

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The Dewey Outrage.

A few thoughtless, tactless and mean-spirited persons have humiliated the American people. They have spoiled the gracious purpose of the nation's gift to Admiral Dewey and brought pain and chagrin where there should have been happiness without a flaw.

Nobody was under any compulsion to subscribe to the Dewey Home Fund. Nobody was asked to subscribe on the basis of an investment in a stock company, with a vote in the subsequent management of the enterprise.

Some people have presumed to talk of "bad taste" in connection with the Admiral's disposition of his house. Imagine an opinion on a question of taste from a person capable of following up a gift, criticising the recipient's treatment of it, and expressing a desire to have his money back!

When our Government gave a sword and promotion for a service for which England would have given a peerage and a fortune, Dewey felt fully repaid. That was republican simplicity. When the authorities undertook to cut down the prize money for the victors of Manila Bay on the ground that the battle had not been won against a superior force, nobody felt aggrieved.

That house was given to Admiral Dewey because the persons who presented it wanted to give him pleasure. It was not for the glory of the donors, but for the satisfaction of the Admiral. And if it gave him more pleasure to transfer the title to his wife than to keep it himself the purpose of the gift was fully accomplished and the affair was nobody's business but his own.

Admiral Dewey should not blame the American people for this unfortunate incident. Among seventy-five million human beings there are bound to be some fools, some cads and some malicious detractors, and folly, vulgarity and malice are noisy. But the feelings of the vast mass of the American people toward George Dewey have never changed since May 1, 1898.

Mr. Platt's Political Breakfast.

At the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday three men took a political breakfast whereat the fate of local government for this city was discussed.

One man possessed the soul of a turnip, and a bald-headed, long-nosed lust for wealth and power—Mr. T. C. Platt.

Another was a party sunflower, with an orbit circumscribed by the petty dimensions of the talk upon which he swings.

The third was a rambunctious Governor, a political nectalos, blinded by the effulgence of his own glory—Mr. Theodore Roosevelt.

They ate and drank, and between bites discussed the fate of a city of four million people. The talk was of a State Constabulary bill, which will give into the hands of Mr. Platt a political weapon such as was hardly surpassed under Nero, Richelieu or Napoleon.

This weapon may be given to Mr. Platt by an up-State constituency which does not care a jot whether the people of this city oppose it or not, or whether they like or dislike Mr. Platt as a ruler.

It will deprive us of the control of our police and place it in the hands of a man who lives in this city and who votes in Tioga County for political gain.

Under its provisions the citizens of Greater New York, who are taxed for and who pay the expenses of our police, will not be allowed to control them.

Right well does Mr. Platt know that this bill is beyond the boundaries of legitimate party interests. He only wants it as a leverage for stratagems and spoils.

What does Governor Roosevelt propose to do about it? He has consulted the turnip and the sunflower, the most unscrupulous plants in the Republican garden. He has digested his good breakfast. He has thought long and deeply upon the question.

Will he continue to knuckle to the party whip, or will he break away on his bronco and do some rough riding along the highway of justice for his fellow-citizens?

WE QUOTE President Roosevelt, of the volvers might collect a third fare; inspectors Brooklyn trolley inquiry: "The only way to with battle axes might force a transfer every get people to use the elevated roads is to six blocks, and by the liberal use of long-force them to do it. If the optional transfers shoremen's brogans passengers might be were granted they would stay in the surface kicked up the steps of elevated stations if cars from one end of the route to the other." they refused to walk up.

By the same token conductors with re-

It Is the Dewey Arch.

And now they are talking of changing the name of the Dewey Arch to the Navy Arch. It is a navy arch, of course, but it is first of all the Dewey Arch, and will always remain so. When Englishmen look at the Nelson Monument they think of the glories of the British Navy from the time of the Armada to Trafalgar, and of the men who fought under Nelson and helped to win his victories, but nevertheless the monument is Nelson's own.

