THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED BY GEORGE KNAPP & CO.
Charles W. Knapp, President and Gen. Mgr.
George L. Allen, Vice President.
W. B. Carr, Secretary.
Office, Corner Seventh and Olive Streets.
(REPUBLIC BUILDING.)

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
DAILY AND SUNDAY—SEVEN ISSUES A WEEK.
By Mail—In Advance—Postage Prepaid.

One Year	$8.00
Six Months	3.00
Three Months	1.50
Any three days, except Sunday, one year	2.00
Sunday, with Magazine	2.00
Special Mail Edition, Sunday	1.50
Sunday Magazine	1.50

BY CARRIER, ST. LOUIS AND SUBURBS.

Per Week, daily only	6 cents
Per Week, daily and Sunday	11 cents

TWICE-A-WEEK ISSUE.

Published Monday and Thursday—one year	$1.00

Remit by bank draft, express money order or registered letter.

Address, THE REPUBLIC,
St. Louis, Mo.

☞ Rejected communications cannot be returned under any circumstances.

Entered at the Post Office in St. Louis, Mo., as second-class matter.

DOMESTIC POSTAGE.	PER COPY.
Eight, ten and twelve pages	1 cent
Sixteen, eighteen and twenty pages	2 cents for one or 3 cents for two papers.
Twenty-two or twenty-eight pages	2 cents
Thirty pages	3 cents

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

	Bell.	Kinloch.
Counting-Room	Main 2808	A 615
Editorial Reception-Room	Park 158	A 674

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1900.
Vol. 93..... No. 115

SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION.

W. B. Carr, Business Manager of The St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of September, 1900, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Date.	Copies.	Date.	Copies.
1	85,820	16 Sunday	84,960
2 Sunday	85,750	17	83,310
3	85,040	18	84,180
4	83,570	19	84,460
5	83,260	20	84,250
6	85,690	21	83,580
7	83,190	22	86,210
8	85,810	23 Sunday	84,700
9 Sunday	85,710	24	84,090
10	82,970	25	83,680
11	83,060	26	83,560
12	83,620	27	83,280
13	83,590	28	83,240
14	83,920	29	86,040
15	85,810	30 Sunday	86,250

Total for the month	2,532,600
Less all copies spoiled in printing, left over or filed	45,236
Net number distributed	2,487,364
Average daily distribution	82,912

And said W. B. Carr further says that the number of copies returned or reported unsold during the month of September was 1.82 per cent.

W. B. CARR.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1900.

J. F. FARISH.
Notary Public, City of St. Louis, Mo. My term expires April 26, 1901.

STRICT LIMITATION.

It goes without saying that competition of a legitimate kind with the Transit company would benefit the people of St. Louis.

Possibly the ordinance now before the Council can, with thorough correction, be made to introduce useful competition.

But, as The Republic has proved, there must be radical amendment. The particular point to be guarded is that penalties must make compulsory the extensions and improvements outlined in the several sections. In the Forest Park provision, there must be rigid restrictions compelling the construction of the extension to be so made that the convenience, pleasure and safety of the public will be protected against all contingencies. Whether that would require a tunnel, a trestle or an embankment, the principle must be insisted upon firmly.

Encourage competition and do not put a premium upon consolidation.

CREATE A CHECK.

The ticket nominated by the Democratic City Convention is composed of good men, and is worthy of the support of all good citizens.

Especially should the people be interested in electing the Democratic nominees for Circuit Attorney and Assistant Circuit Attorney.

These offices should not be held by Ziegenhein ringsters. Democrats and Republicans alike admit that to protect the fair name of the city it is necessary to bring about a reform. A great many expect to do this in the spring, and to condemn the Ziegenhein administration by their votes then.

We would suggest that the weapon of defense of the Ziegenhein administration is in the Circuit Attorney's office. With that office in the control of the Ziegenhein ring, the hands of the reform element will be tied even if they elect their ticket in the spring. The Circuit Attorneys elected this fall will hold office for four years. If we are to have reform in the spring it is necessary to commence this fall by electing the Democratic nominees for Circuit Attorney and Assistant Circuit Attorney.

