

HE HATES THE JEWS

Eduard Drumont, the Jew Baiter of France—Sees Only Evil Where Hebrews Are in Question—The Greatest Power in Paris.

THE other day when disorders were going on in the streets of Paris an interested spectator was Edouard Drumont, the editor of La Libre Parole. He is France's champion Jew baiter. He is heading the movement against a reopening of the Dreyfus case. Where other people see a nigger in every woodpile, M. Drumont sees a Jew. Near and nearer to M. Drumont swept the roar of "A bas les Juifs!" in the streets of Paris, swelling in volume as it rolled along, says a cable correspondent. It was a proud moment for M. Drumont, says the correspondent. He could not contain his emotion while seated. In his passion for law and order he forgot that the cry is as anything was forbidden. Standing up in his carriage he yelled himself hoarse with "A bas les Juifs! Vive l'armee!" A writer in the London Daily Mail has the following to say about this strange man. Edouard Drumont, the Jew baiter, is for the moment king of France; his sovereignty is no less potent be-



EDOUARD DRUMONT.

cause it is unacknowledged; and if tomorrow he thinks proper to unseat Felix Faure in the interest of M. Esterhazy, another president will inhabit the Elysee. Elsewhere than in Paris he would exert no influence; but this metropolis of freedom and political theory has ever been conquered by strange masters, and it is worth while to consider what manner of man it is that has now subdued to his hand what was once the most intelligent and enlightened country of Europe. Long since M. Drumont forgot history and laid aside research, that he might the better devote himself to the baiting of the Jews; and for the last seven years, week in, week out, he has fought the Hebrew with whatever weapons, fair or unfair, have come into his hand, until his "organ"—"La Libre Parole"—has become the most malignant journal in Europe.

shall we say of the French, who allow themselves to be governed and hoodwinked by a race of "faineants?" Drumont poses as a writer with a mission, and his mission is to prove first, that no Jew was ever aught but a blackguard; second, that every man that I, Edouard Drumont hate is of Abraham's seed. It is not remarkable, therefore, that he has a keen nose for a Jew. His scent, in truth, is often so sharp that it carries him miles away on a false trail. If you believe him, you will conclude that all the sorrows of the world sprang from the Jews. Who was Paris, the shameless cause of the Trojan war, but a villainous Hebrew, stealing the fairest maiden of the Aryan Greeks? And thus he drags you through the immemorial records; thus he discovers that every crime which has shocked the human race was committed by the people chosen of God. For facts he has the fanatic's own contempt, and he will twist the truth to back an argument with the easy assurance of one who knows that he appeals not to the intelligence, but to the passions of men. Though he adopts as his motto "France for the French" he involves in a common charge of Judaism, most of the heroes who in modern times have worked and fought for the glory of France. For instance, Napoleon is a Jew, and so his incomparable genius is turned into a kind of luck. "He had but to appear," says the Jew baiter, "for everything to succeed." He took Malta the impregnable in a day; he crossed the Mediterranean when it was packed with English cruisers. The argument is illogical, of course, and success sometimes is the fruit of genius; but illogicality has never perturbed the philosophic brain of M. Drumont, and you are not surprised that he empties upon Gambetta his whole basket of vituperation. Yet doubtless history will reverence Gambetta's patriotism when the very name of "La Libre Parole" is blotted out from the memory of man. It was the Dreyfus case which gave Drumont his best opportunity of distinction, and he took his opportunity with a cheerful zeal. He has nursed the "affair" until the national honor seems involved, and never once has he raised his voice for justice. The man is a Jew, he cries, and, therefore, let us suppress the truth, whatever it be. And so his journal has become a school of abuse; its language is so mightily overcharged that only excitement lends it meaning. How dreary it is to read, and what an influence! Even the Jew baiter should grow tired of its daily contortion, its perpetual exhibition of fruitless rancor. M. Drumont is supremely ignorant of English affairs, but is nonetheless dogmatic concerning the wrongs of Ireland. He is ready to believe any fable that is told him of the hated Saxon.

Pugnacious Humming Birds. In the island of Minorca, one of the

PATRIOTIC LITTLE GIRL.



HELEN M. GOODIN, AGED 7.

