

JOURNAL ADVERTISER

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1897.

believe that he is conducting war like a savage—who receive the published reports of his cruelties as romances prompted by the sympathy of newspaper correspondents with the insurgents. It seems incredible on its face to these people that in the nineteenth century any General wearing the uniform of a nation calling itself civilized can carry on war as Weyler in truth does.

The prominence of General Rivera will probably save him. The execution of so distinguished, so gallant a soldier would shock the world, and possibly rouse the United States to action. So, notwithstanding the reports from Havana that Rivera is to be summarily tried by drumhead court martial and shot, the chances are that he will be reserved for a worse, a more lingering fate—a death like that of Dr. Ruiz, in a Spanish prison.

A CONSPIRACY FOILED

The Journal takes pleasure in announcing that it has defeated an ingenious scheme to put it at a very serious disadvantage in obtaining the news—to deprive it of the ordinary telegraphic service and force it to depend altogether upon its individual resources for each day's routine intelligence. There is no reason why the public, ordinarily, should take any more interest in the business affairs of a newspaper than in those of a commercial establishment, but Mr. Joseph Pulitzer has made this a notably exceptional case.

Yesterday the Journal destroyed all of Mr. Pulitzer's joy by consolidating with the Morning Advertiser, a newspaper which possessed an Associated Press franchise. Mr. Pulitzer having made it manifest from day to day that in his estimation such a franchise is of more value to a newspaper proprietor than a brain or an immortal soul, the Journal thought it well to lay one in.

The Journal concedes with the World and its circumvented owner, Mr. Pulitzer's well-meant and long-plotted conspiracy to cripple the Journal unfairly in the contest for news has failed, and if the sound of the rending of his garments disturbs the peace of Newspaper Row, and the ashes that are flung about his head dust the air, the fault is his own. In secretly conspiring to place the Journal outside the news breastworks he confessed his incapacity to contest with it in the field of free rivalry.

The Advertiser was a respectable newspaper, an excellent newspaper, and it will be missed in clerical and other circles where its admirable morals were appreciated. For the disappearance of so good and improving and needed a newspaper from the journalism of the metropolis the World is wholly and wickedly responsible.

"The only man who never makes mistakes," said Professor Huxley, "is the man who never does anything." Harper's Weekly does not deal in news, but only in pictures and safe opinions and literary matter which, it improves the mind while it tries the pious person.

It is hardly to be looked for in a one-cent paper ought to be able to afford it.

It is only conspicuous.

Gaught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

"It is a curious fact," said a stage philosopher yesterday evening in the lobby of the Murray Hill Theatre, "that although 'Divorcées' has been played here by actresses of every type and various nationalities, the best rendition of the title role that I have ever seen was that of the German actress, Kathi Schmitt, who created the part in this country about seventeen years ago. It was while she was playing a star engagement at the Thalia Theatre, and her conception of the part seemed to me to be the nearest to that of Sardou that I have ever seen. She played it as a married ingenue, if I may use such an expression, and that is precisely what Cyprienne is, according to the lines of the author. It was in this representation that Link, the comedian, made his great hit as the head waiter, and set the pace for innumerable imitators, the first of whom was Max Freeman, who made a careful study of Link's acting, and then reproduced it in every detail at the Park Theatre, where he supported Mrs. Lingard. Since then all sorts of women have attempted the part, but with never with any great success, and the poorest of all, according to my mind, was Duse, who seemed to me to be incapable of comprehending the delicate spirit of satire in which it is written. Moreover, she subordinated the comedy element in the restaurant scene, which is absolutely necessary to the success of the piece, in order to give her own part greater prominence, and that was a fatal step."

Paul Potter sailed for Germany a few days ago with the intention of remaining abroad several years. His immediate business in Germany concerns his play, "Telly," which is undergoing representation at the hands of more than a dozen companies, and Mr. Potter proposes to spend it out over the whole face of the Continent. All this leads one to inquire why it is that neither one of the two rival German companies in New York has produced this play. The Irving place company contains excellent material, from which a strong cast could be made, and as for Stengall, there are those who believe that Herr Conried himself could play the part as well as it has yet been played in New York. Conried is a character actor of great force and originality, who has devoted himself almost exclusively to the business of management, and is seen too seldom on his own stage.

Miss Beatrice Herford, who made the great hit at the Actors' Fund benefit the other day, has deferred her return to London for a week in order to fill engagements in this city. Miss Herford's keen sense of humor and evident knowledge of American character and dialect have mystified a great many people, who have known of her simply as an Englishwoman. The fact is that she is the daughter of the Rev. Brooke Herford, a clergyman who was for many years settled in Boston, and it is here that she not only acquired her knowledge of America and Americans but also developed the native gift of humor which might never have come to the surface had she spent all her days in solemn, foggy London.