OUR PORTO RICAN SIN.

It may be that when the Sugar Trust gets possession of the Porto Rican sugar plantations and is thus in a position to profit by free trade with the rest of the United States, the Republican party, if still in power, will see fit to remove the tariff now bankrupting the native producers of sugar in that island.

This development of the Republican party's policy towards the subject race which we fooled into believing they were to become American citizens should not be far distant. The Porto Rican sugar planters, it is now stated, have already been compelled to borrow heavily in the United States, giving mortgages on their plantations to secure creditors against loss. These creditors are interested in the Sugar Trust, which dictated the Porto Rican tariff bill. When they foreclose their mortgages the sugar industry of Porto Rico will be under the control of the Sugar Trust.

The game thus being played is a game in which there is not the slightest risk to the trust people. The United States Government has filled their hands with trumps. It has made of the Porto Ricans a people without a country, without citizenship, without protection under any flag. It has fixed upon them a tariff burden under which they are bound to go to the wall. All that the Sugar Trust has to do is to await the inevitable beggary of the Porto Ricans and then foreclose its mortgages on their possessions.

Is not this a shameful policy on the part of such a Government as ours? Not even the merciless monarchies of the Old World have ever been guilty of a wrong more foul against a little and helpless people—and those monarchies make no pretense of respecting the rights of folk who are not strong enough to maintain their rights. Self-respecting Americans cannot contemplate the pitiful situation in Porto Rico without blushing for their country.

DID HE SAY IT?

The obligations of practical politics are obviously responsible for the oracular declarations about Missouri going Republican this year, of which the Honorable Ethan Allen Hitchcock delivered himself when he returned to duty at the Interior Department last Saturday.

It may be, however, that the value of his forecast is weakened by the fact that his knowledge of the situation in Missouri has come to him in the whisperings of the sea as it washes the rocky coast of New Hampshire. The sea waves are beguiling and Secretary Hitchcock would know more about Missouri politics if he would come home and touch elbows with its voters for a week.

While it is in some measure pardonable that a Cabinet officer should speak more confidently of the political outlook in his home State than he actually feels, there is no excuse for his joining in the shameless mendacity of the unscrupulous demagogues who are just now attacking the good name and commercial credit of Missouri. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Mr. Hitchcock has not been correctly quoted in the interview appearing in the Globe-Democrat of Sunday, in which he is reported as saying that the Democratic officials of Missouri have "misappropriated the School Fund" of the State. He is too intelligent and sensible a business man not to understand the absolute humbug of this particular campaign roorback. He knows that not a single dollar of the School Fund, or of any other fund in the treasury of Missouri, has been misappropriated. He knows, or he ought to know, that nobody with a grain of common sense even suspects that there has been any misappropriation.

Mr. Hitchcock owes it to his own self-respect to make a prompt and emphatic denial of this interview. Those who know the Secretary of the Interior personally, or by his general repute, will not class him either as an ignoramus or as a liar, yet whoever charges that there has been a misappropriation of the Missouri School Fund must go in one category or the other. There is no alternative classification.

JOHN SHERMAN.

In the closing years of the life of the late Senator John Sherman of Ohio there was a pathetic illustration of the ingratitude of political machines and of the cruelty possible from party coworkers toward one deserving of the highest rewards for party service.

By long years of brilliant performance Mr. Sherman won the right to the Presidential nomination at the hands of the Republican party. He was confessedly an abler man than some who defeated the ambition of his life. More than once he was a leading figure in the competition for the nomination to the Presidency in the national conventions of his party, but shrewder politicians were enabled to compel an ignoring of his claims. It is reasonably certain that his later years were embittered by his failure to receive that recognition to which he was unquestionably entitled.

