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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

WHAT WOULD WASHINGTON HAVE THOUGHT?

One hundred and sixty-seven years ago to-day was born the first and greatest of Americans—the man who set at the very beginning of our national history a standard by which we have measured all the leaders that have come after him, and which none has ever been able to reach.

Gigantic as our growth has been since his day, the best test we can apply to any situation that confronts us is still: "How would George Washington have dealt with that?"

Washington was the richest man in America. He treated his wealth as a resource that enabled him to serve his country without reward. He would accept no pay as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental armies, although he was unremitting in his efforts to secure liberal treatment for his soldiers. What would he have thought of men of ten and twenty times his own wealth, free from any shadow of necessity for more, using all the powers of the Government for their further enrichment and coining the lives of the nation's defenders into dirty dollars to add to their piles?

Washington devoted the most minute attention to the care of his men. He inspected their rations, examined their camp grounds and enforced the strictest sanitary rules in an age when the science of hygiene was unknown. What would he have thought of a military administration commanding limitless resources and yet so negligent of the welfare of its troops that it allowed them to be herded in filthy camps, with impure water supplies, and fed on rotten beef until ten times as many of them died in camp as in battle?

Washington always selected his officers for merit alone, and his whole military career was a protest against the attempt of the politicians, who were buzzing in Congress even then, to load the service with inefficient pets of their own. What would he have thought of a Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy who has deliberately put himself at the head of the politicians for the loot of both services intrusted to his care?

How would Washington have dealt with trusts?

What would he have thought of political bosses?

How would he have regarded this Winter's Senatorial elections?

What would he have said of the attempts to punish army and navy officers for doing their duty?

What would have been his opinion of the arrangement between the Speaker of the House and the transcontinental railroads for the suppression of a work of supreme national necessity like the Nicaragua Canal?

Finally, if George Washington could have foreseen the splendid material development of this Republic of more than 75,000,000 inhabitants, what would he have thought of William McKinley as its President?

TO PRESIDENT M'KINLEY: You say you want a reorganization of the army. How much do you want it? Enough to remove Alger?

man's determination for higher honors for an officer already rewarded beyond all precedent for doing nothing. Strange creatures the State of Maine sends to misrepresent it in Congress. Reed, Hale and Boutelle! Is patriotism wholly dead in Maine?

so radical that it took a long time for men's minds to grasp their full meaning and reap their fullest benefits. Man is not a very radical creature. If some scientist were to concoct a preparation in powder form which, being rubbed upon the skin, would supply all the nourishment the body needs, we should for many years be unhappy because we could not swallow it. It would take a whole decade for us to grasp the idea that swallowing was unnecessary.

TO THE DEMOCRATS IN THE SENATE: Keep the advocates of the Hull Army bill on the defensive. Their effrontery is superb. They are undertaking to represent themselves as patriots, and they talk about the need for an improved organization of the army as if this bill were honestly drawn for that purpose instead of for the intrenchment of the corrupt bureaucracy that has killed our soldiers and brought our military service into disgrace.

Don't let them evade the issue. Pin them to Alger. NO PERMANENT REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY THAT DOES NOT BEGIN WITH A REFORM OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

THE HABITS OF THE CAR HORSE.

With all his intelligence man is wondrously slow to adapt himself to new conditions. If you take a car horse who has spent the greater part of his life in stopping when he hears a bell ring once and resuming his course when it rings twice, and allow him to roam over the fields in clover in his old age, he will to his dying day come to a full stop each time he hears a bell. It is very much the same with man.

The above thought suggests itself apropos of the various styles of horseless carriages and automobiles that have come into the market. These vehicles are propelled, some by electricity, some by compressed air and some by various combinations of gases and chemicals. Yet their appearance invariably creates the impression that they lack a horse.

It would seem the most natural thing in the world to hitch an old plug to them. The motorman sits in front, obstructing the view of the passengers just as the driver of the horse used to do. There is a dashboard to prevent the passengers from being splattered with the mud which the horse used to splash. The small vehicles are made the width of a horse; the larger ones are made the width of two horses. The old idea of the needs and appurtenances of the horse is apparent in every line of the construction of the vehicle. The mind of man has not yet adapted itself to the new conditions.