Miss Helen M. Goodin is only 7 years of age, but she is a patriot and a loyal Philadelphian as well. She is the daughter of M. H. Goodin, proprietor of the Bingham house, and it was natural that she should bear a good deal about the preparations for the peace jubilee in Philadelphia. The talk interested her greatly and the appeals for money struck a responsive chord in her breast. Accordingly she sat down and took out her check book—

this young miss is thrifty and has a bank account—and drew her check for \$100 to the order of the jubilee committee. She is a good penman and understands banking methods, so her check was as good as gold, and when she turned it over to her father the latter promptly forwarded it to the fund. What is more, he probably never did anything in his busy life that he was more proud of than the sending of his daughter's own contribution.

Being pledged to the theory that the Jews have invented nothing, have achieved nothing since the world began, he nonetheless freely admits that the Jews are today the rulers of France. Now, were it true that modern France is the sport of Hebrew cunning, it were tragic indeed, since the bravest country cannot survive the disgrace of alien domination. But no true friend of France will endorse M. Drumont's illogical charge, and he himself cannot be sensible of its logical conclusion. For if the Jews be the foolish unproductive people "La Libre Parole" would have you believe them, what

Philippines, the humming birds are pugnacious little creatures. Thousands of them frequently attack humans without the slightest provocation, inflicting sometimes serious wounds on the face and neck.

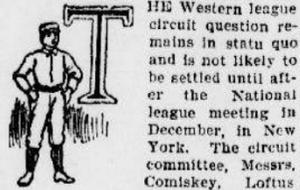
Municipal Railways Lessen Taxes.
The municipal operation of the street railways of Dover (England) has enabled the city to reduce the tax rate 2 pence in the pound. The town began the construction of the system in 1896.

Don't think that an apology always wipes out the offense.

BASE BALL GOSSIP.

CURRENT NEWS AND NOTES OF THE GAME.

Western Circuit Still Keeps Everybody Interested Vaguely Guessing—The Committee Is No Nearer a Solution Than It Ever Was.



THE Western league circuit question remains in statu quo and is not likely to be settled until after the National league meeting in December, in New York. The circuit committee, Messrs. Comiskey, Loftus and Johnson, met in Chicago, Oct. 23, and found that they were no nearer a solution of the circuit problem than they were when appointed, the balking of the Buffalo magnate having thrown everything off the track. It was decided to call a special meeting of the Western league for Chicago, but at the last moment President Johnson called the meeting off and left for Mexico with the Jas. A. Hart party. It is hinted that the delay in the report of the circuit committee is probably due to the fact that President Franklin of the Buffalo club, who talked so harshly against the Western league methods a few weeks ago, has now changed his mind and is anxious to retract some of the things he said, if he can get another hearing. Mr. Franklin denies this, however, and says he is determined to remain in the Eastern league. A Milwaukee interview with President Johnson, read between lines, would indicate that the Western league is prepared to grant all of Franklin's demands, sooner than lose his valuable territory.

If Buffalo doesn't enter the Western league it is pretty certain that Toronto will also remain in her present company. With these two clubs out Toledo again comes to the front as a Western league probability, and it is believed that negotiations with owner Strobel of Toledo are now in progress. As above remarked, however, nothing definite is likely to be done now until after the National and Eastern leagues have shown their hands.

A Close Call.
Frank H. Brunell, formerly Cleveland and Chicago correspondent of Sporting Life, secretary of the ill-fated Players' league, and more recently publisher of the Chicago Daily Racing Form, has been very ill with nervous prostration at Woodlands, Barney Schreiber's St. Louis country stock farm. In fact, Brunell was very near death's door, but is now on the way to recovery. Frank's legion of friends will join us in wishing him speedy recovery to entire health. No sporting writer of recent years has covered so many fields, and so well, as F. H. Brunell. For years he was regarded as an authority on harness horse racing. His reputation as a writer on base ball led to his selection as the secretary of the ill-fated Brotherhood, when the National league players revolted, and Mr. Brunell shared with John M. Ward the glory and work incident to their prominence. Of late years he has devoted his time and talent to the thoroughbreds, and many of the innovations and improvements in reporting these turf events were introduced by him. Mr. Brunell was for years connected with the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and afterward with the Chicago Tribune. While with the Tribune he began the publication of the Daily Racing Form.—Sporting Life.

President Charles B. Power.
Charles B. Power, the president of the Interstate league and the sporting editor of the Pittsburg Dispatch, be-



CHARLES B. POWER.
ran life as a printer. He was born in Johnstown, Pa., on June 8, 1859. While pitching for the Newcastle Independent team in 1886 his fine work attracted attention, and in 1887 he became a member of the Eau Claire team of the Northwestern League, along with Bob Lowe, now Boston's great second baseman. Later in that season he joined the Oshkosh team, which won the pennant. Power's pitching arm then went wrong, and he became an umpire. He was with Jim Hart California Tourists during the winter of 1887-88. In Frisco he umpired and did press work. In 1888 he was a Western league umpire until July, when he was made a member of the National league staff. At the close of that season he returned to newspaper work, and in 1893 was made the sporting editor of the Pittsburg Leader, which position he has filled ever

since. Three years ago he was elected to the presidency of the Interstate league, which, through his executive ability and able management, has taken a front rank among the minor leagues.

