the enlightened Filipinos, the President has to obey the laws passed by Congress under the Constitution. In the Philippine "republic" the Constitution is subject to Congress and Congress is subject to the Dictator.

Absolute subjection to every whim of Aguinaldo as long as he has the armed force to carry out his orders—that is the sort of liberty the Filipinos are fighting for. It is a liberty in which there are neither political nor civil rights for the individual—in which life, property and the honor of women are held at the mercy of arbitrary power.

American rule would mean for nine-tenths of the people of the Philippines their release from an insupportable tyranny. It would be a guaranty of civil liberty and personal rights to every individual in the islands, instead of the domination of a small and despotic caste. Any opposition to it comes from the pardonable ignorance of its nature among the masses of the Filipino people, fostered by the unparadonable misrepresentations of Small Americans who know better.

"Humanity" is another catchword upon which Aguinaldo's apologists will lay little stress until the murder and mutilation of Dr. Young are forgotten. The spikes and saws with which the Spanish friars have been tortured would probably have served for our men if they had been on the losing side.

The pestiferous Agoncillo threatens us with a ten years' war. He has still to learn some of the differences between American and Spanish fighting. Now that Aguinaldo has chosen to appeal to force he will get all the force he wants. We shall give the Filipinos real liberty—not a gold whistle dictatorship. The first step ought to be the capture of Aguinaldo and his shipment to this side of the Pacific.

We may be able to do as much for him as we did for Geronimo, whom we turned from a truculent savage into a Sunday-school teacher.

A QUEER SENSE OF JUSTICE.

An incident illustrative of the modern Minnesota and the West generally to defend Frechman's way of the flag. Whatever State these volunteers looking at things may have hailed from, they have given evidence of the court-martial of the highest soldierly qualities.

The secret of this general display of pride and patriotism is found in the patriotism and high regard of a few minutes, unopposedly acquitted of country that make Americans believe they are the greatest people on earth. This conviction of our personal worth is deep-seated.

It caused that marvellous initiative which things must have come to a pretty pass in surprised the attaches of European armies. It is paid to in Cuba—the sense of individual responsibility, rarely possessed by Continental conquerors, that land to call forth such scruples.

East and West, North and South, regular duty, and we are proud of them. The prospective execution of a woman in this State stimulates anew discussion as to the value of capital punishment in general as a deterrent of crime.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

The coolness and bravery of our soldiers under fire astonished the military representatives of the abolition of the death penalty. His figures several European show that in States where capital punishment has been abolished there has been invariably a decrease in the crime of murder.

In Michigan and Rhode Island the decrease troops at San Juan was again manifested by in the crime of murder after the abandonment of the volunteers in repelling the attack of the ment of the gibbet was 40 per cent in the Philippines at Manila. The official reports commend the enthusiasm with which the men the murders numbered 3 per cent less during the battle, and their bearing throughout the years when there was no death penalty than during the same number of years preceding. In Iowa the death penalty was not in force from 1872 to 1878. During that time it has fallen to the troops from these years there was one murder for every

1,200,000 inhabitants, while in the four years before there was one murder for every 800,000 inhabitants. In Holland and Portugal abolition of capital punishment was followed by an immediate decrease in the number of murders.

If we divest the idea of punishment from the "an eye for an eye," "a tooth for a tooth" theory, and regard it entirely as a means of deterring others from crime, the above figures must be convincing.

Punishment is not effective in proportion to its severity. Its effectiveness depends upon its being swift and sure. But, whatever may be the ultimate decision of civilized society in regard to capital punishment, we hope we may be spared the spectacle of seeing a woman—partly disrobed—dragged to the electric chair and put to death.

The President has commuted General Eagan's sentence to suspension for six years, which deprives him of any further service on the active list. There is no desire to persecute Eagan, and this act of mercy would not be severely criticised if it stood alone. But what does the President mean by "the mitigating circumstances which were developed during the trial of the case?" Is that an intimation that General Miles's charges were unfounded? If so, the President would do well to read yesterday's dispatches from Havana, telling how tons of the Commissary Department's embalmed beef, which even the starving Cubans could not eat, were dumped into the sea.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

RECALL OTIS. If this thing keeps on all the efforts to suppress Miles as a Presidential possibility may go for nothing. It will not do to let anybody in the army outside of the Embalmed Beef Department get too much glory.

THE FIGHTING DEPARTMENT of the Filipino "government" may be somewhat demoralized, but the proclamation department is still in good working order.