We remember when electric lighting came into general use. For two years every light was made to resemble in some way the old gas jet. The first cannon that was made had bell-shaped muzzles. The only reason for that was that the rifles and shotguns then in use all had bell-shaped muzzles. And even the original shotgun was patterned after the dailies and the country press of this State or by giving "Jersey Edition"—but has gone right on gathering news and publishing it before its competitors received it. And it has been abundantly successful.

THE RAID ON AMSTERDAM AVENUE.

Senator Ford expresses confidence that he will be able to secure a favorable report on his bill prohibiting four trolley tracks on Amsterdam avenue. The public sentiment on the upper West Side is so intense on this subject that it is hard to see how it can be resisted. Amsterdam avenue is a magnificent thoroughfare, with a great place in the future development of the city. To ruin it by turning it into a railroad yard would be an unpardonable outrage.

It will be easy for the companies to use the same tracks. The thing is done in many other parts of the city in which the difficulties are infinitely greater. The corporations ought to have public spirit enough to do the right thing without being forced, but as they have not, it is the manifest duty of the Legislature to make them do it.

Not an Edifying Spectacle.

It has been argued against capital punishment that about the worst man could be put to it to put him to death. When the culprit is a woman the argument is stronger. Civilization is severely strained by the act of taking a woman's life, even though it be done in accordance with the behests of law.

The subject is engaging the attention of New York just now, because of the case of Mrs. Place, who has been condemned to death. The Journal is opposed to the execution of Mrs. Place, and concludes a strong article on the subject by saying: "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."

It is not an edifying spectacle, viewed from any standpoint, and it seems as if the ends of justice might be adequately served by imprisonment for life, with no prospect or possibility of release. Civilization should abolish capital punishment for women. This is not mere sentiment, but common sense.

One Cause of Popularity.

The New York Journal has been endeavoring to ascertain the causes of its popularity—why it has outstripped its competitors.

One reason not yet given, and one that has had much to do with its popularity, is the generous and friendly treatment accorded to it by the country press and the dailies in the cities within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles from its place of publication. The New York Journal has sought to build up its circulation, not by tearing down or crippling the dailies and the country press of this State or by giving "Jersey Edition"—but has gone right on gathering news and publishing it before its competitors received it. And it has been abundantly successful.

BRIDGMAN PAINTS WITH DOCILITY AND WRITES HARSHLY AGAINST THE ART OF MONET.

BY HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

BRIDGMAN has in the galleries of Boussois and Valadon a salon for himself alone. Here are portraits, scenes of nature in the Orient, scenes of history, allegories. They are well composed, well painted, accurate, classical.

The faces in the decorative panel for a music room have camella hats, the bacchant in the decorative panel for a dining-room reflect the brilliancy of leaves and the red of geranium in the Autumn. The "Torrent" drags horror, anger, despair, agony in its turbulent fall, and the "Rivulet" runs by figures of youth, calmness and serenity. The "Captives of a Pharaoh" are resigned, rebellious, epic, in the clouds of dust that the hordes of captives raise, fleeing from the city on the hill burning in a red light.

Here are two women in an interior of Algiers. One is at work, the other looks on idly. In their poses, in their surroundings, in the light that illuminates them, is the Orient expressed with classical precision. The Impression is not individual. It is subordinate to the ideas that are in other pictures, in other descriptions. But the

langour of her race is her eyes. "Under the Trees" are figures of the same type.

One holds in her two hands the twine that the other rolls, one smokes a cigarette, an old woman gazes at the scene. The "Portrait of Miss A. M. H." is framed in Autumn leaves and resplendent with their glow. It is picturesque and sedate. Bridgman regards it as one of the best portraits that he has painted. His celebrity restricts him from a distance.

Monet I do not get the impression of trees, shrubs, grass. I get only the impression of cadmium, ochre, vermilion, the impression of pigment. To avoid that I must look at the picture from a certain distance. But why? A painting is a finished work. The faces in the "Captives of a Pharaoh" are as clear to one who looks at them close to the picture as to one who looks at them from a distance.



Algerian Women Under Trees.

to the lines and colors of the Orient because they were the first characteristics of his artistic career well known to the public. But he tries perpetually to escape from them. He has painted delightful landscapes of Normandy, Brittany, Switzerland.