There were just as good British sailors before and after Nelson's time as those he commanded. The men that won the Nile and Trafalgar were probably no better fighters than those who took part in the fiasco of Minorca, for which Byng was shot. It was Nelson who gave them a chance to make themselves great.

We praise Paul Jones, Barry, Decatur, Hull, Bainbridge, Stewart, Perry, Porter and Farragut because they were great men and did great deeds. And so we talk of Dewey. If there had been no victory of Manila Bay there would have been no "Navy Arch" in Madison square. The arch was conceived to welcome Dewey on his triumphal return to his home. It commemorated his achievements. It was called the Dewey Arch from the moment when the idea first took form. The people call it the Dewey Arch now, and they will always continue to call it so. The custodians of the funds might as well follow their example.

Mr. Weeks as Censor.

We understand that Mr. Bartow S. Weeks, a lawyer employed to defend a person charged with murder, objects to the criticisms in the Evening Journal upon his methods of examining talesmen for jury service, and wants to have the paper punished for contempt of court. It is the business of Mr. Weeks, being hired to defend a person accused of murder, to defend that person to the best of his ability. It is the business of a newspaper, representing the public, including jurors who are not accused of anything, to defend its constituents against needless persecution by lawyers who harass them and waste their time with interminable strings of ridiculous questions. Recorder Goff, who is familiar with the laws and anxious to do justice, will explain all this to Mr. Weeks, and doubtless will call his attention to Article 1, Section 8 of the Constitution of New York, which says: "Every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press."

About Greek and Latin.

Editor of the New York Journal: Kindly tell me whether or not the old Greek language, as spoken by the old masters, is now considered a dead language? And, also, if Latin has ever been spoken as a common every-day language by any nation of people. INQUIRER, No. 664 Henry st., Brooklyn, Nov. 20.

The question whether modern Greek is the same language spoken by the ancients or not is one that has been hotly debated. The weight of opinion now seems to be that it is. Of course it has undergone many changes. The grammar has been modified in accordance with modern tendencies, and many new words from the languages of the peoples who have overrun Greece in the past two thousand years have been added. But it is said that an Athenian of the present day, without special study of the ancient forms, can understand Homer at least as easily as an Englishman or American can understand Chaucer.

Latin, of course, was the ordinary language of the Roman people. As their power extended the language came into more or less general use among the people they conquered, especially in the West. When the barbarians built up new nations on the ruins of the Roman Empire in the West their languages became mixed with the speech of their Romanized subjects, and pure Latin died out as a popular tongue. It still remained the language of the Church and of international literature, however, so that it cannot be said to have completely perished. In Hungary Latin was used by the court, the Government and the higher schools down to the beginning of the present century, as we may remember from the famous incident when Maria Theresa held up her baby in the Diet of Presburg in 1741 and begged for protection against her enemies, and the Deputies drew their swords and shouted: "Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresia!"

American Matinee Girls.

Editor of the New York Journal: In the Pall Mall Magazine, Mr. Astor's London publication, Mr. William Archer holds forth upon the degeneracy and lack of originality of American art. He attributes these defects, not to lack of brain power, or force, or want of aesthetic feeling, but to the New York matinee girl. He claims that the matinee girl, although holding an inferior social position, dictates what is good and what is bad in New York City in the way of art and the drama. What grounds has he for saying this? DE FOREST MANNING, Yonkers, Nov. 21.

Don't worry about Mr. William Archer. He is an English critic, compact of the slow, heavy and thankless earth of which the usual English critic is composed. His ideas of the American matinee girl have probably been acquired in Piccadilly, or from the vast cranial development of Mr. Astor himself.

His slurs are scarcely worthy of solemn consideration, for the reason that the New York matinee girl, although a lovely and intelligent creature, is not a serious proposition. What she adores in the drama is a hero with a lovely mustache, a sentimental heroine, a dashing villain and a box of caramels. What she dotes upon in poetry is condensed in the effusions of Owen Meredith. In music she gushes over waltzes and intermezzos.