Dowse's Doings.
Ex-catcher Tommy Dowse, the irreplaceable kick artist, was lost to sight during the past season. The Buffalo Express recently resurrected Tommy and relates the following: "Tommy Dowse has quit the laundry business, and is now one of the rising young insurance writers of the city. In this lies the explanation of the fact that Mr. Dowse refuses to smoke anything less costly than three for a dollar. Tommy has sold the famous trotter which used to draw his laundry wagon. According to Elt Chamberlain this horse came of royal Waverly lineage, but owing to sickness in early youth experienced a tired feeling that she could never work off until she had been driven some three or four miles. Chamberlain tells of a time when Dowse, to illustrate the feistiness of his wonder, skinned through three toll gates at breakneck speed, and although chased for miles and miles, managed to elude his pursuers. Dowse denies this story, but Chamberlain avers that it is true, and throws in all the particulars, such as flying laundry and careening baskets in such a manner as to make the narrative seem one of fact."

Famous Western Catcher.
George Speer, better known professionally as "Kid" Speer, the premier catcher of the Milwaukee club, ranked first among the backstops in the official averages of the Western league of 1898. His fielding record in 125 games was 462 put-outs, 133 assists, 26



GEORGE SPEER.
errors and 14 passed balls, his percentage of chances accepted being .977. His batting averages was .228. Speer was secured by the Milwaukee club from the Lincoln club, the winner of the Western association pennant in 1895, at the close of that season, along with Pitcher Barnes. In 1896 he made a fielding record of .966 in 122 games, and a batting average of .293. His 1897 record was: Fielding, .962; batting .289; number of games played, 132. These figures show how consistent and satisfactory his work has been since he became a Brewer. He is a student of the game and his coaching is of great service to his pitchers. His only handicap is his size, major league managers regarding him as too small to handle the big league twirlers to advantage, but Speer's record shows that he has yet to find a delivery that has too much speed for him. In the opinion of his fellow-players the little catcher can hold his own in any company.

Salaries of Players.
Several ball players in the east have submitted to interviews upon the subject of a salary scale and all seem to think that the magnates will have the sublime audacity of attempting to arrange such a scale. It is hinted by one Joe Kelley that "the fact that only three clubs out of a dozen made money during the past season may be used as a lever to bring about a scale," and Mr. Kelley continues: "In Baltimore a year ago we felt that our services were worth more than the sum fixed and fixed arbitrarily, as the compensation for ball players. There is no more reason why the salaries of ball players should be limited than should those of actors." The Cleveland club has had its troubles along money lines, but the salary question has not been one of them. It may be that the Cleveland players are intelligent enough to see that they are doing pretty well under a \$2,400 limit for a couple of hours' exercise five or six days a week for six months. It has been suggested that "if the clubs were to stipulate that in case the earnings reached a certain figure the players should be entitled to extra compensation, such an arrangement would bring about a far different condition than that which prevails today. There is no limit to the profit of the owners of a club, but, successful or unsuccessful, the salaries of the players remain the same." It might be suggested also that the losses of the magnates are practically unlimited, but no matter what money is lost the salaries of the players remain the same. There are few ball players who are not willing to admit that they are well paid and these few would probably have hard work finding equally remunerative employment outside of baseball. The players have some legitimate kicks coming against the National League, some grievances that should arrest the public ear and incite public indignation perhaps, but the salary question is not one of them.

Don't stand on your dignity; it will wilt at the judgment.

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

SOME SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN STAGELAND.

Julia Marlowe's New Play, "The Countess Valeska"—Andrew Mack as "The Ragged Earl"—Francis Wilson's Great New York Reception.



JULIA MARLOWE has made a distinct success in her new play "The Countess Valeska." She has found her inroad into the realm of romantic drama a highly profitable. The Rosalinds and Juliettes are all very well and it will be long, it is hoped, before this charming actress finds it unprofitable to act such familiar parts each season, but while positively new plays are not quite as necessary to such a traveling star as they are to a permanently established stock company, still she, too, must depend largely upon the influence of novelties to keep alive public interest in her work. Competition grows more bitter every year and the public more fickle and restless. Miss Marlowe has made many efforts to enrich her repertory. She has even tried Browning and George Eliot and made a pretty experiment with "King Henry IV.—Part I." But, excepting Mr. Clarke's sympathetic and graceful adaptation of Coppée's romantic tragedy "For Donnie Prince Charlie," she has found nothing so well suited to her talent and skill as this romantic piece from the German.