James Gordon Bennett has Bridgman's "Funeral Rites of a Mummy," the Corcoran Gallery at Washington has "Sacred Hill Apis," Seth Low has the same painter's "Return from Harvest," Bridgman aims at diversity. He achieves it in variety of subjects, he has the same impersonal elegance in all. That is his pride, although he might express it differently. He has written in "L'Anarchie dans l'Art" the principles that guide him, and which he is persuaded naturally should guide others.

He says "Anarchy in Art" contemptuously, of course; but there can be nothing else in art, really. In art there are no schools, there are only individuals. He attacks the so-called impressionists wittily. He says, "From a foreground by Claude

"Cuttes talk of sincerity. But where is the sign of sincerity in that? Have you seen Pissarro's 'Gosse on Grass'? The grass is not green, and the gosse are not white."

Well, under what light are gosse white on green grass, ever? And what foreground was not like that? The observer who looked at it as closely as Mr. Bridgman looks at the landscapes painted by Claude Monet. Mr. Bridgman sees nature through the works of the Beaux-Arts, but nature's polish, nature's perspective, nature's colors are not quite as regular as those of the Beaux-Arts.

His error as a critic is to imagine that in art there are schools. Every man of genius is necessarily an individual, an isolated being, precisely because sincerity is his only rule, and he may borrow from him his manner of being sincere. Of course there are imitators, but ten thousand imitators form a school not better than ten thousand thieves form an army. Claude Monet is a man of genius. Bridgman is a very professional painter. HENRI PENE DU BOIS



Portrait of Miss A. M. H.

execution is faultless. There is the same merit in the face of the woman with white flowers in her hair, leaning her cheek on her hand. All the

THE HUGUENOTS AT SEVEN DOLLARS WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL BY REGINALD DE KOVEN.

THE other night for the fourth time in the history of the New Metropolitan a performance of opera was given on a regular night at advanced prices. "The Huguenots" has been so given on two previous occasions—the last time with Melba, Nordica and Seelich in the cast—and "Carmen" once, with Calve and Jean de Reszke.

Seven dollars per seat sounds very big, and one would suppose that at such prices the management would secure extraordinary returns. But when one considers that the regular subscribers pay nothing extra, and that therefore the number of seats available for sale at the advanced prices is really small, there is not so much in it as one might fancy. As a matter of fact, indeed, as the house, though full, was not overcrowded, I imagine that more money would have come in at the ordinary prices, and think that the management did well if they got back what was paid extra to Mme. Semblich.

The only difference in the cast from the time when M. de Reszke last sang Raoul lay in Mme. Semblich, and it was well worth the extra price of admission to all who paid it to hear her sing the music of the Queen. It certainly lies admirably in her voice and shows it at its best, and Mme. Semblich sang it with a brilliancy, fa-

cility and "elan" which roused the audience to enthusiasm whenever she sang. She was obliged to repeat the aria in the second act, and after the act all the principals were called before the curtain repeatedly.

The Metropolitan should now be called the House of brotherly love, for it was touching at this juncture to see the two great basses, Edouard de Reszke and Plancon, amble across the stage hand in hand, as if no such thing as artistic rivalry existed.

Still, amiable artistic competition is by no means a bad thing for art.

Apart from Mme. Semblich, whose first appearance here as the Queen was certainly the feature of the evening, there is not much to be said about a fourth repetition of "The Huguenots."

M. Jean de Reszke is always a wonderfully good Raoul, one expects him by this time to be practically perfect in every role he sings, and expectation was not disappointed, as he was as good as always. The many and varied excellencies of the other great artists in the cast—Nordica as Valentina, Edouard de Reszke as Marcel, Plancon as San Bris and Maurel as Di Nevers—are now so well known and familiar to all of us that it is only necessary to mention their names in con-

junction with their accustomed roles to tell the usual story of artistic merit and consequent result.

Mme. Mantell as Urbano hardly seemed in as good voice as usual, for while she sang "Nobill Signor" sufficiently well she cut her second-act song, "Ah, No, No," entirely. A great cast of great names does not always secure a great performance, if some of said great names should happen to have a cold, or be otherwise under the weather.

The smaller roles in their usual hands were as usual at least adequate, and the whole performance certainly merited the title "exceptional." Some day, when such a cast in the very nature of things is no longer possible, we will indulge in proud reminiscences that we had such a performance, and not regret the advanced price paid for the privilege. Pleasant recollections are surely worth paying for. Happy indeed is he who can buy them.