A DISPATCH FROM BERLIN says the opinion that is that we will now retire from the Philippines. German experts might have amassed large fortunes by "coppering" their own predictions since the outbreak of our war with Spain.

MR. CLEVELAND OF PRINCETON. Is having his portrait painted. The misadvised reporter who asked admittance to the great financier's mansion to get his views on the treaty ratification was sternly rebuked. The cloud-compelling eye must not be dimmed—the left brow must not be ruffled. Cleveland is posing to the great Zorn, and it is hard for him to look pleasant at the best.

DEWEY IS CUTTING off supplies of arms and ammunition for the Filipinos. That is very well as far as it goes, but peace will not be fully restored in the Philippines as long as Aguinaldo's proclamation department can get typewriter ribbons.

AGUINALDO needs a change of air. A nice, cool, dry casemate at Fortress Monroe would suit his case as well as any thing.

Appeal of the War Recruits. Editor of the New York Journal: Realizing that the New York Journal is one of the most powerful papers extant, and that its efforts are invariably directed in favor of the oppressed, we, the men who are commonly called war recruits of the Third United States Cavalry, ask that once more those efforts be directed in our behalf, in view of securing our release from the service of the United States.

We enlisted immediately after the declaration of war with Spain, with the assurance that when war was over our discharges would speedily be forthcoming. Most of these so-called war recruits left profitable positions, and would never have dreamed of doing service in the regular army in time of peace.

Many of these men fought and died at Santiago, and those remaining are very desirous of returning to civil life. Military officials admit that we should be discharged, but our contract with the Government calls for it; yet they refuse to grant it.

There are many who would be only too glad to fill our places, and that we are absolutely necessary to the service for an indefinite period yet is an extremely weak argument. We fully realize that if the New York Journal pleases to use its efforts toward this end, pleasing results will speedily follow.

In conclusion, we wish to say that if the Journal sees proper to take up this cause for suffering and much abused humanity it will earn the everlasting gratitude of THREE HUNDRED WAR RECRUITS OF THE THIRD CAVALRY. Camp McKenzie, Augusta, Ga., Feb. 4.

All Deserved. [Newsletters, "Booksellers and Stationers Monthly."] I. H. P. Koppelman, of the City of Hartford, State of Connecticut, do hereby make affidavit, from actual knowledge, that the circulation of the New York Evening Journal is more than four times greater than that of the New York Evening World in Hartford, Conn.

Wholesale Dealer in Newspapers. The Journal has been publishing a number of affidavits similar to the above. We are pleased to be able to corroborate them in every particular. The increase of the Journal is as wonderful as the decrease in the World is desirous. L. C. L. JORDAN, Assistant Secretary.

Its Abolition Internal. Rites—Your watch is about three hours slow. Time seems to hang rather heavy on its hands. Brooks—No. It's under the weather. Backward spring, perhaps. When you don't know anything about anything you oughtn't to talk about anything.—Chicago Tribune.

THE DOVE OF PEACE A LOCOMOTIVE. UNIVERSAL PEACE WILL COME BY RAIL.

By Cecil Rhodes.

DEAR MR. STREED—I will confine myself strictly for the time being, to the single item of £14,000,000 which will be spent on war ships by England in the next five years, in addition to all our present expenditure on naval construction.

From the Cape to Cairo is over 8,000 miles, but only 3,223 miles remain to be bridged by the railway. Kitchener has taken the railway to Berber, and it will soon be at Khartoum. I have taken it to Bulwaja at the other end, and if I had only had my guarantee I should ere now have been well on to the Zambesi. The telegraph is already to Khartoum at one end, and at the other I have now got it as far as Lake Tanganyika. There is only that strip of 3,000 miles to cover.

Think of it! Fourteen millions sterling to be saved in the next five years if the Peace Conference succeeds. Fourteen millions sterling! And yet people grudge the Government guarantee of the Zambesi extension, which will cost them nothing, and save the Cape to Cairo Railway a charge of £75,000 a year, which represents the difference between the money borrowed on private security and a loan raised with a Government guarantee. Isn't it marvellous how some people don't see and won't see the plainest facts?

They declared it could not be done, did they not, all of them? How they laughed to scorn the idea: "Impossible." But what is the fact to-day? Half the distance is bridged by the railway; more than half by my telegraph. Look at the map.