Singularly touching, also, was the picture which this aged statesman presented as the victim of the deal by which he was led to abandon his seat in the United States Senate in order that Mark Hanna might be placed there to look after McKinley's interests. Appointed to the portfolio of the Secretary of State in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet, Sherman himself was soon able to perceive the trick that had been played upon him. He was not wanted as a Cabinet adviser; Mark Hanna then had his seat in the Senate; it was easy to so belittle the old statesman as to force his retirement to private life. This was done with ruthless inflexibility, and John Sherman's public career ended in pitiful humiliation.

Republican sorrow for the death of John Sherman should be mingled with shame for the manner in which this leader was betrayed by a Republican administration in his venerable age. The story is one of the saddest in American political annals. It is a story of ingratitude so selfish as to wofully discourage those who like to believe in the good faith of men one toward another.

RAINBOWS.

Managers of political campaigns should hold themselves to a higher responsibility in putting forth estimates and claims.

Each National Committee is claiming New York as a certain State. Now, New York is not a certain State. It is a close State, having an immense population almost balanced in party attachments. A few votes in each town, cast without any foreknowledge on the part of political managers, may give a majority one way or the other.

Both committees claim Maryland; a small State containing one of the largest cities in the country. It was formerly Democratic but by narrow majorities. In 1894 and 1896, the Republicans carried the State. It will probably be Democratic this year. Certainly it is not reliably Republican. Nobody knows just what margin the more than 100,000 voters in Baltimore will show.

Sunday morning the New York Herald published a detailed estimate by States. Unless somebody in the Herald office made an accidental clerical error, the poll is worthless, judging it by the estimate for Missouri. This State is given to Bryan by 5,000. The absurdity lies in the fact that such a slump from normal figures in a State like Missouri would make a majority for McKinley as likely as one for Bryan. In other words, it would be fully as accurate to predict 10,000 majority for McKinley as 5,000 for Bryan. Besides, the Herald does not disturb the political complexion of the Congressional delegation. A tyro in politics knows that when Missouri gets down to 5,000 majority for Bryan there will be a loss of at least five in the Congressional delegation. If the Herald poll is amateur guesswork all through as in the case of Missouri it stands in value on a level with a spellbinder's excited rhetoric.

The Republic hopes that no Democrat will be misled by exaggerated managerial claims to stop work now or stay at home on election day. There are undercurrents of opinion in this campaign which no man can measure. Hard work remains to be done. Every effort must be made to bring out the vote. Every Democrat must resolve to vote, rain or shine, as if his ballot would determine the result. Local party committees cannot afford to take published claims on their face and sit down to rest. In Missouri there are close counties which must be carried to insure a majority in the Legislature. The battle is not over until the night of November 6. Keep up the fighting day and night until that time.

NOT TRAITORS.

In the list of signers of the address just issued by the American Anti-Imperialist League, urging all independent voters in this country to support the Democratic national ticket, there are seen the names of famous American statesmen, educators, churchmen, writers and others, all worthy of national respect and consideration.

Such Americans as George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts, Bishop Huntington of New York, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the soldier, poet and essayist, Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University, and the many others who sign this address are not to be lightly or contemptuously dismissed from the national attention. Despite the bitter hoots of the McKinley Republicans, these men are sound and true Americans, not mere malcontents, "traitors" and "copperheads." What they have to say is well worth hearing.

Nor are these Americans alone in believing that their country is now confronting a crisis of singular peril. The national apprehension aroused by the McKinley administration's surrender to trustism and its product, imperialism, is widespread and profound. It is not possible for any American to believe that we may repudiate the principles upon which this Government was established, substituting in their place the imperial policies of the Old World, and still remain a free and liberty-protecting Government. Under such policies we may go through the mockery of calling this country a Republic, but such mockery will not alter the fact that it is neither more nor less than an Empire.

The Americans who sign the address issued by the American Anti-Imperialist League urge an American support of the Democratic party because the Democratic party stands now for the Republic against Empire. There is reason to believe that the American people are thinking along the same lines, and that they will vote next month to hold the Government true to the Republic. The issue of the momentous conflict is certainly in their hands. As they decide, so will the Republic live or die.

