

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Dewey and Otis as Missionaries.

The end of the "ten years' war" with which we have been threatened by Aguinaldo and his agents in the Senate and in New York newspaper offices is already in sight. One smashing blow has made the dictator anxious to discuss terms of peace.

Peace is what all Americans want. It will come as soon as its armed disturbers disperse to their homes and go to work under the benign shadow of the American flag.

It will be found, we think, that our task in the Philippines has not been made harder by the exemplary punishment administered on Saturday night and Sunday to Aguinaldo's law-breakers. The Oriental mind respects irresistible power. It does not bear malice for a blow that seems to come from an omnipotent Fate. It despises weakness, and it resents injustice and wanton cruelty. The Filipinos have seen that we are not cruel, and they have felt our power. Now let them experience our justice, and all will probably be well.

The Spanish Government in the Philippines was everything that a government of Orientals ought not to be. It was ferocious, vindictive, corrupt and weak. It punished disaffection with inhuman cruelty when it had its opponents at a disadvantage, but it was helpless in the face of armed rebellion. It made itself hated and despised.

The Filipinos are not going to despise our Government. Dewey and Otis have taken care of that. That is one great point gained. The next will be gained when the terrified natives, made suspicious by three hundred years of tyranny, have learned that we are as solicitous for their rights as for our own, and that every Filipino is secure in his enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The lesson has already been partly taught by the kind treatment of the insurgent wounded in the American hospitals. It will be impressed wherever our power is felt. Every extension of the American lives will be an extension of the area of genuine loyalty, based on the first real knowledge of the American character the natives have ever had an opportunity to acquire.

THE BUFFALO EXPOSITION.

Buffalo is pushing her burning suns and foredooms all who in the arrangements for the Exposition of 1901 to alcohol as a poison for Americans, going to with an energy that the tropics. There the diet should be tropical, has already assured consisting of fruits, nuts, rice and the various the success of the enterprise. The Electric light speed dishes that long experience has City will be the centre of interest for this hemisphere during the first Summer of the twentieth century, as Paris will be for the world during the last year of the nineteenth. No work whatever is to be done in the middle of the day. This is the time for resting, for siestas in cool, shady places, for retirement and recuperation. The skin must be thoroughly cleansed once or twice daily, and kept in as perfect condition as possible. One of its offices is to eliminate a certain amount of waste from the system, a function doubly important to a foreigner in hot climates. All clothing should be light in weight and color, porous in texture and loosely made. Black or dark wearing apparel is here an abomination. Hard, dark hats, black shoes, ties, coats, etc., must be permanently discarded. The tropics require a perpetual morning costume, habitual negligence. Disregard of this fact has cost many a valuable life. Though containing certain elements of risk, sudden changes from temperate to hotter zones may be robbed of half their dangers by these ounces of prevention that constitute an appropriate personal hygiene.

AN AFFRONT TO SPAIN AND AMERICA.

When the Peace Treaty is finally approved by the Spanish Cortes, it will be necessary to re-establish commercial and extradition treaties with Spain. To this end the President will name a special commission to represent this country. It is reported from Washington that ex-Secretary John Sherman is being considered for the place.

If the President becomes a party to the cruel folly of sending poor old John Sherman to Spain, in view of the influences that are pushing his appointment, it will add another to the crushing scandals in which he has involved his administration. Sherman was made Secretary of State against his will that Hanna might be indicted on the Senate. He was forced to resign from the Cabinet because he was mentally unfit to perform the important duties of his office.

It is said that Hanna is responsible for the attempt to mollify Sherman. The gubernatorial race in Ohio is complicated by Sherman's friends, who are fighting Hanna's man. What easier solution than to provide Sherman with an office, and remove all opposition to the Administration candidate.

This bargaining would disgrace a ward convention. It would be offensive enough if John Sherman was in vigorous mental health, but when the pitiable condition of the ex-Secretary is considered, the disreputable scheme becomes criminal in its indecency.

TWO HUNGRY CHILDREN.

I send the two oldest children to school. Sometimes they have to start without breakfast, but the school is warm and that is something. These words were uttered by Mrs. Jacob Bitt, who lives at No. 121 Allen street. The children she refers to are her own flesh and blood. Is there a New Yorker who can contemplate the picture of young children so poor that they must go to school without a morsel of breakfast and thank their God for the warmth they find there—is there an intel-

ligent being in this town who can grasp the full significance of this fact—and still feel entirely comfortable himself?