Because of the still continued indisposition of Mme. Lehmann, Mme. Nordica will sing Donna Anna, and Miss Adona Donna Elvira in "Don Giovanni" on Wednesday night, and Fri. Olga Fevry will probably sing Venus in "Tannhauser" on Friday, although I hear there is an off chance of Miss Schumann-Heink being persuaded to sing the role. REGINALD DE KOVEN.

"BROWN'S IN TOWN." ALAN DALE SEES HIM AT THE BIJOU.

WHAT was it? That seemed to be the question at the Bijou Theatre the other night. A large and perplexed audience watched half a dozen brave, undaunted young people appear upon the stage and then disappear, after having said a few things. There was a clatter of kitchen goods. Everybody seemed to be anxious to pose as somebody else. A colored lady sang a few "coon" songs, just to show us that a colored person really can sing coon songs. And the programme said it was called "Brown's in Town."

In the name of J. J. Rosenthal appeared in large black type as sponsor for the "production," and a tiny little legend in brackets asserted that the author was Mark E. Swan, a white and hardly name for an author, at any rate. But Mr. Rosenthal, who has no white plumes, is more interesting. He is one of the ingenious "advertisers" of the theatrical profession, full of clever tricks to capture the attention of the captious. It is therefore rather melancholy to reflect that in the case of "Brown's in Town" Mr. Rosenthal hasn't something better to advertise. He is worthy of it.

In the lobby of the Bijou stood a huge placard bearing the faces of the critics, with blanks beneath them, and the legend, "What will they say?" Ah, Rosy, Rosy, Rosenthal, why such specious curiosity? What would they say? That would have been more appropriate. If Mr. Rosenthal had asked each critic to fill in the blank space before he left the theatre the advertisement would have been complete. Will this gentleman have the courage to do it himself?

"Brown's in Town" scarcely calls for very many remarks, but the public is insatiable, and the simple, significant word "rubbish" carries no weight. It is billed as a "farceful offering." Most of the farces, however, seems to be of the kitchen order. A colored cook, a number of noisy tin pans, a "young lady" who peels red apples in the view of the audience, and a Bijou cottage that doesn't seem large enough to contain so much farce, are the "features" of the "entertainment."

Most of the characters behave like unamusing lunatics. It is possible to be a lunatic and funny.

This possibility is never reached in "Brown's in Town." Not a symptom of laughter is felt at the wretched little idiot who poses as Brown, and then foists the name upon others. Farce, in order to be successful, must contain some elements of probability. The more probable it is, the funnier the audience finds it. The more tragic it is to the people in the cast, the more inclined are those in front to find humorous interest in its complications.

But in this miserable hotch-potch, when one man says "You're Brown," and the other retorts, "No, you're Brown," you feel sadly imbecile, as though you had been invited to the second childhood of comedy. The lies in which the whole cast indulges scarcely seem worth while. The object is to deceive a father who doesn't wish his son to marry, but the father is shown to be a simple, impossible type, who admires his son's wife before he has been in her company two minutes. After this all the "complications" seem more insane than they were before.

Mr. Swan's "dialogue" can scarcely be said to "josh" with wit. It is so nice to talk of dialogue as "joshing." It means so much. In "Brown's in Town" the wit seems to be of the damp and mildewed order—very much like the dark and sorry snow in the streets at present. It is all very well to assert that there is no mother-in-law in this concoction. But a nice, noisy, commonplace mother-in-law would have made a hit. Anything would have made a hit in "Brown's in Town"—even a page or two of jokes from the comic papers.

A not unpleasant interlude was the "coon" work of the colored lady. She sang one after the other, and the hungry audience tried to keep her on as long as possible. She delighted the agony of Mr. Swan and drew your distracted mind from the "complications" brought about by Brown.

The cast was headed by Edward S. Ahels, in a middy cap, a colored shirt and one of those leather belts that all well-meaning actors wear, as a guarantee, not of stomachic embolism, but of good intentions. I suppose. This young man did all he could to be funny. No doubt the lunatics of a

lunatic asylum would smile at him. We didn't, to any very alarming extent. James O. Barrows, a good actor of experience, fell flat over the role of the impossible father. Everything he did missed fire, which wasn't his fault. You realized that there were times when, for the sake of common decency, you should have laughed. But you could not help it. You sat there indelicately silent. John Lanester was supposed to be uproarious, but to me there was much pathos in his work. It seemed so futile. Why wasn't he funny, when he was supposed to be the pivot around which so much revolved?