FILLEY, THE SEER.

It is not strange that even so aged a dyed-in-the-wool Republican as Chauncey I. Filley should now find it impossible to support a local Republican administration which has gained an infamous notoriety under the specific title of Ziegenheinism.

There are those of Colonel Filley's own party, it is true, who will argue that it is late in the day for Colonel Filley to be protesting against partisan machines and machine government, inasmuch as his own trademark slogan of "Regularity!" has for years been based on the regularity which comes from machine work. But not one of these anti-Filley Republicans will deny to the Sage of Beaumont and Chestnut the possession of a very great political sagacity of the practical kind.

And it is this sagacity which leads Colonel Filley to align himself against the Ziegenhein machine. He sees in that remarkable product a machine that works to its own undoing. It is a machine which does not clean nor light the streets, which allows the city institutions to go to wreck and ruin, which fails to maintain the parks in beauty and attractiveness, which empties the municipal treasury with absolutely nothing to show for the expenditure but rich ringsters. And Colonel Filley knows that such a machine is doomed to overthrow.

Mr. Dockery's prompt and temperate replies to the reckless charges brought against Missouri Democracy are exercising a material effect in increasing the Democratic sentiment of Missourians.

There is no ill omen in the fact that the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty is in danger of collapsing. The Democratic sentiment of the Union will insure that Liberty herself retains her full vigor.

Trust monopolies are a bit premature in attempting to force their employes to take part in Republican demonstrations. It will take at least four years more of McKinleyism to make this possible.

It is to the advantage of Missouri Democracy that the State School Fund roorback was sprung so early as to make the exposure of its false charges clear and convincing to the people.

When the Sugar Trust forecloses its mortgages on Porto Rican sugar plantations free trade will be extended to that country. The game is working out beautifully for the monopolists.

With the campaign arguments all duly presented and the evidence in the case submitted to the people it looks remarkably as if the verdict is to be in favor of American Democracy.

Impatient Cubans should remember that the whole American people, not the McKinley administration alone, are pledged to the establishment of Cuban independence.

New York City's enthusiasm for Mr. Bryan indicates that Wall street is mistaken in believing that the dollar can always overcome the man.

Senator Vest may not yet be entirely restored in physical strength, but his confidence in American Democracy is splendidly healthful.

Not In at the Finish.

The man I pity most these days,
Whose plight I sadly note,
Is he that failed to register,
And so has lost his vote;
To him what is the climax fierce,
And what the final fray,
When from the battle's crowning scene
He needs must keep away?

There's rapture in that closing fight—
But he will know it not;
There's fun and glory at the polls—
But he's forbid the spot;
He may not rightly yell nor brag,
He may not truly gloat,
For oh! he failed to register,
And so has lost his vote!

RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.

MISS JANE DOROTHY FORDYCE,
Who will be married this evening to Captain David Sheridan Stanley.
Photographed by Strauss.

EUGENE CUENDET TO WED MISS RACHEL DRUMMOND.

Marriage of Miss Jane Dorothy Fordyce and Captain David Sheridan Stanley This Evening—Other Events and Notes.

A pleasurable ripple of excitement pervaded the West End yesterday at the surprising announcement of Miss Rachel Drummond's engagement to Eugene Cuendet. Both young people have managed to keep their affairs so entirely secret that not a suspicion of the engagement had been conveyed to any of their friends until they were told the news yesterday.

Miss Drummond is the young daughter of the late J. T. Drummond, and a sister of Charles, James, and Harrison Drummond. She is considered the wealthiest heiress in St. Louis, inheriting most of her father's estate, which was worth many millions. Her school days ended only last June, and she spent the summer in Colorado with friends. Mr. Cuendet formed one of the party, and most of his wooing was done on Colorado soil. No date has been set for the wedding, but it will take place in the winter.

