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THE POLITICS OF THE WEEK

The local elections held within the last two or three days are full of suggestion to observers of politics. In Ohio the general result showed great Democratic gains. McKinley's own town of Canton went Democratic. Cincinnati discarded the domination of the Republican boss, George B. Cox, and in so doing gives fair assurance of a Democratic Senator to succeed Mark Hanna. Cleveland has elected a Republican Mayor, but did it with the aid of the silver Democrats and their organ, the Recorder, who preferred to see a Republican elected rather than to reward a man who deserted the national ticket last Fall.

In Michigan true Democracy carried the day. Detroit elected a Democratic Mayor, repudiating the candidate of Plingree. The Democrats who long upheld Mayor Plingree, though he was a Republican, because of his broad and effective views upon the management of municipal monopolies, have abandoned him this month because of his alliance with the party dominated by Mark Hanna, and because of his cowardice in deserting the financial principles of his lifetime in his effort last Fall to secure a gubernatorial election at any price. The Democrats of Detroit deserve well of the national party.

Most of all, the result in Chicago has important bearing upon the politics of the nation. A great city, which gave McKinley 54,000 plurality, has now elected as Mayor, by a plurality almost as great, a Democrat who was president of the Bryan and Sewall League, a delegate to the Chicago convention who voted for Bryan, an editor of one of the first city newspapers in the United States to advance the principles of what has been termed in later days "Bryanism." Mr. Carter Harrison is a fair type of the new Democracy, and his election, in a city which has been loudly proclaimed reliably Republican, is an object lesson to public men in other towns who seek to feel the pulse of the people. Indeed our erudite contemporary, the Sun, expressed, in advance, the situation quite correctly when it said yesterday:

The main importance of the election lies in the fact that Harrison represents the Bryanism of Chicago, and his candidacy brings to the front the issues of the last national campaign. If, then, Harrison should be elected, the political consequences might be grave and far reaching. In the first considerable election since the defeat of Bryan last November the silver Democrats would demonstrate their superiority, and the result would be likely to have a powerful influence in determining the course of next Autumn's campaign in the Greater New York. It would tend to stimulate and intensify the opposition to the plan of nominating a gold Democrat, which has already sprung up in Tammany Hall. It might even assure Tammany's persistent and outspoken adhesion to Bryanism. Therein lies the great importance of to-day's election at Chicago.

The Journal for its part discerns in the results of the elections of Monday and Tuesday only reason for Democratic encouragement. They give clear indication of popular revolt against the policy of the McKinley Administration. They give every promise of complete Democratic success if the voters of the party of the people will give adhesion to the Democratic principle, in and out of the party organization, that the majority shall rule.

The United States Senate did well to pass by unanimous vote the Allen resolution protesting against the execution of General Rivera, if that act of barbarity be contemplated by the Spaniards. The objection of Senators Hearst and Hale that the adoption of the resolution would give offence to Spain met with so little response that they themselves abandoned their obstructive position and voted with the rest. Spain will take offence, of course, but she has a right to do so. The savagery of her practices in Cuba justifies the Senate in deeming it probable that she is capable of the enormity of putting General Rivera to death, in defiance of the customs which mitigate the ferocity of war among civilized nations.

It is intimated that the passage of this resolution marks a change in the Senate's temper with regard to the whole Cuban situation—that the Senators who sympathize with the patriots are weary of delay, and shortly will demand action. Let us hope so. Better things were expected of the McKinley Administration than it has as yet given evidence of a desire to perform. Mr. Cleveland, by his course, outraged the American conscience. If President McKinley shall continue the Cleveland policy of aid and comfort to Spain he will confirm and deepen the disgrace in which this country stands before mankind.