We would inform Mr. Archer that the American matinee girl, generally speaking, is a princess by birth and breeding, and an heiress to all that is good in modern civilization. She is a creature of golf and gush, of tennis and talk, and of poetry and purity, but she has not yet attained the dignity of art censorship.

World's Temperance Sundays.

Editor of the New York Journal: The fourth Sunday in November each year, by appointment of the International Sunday-school Convention, through the Lesson Committee, has been set apart as the world's temperance Sunday. There is a wonderful power—far more wonderful than we as yet have any conception of—in the union and concentration of souls in a "sinners' league" toward some righteous object. Help us, then, by at least a few words in the Journal to kindle a desire for temperance in the souls of the people. FLEMING, Nov. 21.

Friends of temperance will be glad to be reminded that next Sunday is to be devoted to the reform they have at heart. The lesson assigned for the day is taken from Proverbs, xx. 11, 28-35:

- 29. Who hath wine? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? 30. They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. 31. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. 32. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. 33. Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. 34. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. 35. They have stricken me, shall thou say, and they were not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.

The Julia Arthur Eviction Episode.

Editor of the New York Journal: Since I am a reader of your paper and appreciate your just criticisms, I would like to make a few remarks on the Julia Arthur box party eviction "advertisement." I happened to have a seat in the front row in the parquet at the evening, and was much incensed by the box party underneath, and if any one should have been put out it should have been the party that was evicted certainly did not make themselves conspicuous through the first dreary two acts, but as they were out of the reach of hearers I don't see that they disturbed any one particularly and a little bit of judgment on Miss Arthur's part in the shape of a polite note to the party or a request from the manager would have saved the delay and discomfort to others whom it did not concern. The performance was delayed ten minutes, and the house was certainly divided in approval and disapproval. I am a lover of law and order, but I don't think Mrs. Arthur raised herself in the estimation of the public by her impetuous act. If she wanted to gain "deferment" she has certainly succeeded, in a notorious sense, as an artistic one. MRS. A. C. DONNELLY, No. 130 City fifth street, City.

LOLA PURMAN'S "OTHER" ROMANCE

BEFORE SHE BECAME MRS. SENATOR THURSTON.

BOSTON, Nov. 22.—Bostonians have just discovered that they are well acquainted with the beautiful bride of Senator John M. Thurston, of Nebraska, although it is not easy to identify Miss Lola Purman, the kindergarten teacher of Washington, with the clever little woman who once had a warm place in the hearts of the society people of this city.

It now appears that Mrs. Thurston is none other than "Little Lola Tripp," who for three or four years was the star of exclusive musical and dramatic circles in Boston, and who sang and acted so charmingly in the drawing rooms of the aristocracy here. She was lost to Boston forever when, imbued with an ambition to triumph on the stage, she joined one of Daly's companies and sailed away to London.

Miss Purman is the daughter of a Southern family that lived for a few years in Boston, afterward removing to Washington. She was extremely pretty and talented as a girl, her youthful bent being toward declamation and mimicry. She early took part in amateur theatricals and determined to cultivate her talents. She became a pupil at a Boston school of oratory.

The young Southern girl's instructor was Professor Tripp, now a law lecturer in the Boston University. Mr. Tripp taught his pupil not only oratory, but love as well, and the result was that teacher and pupil were married. Mrs. Tripp had developed into a reader and musician of the highest class, and she was sought after more than ever for parlor entertainments and amateur theatricals when she had become a matron. She and her husband also travelled often throughout New England, and were well and pleasantly known in that section. They gave readings together and were general favorites.