Miss Jane Dorothy Fordyce, daughter of Colonel Samuel W. Fordyce, will be married this evening at 6 o'clock, to Captain David Sheridan Stanley, U. S. A., at the Fordyce residence, No. 2634 Washington boulevard. Owing to the very recent death of Doctor Wright, Captain Stanley's uncle, who formerly lived in St. Louis, invitations to a large reception, which was to follow the wedding ceremony, were recalled last week and all arrangements for the wedding greatly simplified.

The house is to be decorated with chrysanthemums, the drawing-room, where the ceremony will be performed by the Reverend Doctor Sneed, being arranged with a bank of ferns and flowers at the north end. Miss Jane Gillespie, a cousin of the bride, from Waco, Tex., is to be the only bridesmaid, while Samuel W. Fordyce, Jr., will assist Captain Stanley as best man.

Miss Fordyce, who was the Veiled Prophet Queen in 1897, and who has been extremely popular during her subsequent reign, will wear a gown of crepe in an ivory tint with satin finish, trimmed in Brussels point.

Only the relatives and a very few intimate friends will witness the ceremony. General Stanley, father of the bridegroom, and his daughter, Miss Josephine Stanley, arrived last Saturday from Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Homer G. Fordyce of Chicago, uncle and aunt of the bride, are also here for the event. Mr. and Mrs. Rushton Fordyce of Chicago, who were married last week, will arrive this morning on their way south for a bridal tour.

The bride and bridegroom expect to depart this evening for a short trip in the Southeast, as Captain Stanley has a month's leave. They have issued no at home cards, their stay in any place for the next few months being indefinite and uncertain. Captain Stanley received his promotion from the lieutenancy last August. He has served for two years in the Philippines.

First of the debutante entertainments of the season were the reception and ball given yesterday afternoon and evening by Mrs. John W. Harrison to introduce Miss Florence Harrison. The young woman, who thus made her formal social entry, was to have been a debutante of last winter, but owing to the death of a relative, cards for her initial reception were recalled, and the family gave no entertainments at all that season. Miss Harrison's debut this year will have all the more eclat by reason of the delay. She served as maid of honor at the Veiled Prophet's ball this month, and was one of the admired girls of the evening. Tall and stately in type, Miss Harrison has a dignity and poise that remove her far from the crude and unformed "bud" class, as well as a vivacity of manner that will win popularity for her with both men and women. She is well read and musical.

The Harrison house, roomy and well-arranged for large entertainments, was trimmed with many pink roses and the customary greens last evening. A similax curtain in the library bow window was draped back to make room for serving table at the reception, and utilized as a screen for the orchestra at night. Mrs. Harrison, Miss Harrison and Miss Eugenie Mansur of Carrollton, Mo., constituted the receiving party in the afternoon. Mrs. Harrison wore gray crepe and lavender chiffon. The debutante was in white embroidered chiffon, trimmed in silver applique, with a chiffon guimpe and sleeves during the reception, which were removed to form a decollete bodice at night. Miss Mansur wore white grenadine and pearls.

Twenty girl friends of Miss Harrison helped to serve at the afternoon function, ten at a time. They were: Miss Drummond, a debutante; Miss Maude Wells, a debutante; Miss Georgia Wright, a debutante; Miss Olive Simpkins, a debutante; Miss Lila Simpson, a debutante; Miss Martha Blackwell, a debutante; Miss Soblett, Miss Susan Thomson, Miss Eloise Ware, Miss Edith Delafield, Miss Clara Leete, Miss Massey, Miss Boyd, Miss Blackman, Miss May Scott, Miss Bagnell and Miss Ford.

Several matron friends of Mrs. Harrison lent their assistance in various ways throughout the rooms. They were: Mrs. George Hobltzelle, Mrs. John A. Ockerson, Mrs. John C. Roberts, Mrs. Calvin Lightner, Mrs. George Warren Brown, Mrs. Julius Walsh, Mrs. R. R. Montague, Miss White and Miss Lilian White.