"It is the duty of the United States," said Michael Davitt on his arrival in New York the other day, "for humanity's sake, to stay this war in Cuba." And the view of the Irish statesman is beyond question the view of men of heart and mind everywhere, at home and abroad. Senator Gallinger was within the notorious truth when he said that the war carried on by Spain is not civilized warfare. The small and sordid persons in politics, trade and journalism, who oppose the doing of justice by the United States on the ground that it would disturb what they dignify by the name of business interests were sufficiently influential to control the Cleveland Administration and put the Republic to shame as cold-blooded and selfish and cowardly. Whether these soulless Tories will be able to frighten and paralyze the McKinley Administration remains to be seen.

Cuba is fighting for freedom, fighting against intolerable tyranny, and if the Government of a free people, powerful enough to liberate them with a word, will not utter that word, the world can have but one opinion about it. But whatever President McKinley may do, Congress sooner or later will be compelled by the people to act. The people are not ungenerous, immoral and ignoble, which are the words that fitly describe the Cuban policy of Cleveland, and of McKinley, too, up to date.

The defection of Miss Phoebe Couzens from the ranks of the female suffragists naturally causes a painful stir among the advanced ladies. For many years Miss Couzens was prominent among them as a lawyer, the holder of public offices, and propagandist with tongue and pen of the gospel of equal duties, equal privileges and equal responsibilities for the sexes. Whatever special and personal reasons may have contributed to Miss Couzens's conviction that her life work has been a mistake, there can be no dispute at all of her competence to judge of the sweets and bitterness of a public career and to give an opinion of high value on woman's fitness for it. At the end of it all this capable, earnest leader decides that it is best for women to marry and give themselves up to the demands of home and family rather than to go out into the world and compete with men in the struggle for power and distinction.

But what about women who are left no choice save to go forth and struggle, not for power and distinction, indeed, but for a livelihood? Of the millions of women in the United States who are under the necessity of being wage-earners, there are very few who would prefer to be hon-

orably dependent upon men as wives and mothers. It is very well to sentimentalize about woman as queen of the home and prattle prettily of woman's sphere, but since our civilization has so little chivalry in it as to place the burden of self-support upon so many feminine shoulders, is it kind, is it manly, is it just to withhold from her any aid, such as the ballot, that might strengthen women in the hard industrial battle? That is a point which the weary and saddened and surrendering, Miss Couzens does not touch upon. It is a strong point, on which the suffragists do not enough insist. The "new woman" is not really the talking, but the working woman. She is willing enough to be a queen of the home, but, unfortunately for her, there are not homes enough to go round. Why should a woman who has no alternative but to take a man's place in the work-a-day world not be accorded all the rights and privileges enjoyed by the man at whose side she works for wages?

When that cant catchphrase, "Support Christ come to London"—or to Chicago or New York—first became current among people who confounded religious unbecome with reverent high-purposes, some one asked that dyspeptic philosopher, Thomas Carlyle, "If Christ came to London, what would be done to Him?" "Probably Lord Houghton would ask Him to a little breakfast to meet all the high class celebrities of the season," was the instant response.

Yesterday the people of New York were warned, principally through affrighting headlines in the Herald, that not Divinity, but Apollyon, was capturing the country. A "Conference to Save Democracy" is necessary. Such unselfish and pure-minded patriots as Grover Cleveland, J. G. Carlisle and William D. Bynum are "alarmed by Silver Strength." The "Result of Elections in Cincinnati and Cleveland and the Outlook in Chicago Causes Uneasiness," and with disquietude bordering on despair the trustworthy servants of plutocracy declare that the "Dangerous Doctrines Are Not Dead."

This sounds very grievous. Set forth with all the emphasis of head-letter type, it is as harrowing as a riot act and as terrifying as a proclamation of a military draft. But after all, as we read further down the column, we conclude that things cannot be so serious.