There are so many theatre-struck people in this country—folks who collect programmes, and store souvenirs, and hoard photographs, and clip criticisms, and write letters to theatrical people, that I should think there would be a widespread curiosity to see Aunt Louisa, whose name is always on the journalistic lip. I wouldn't have missed her for anything, but then I suppose I'm the most theatre-struck chronicler in the city. And I think that her little semi-humorous talk, her quiet asides and her patriotic stories were extremely good—just the thing for an afternoon audience of ladies and children.

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MUSICAL NOTES OF THE WEEK. WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL BY REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE performances at the Metropolitan last week were all of remarkable excellence. It struck me that the performance of "Tristan and Isolde," on Wednesday night, lacked something of the wonderful intensity and enthusiasm which characterized the previous performances of the masterpiece, which will certainly go down in musical annals as one of the most remarkable performances of the work ever given. But, then, "lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place," and one cannot expect that even the greatest artists will be always keyed up to what seemed near the breaking point of artistic effort.

It is worthy of note that we have now had ten weeks of the most successful opera ever given in New York, or, for the matter of that, in any other metropolitan city, and that, during these ten weeks, there has not been a single performance until the close of the opera, when, in the beautiful song with the Rhine maidens, Siegfried seems, as it were, himself again, and sings his swan song.

But can human nature endure, and, if it endures, can it continue to enjoy an opera which lasts for nearly five musical hours? There is a limit to the receptive powers of even the most ardent musician or dilettante, and that limit has certainly been reached long before the fall of the final curtain. Some day Wagner will be intelligently and reverently cut, and the enjoyment we derive from his wonderful works thereby much enhanced. If it be right to cut at all, it is right to cut enough to attain the desired end of entertainment in the best interests of the music itself and of a patient and long suffering humanity.

MECH, however, as I uphold cuts in the dramas of the "cycle," it was certainly well worth while to restore the seldom played scene between Brunnhilde and Wotan, in order to hear the wonderful way in which Miss Schumann-Heink sang it. Such breadth and balance of phrasing, such beauty and purity of diction as hers is as admirable as it is unusual. Miss Schumann-Heink is certainly one of the greatest artists of her own day, or any other.

The two performances on Saturday, "Walkure" in the afternoon, and "Carmen" in the evening, were certainly all that could be desired. At the evening performance Miss Suzanne Adams made a most charming and sympathetic Michaela. Whatever doubts may have existed in the mind of anyone regarding Herr Schalk's entire competency as a Wagner conductor were removed after his really masterly handling of the score of "Goettermuergen." He must certainly be accounted one of the leading Wagner interpreters of the day, and, being still a young man, he has undoubtedly a brilliant future before him.

Instead, however, of leading with the fourteen million stake, the Czar has proposed the Peace Conference. If that conference agrees to his proposals, the game of beggar-my-neighbor will stop. The Czar will save his £14,000,000 and we shall save ours. Thus there is a definite net sum of £14,000,000 to be saved the British taxpayer in the next five years if this Peace Conference can be triumphantly carried through. What might not be done with that £14,000,000?

With that £14,000,000 we could complete the trans-continental railway from the Cape to Cairo. That is what you could do with it and still have £4,000,000 to spare.

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In their war capital—nothing claptrap, but merely sincere. This is surely a good, ripe time for such a vaudeville number, and Proctor's policy is a wise one. Then, you know, there are such things in this world as reverence and loyalty, and the stage-woman who grows old gracefully, and feels in her bones that she can no longer sing the old songs, is surely enough to call forth those qualities. If Aunt Louisa had given us the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," well—on such an occasion as that reverence and loyalty would seize asphyxiated. A sort of fustian excitement seized me as I saw on the programme the names "Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman." I felt like a sleuth with a large interjectional "At last!" to utter. This couple

of £75,000 a year, which represents the difference between the money borrowed on private security and a loan raised with a Government guarantee. Isn't it marvellous how some people don't see and won't see the plainest facts?

We know the cost almost to a nicety. The average cost of making the line is £5,000 a mile; 3,223 miles remain to be laid—£16,087,000, or say £10,000,000, £4,000,000 less than the extra naval construction estimate which you say is hanging in the balance.

The Russian Government is spending this year £40,000,000 on railways. And the Russian Government is absolutely right. The construction of railways is the first necessity for a vast undeveloped country. No expenditure is more profitable, more indispensable, an all for the construction of railways as against expenditure on armaments.