After her graduation from the school of oratory, which followed fast upon her marriage, she received an appointment as an instructor in the school. She retained this position until a few years ago, when she was seized with a fever to go upon the stage in reality. A Mr. Southwick was at that time principal of the school, and he, too, burned to become an actor. Both Mrs. Tripp and Mr. Southwick secured places in the Daly company and both went abroad. Mrs. Tripp is supposed to have gone against the wishes of her husband, but it is certain that there was then no rupture between them. They merely disagreed on this particular point, and the wife had her way.

Mrs. Tripp spent one season as a professional actress and then returned to Boston for a brief time. She and her husband never lived together again, and after a legal separation Mrs. Tripp resumed her maiden name of Lola Purman. Although an unqualified success on the professional stage, Mrs. Tripp pitied the blandishments of the footlights, evidently disillusioned with stage



Lola Purman, Who Was "Little Lola Tripp."

life, and settled down to earnest work as a kindergarten teacher in Washington.

It was only within the past few days that the people here, who in former years had been so often and so cleverly entertained by "Little Lola Tripp," were able to identify the Nebraska Senator's sweetheart and bride with their one-time fa-

vorite. Now every one is talking of the grace and accomplishments of the young woman the Senator has won.

All wish her much happiness, and no one is more sincere in his trust that her life will be all joy than is the man who first led her to the altar and finally gave her up.

THE WOMEN IN SOCIETY NEWS.

MRS. ASTOR, MISS DAISY POST, MRS. CHOATE, PRINCESS CANTACUZENE.

In truth we take our pleasure seriously. At the present rate of amusement, gossip about dear society will soon evolve into obituaries and lists of the casualties. However, we cannot run the pace that kills without some one being nipped, but I confess genuine pain for the accident to Miss Daisy Post.

Dear me! Why don't these girls go it less tragically? Last Summer I quite lost my breath at their mad flights in automobiles—around a corner on one wheel, don't you know. Some of them not only ran their automobiles, but all of the avenue, too. If Miss Post had met this mishap in a horseless thing I should have uttered merely, "There!" but to be thrown from a Victoria! I can only murmur "Oh!"

I hear to-day that Miss Post, fortunately, has escaped serious injury. She is merely bruised, but, nevertheless, it will take a long regimen—regimen is quite naty, isn't it?—as I was saying, it will take a long regimen of snuggling sails to restore tranquility to the Vanderbilt home at Hyde Park.

I wonder how dear Society will receive Mrs. Choate when she returns. The cable tells us that she is the only woman asked to the dinner to the German Emperor—that is, the only woman outside the royal family. It is an unusual distinction, somehow Mrs. Choate has never sat within the halo of the elect here in Manhattan—that is the correct name, I believe. I suppose it is because our Ambassador was never inaugurated into the inner mysteries—why, I never knew. Of course, the Choates know a lot of good people and all that.

I once asked Mr. Choate why he didn't make a try to get in. "I'm sure Society would take you up," I murmured affably. "You are a brilliant

man," he thanked me cordially, I am pleased to say, but I never could make heads or tails of his answer. "My dear boy," said he, "I thank you for thinking me brilliant, and when my brilliance makes me light-headed I shall certainly hunt you up. At the moment I have too much time on my hands to try Society."

Funny, eh? But with Mrs. Choate hobnobbing solus with royalty we must make it our duty to take her up. I, for one, shall hasten. My word! What with marrying into the nobility and royalty, we are rapidly approaching a cosmopolitan character. Before long I shall forget to look upon New York as provincial. Do you know, our Princess Cantacuzene has been received in her new home with all the honors?

I could not repress a smile of deep satisfaction years ago when the joy bells rang at Marlborough for the Duchess Consuelo and all the retainers and villagers turned out to greet the American bride. Here again it has happened. Mrs. Fred Grant has shown friends of mine a letter from the Princess. The dear little lady is having a delightful time. She writes that all the peasantry turned out on the Prince's estates, and that there were fetes and feasting and decorations galore.