Anarchy, repudiation, dishonor and all the rest are about to revisit the country, it seems, but the only defence immediately in sight is for the Reform Club to give a dinner. There is restiveness in the West because of the failure of McKinleyism to produce prosperity, so the Reform Club will invite Grover Cleveland to dine and dilate on the beauties of the single gold standard. There is question raised among farmers of the righteousness of a system which compels them to pay extortionate freight rates in order that dividends on watered railway stocks may be paid with regularity. Seeing this, the Reform Club, in a burst of patriotism, invites Carlisle, who retired from the Treasury to become a railway attorney, to be one of its chief spokesmen at the dinner for the glorification of Democracy. And as the bond issues of the Cleveland Administration proved the temporary destruction of Democracy, the Reform Club chooses the officials most doubtfully connected with those issues and does them honor. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan ought to be made toastmaster.

The Reform Club dinner for the rescue of the Democratic party from the forces of real Democracy outdoes in farcical effect Mrs. Partington and her broom. After its first burst of exultation for regretting that President McKinley has determined to deprive us of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt by appointing him Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to be sure, a steady diet of Roosevelt inevitably produces mental indigestion, but when he is gone his absence will be marked, and perhaps we may wish that he were back—not for good, of course, but just for a while. Mr. Roosevelt adds to the gaiety of metropolitan life when he does not bore by his insistence on having the centre of the stage, no matter what the play or the desire of the audience. The peace of the Police Board will be restored by the departure of Mr. Roosevelt, and the police force will be better managed, and the people of New York will get a needed rest from twenty-four hours of Roosevelt each day of the week, including Sundays; yet he will be missed, and the town may come to long for his return even as the ex-topper, weary of the sane comforts and pleasures of sobriety, hankers for an hour at the cup which shortens his life.

But—disturbing thought!—Mr. Roosevelt may decline to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy. It is possible that he will decide that New York cannot get along without his supervising care—that its government, its politics, its morals, its press, its religious interests even, would go to smash were he to withdraw his guidance. In that case it will remain for New York to tighten its belt, draw a long breath, and petition heaven for strength.

Still, it is more than likely that Mr. Roosevelt will accept. He cannot but feel that President McKinley needs him; that a declination by Roosevelt to serve it, to take charge of it, would doom it to headlessness and inescapable ruin. Besides, the warlike office proffered will, let us hope, have an irresistible attraction for Mr. Roosevelt, who is the bravest American now living. To have ships and cannon and fighting men at his command would be better even than slaughtering fleeing grizzlies and indulging the fierce joy of awing battalions of cowboys into admiring pallor.

Should Mr. Roosevelt accept—and New York almost to a man prays that he may—it is to be presumed that the President, the Cabinet and other interior members of the Administration will have sufficient persuasive influence to dissuade him from realizing the dream of his life. That dream, it will be recalled, was given voice during the late campaign, when Mr. Roosevelt expressed a desire to take out the leaders of the Democratic party, stand them up against a wall, and have them shot, even as were the monsters of the Paris Commune. But for the existence of a President and a Cabinet in our system it scarcely would be prudent to place ships of war and marines under the orders of so sanguinary a man. Happily, however, there is no chance for a Weyler in our law-governed country, and therefore the Democratic party of New York will join the Republicans of the metropolis in wild cheers when Theodore Roosevelt takes the train for Washington, to be gone four years, four whole years.

The Spanish are not allowing the Cuban affair to monopolize their entire attention. The insurrection in the Philippine Islands has just been suppressed again.

The Senate has decided to lay the arbitration treaty aside for a few days. This is probably done for the purpose of allowing that instrument to catch up with its long string of amendments.

The deceased actor who left both English and American wives managed to avoid an unpleasant international complication by neglecting to leave an estate for them to quarrel over.

It is costing Kentucky \$1,000 per day to maintain that Senatorial contest. In view of the hard times, Kentucky seems to have money to inclinate.

A Moment with the Chappies.

FROM the flooded districts of the Mississippi River comes a story of distress that is of unusual interest to the chappies of New York and Boston. Mr. Elberton E. Dorr, who married Mrs. Russell Hancock, and is, therefore, brother-in-law of Mrs. Bryce Gray and Mrs. Isaac Lawrence, owns a plantation in the State of Mississippi. It is situated on the "Father of Waters," at a place known as Friars Point.