A great many people who believe that New York possesses but one type of Chinaman should go down into Mott and Pell streets, where may be found Chinamen at various degrees ranging from the ignorant "washie-washie" coolie to the spectacled and refined merchant who comes over here to make a fortune with which to cheer his declining years at home, and who views Occidental life and customs through the eyes of a cynic and a philosopher.

In tendering the Assistant Secretaryship of War to Colonel Frederick D. Grant President McKinley has done a good thing for his Administration. The country would have been gratified had the Secretaryship itself been offered. There is no desire in this Republic that official honors should be hereditary, but on the other hand, there is no ungenerous disposition to discriminate against a citizen because he happens to be the son of a distinguished sire. Colonel Grant as Minister to Austria under the Harrison Administration discharged his diplomatic functions creditably, and as a member of the Police Commission in this city he has demonstrated anew his capacity for affairs. Cool in temper, prompt, decided and ready to assume responsibility when necessary, Colonel Grant is well fitted for any post requiring executive ability and industry.

Mr. Yerkes, the Chicago street railway magnate, announces that, as he doesn't consider the financial question an issue in the municipal campaign now in progress in that city, the employees of his corporations will be permitted to vote as they please. This does Mr. Yerkes give a belated corroboration to the allegations of corruption building of its employees as practised in last year's campaign.

There are people who fail to understand why Mr. Dingley should seek to provide for \$100,000,000 of revenue when the deficit amounts to but \$25,000,000. It is quite likely that Mr. Dingley is trying to make plain sailing for the pork hunting Congressmen.

Senators Hanna and Foraker have discovered one alarming thing in connection with their arbitration treaty. They are able to agree on the distribution of the spoils, but there is no way for them to placate the fellows who fall to get the offices.

Up to the present time Tom Platt is the only statesman who has sustained a physical injury in the mad rush for office now in progress at Washington. The pension authorities will doubtless take up the Platt case in due time.

The country doesn't complain because the legislators at Washington can't say anything new on the tariff question. The real ground for complaint is found in the fact that they try to.

The strange feature of the whole affair is that the civil service system now in operation was devised and introduced by an Ohio man—the late George H. Pendleton.

The tax on art and education may be necessary in order that the Vermont sap may have an advantage over the pauper sap of foreign countries.

In the Senatorial contest several well defined cases were broken out at Kentucky.

THE AMUSEMENTS. Academy of Music, American Theatre, Broadway Theatre, etc.

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Generally fair; northeasterly winds.

THE TEMPTATION OF TIMMY.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

TIMMY is coming to our town to live. He says he isn't, and he believes what he says. But he is coming, just the same. Timmy has so decreed it. Fate wills it so. It is written in the stars.

Brooklyn is too small for Timmy. The cut of his clothes, the size of his plaid, the pattern of his waistcoat, the color of his neckties, the number of his horses, the style of his golf and the admirable skill with which he toils his four-hand are not in keeping with the perambulating propensities of the people on the other side of the East River.

Timmy is among them, but not of them. His superiority oppresses them. Their inferiority irritates him. He is as much bigger than Brooklyn as a taffy-ho coach is larger than a baby's carriage. Timmy's social, financial and political importance entitles him to sit with us. His proper place is in the parlor, not the bedroom, of Greater New York.

Timmy realizes all this. He stands on the Park Slope and looks longingly toward Murray Hill. His impulse is to move. The only thing that restrains him is sentiment.

Brooklyn was the incubator of his political proclivities. It was down the throats of Brooklynites that he found the highway to fortune with his patent nostrum. It was Brooklyn swiftness that halbed him chief and Brooklyn dumbness that crowned him king. He would be ungrateful if those considerations were without weight with him.

But Timmy is too like Alexander to let gratitude throttle ambition. Once before he looked across the rushing waters of the East River and covered the despoils of Gotham. Then he put the temptation of Murray Hill sternly aside. He resolved to lift Brooklyn to the plane of his own greatness. He would teach it how to tool a drag. He would initiate it into the delights of golf. He would introduce it to the joys of the cotillon. He would impress upon it the necessity of a "blue book." He would unfold to it the mysteries of the Four Hundred. He would rescue it from the rut of Iliptonga. He would be its own radiant Moses to lead it from the wilderness of kindergarten conditions to the promised land of perfect propriety.

Timmy was not to blame that Brooklyn could not rise to his level. Generations of pap and perambulators had paralyzed its solar plexus. As a social factor it was down and out.