The afternoon guests, while composed mainly of matrons, were not confined strictly to the married, but included a number of young women, most of whom were also asked to the ball.

In the evening the receiving party was augmented by Miss Walsh, who wore a white Brussels lace frock, trimmed in small white roses, and by Mr. John M. Harrison. The lower east rooms were used for dancing, also the spacious hall. The guests numbered about 200 of the young people of town.

The marriage of Mrs. Julia Floyd-Jones and Mr. Frank Wright, formerly of Boston, but lately of St. Louis, took place yesterday at noon, the Reverend Father Powers officiating. Only a few friends witnessed the ceremony. Mrs. Jones's residence, No. 3414 Pine street, was arranged with palms and flowers, the parlor mantel mirror banked on either side with ferns as a background for the bridal couple. A luncheon was served immediately after the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Wright departed for an Eastern trip.

The bride wore a traveling gown of gray broadcloth, with hat in plaque shape of black and gray velvet. Mrs. Jones has been a widow for several years. She has one daughter, 9 years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warren Barstow have sent out cards for the marriage of their daughter, Jessamine, to Mr. Wallace Delafield Simmons, on Wednesday evening, October 31 at Second Baptist Church.

Mr. and Mrs. James Drummond are entertaining Mrs. James Wood of Allegheny, Pa., at the Drummond country place, "Kenwood Farm," near Old Orchard. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond will not open their town house until late in the fall.

SHE TURNS TO THE STAGE.

Millionaire's Wife, Deserted, Appears in Tights.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Boston, Oct. 22.—Mrs. R. H. White, Jr., a shopgirl, who was married to the son of the merchant prince and deserted by him last December, has been compelled by stress of circumstances to go on the stage. She appeared to-night as a drummer boy in "The Cadet Girl" at the Columbia Theater.

"I suppose people may think that because I have adopted stage life I am looking for notoriety, but that is not the case at all," she said. "It is necessary for me to earn my living, as my husband has done nothing for my support. I have been unable to get employment and have taken up this business as a last resort."

"Did not the court order your husband to pay you $20 a week?"

"That is true," said she, "but he has not done so. Immediately after the settlement of the case he sent me $40, but since then he has not sent me a penny. I have been utterly unprovided for and in order to get a place to eat and sleep I have had to visit at the homes of my friends."

The R. H. White Company's store in Boston is one of the largest in New England. There Lucy Bartlett, a pretty girl of 17, was a shop girl seven years ago. R. H. White, Jr., the millionaire's young son, fell in love with Lucy. Despite his father's opposition and threats, the young man married her in New York on August 20, 1894. They seemed to be happy enough until last autumn, when young Mrs. White accused her husband of neglect—said, in effect, that he was too attentive to other women. She left him early in January last.

WANT POLYGAMY PROHIBITED.

Woman's Missionary Society Asks for Constitutional Amendment.

Chicago, Oct. 22.—The Woman's Home Missionary Society, in session here, to-day adopted a resolution asking Congress to submit a constitutional amendment prohibiting polygamy.

The Columbia's New Bill.

"The Girl in the Moon" is the name of Patrice's new sketch, presented at the Columbia yesterday afternoon. It is described on the playbills as a fairy idyl by George Totten Smith. The story told is that of a worldly young man who strolls through "Fairies' Glen" in the Catskills on a moonlit night and yearns for the society of a pretty girl. Miss Luna appears out of the clouds and greets him in ardent fashion. Lovemaking follows, but the girl in the moon is frightened away by the approach of daylight and vanishes from view. The dialogue is on the facetious order, but the effects, electrical and mechanical, are new and unique. Patrice, it may be said, has as pretty a sketch as "A New Year's Dream," which first brought her to the fore in vaudeville. Donahue and Nichols introduce a specialty that is well calculated to please. There is dancing, singing and some very clever acrobatic work. Miss Nichols is quite the prettiest and most fetching acrobatic soubrette the Columbia has had. Louise Willis Hepner, seen here in some of Mr. Lederer's extravaganzas, sang three songs in an engaging manner. Sam Morris got many a deserving laugh with his little farcette. Ruby De Yong, a St. Louis girl, who made her professional debut yesterday and did rather well in spite of her embarrassment; the Meeker-Baker comedy acrobats; the Tanakas, Japanese performers, and Lou Wells, comedy musician, were well received and come up to the established Columbia standard. There were other specialties at the beginning of the show that do not. Carroll Johnson's absence from the bill was due to a bad throat. It is announced that he will be in condition to sing to-day.