Mr. Dorr's residence there is called "The Friars." It is a substantial old mansion of the colonial style, and has been the scene of the most lavish hospitality, for it is Mr. Dorr's habit to take some of his friends down there for a breath of Southern air at the end of each winter.

He is there now, and at last accounts his guests were having novel and exciting experiences. A small tributary of the Mississippi, locally known as Sunflower River, flows through Mr. Dorr's plantation and joins the big river not far from "The Friars." The flood of waters that is rushing for the Gulf backed up the Sunflower until it overflowed its banks and swamped all the surrounding country, including "The Friars."

With the first floor of the mansion covered with water, and with flat boats as the only means of locomotion, life at "The Friars" is not lacking in excitement, either to ladies accustomed to the dryness of Fifth Avenue and Commonwealth avenues, or to gentlemen whose experience of moisture is largely confined to the Knickerbocker and Somerset clubs.

Gossip among the Waldorf set of jades has to do with the outcome of a game at cards the other night. It was poker, of course, and the stakes were large enough to make it worth the while of a certain foreign nobleman to take a hand.

When one of the players, whose face is quite familiar in the Waldorf cafe, lost something like \$400, he arose abruptly from the table with the remark that he had had enough. Thereupon the foreign nobleman did a singular thing. He sprang to his feet and demanded to know if the retiring player objected to playing with him. When the other answered that he did not care to play longer, the man of title flew into a violent rage and threatened to strangle his recent opponent if he would only say that he had quit the game on account of the foreigner's play.

As the man with a title was much larger than the man without a title, the latter very discreetly refused to make the charge suggested by the former and retired without physical injury.

He said afterward that the nobleman had probably sized him up as good for at least a thousand, and that the disappointment superinduced by his sudden withdrawal from the game had caused the extraordinary outbreak. This diagnosis of the case has been accepted generally by the Waldorf set and the man of title will probably find himself barred at cards except by those chappies that had rather play with a foreign nobleman and lose than not to play with a foreign nobleman at all.

If this craze for building hotels continues among the heavy swells we shall all become bouffants by and by.

The determination of Henry Clews to go in for that sort of thing and emulate the example of the Astors in their own neighborhood, Thirty-fourth street as a place of residence, in five years, if Mr. Clews carries out his plan, there won't be a single residence on Thirty-fourth street between Fifth avenue and Broadway, and the Manhattan Club will be in the centre of a new shopping and eating district.

Before Mr. Clews succeeds in the hotel business, however, he will have to find a hotel manager. It isn't every capitalist in that line that can find a Bold.

Since Oliver Belmont sent that pneumatic, pugilistic toy from Europe to Sidney Smith the latter has had little time for anything else than his explanation to his friends. The figures are made to fight each other by blowing through tubes, and the loss of breath that has resulted is simply marvellous.

Enough wind has been wasted in Sidney Smith's office during the past week to have started a first-class cyclone. Messrs. Smith and Belmont are always playing practical jokes on each other, and Sidney is indulging his brain now in an effort to get even with Oliver for sending him such a present.

All the little girls in town are becoming vastly excited over the coming of the college girls. There is nothing quite so sweet to the ear of the budding chippie as the warbling of an undergraduate. Princeton will exhibit her mocking birds, her band players and her mandolin manipulators in the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall next Friday night, while Yale will follow on the 30th inst. in Carnegie Hall.

The appearance of the Yale Glee Club in New York is always made a matter of importance by the resident alumni, because the proceeds go to the support of the University Boat Club. Therefore, George Ade, Judge Henry "Bismark" Howland, General Willy Skiddy, "Jack" Barnes, Otto Bonnard, "Sam" Betts, "George" Haven, Pierre Jay and a dozen other Yale hunters, whose enthusiasm for the blue increases with their years, are already hard at work to insure success for the enterprise.