Edward Poland as "a gentleman of leisure" (and such a gentleman of leisure!) wore the lisp that is supposed to appertain to those who are not obliged to work. I quite forget what Mr. Poland had to do. He looked so much like Ahels and Lanester that nothing but the lisp remains in my mind. Surely the characters in farce should be differentiated. All young men evidently look alike to Mr. Swan.

The ladies were equally unfortunate. Miss Anna Belmont threw a pleasant personality at a role that couldn't catch it. She laughed a good deal, but the audience didn't. Miss Kathryn Osterman wore one of those plaintive demeanors that actresses affect even in farce. Perhaps there was some excuse for plaint upon this occasion.

A few moments of amusement were contributed by Josie Sadler, a sort of female Sam Bernard. There was less of her than there usually is of Mr. Bernard. On most occasions I should be thankful for that fact. On this occasion, however, it was to be deplored. Miss Belle Davis was the colored lady who sang the coon songs. She sang them very well indeed. Perhaps Mr. Rosenthal will let her sing all evening and allow his Swan to sail away to unknown parts. Miss Davis, however, emphasized the fact that she can give our own popular coon singers no new points. They have all been appropriated.

I am afraid that the fact of Brown's being in town will not bring golly to that town. Why should Brown be in town? What has the town done? ALAN DALE.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER'S CHATTER. "HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK!"

THE Abram Hewitt luncheon, with its fanfare of trumpets, is something new. There must be something new each week or society yawns.

There has been much noise about the novelty of this affair. But a fanfare means simply a salute of trumpets—very noisy and effective in its proper places. The Hewitts had the vegetable dance last Winter, and every year they do something original, so that this luncheon means a very brilliant afternoon. There have been over four hundred invitations issued, and it will be a crush.

The Seward Webbs are giving a "series" of entertainments quite characteristic. The Webbs are railroad to the backbone, and are never so happy as when flying about the country in palace cars and special trains.

Seward Webb loves nothing so much as to run an engine, and he is never so happy as when he is in an engine cab.

Last week the Webbs took a large party of people up to the Adirondacks, dined and vined them at their camp, had a dance, and then returned, arriving here in a very short time.

This trip, on which they have started with about twenty guests, is to New Orleans, Mexico and the entire Southwest. They will be gone six weeks and will return in time for the Hammond-Sloane wedding.

AND in the meantime society has been congregating at the Dog Show. Every afternoon and evening sees a large audience. The men and women wear very sporty clothes and there is a "Lord and Lady Algy" air about the entertainment.

This and the little tittle-tattle that tells us of several engagements which will astonish New York is all that is going on.

One engagement is between a divorcee in another city and a very charming young Knickerbocker girl who lives not fifty miles from Washington square. The man's wife has married again and is quite conspicuous in the smart set.

What a lot of people going abroad!

The Eliza Dyers, of all things! One cottion leader less, but Eliza has not been much in evidence this year. He has resigned, and next Winter, when his stepdaughter comes out, one will see very little of him indeed in a dancing way. James Brown Potter also goes abroad for quite a stay, but his daughter is not with him. She will remain on this side. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MAINE?

Of course it is true that Representative Boutelle, of Maine, has determined to hold up Admiral Dewey's promotion unless Sampson, the Administration and Carnegie pet, is made Vice-Admiral. Boutelle? Why, certainly; what could be more natural? It was Bourbon Boutelle that opposed any relief for Cuba, that opposed doing anything about the Maine, that thought an attack on the flag an unnoticeable incident, that desired us to offer an international reward for being kicked and bullied, that opposed the war to the last gasp. Boutelle? Why, what else would you expect of this person? Admiral Dewey is to go unrewarded of a grateful country for the most notable exploit in naval history, the country is to lose next December the great benefit of his tact, ability and experience in dealing with the Philippine problem, all the great national interests involved are to be shoved aside if Boutelle has his way. For what? Why, to gratify a bull-headed