Timmy's temptation therefore returned to him. The devil of desire took him once more up into the highest peak of the Park Slope, and pointed out to him the glories of Manhattan Island—the milk drinkers of the Calumet Club, the honey eaters of the Knickerbocker Club, the shoes of McAllister that are still unfilled, the crown of Berry Wall that is yet in pawn, the laurels of Lauterbach that are withering under the blight of Black. If Timmy would only gather together his laces and penates, his rose-garden waistcoats and rainbow trousers, his top-silken hands, tander's and spike teams, his golf togs, riding breeches, tennis racquets and dancing pumps, and take up his residence in Gotham, all of the glories pointed out should be his. And yet Timmy turned away his face and bade the tempter get behind him.

But ambition never sleeps. It ever goes onward and upward. It will not be denied. Thrice upon the Lupercal did Caesar refuse the crown, only to accept it in the end. And so it will be with Timmy. He will yet shake the bread crumbs of Brooklyn from the upturned bottoms of his trousers and come to New York to live.

We need him. We need him to take the curb of conceit out of Tammy Taffer as a whole. The picture of Timmy tooling in triumph over Tammy is not the least potent feature of Timmy's temptation. We need him to scotch the blinding gorgeousness of Raoul Duval's flamboyant waistcoats, a feat that only Timmy can perform. We need him to teach Theodore Havermayr the technique of golf. Old "Body" has been called, not unjustly, the "granddaddy of golf" in this country, but as compared with Timmy he is as one crying aloud on the links. We need him to instruct Chauncey Depey in the art of post-prandial oratory, for in that line Timmy is a whole forest, whereas Chauncey is a single chestnut. We need him to give the dish-lug touches to "Lisha Dyer and Worthie Whitthouse as cotillon leaders. We need Whitthouse as an exemplar in money making and money holding to the Goulds, the Vanderblits, the Astors, the Rockefelleres, of id omne genus. We need him to lead Thomas Blitt, the Astors, the Rockefelleres, of id omne genus. We need him as C. Platt through the devious paths of State and municipal politics. We need him as the head and front of a decapitated Four Hundred, as the glass of fashion, the crowning mould of form, the man of brains, wealth, achievement and clothes, the crowning glory of the Greater New York.

We need him to write every thing else is dull, stale and uninteresting. From our standpoint Timmy ceases to be a temptation and becomes a necessity. We must have him. He is a good thing and cannot be allowed to escape. A crying community kneels at his feet and begs him to lend it the joy of his presence. Fate stands on Murray Hill and commands him to come. He cannot disobey. He is ours de jure. He must be ours de facto. It is only proper the greatest part of Greater New York should have the greatest man in all New York.

Who is Timmy? There is but one Timmy—the handsome, erudite, accomplished, opulent, aristocratic, progressive and potential Lieutenant-Governor of the Empire State of the Union.



JESTERS' CHORUS.

"I have just passed a bad quarter of an hour." "Well, I have just passed a bad quarter of a dollar." "Chicago Record." "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." "That's true," replied Senator Sarghumb, "but in many cases, not until after the referee has counted ten." "Washington Star." "You poor schoolmasks are woefully underpaid." "Oh, I don't know. I have taken enough chewing gum away from the children to last me three years." "Indianapolis Journal." "I've been much encouraged about her. It's a very ambitious." "Why? Has she sold anything?" "No; but her writing is getting worse and worse." "Cincinnati Commercial." "I have just passed a bad quarter of an hour." "Well, I have just passed a bad quarter of a dollar." "Chicago Record." "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." "That's true," replied Senator Sarghumb, "but in many cases, not until after the referee has counted ten." "Washington Star." "You poor schoolmasks are woefully underpaid." "Oh, I don't know. I have taken enough chewing gum away from the children to last me three years." "Indianapolis Journal." "I've been much encouraged about her. It's a very ambitious." "Why? Has she sold anything?" "No; but her writing is getting worse and worse." "Cincinnati Commercial."

"Mataswintha."

Musical epures were in great glee to-night before they went to the Metropolitan Opera House. They visited that house in joyous anticipation, for the opera field has been rather arid of late. A four-act opera new to this country, by the well-known composer, Xaver Scharwenka, entitled "Mataswintha" was scheduled for presentation, and there was much curiosity—tempered with suspicion—on the part of the epures. The suspicion was possibly due to the fact that Scharwenka's name appeared perhaps too prominently, and to the possibility that he had serene faith in his own opera. Then, nobody seemed to have admired very vociferously to produce it. Reports of a production in Weimar last year, and of coming presentations in European opera houses counted, of course, for something.