It is gratifying to learn from an English society paper that "The death of Jane, Duchess of Marlborough, will not put the Duke and his pretty American wife into mourning for long, as she was only his step-great-grandmother." When we recall how long His Grace of Marlborough mourned for his grandmother-in-law, the late Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, it is mildly that consideration for his step-great-grandmother's demise will cause any marked cessation or even rearrangement of his social plans.

There are still three Duchesses of Marlborough, without counting the present Duke's mother, who remains the Marchioness of Blandford, the title her husband bore at the time of Peter Boreas, and Lillian, who properly lost her title by marrying Lord William Bessborough, although the custom of English society permits her to retain it.

It may be that the multiplicity of his maternal relatives and connections may have something to do with His Grace's poverty of grief at the somewhat tardy taking-off of one so remote as a step-great-grandmother.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS. Academy of Music, The Heart of Maryland (Knickerbocker). The Serenade American Theatre, The New Maryland (Knickerbocker). Gayety Manhattan Bijou, Counted Into Court (Fremont Theatre). The Mayflower Columbia Theatre, Alley Madison Square Garden. Bartram & Bailey Daly's, The Gypsy (Murray Hill). Darkest Russia Empire, Under the Red Globe (Olympia Music Hall). In Great New York 7th Avenue, World of Waxes (People's Theatre). Hamlet's Superb Fifth Ave. Theatre, Tess of the D'Urbervilles (Plator's Theatre). Vaudeville Grand Opera House, From Paris (Plator's Theatre). Music-Hall, 1530 P. M. Garrick Theatre, Never Again (Plator's Theatre). 231 St. Continuous, No. 13 Hoyt's Theatre, A Black Sheep. P. M. Herald Square, The Girl from Paris (Plator's Theatre). A Tessa Story Harlem Opera House, Jack and the Beanstalk (Plator's Theatre). Miss Manhattan Huber's 14th St. Museum, Vandeville's Weber & Fields' Under the Red Globe Keith's, Continuous Performance 14th St. Theatre. Sweet Indulgences.

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Generally fair; cooler; northerly to westerly winds.

"The Tempest" at Daly's Theatre.

THE production of Shakespeare's "The Tempest" at Daly's Theatre last night was something of a surprise, even to the initiated. There seemed to be a lurking suspicion that Miss Behan would appear as the frolicsome Ariel, and warble "Come unto these yellow sands" up aloft. The presentation had been "shrouded in mystery," as reporters say of murder cases. It was therefore with a feeling of arch curiosity that we assembled at Daly's Theatre, for one of the pleasantest entertainments of its season. Of course, it was an entertainment nobly fitted up with the best that costumes, orchestra, scenic artist and dance master could supply. "The Tempest" is by no means a comedy that could be presented with curtains for scenery and imagination for effects. It is a spritely, fantastic, Christmas pantomime sort of affair at which an impetuous manager would gaze in despair. If Shakespeare had been an speaking vehicle for the display of his peculiar spectacular propensities, Mr. Daly emerged with a bound of triumph, and Shakespeare suffered in no respect. Perhaps one or two of the intelligent young women in the audience, who were freighted with blisseful editions of "The Tempest," started a trifle impatiently at times—not quite sure where they were. The audience, however, with nothing but programmes and opera glasses, seemed to enjoy the performance immensely.

I have always been anxious to see "The Tempest" staged, because there was a time when I knew it by heart. It has been something like a quarter of a century since New York has seen this comedy—with its brilliant, forceful, poetic language. However, the history of the play is to be found on Mr. Daly's programme, a useful, encyclopedic sheet which I herewith refer you. When you go to the theatre, get there early and read the programme. If you go late, the darkened condition of the house will render such an inspection impossible.

No finer production has been seen at Daly's. It recalled to my mind that exquisite version of "The Foresters." Gaiety spirits danced in brand-new costumes. Animal-headed sprites pricketed around. There was Arno and Purcell's music. Taubert's original music composed for Maximilian of Bavaria, was interpreted by an augmented orchestra. There was Miranda in an ebullition of song, and there was Ariel poised in the air wearing wings and angelic accessories.