I should be only too pleased—deeply gratified, indeed—to have the peasantry danced down the green for me, and to enter my new home upon a carpet of flowers. But such is her fortune, and how cosmopolitan! Imagine any of us having the villagers turned out in our honor. I never hear of any of that when the bride goes to the family estates at Dobbs Ferry or Bridgeton or any of those places over here. Heavens! Imagine the peasantry of Saugerties or Hoboken or some other place like that turning out en fete! I fancy the only joy bells on hand would be the



Mrs. Choate.



Miss Daisy Post.

alarm in the local volunteer fire department. But the Princess Cantacuzene is a dear young woman, and I am sure her new dependents will not be disappointed in their expressions of good will to be discerning.

My dear Mrs. Astor is at home, her health fully restored. I am credibly informed—you don't mind my not telling by whom—that she intends regarding the sceptre of power. I suppose my intimation will throw dismay into the several rival camps. But, then, what odds? We have all been highly amused at the pretenses, sometimes annoyed, too, and I am sure we will all welcome the restoration. One thing, to be sure—it will end all this calling of one another names over the telephone. I hope so, devoutly.

Mrs. Haig did not come over. There was a great flutter and a great wig-wagging of tongues over her threatened arrival—the same old thing, don't you know. Mrs. Haig sailed from Bremen with Mrs. Astor, but left the steamship at Southampton, Colonel and Mrs. Astor were at the wharf and the Orme Wilsons spent the evening at the house.

I am really going to get an automobile. I am tired of hiring one run by a mercenary genius, and hereafter you may see me buzzing up the avenue, running down dogs and baby carriages with all the precision and hauteur of the accomplished. I felt at first that the automobile and the Automobile Club were only excremental fads; but I am sure now that we must all take it up for keeps. Colonel Astor has joined the club, and you may expect big things this Winter. I hear among other things of a big dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, and my name is up for membership. Then, too, there will be a show and races and lectures and lessons and first aid to the injured and all the other accessories.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

ROSE MELVILLE IN A 3-ACT PLAY.

AS SEEN BY ALAN DALE IN A BROOKLYN PILGRIMAGE.

THE least I could do was to go to Brooklyn. That was easy. After having been so voluminously "quoted" as willing to give up dollars any day to see Rose Melville in a play of her own, I was not going to be caught napping. The announcement of a "pastoral comedy" in three acts, by Carroll Fleming, caught my gleaming eye, and to Brooklyn I fled me. The face of "Sis Hopkins" was flung through the byways of the borough, and I could have found my way to the Grand Opera House by merely following them.

The evolution of "Sis Hopkins" from a rudimentary sketch to a three-act "comedy" was rather interesting, if conventional. The "Hoosier gal" with the twitching hands and the convulsive mouth, with the twisted lute and the ungainly feet, has been surrounded with the usual types of the theatre world. Sis is seen hopelessly in love with one of the theatrical stage villains possible. She is even made to indulge in "facial emotion" as she listens to this villain proposing to a scrite yellow girl, five minutes after he has whiskered food nothings in her own Indiana ear. She is supplied with a scene of "pathos" when she is made to realize that love's young dream was not "for the likes of her," and Mr. Fleming has made her comb out her hair, "fix up" the forlorn clothes that have been her trade mark, and "prety up" for the benefit of those who were in doubts as to her ability to do so.

A Twinship of Pathos and Humor. By all of which you will see that if there were nothing spoilsable about Miss Melville she has gone the right way to ruin. It is by just such vain methods that clever "character" people wreck their careers. It is by just this banking for the will of a man and woman, built for laughter only, save watched the demolition of their hopes. But—and the "but" is the point of the whole thing—there is nothing spoilsable in Rose Melville. I felt quite sure that there wouldn't be. It is so easy to spot a real artist when you see one. There are so few of them before us that they could be counted on your fingers. To a real artist humor and pathos are Siamese twins, joined by a vital band of flesh-impossible of severance, absolutely indestructible. In a word, Miss Melville's little