Scharwenka himself led the orchestra and was very much in evidence. In fact, at the act-ends, he responded with alarming alacrity to small symptoms of applause, and looked less nervous than on such occasions it is seemly to look. He is not at all interesting personally, from the musical-epicurean point of view. His hair is disgracefully short—utterly ignoring the long and sinuous channels in which tradition says that the names of great men shall flow. To the uninitiated it even looked as though Scharwenka were inclined to be bald. Baldness, in musical circles, is heinously criminal.

The story of "Mataswintha" was made by Dr. Ernst Koppel from a novel by Felix Dahn, entitled "A Battle for Home." And a very good story it is, albeit conventionally operatic. Mataswintha is a lovely Gothic princess, of a Wagnerian turn of mind. She has all the plump enthusiasm of an Isolde and a Brunhilde, and she is very much of a heroine, although she does not appear until the second act. The circumstances that induce her appearance are these: Wiltchis, a Gothic King, has just returned from the wars to his highly devoted wife, Rathgundis, who has been living in retirement and a white dress. They are a very fond and worthy couple—are Wiltchis and Rathgundis. She receives him with open arms, and calls him her hero. The interview is tender and impassioned to an almost Wagnerian degree. It is interrupted, however, by the arrival of some Gothic ambassadors. These gentlemen have come to tear Wiltchis from his domestic bliss. They want him in Ravenna. He can go there only, however, as the husband of Mataswintha, the lovely princess. The ambassadors are ignorant of the fact that he is already married, and as he has made a solemn vow to renounce everything for the patriotic cause, his fate is sealed.

The devoted wife urges him to do his duty in a very melodious song, and as the act ends he starts for Ravenna. Mataswintha has seen him before and has fallen violently in love with him. But Wiltchis plays her a nasty trick. He deliberately marries her, and then, in the third act, laid in the bridal chamber, he proposes the good old hackneyed plan, known as husband-in-name-only. "Look on this sword," he says; "here will I place it that but to war and victory lead. Since we're not bound in love's fair fetters, let this—a guardian true—divide us. Ne'er more will I approach this chamber when this dread night has passed away."

Mataswintha is very vexed. "Can I bear this scorn? Dismay!" she cries. Her love changes instantly to the hatred of a vengeful spurned—and all that sort of thing she sets to work to revenge. She drives Wiltchis from her presence, as he deserves to be driven. In the fourth and last act Mataswintha sets fire to a public granary in order to give the city to the enemy, and then rushes into the flames. Wiltchis is wounded, and dies with his wife near by, and the melodramatic finale of opera thoroughly satisfied.

Scharwenka's music is light and excellently melodious—so light and melodious that the musical epures were rified. They heard distinct "tunes" rather than leit-motifs, and unending recitatives. They called it band-master music, and can never know—unless you happen to be a musical epure—what a wealth of there is in such a criticism. Simple, exacting music lovers enjoyed the "Mataswintha" beauties. The opera seems graceful, undulating concertos. The solo Rathgundis to Wiltchis in the first act is delightfully rhythmic, and the choir are all admirable and distinctly understandable. The orchestration is even to the epures. It is masterly noble. Occasionally there are Wagner symptoms that even Scharwenka must admit. My musical confere I fear, with tears in his eyes, sees "Mataswintha" as "Wagner and not this criticism, however, is not distasteful. There are many of us who like our opera watered, and I am one of them; still, a dose of the master is disinjurious to the nerves, and if Scharwenka has erred, it is in the right direction.

The composer labored under disadvantages. The cast of the new opera was uninteresting. Herr Kraus was ill, as to the programme, and the role of Wiltchis was intrusted to Gerhard Stehman singer was not at all in the picture though he took the part at two days the audience wasn't in the least sorry. What Herr Kraus would have done we shall never know, but Wiltchis certainly susceptible of better than that he received last night.

Georgine Von Januschowsky, in a colored wig, was the Mataswintha; plenty of heroics and tremulous role of Rathgundis was well as Riza Ribenschuetz, Marie Matfield, confidente, Asha, and Fritz Arm-Fischer and Wilhelm Mertens were the cast. Herr Fischer was und the best of the men. His voice was wondrous impressive.

I should like to hear "Mataswintha" a cast of "Metropolitan favorites," great possibilities, and there is a why we should not hear it again. A solitary production at the big season is a rather undignified way of introducing a new metropolis to a new Scharwenka should he will prove voted frivolous tribute. "Mataswintha" not an opera for the unprofit. There is nothing in it to start. It is not epoch-making. Nobody "The year 1897 was famous in for the first production of "Mataswintha," distinctly orchestrated. It is not an excitement anywhere.

ALAN

Unanswered. (Detroit News.)

"Who preteris this coup?" contemporary. The quest accurately until the Sun Trust have fought a