"The Tempest" is a delightful comedy of its kind. It is simple, direct and convincing. The only Shakespearean defect is the dreadfully insane humor of Trinculo and Stephano—humor at which you try your hardest to exude a smile in a spirit of praiseworthy reverence. I wonder if anybody has really and honestly laughed at Trinculo and Stephano? Does the man live who can be tickled by Shakespearean fun to-day? I should like to look at the person who confessed to such mirth, but I should not believe him, even if he "kissed the book." If they laughed at this sort of thing in the good old days and voted Trinculo, Touchstone, Launce and a few other Shakespearean quippers and mirthmakers, how very far in advance we are to-day! How rapidly have we progressed! It is a nice subject—not intended, however, to evoke any retrospects from Shakespearean mania. No, thank you. I draw the line at Shakespearean mania.

Mr. Daly had a little trouble with his sea and his shipwreck in the first act. The ship behaved badly and the sea threw up its waves in a rather grotesque manner. This, however, was a trifle. The pictorial introduction lasted for a minute or two only, and we were introduced in a twinkling to Prospero and Miranda on "the shore of the Enchanted Isle." Prospero seemed to be a sort of Shakespearean Svengali and Miranda an Elizabethan Trilby. Although I have read "The Tempest" fifty times, I had never suspected the hypnotic power of Prospero. However, we saw it at Daly's Theatre last night, and not the least objection could be put forward.

That first act was a lovely idyll, and the love scene between Miranda and Ferdinand was charming. The floating spirits and their fantastic dance heightened the illusion of an exquisite scene, and the audience was placed in an agreeable mood, that was not dispelled for the rest of the evening. "The Tempest" was arranged into four acts, the second act showing the interior of the Isle, the land, the sea and late before Prospero's cave, and the fourth, Prospero's cave, with a view of the open sea and the restored ship. The sea put on its Sunday behavior after the unfortunate prelude. It glistened and danced in the electric light; it throbbed and palpitated in an ecstasy of mechanical "effect." It was a very nice and comforting sea when it settled down to business.

Miss Nancy McIntosh was a pleasing and picturesque Miranda, although the peevish intonation she is so fond of using was occasionally rather trying. Her admirably cultivated voice was heard most advantageously in the second act. She was scarcely as luminous as the ideal Miranda should have been, when confronted with the lovely Ferdinand, but, on the whole, Nan McIntosh made a hit, and Mr. Daly may be well pleased with his acquisition. Miss Virginia Earle was a rather perky Ariel, and the music ran away with her. She was, however, far less self-conscious than usual. Possibly in her mid-air pose she could scarcely feel as much interest in the audience as she does on terra firma.

As Tallan, Tyrone Power seemed to me to scarcely suggest the meanness son of "the foul witch Leonora." He looked more like a dog-faced boy escaped from Haber's museum, and talked like one. Charles Richman as Ferdinand was quiet and intelligent, and George Clarke was better as Prospero than he has been in any role that I can recall. William Griffiths was Trinculo du spite of the programme, which said he wasn't, and Herbert Gresham was Stephano (also in spite of the programme). Sidney Herbert, John Craig, William Hazeltine and Hobart Rosworth were also in the cast.

"The Tempest" should prove highly attractive at Daly's—no matter whether you are Shakespeareanly inclined or otherwise. If you are enamoured of the Bard of Avon, all the better; if not, you can go and revel in a perfectly equipped spectacle, with music to boot. The audience last night was not entirely composed of Shakespearean students. A gentleman seated behind me gave vent to a criticism that appealed to me so irresistibly that I thought the ushers would come my way.

"That Nancy McIntosh," said this gentleman, "is certainly very lady-like." Fancy Miranda being lady-like! Isn't it a gorgeous idea?

ALAN DALE.

"A Man and His Wife."