Valeska is interesting, too, as the role of its impulsive emotional kind in Miss Marlowe's repertory. Every actress of distinction must be identified



FANNIE JOHNSTON.

sometime in her career with some very similar character for the heroine of Rudolph Stratz' play has often been seen on the dramatic stage in many guises, in comedy, in tragedy and melodrama. In "Le Bataille des Dardes," by M. Seribe, in "Secret Service," by Mr. Gillette, in "Zaire," by Voltaire, for instance. She has points of resemblance even to the heroine in "The Conquerors." She has experiences and emotions almost similar to those of Balzac's Marie de Verneuil, "Tom Taylor's Marie de Fontanges," and the young woman in Mr. Sothern's play, "An Enemy to the King."



ANDREW MACK.
The Battle of Friedland, in 1807. At this time Napoleon for his own ends was posing as the deliverer of Poland. He is quartered in Countess Valeska's castle. A plot to murder him is imminent. The chief theme of the drama is the struggle of the heroine between the dictates of patriotism and love for one of her country's enemies—a dashing young Prussian officer. This tender passion leads to much tender emotion. A subsidiary love story with less trouble and adventure prettily rounds out the play. Miss Marlowe's new com-

pany this season is new in most of its principal members. Hobart Bosworth and John Blair play the principal male parts.

Andrew Mack promises to become one of the greatest favorites of the American stage. He has already won hosts of hearts and every performance he gives adds to his popularity and prestige. There is something so wholesome and buoyant in his work, such a touch of genuine manliness, spontaneity and sincerity in all he does that he cannot fail to captivate. If he never sang a note he would still be one of the most delightful of light comedians, with a touch of true nature in his work and a warm vein of rollicking fun and good humor. He has recently produced a new play from the pens of Ernest Lacy and Joseph Humphries, called "The Ragged Earl," which, studied from any standpoint, is one of the most delightful of romantic comedies.

Francis Wilson had one of the biggest and heartiest receptions ever given a favorite player in New York when he opened his season there in his new opera, "The Little Corporal." It amounted to little short of a demonstration, and Wilson's remark made in an audible whisper, "I feel like a naval hero," showed how he appreciated it. The new opera is said to give him the best opportunity he has yet had. It is the work of the indefatigable and inexhaustible Harry Smith, and the score by Ludwig Engländer. The story of the opera, of course, deals with Napoleon, though in an indirect manner. The role allows Wilson plenty of latitude for his unique style of humor. In the later scenes, to save a friend, he is compelled to assume the disguise of the Little Corporal, whom he is supposed to resemble closely. His representation of the character is said to be immensely funny. The scenes of the opera vary from the coast of Brittany to an oasis

in the African desert. There is plenty of good music and a happily clever libretto.

Fannie Johnston has had many brilliant offers for the coming season. There are few more talented women on the stage. She plays comedy deliciously, can sing and is one of the most sought after burlesquers in the country. She was last seen with Otis Harlan in "A Black Sheep." Hoyt's very successful farce of many seasons' run. Her work has so many phases to it that it is hard to decide in which one to consider her. She shines equally in all of them. She is a rarely beautiful woman, as her portrait indicates, and she has inimitable style and a chic quite her own. Her figure is perfect, and in the spangles and scant drappings of burlesque she is one of the most prominent women on the stage.

Bessie Davis, The Little Sunbeam, whose sweet smile and happy disposition have won her a place in the hearts of theater-goers, is the fortunate possessor of a voice of rare sweetness, combined with strength and phenomenal range. She has appeared in a number of the best combinations, but is this season devoting her talents to the vaudeville stage. She is a prime favorite with song writers, and her repertoire contains several songs of exceptional merit, written especially for her, while her likeness adorns the title pages of many of the latest hits.

Revolutions began the New York season and these were more numerous than the ones current for Methodist camp meetings. Many managers forget in their greed after novelties that there is always a new set of theatergoers who have heard and read about plays already produced but which they have not yet wish to see. Then other theatergoers who did see these are anxious to renew acquaintance. The memory of a good drama, like the memory of a great novel, lingers, and an Oliver Twist first nighter calls "for more."