"JANICE MEREDITH" A RIPPING PLAY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE PLAY.

The gentleman in the next column will tell you that the story of Janice Meredith's New Jersey doings is better for the stage than for a novel. So it is.

The play came off at the Olympic Theater last night, with the pretty English Mary Mannering as the young American rebel. It was the biggest success of two or three seasons. It isn't fair to estimate "Janice Meredith" along with "Robespierre" and "Cyrano de Bergerac," for in each of these cases there was a famous actor and much world-wide advertising. In the present instance the actress is rather new to most of you, and the play is so new that it hasn't worn off the rehearsal marks. When you hear that there was more cheering, more laughing, more honest applause than any of the recent seasons' successes have had you will understand the sort of success that the fresh piece had last night.

The beginning of it all was in your school days, when you heard the teacher read the stories of the villainous Hessians, the valorous Washington and his chilly behavior, the Boston tinsher at a party, the Tories, the surrender of Cornwallis and the rest of it. For all of these years the audience of last night has been hungering, unconsciously, of course, for some revival of these school-day enthusiasms and sympathies. How familiar it seemed when the Revolutionary names were rolled from the actors' tongues! How much better it was than the foolish talk we have been having all of these years about folks who fought in France and had their heads cut off because they were aristocrats. The other thing is all right enough, but with the same kind of history here at home it seems odd that no one ever went so far as to put the same period attractively before eager eyes and ears all ripe and ready for the experiment.

You know the story? No? It runs like this: Loyal citizen of Jersey, one Meredith, with a lovely daughter of 17. Add a bond servant; handsome young man who had run away from England; wealth and position for some reason not set down in the books. The colonists are rising; there is talk of taxation without representation, hidden powder, loyal citizens, disloyal citizens and all the rest of it. Young Bond Servant joins the uprising, becomes a Colonel and is trusted by Washington, who, said to tell, does not appear in the play. Daughter, by name of Janice, is loved by every man who sees her. She makes eyes at all of them, but keeps the Bond Servant in mind. There is some shooting, much shouting, oceans of comedy, and all, except the English, are happy ever after, as history duly relates.

* * * *

Mary Mannering looks somewhat like Julia Marlowe—at times. Considered generally, she comes under the head of Just Right. If you were looking for blunders, you would run smash against her smile, or her curl, or her roguish eye, or her soft hand, or her wondrous skirts, or the bulging sleeves.

These are some of the reasons that it is very difficult, even if one were so inclined, to say mean things about Miss Mannering's performance.

It seemed a bit odd, watching her there in her efforts to make trouble for the British, and to see the whole-souled manner in which she did it, to think that she was a Britisher born. And when she toasted General Washington she did it with as much vim as any mother of Daughters of the Revolution might be expected to do it.

Most of Janice in the play is like Janice in the book—Mlle. Sans-Gene. She permits nearly everybody in trousers to make love to her, although the play does not permit her to encourage them quite so much as the book did. For which thanks are due to somebody. She and Tibbie are quite as kittenish as one might expect them to be. There are an amusing music practice and some needlework that afford five minutes of honest fun. Miss Mannering's personal success was very great, but she and her managers have been wise enough not to make the star a fixed one in the center of the stage.