ONE of these days some dazzlingly audacious playwright will arise with the germ of an amazing innovation sprouting in his brain. "Behold," he will say, "I will attempt the impossible. Nothing venture, nothing have. I will show the New York public the picture of a wife who really and truly knows that she loves her own husband." One of these days, mind you, I say that such a playwright will arise—not tomorrow or the day after. Such a wife will have to dawn upon a prepared atmosphere. This atmosphere is not ready for her yet. To-day we must have a wife who is infatuated with some other fellow—dragged down by the burden of a husband. You know—and all that sort of thing. For we are all tired of these erring ladies. There is no puritanical notion about our failure. Anything for amusement or thought. This is an enlightened and adult age. But the time has come when the wife who could be happy—or unhappy—with either, were 't'other dear charmer away, has grown to be so fantastically usual that we want a change. How startling it would be to get a real, good, old-fashioned, ringing wife, and make the sexual offender one of the splinter persuasion! Doesn't it positively sound like a brazenly novel idea? I'm not at all sure but that we should say of such a paragon, "How impossible! This playwright is ahead of his time."

I'm not wandering. I've been talking all this time of a brand new play by "George Fleming" called "A Man and His Wife," presented at the Empire Theatre by the stock company, yesterday afternoon. At first it struck me as another "Wife of Scarril" dished up with Chelsea Embankment surroundings. You had the miserable wife, the deceived husband, the traitorous friend and the dismal complication. You saw the fool of a woman gloomy at the idea of living with her husband, and equally gloomy at the notion of leaving him for her lover. You knew, as you always know, that this conventional stage wife would end it all correctly. You were inclined to go home at the end of the first act—at least I did so—and this was all for the best.

"A Man and His Wife" proved to be a miserable theme, speedily handled, and capriciously acted. The playwright—a woman—managed to put some new red capriciousness into the anemic blood of her theme. The new play turned out to be absorbingly interesting, by reason of its second and third acts, in which the feminine playwright put a new gloss on the lover and the husband, and trotted them out as hale and vigorous types.

As I said, the play is so well handled and the two men are so sympathetic that the silly stage wife escapes almost unhurt. The death of "one dear charmer" is the only thing that brings her to her senses. Possibly if there had been one or two other neat types for her to fancy, she could and would have fancied them. In real life a woman makes up her mind. She skips off with her lover, and hubby goes to his lawyer. On the stage, however, she droops and moans and is wretched in the presence of both husband and lover. We have grown quite accustomed to her ways. We expect nothing else, but one day you will see something new than this type of woman.

William Faversham and Robert Edson struggled very successfully to redeem the theme of "A Man and His Wife." For the first time in his life Faversham gave us a performance of which he may feel proud. As the unfortunate husband, he was heroic, with an any nonsense or high falutin attitudes. He was simple, unaffected and in dead earnest. There was none of the swaggering absurdities that have marred much of his recent work. Faversham swooped down from the little trivial, gilded pedestal upon which the matinee girl has placed him, and appealed to men and women as an actor. It might almost be called his debut.

"THE GOOD TIME COMING."

By Frances E. Willard. THE times when a new idea is moulded in the church, State or society, mark the epochs of history. Amid what three did Europe pass from that of supreme authority in the church to the incomparably higher one of supreme liberty in conscience; from the divine right of kings to the divine right of the people? But there was to come a wider evolution of the same ideal—namely, the co-operation of the co-partners, man and woman in working out the problem of humanity. The newest and noblest ideals the transition from physical force to spiritual force recognized. The great adjustment of every-day occupation, town and law to this new ideal makes as a transition period. Those who are the most enlargement of opportunit

Logic for the time, move on most into the new conditions, and this to explain, I think, why women are climbing more rapidly than men the heights of spiritual power, will more open to the "sufey influences" oncoming age. More women study to-day than in greater proportion travel abroad for poses of culture; a larger share are in religious. Half of the world's wisdom more than half its purity, and nearly all its gentleness are to-day to be set down on woman's credit side. Weighted with the alcohol and tobacco habits, Brother Jonathan will have to make better time than he is doing now if he keeps step with Sister Deborah across the threshold of the twentieth century. For the law of survival of the fittest will inevitably choose that member of the firm who is cleanest, most wholesome, most accordant with God's laws of nature and grace, to survive.