Behind the suffering of these children lies the story of a cloakmaker who had been ill for six months and now rises from his bed to seek work and finds that the employers of his craft have reduced wages 35 per cent. That is a phase of the great social problem that takes so many forms and makes so many people miserable in so many different ways.

Some day, when we have all grown wiser, we will solve that problem. But that takes time—years and years—and children cannot go to school hungry day after day while we are waiting to grow wiser.

The cloakmakers may be right in striking or they may be wrong. The fault of this family's terrible distress may lie with them or it may not. It is a cruel philosophy, however, which stops to get at the cause before remedying the awful effect.

We do not intend to give our opinions on the philosophy of the situation. We merely wish to point out to you the fact that in the heart of the biggest and richest city in the New World two school children have been going to school hungry. See if you cannot philosophize on the subject yourself.

It seems that Eagan's penalty is to be not a punishment but a reward. During his suspension from duty he is to receive his regular salary for doing nothing. If the most brilliant and faithful officer in the army should ask a six years' furlough on full pay as a recompense for distinguished services the War Department would laugh at the effrontery of the request. The favor that no merit could win has been granted to a congenial black-guard, who, after first poisoning our soldiers with rotten beef, has disgraced the military service by filthy abuse of his commanding general.

Does William McKinley think that the patience of the American people has no limits?

GENERAL KING'S STORY OF THE BATTLE.

General Charles King has written, exclusively for this issue of the Journal, a description of the battle between the United States troops and the Filipino insurgents under Aguinaldo at Manila. Having commanded a brigade which was in the thick of the fighting, and whose bravery was one of the determining factors in the contest, General King is particularly fitted to tell the story of the battle with vivid interest. He gives the salient features with skill and directness, modestly falling to mention his own name, although he is a full sharer in the honors accorded to his brigade.

DISAPPROVES OF DEWEY AND OTIS.

Effects of a Too Diligent Perusal of Senator Hoar's Speeches and Anti-Expansionist Newspapers.

Editor of the New York Journal: My opinion is that Dewey, Otis and all their ilk of Yankee monkey and promoted upstarts are nothing but a lot of cowardly, brutal murderers and assassins. Just think of it! These murderers call it bravery to shoot down and slaughter in cold blood, with machine guns, thousands of poor, old, weak, unarmed men, women and boys, and arrows, for these poor people simply trying to defend their natural and just rights against Yankee avariciousness, aggression, hypocrites and plunderers, whose god is their belly and whose religion is the "almighty dollar." Their licentiousness and lust. It's but a copy of the Yankee sentimentality, God send us an "independent newspaper" in this city before 1900! The people are sick of reading one-sided (cocked) trash all the time. D. F. HANLY, No. 730 Second Avenue, February 7.

The Journal's "Valuable Public Service."

[Challenge Tribune.] The New York Journal has performed a valuable public service by printing in a large pamphlet of 218 pages an official verbatim report of the sover proceedings of the Paris Peace Commission, both in Spanish and in English, with the full text of the protocols and treaties. The Journal showed a characteristic degree of enterprise in securing this report for its own columns, and its action in putting the same into convenient form for the convenience of legislators deserves appreciative recognition.

The Journal's \$5,000 Reward.

[Richmond Va Dispatch.] The New York Journal has offered a reward of \$5,000 for the discovery and conviction of the person who poisoned Mrs. Kate J. Adams by means of the bottle of "brandy-seltzer" which was mailed to Harry Corah. There is a fine chance for some enterprising reporter to make a small fortune! And the odds are that there will be a great race between the reporters and the detectives as to who shall win the prize. In any event, the prospects are that the investigation will now be pushed with greater zeal than ever before.

Senator Hoar as a Demagogue.

[Salt Lake City Tribune.] Some one has said that no man can become a successful politician unless there is a big strain of the demagogue in him. This is reinforced by that following the speeches of Senator Hoar on the Philippine business, keeping in mind what he has said on other subjects in the past. The New York Journal publishes the record on him in splendid style.

ALAN DALE ON THE BOWERY.

HE REVIEWS A LURID, SHRIEKING MOONSHINE MELODRAMA.