Just think for a moment, what the difference is. Fourteen millions for war ships, all of which would be rusty iron in twenty years; not one of them earning a penny; every one of them needing the diversion from productive industry of hundreds of able-bodied men in the flower of their youth! That is one side of it. On the other £10,000,000 expended in completing the line from Cape to Cairo, and you have a whole continent opened up, a great highway of the nations driven through the heart of Africa, the shores of the vast inland seas rendered accessible to commerce, markets opened at every station, every man on the line employed in productive industry—that is the other side of it. If you choose the latter you will have £4,000,000 left in the taxpayer's pocket.

Another "feature" of this bill that Aunt Louisa headed was Annie Russell's old friend, "Dangerfield '95," interpreted by Miss Minnie Dupree, the young woman whose baby voice made a first hit in "Hold by the Enemy." I had never looked upon Miss Dupree as likely to score in one of Annie Russell's garments. But she made a very satisfactory Madame Primrose, and Miss Dupree's charming little curtain raiser served very well in an entertainment that boasts of a certain continuously risen. Miss Dupree has lost something of the infantine quality of her voice, but it is still extremely juvenile and in very good condition.

The other attractions of the programme included everything from dancers to dogs, and from impersonators to pastel painters. Falls and Semou did their "musical" act and seemed to enjoy themselves. The Proctor audience is a very attentive and a very appreciative gathering. Nobody ever seems to get up and go out. Whether or not people wait until their favorite "turn" comes round again I can't say, but I should think that they did. Continual patrons are greedy, and not inclined to believe that there can be too much of a good thing. I see that the Proctor act is going to drag in the statuette Camille D'Arville, "under the direction" of the only J. W. Morrissey (I wonder if he'll appear, too; Miss Minnie Palmer, who has been "My Sweetheart" for so long that all the conventional trances against inconsistency seem to lose force, and one or two other "lights." The "continuous" is very evidently all the rage.

which could be characterized as being less than absolutely good, and most of them have been of remarkable not to say phenomenal excellence. So remarkable, indeed, has been the excellence that it makes one almost fear for another season, and feel doubtful if in the future such an ensemble of artists can ever be gathered together again. All the more reason, therefore, to enjoy to the full our exceptional advantages while we still have them.

A PART from the opera, there has been no lack of music. Various people have recited in various ways, and there have been sundry excerpts of greater or less importance. Mr. Weiss, in a second recital, gave continued evidence of his capacity as a pianist of sterling quality, and his second recital, certainly deepened the artistic impression that he had previously made as an artist of really unusual attainments. Although Mr. Sauer's non-appearance at the Philharmonic Concert, because of illness, was a disappointment to many, it is always a pleasure to hear Miss Aus Der Ohe, who played Schumann's A Minor Concerto with all her usual finish and power. It is certainly unquestionable that the Philharmonic orchestra has improved in finish and accuracy under Mr. Paul's direction, and it will undoubtedly continue to do so so long as he devotes the care and attention to it that he has been doing of late. I have always thought that no one man could conduct opera and orchestral concerts at the same time with equal success, as a purely orchestral conductor must be supreme, and a good operatic conductor must to a certain extent subdue his own individuality of interpretation to that of the singer. What with Maurel and Marchesi, Van Rooy and Alberts, there seems to be a perfect epidemic of song recitals this season, and with them, and all the regular concerts, and six or eight performances of opera at the Metropolitan, the musical critic has not much opportunity to find time to hang on to his hands. It is a continual source of wonder and amaze to me how much music the New York public takes in during the season without apparently becoming either satisfied or weary.

And two months more of the season are yet before us! REGINALD DE KOVEN.

"Is Bill Smith in the house?" she asked, with a haunting, albeit courteous smile. (To be Continued.) —Detroit Journal.

Impossible. "When Bilford went West he told me that as soon as he had settled down and pulled himself together he would write to me, but I have never heard from him."

"Bilford was blown up in an explosion of dynamite three months ago. He may have settled down, but I don't believe he has pulled himself together yet."—Chicago Tribune.

An Opinion. "Don't you think it's unparliamentary for you to complain of the beef the Government gave you?" said the earnest citizen.

"Maybe it is," replied the soldier. "But it was a heap more unparliamentary to sell it to the Government in the first place."—Washington Star.

His Opinion. "Do you think that a poor man can remain in politics," said a citizen in a ring-conducted community. "No," answered the strictly practical official. "The only way is to get a good education and stay poor."—Washington Post.