The "American novel" will not be written with the American woman, a type now to be found in Michigan, Boston, Cornell and other universities, shall have taken her place, twentieth-century product that she is, beside the best survivors of young men in similar institutions, and helped to work out the home, the Church, the State that are to be. Measuring each other on all planes, these life partners will know each other's value, and an appeal to a few years after marriage, from an incompatibility that has ripened into open war. Happy homes will dot the country from shore to shore, in which both the man and the woman will do their best to lift the world toward God.

The ideal woman will play Beatrice to man's Dante in the Inferno of his passions. She will give him the elixir of materialism's flybush. She will be civilization's Uta, taming the lion of disease and misery. The State will no longer go limping on one foot through the years, but will march off with steps firm and equipped. The keen eye and deft hand of the housekeeper will help to make his everyday walks wholesome; the skill in detail, trustworthiness in finance, motherliness in sympathy, so long extolled in private life, will exalt public station. Indeed, if I were asked the mission of the ideal woman, I would reply: It is to make the whole world homelike. Some one has said that "Temperament is the climate of the individual," but home is woman's climate, her vital breath, her native air. A true woman carries home with her everywhere. Its atmosphere surrounds her; its mirror is her face; its music attunes her gentle voice; its longitude may be reckoned from wherever you happen to find her. But "home" is not merely four square walls. Some people once thought it was, and they thought, also, that you might as well throw down its lures and temptations as to carry away its weaving loom and spinning wheel. But it survived this spoliation; and when women ceased to stick their own goose and do their own dyeing, it still serenely smiled.

The sewing machine took away much of its occupation; the French and Chinese laundries have intruded upon its domain; indeed, the next generation will no doubt turn the cook stove out of doors, and the housekeeper, standing at the telephone, will order better cooked meals than almost any one has nowadays sent from scientific caterers by pneumatic tubes, and the deluge thereof returned to a general clean-up establishment; white houses will be heated, as they are now lighted and supplied with water, from general reservoirs. Women are fortunate in belonging to the less tainted half of the race. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson tells us that but for this conserving fact it would deteriorate to the point of failure. A bright old lady said, after viewing a brewery, distillery and tobacco factory: "Aunt I think that the women folks haint got all that stuff to gethew, smoke and swallow down!" It believes us to offset force of muscle by force of heart, that what our strong brothers have done to subdue the material world for us, who are not their equals in physical strength, may be offset by what we shall achieve for them in bringing in the reign of "sweeter manners, purer laws."

Jesters' Chorus.

She swoops from the room haughtily. "Ah!" (big gasp). "She had ever swept more or less haughtily, but not from the room, as a general thing. It was her habit to carry away what her dunce would conventionally hold and sweep the rest behind her escutcheon or under the bed. But it had now transpired that she was not as other servants are.—Detroit Journal.

"My man, I was sorry to see you coming out of a saloon to-day." "Thankee for yer sympathy, ma'am."—Detroit Journal.

"Gestures seem to know all the real heavy swells." "Yes, he used to run one of those bad-debt collection agencies."—Detroit News.

Closely—Do you believe in the transmigration of souls? Mosley—No; if there was anything in that, you'd have one.—Detroit Tribune.

When Mrs. Emaciated, returning from her lecture tour, stepped off the train at the home station, her faithful husband was there to greet her. For a moment the two were locked in a close embrace, and then the porter gathered up the good man, broiled him against a Saratoga trunk and poured water on him. As the poor fellow's eyes opened, his wife bent over him with tears on her cheeks. "Forgive me, dear!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Oh, forgive me! How could I be so absent-minded? I've been practicing those new breathy blows, you know, and I forgot."—Detroit News.

"Julia had a terrible experience at her new boarding house." "What was it?" "She loved to a boarder who was a widower and went and took out a writ to keep her away."—Detroit News.

ALAN DALE.