bit of pathos was as neat, as pretty and as convincing as her humor. Never for a moment was it overdone. Although I didn't enjoy it as completely as I did the grotesque "character" work I would sooner laugh for an hour than spend a whole week in tears. I realized that it was an artistic and charming bit of acting. Miss Melville's pathos is very much of the same sort as Demian Thompson's—quiet, simple and apparently involuntary. There is very little of the theatre in it, and you know what I mean by that. She doesn't avert her face, stroke her temples, wipe away a fervent tear from the spots where tears never run, and behave in that spectacular manner labelled "Please note that this is grief." Nor does she prolong the agony. In fact, the sad little episode in Sis Hopkins' career comes as spontaneously as do those laughter-redolent passages that New York knows.

An Unspoiled Funny Girl. A season on the road has not spoiled this funny girl. She has not broadened her humor in any way. She never plays to the gallery, although I am sure that she must have been tempted should imagine that we all laughed legitimately. It was not as if she were all that evening when she was all as fresh to me as on that evening when in "By the Sad Sea Waves" Miss Melville walked away with all the honors and awoke next day to find that she had given New York something to talk about.

"Sis Hopkins" is not very much of a play. It is a sort of hayseed farce comedy, in which, short the characters get tired of saying "By gosh," short petticoated young women appear and exclaim "We will now sing." There is nothing whatsoever in it but Sis Hopkins. The characters are general in it and the villain propositions. You don't, at a hang what becomes of Sis and furnish though they dance attendance on Sis and furnish a sort of course for her existence. I should have preferred to see Miss Melville in an "Old Home-stead" atmosphere, with real people around her, plenty of contrast, a sunset or two, a field for her humor, a real scope for her pathos, and something better than a few short-skirted girls to look at when she was not on the stage. Perhaps this is asking too much.

A Comedy, but Not Pastoral. In spite of all, however, the "pastoral comedy,"

which is not a pastoral comedy by any means, proves to be good entertainment, because it gives you plenty of Miss Melville, which is, after all, what you want. In "The Sad Sea Waves" you ached because her speciality was so short. Later, at Keith's, you were still unsatisfied. In the three-act play you get plenty, and still not too much. There is a long list of people supporting the star, but they were certainly not selected for metropolitan purposes. Frank Hodges, new to the company yesterday, was earnest and satisfactory. His part was something like that played by Howard Kyles in "Way Down East," and he interpreted it in much the same way as does Mr. Kyles. John Kerf, as an "Indiana product," was the best of the hayseed characters—and he could be that without setting the North River on fire. Miss Edith Hutchins, a dark young woman with an agreeable speaking and a cultivated singing voice, was the only one of the women worth mentioning. Miss Hutchins is, I should say, capable of doing something better than that which falls to her lot in "Sis Hopkins."

Alan Dale Went to Brooklyn. Glad He Went to Brooklyn. However, Rose Melville in her three-act play has indisputably "much good." There is no gaining that. She will add many new friends to her legions of old ones. She has gone as far on the line of pathos as she will ever need to go. I hope to goodness that I haven't put into her head that she is par excellence pathetic. I shouldn't like to see her tackle "Barbara Frietchie" for instance. No, what I mean to say is that her pathos, so far as it is evoked spontaneously from her mirth, is excellent. You know there is a very thin line separating laughter from tears. Miss Melville quite understands how to portray a little subdued sorrow. That is all. I'm glad I went to Brooklyn. It is not often that I wander over to the sister borough, but "Sis Hopkins" tempted me. The play is quite good enough for all ordinary purposes, but Miss Melville is worthy of extraordinary ones. Mr. Carroll Fleming has done well, considering that he must have written his play at almost a moment's notice. Miss Melville made her reputation quickly, and Mr. Fleming, a magic carpenter, clapped it into an immediate frame. "Sis Hopkins" as a lightning-quick play isn't bad. ALAN DALE.



Princess Cantacuzene