"KNOB" according to the dictionary is a plump or wart; also a smooth, isolated hill or knoll. It was not until late in the evening of the People's Theatre yesterday, to what the title "Knobs of Tennessee" referred. Was I going to "assist" at a drama of plumpies or merely to watch a hero or heroine of the hills? Incredible though it may sound, I was in hopes that it would be the former, for we have so many moral plumpies on Broadway that a dose of the physical article on the Bowery might not have been quite in appropriate. Alas! I was disappointed.

"Knobs of Tennessee" proved to be a conventional Bowery play, full of the shrieks and moans that are usually downtown. It was written by the "star" actor, Hal Reid, for himself, and when an actor writes a play to exploit his own personality you can generally tell what it is like beforehand, even if it turns out to be a snare. Mr. Hal Reid is a harmless looking young man, with small and golden teeth. His own idea of his own personality is that of a burly, handsome, spirited hero, who is engaged in the moonshining business; who loves a pure white thing in a sunbonnet, but who does more wholesale rescuing than moonshining. Mr. Hal has placed himself always in the center of the stage, and tells his audience as well as his heroine that his one ambition is to have carved on his gravestone the legend, "Here lies a man."

I suppose that it is a great satisfaction to actors to "see themselves" in such a part. If we could only borrow their eyes! To me Mr. Reid didn't look the hero in the least, and every time he said nice things about himself and threw big bouquets to his own direction it seemed unkind to the other. If I had to write a play for Mr. Hal I shouldn't make him the hero, but actors are proverbially good to themselves, probably as an offset to the malice of critics.

What the hero asked the heroine if she would marry him a Bowery gentleman in my vicinity remarked very softly: "Why, certainly," and the heroine immediately followed suit there was a laugh that would have given poor Hal a severe pang. The old idea that a Bowery audience will stand anything in the way of unwholesome palaver is a very mistaken idea. At all my visits to the

People's Theatre I have found intelligent critics in the audience, and a great deal of the sentimental rubbish that has made me smile (but not laughing) my own intelligence) has appeared to my neighbors just as keenly.

It was the heroine of "Knobs of Tennessee" that did the damage yesterday. Mr. Reid suffered from his heroine, as the unfortunate in vaudeville suffer from the port ladies who accompany them. Miss Margaret Ellsmer is rather a pretty girl, but as a melodramatic heroine she is a trifle out of place. The Bowery, as well as Broadway, likes its sunbonneted ladies free from affectation and chitry.

The best feature of this play was the work of Miss Alice Marble as a character mother with a laugh. Miss Marble seems to have more force in one finger than Hal owns in his whole body. Her's was good work. She won the Bowery by her strident impersonation of the coffee old dame who shoots one of her boy moonshiners to save him from the hands of the hangman. The situation also won, for even an actor, when he gives himself the chance, can fit an accomplice better than he can fit himself. It is like a tailor who can "make" for outsiders, but is forever barred from a perfect idea of himself.

"Knobs of Tennessee" has a certain crude merit apart from its hero and heroine. It is conventional, but at times it soars above the usual Bowery conception. The songs with the illicit distillery, the rough, human mother, and one or two minor characters are not so badly drawn. It is the heroine and the villain that offend in this case. The Bowery clamors for something new.

A gentleman named Walters played the villain in a hard bit that had a red tie, as though he were waiting for orders. He was the sort of villain that every self-respecting stage character would run away from. And when the hero made a semi-appeal at his front, this nice, tidy little fellow passed to arrange his collar and necktie. As a rule, the malefactor disports in a shiny silk hat, like that worn by the gin-mill politician; but Mr. Walters came on in hard felt, and looked rather difficult in it.

An appeal to President McKinley is made by the moonshiners from the "Knobs" during the progress

of the play, which I thought rather unkind. The President has a good deal to bother himself about these days, without worrying himself about moonshiners. But there's nothing like a little dash of Washington for realistic purposes, and the President must expect to find his name taken in vain occasionally.

Mr. Reid in furnishing himself with a heroine who doted upon him and whom he married, also dealt to himself a girl whose love was hopeless and who was shot while giving him a warning. This was another sunbonneted dame, and she was permitted to die in his arms calling him "dear Joe." As I said before, the star actor seems himself as oddity. This particular gentleman felt quite justified in allowing two sunbonnets to adorn the ground he walked on.

Isn't it strange that the motto, "It is to laugh," so seldom finds a place on the Bowery? Life is gray and life is dull, but at this phylloso, week after week, heroes rant and rescue heroines; heroines gurgle and sob while getting rescued; villains cavort about and plot diabolism of the reddest and most incarnate type, and the audience are asked in for the sole purpose of being thrilled. That they want to laugh, however, is certain. The inanities of the everlasting "comedy" person, and the rough soubrette, and the irrelevant interludes of Irish and slang are greedily seized upon as food for mirth. These audiences even laugh in the wrong place, as, for instance, when the hero punningly asked the heroine if she would marry him.

They suffer from a repressed sense of the fit cure—a very dangerous disease. When the desire for laughter is forced inward—look out. But actors are weird people. The tragic demagogue is the only one that they care a hang about. They would sooner strut and recede, and utter high falutin zibberish to a sunbonnet that stands wreathed in smiles, calling forth the good nature of an audience. They are all alike in this respect, from Nat Goodwin uptown to Hal Reid downtown and W. H. Crane out of town. The power to "move" an audience to sympathy is all that they ask for. Sometimes I think that a clown is more useful.

ALAN DALE.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S CHATTER.

TWO NEWSY EPISTLES FROM SISTER CITIES.

By Cholly Knickerbocker

I AM not at all surprised about Mrs. Mortimer Thorn going on the stage. I knew that she had theatrical ambitions. She is one of the original enough to be clever.

Mrs. Laine Lawrence is the best woman feebler and woman bowler in New York, and is a person of quick repartee. She is Mrs. Thorn's sister.

The Thornes have lived down at Navesink, in a big colonial house, which was beautifully furnished, until last year, when there was a difference in the family, and all the furniture was taken out of the place.

Mr. Thorn bought a lot of curious tin-roofed cabins, which had been used as cottages at Sandy Hook, and had them piled all along the backs of the Shrewsbury, at the back of his house. He had exchanged them as spare bedrooms for his friends when they came from town. But one night in one of them was sufficient to drive any man back to town and to be one of the sort.

There is absolute democracy in these dinner do have entertainments, although the women very properly refuse to come in evening dress.

I HEAR that the Drexels and Biddles are going to sell their homes in Philadelphia and are coming to live in New York.

THE public interest in Wagner opera this season, in cycle and out of it, is undiminished.

THE audience at the Metropolitan the other afternoon, when the second cycle of the music dramas of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was inaugurated with what was really a remarkable performance of "Das Rheingold," was certainly unusual in size for a mid-week matinee.

I do not believe in the inner meaning, the symbols of Wagner, at any rate as far as "Rheingold" is concerned. It is objective rather than subjective, pictorial rather than psychological; a fairy tale, in fact, illustrated by music fairly marvellous in its appropriate color and suggestion.

THEN, again, how many and mid-manned the Giants seem after the truly barbaric grandeur and pomp of the Giants' motif. And Messrs. Mathieu and Pringle are not to be blamed for this, any more than they



Miss Agnes Whitney is the very pretty daughter of a very handsome mother, who has been a great belle. She lives at Morris Plains, N. J. She is a member of several golf clubs. Her great-grandfather was Stephen Whitney, the old-time merchant prince, who lived and died in his residence on the Battery, long after that locality ceased to be a residence place. Her brother married Miss Bell, the daughter of Louis Bell and a sister of one of the young Stevenses, of Hoboken. Miss Whitney is chataigne rather than blonde, with superb complexion.

THE SECOND WAGNER CYCLE.

HOW THEY GAVE "RHEINGOLD" AT THE METROPOLITAN.

By Reginald de Koven.

I WAS tempted to wonder yesterday whether in writing "Rheingold" Wagner was not still undecided, as to the trend and scope of the dramas which were to follow it, and whether he did not remain so; for while in "Die Walkure" we get real human interest, in "Siegfried" the fairy-like unreality and potent objective imagery of "Rheingold" recur as an interlude perhaps before the poignant emotions and tragic intensity of the concluding drama of the series.

A pity indeed that "Rheingold" should be so early as exciting and brilliant of attainment, for it is in many respects the most fascinatingly attractive of the dramas of the "Ring," and if in the following dramas Wagner had told his story with equal directness and confidence we could not be obliged to-day to argue endlessly about the necessity and advisability of cuts in order to alleviate obnoxious and painful tolim in their performance.

THESE are details after all, and it would be difficult to better the cast as a whole. The scenic effects, including the dragon, were again unusually good, and Herr Schalk conducted capably an orchestra which played the score practically beyond reproach.

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