First of all, you'll be best pleased with Burr McIntosh, one of the few actors that ever shouldered a musket for his country. McIntosh, whom we know best here in St. Louis for his performance of the Pike County Sheriff in Nat Goodwin's "In Missouri," went to Cuba with the first of the troops of the Spanish war. He fought, bled a little, perchance, got the fever, almost died, and came back home to regain all of his former 225 pounds and his fine position as an intelligent actor of many parts. He plays the foolish Philemon Hennion, who, by your memory, tried hard to marry Janice and didn't.

Mr. McIntosh's country bumpkin is so good that it occupies the stage all the time it is on, whether the place be infested with redcoats, pretty women and brave men, or whether it has it all by itself. He is a much simpler, at least a less crafty, Philemon than the book makes of him, and the result is better. The Philemon of the story had too much sense for the speeches that were put in his mouth.

* * * *

The exceedingly important part of Charles, the bondman, afterwards Colonel Brereton, is lessened in the play. He is strong enough in allusion, but too much away in person. When he is in view he shows pleasant dentistry, but the fire and dash expected of the young daredevil of Paul Leicester Ford's book does not appear. You feel that he should be stealing horses before your eyes or ripping the roof off the house, when he is merely looking foolishly fierce in the middle of the room. The Charles of the story, as you will remember, was a wonderful person—here, there and everywhere most ubiquitously. Mr. Drouet makes frequent starts, but he does not always arrive.

There is a flood of charm in the first and second acts—sweet with Janice and her chummy Tabitha. The third act becomes speedily strident. There is mild drunkenness at the start. This turns, in short order, to a court-martial that develops threats of shooting within and much firing without. There is the tramp of soldier feet, cries that Washington has crossed the Delaware and is upon the Hessians, strokes of joy from Janice, and the dickens to pay generally.

The act finishes like a Fourth of July celebration in a good election year, if you have a trace of patriotism in your blood it will mount to your cheeks when the fife and drum play "Yankee Doodle" for the blue and buff chaps that march across Mr. Short's stage at 50 cents a night. The picture is as good as the Shenandoah battle scene in the third act, but not so smoky.

Lord Clowes, well played by Mr. Lipman, is merely present in the play. He is very active in the book. The loyal Meredith is well pictured by Mr. Collins, but the part is unfortunate in its forced allusions to many of the incidents that were moving features of the story.

For example, it would be difficult and perhaps undesirable realism to tar and feather the 'squire on the stage. Joe, so important in the book, is not so impressively present in the drama. Colonel Rahl, well played by Mr. Ahrendt, stands out silhouettishly in the play. The Sukey of Miss Bernard was conventionally amusing, and the Tibbie played by Miss Ricard, was not only a good foil, but a well-acted piece of comedy—narrow conditions to impose upon a player.

Taken as an evening's play acting, you'll rather fancy "Janice Meredith."

THE REVIEWER.

THE BOOK.

It had seemed to me, after reading "Janice Meredith," that Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's story of the American Revolution could be turned into a better play than it had made a novel.

It was so full, you know, of color and of incident capable of being compressed to advantage, and yet which must needs be drawn out to the perilous point when one writes a book of some 525 pages. One of the cardinal virtues of the stage is that it will not permit diffuseness. Produce your effect—a word, a movement, a glance, a dab of the brush—and on to the climax with a fine fever of directness. Ah, if men would only write stories the same way!

And then the character of Janice seemed better suited to the footlights than to the mellow radiance of the reading-lamp at home. She was such an inconsequent and variable little flibbertigibbet—the daughter of a Tory and a Tory herself when near-by British officers were handsome; almost capable of loving any good-looking and ardent suitor; won, finally, to Brereton and the cause of the Revolution only because Brereton himself was so masterful and General George Washington was such an incomparable "dollier" of pretty coquettes. So human a young woman cannot but show to best advantage in the flesh-and-blood of the drama.

I must confess I had my fears for the Fownes-Brereton man as a hero. Even with his mystery of royal blood, and his "tag" of high breeding, and his love of a scrimmage, he was a saturnine sort of chap in the book. Did you notice that it was difficult to get him rid of the taint of the bondman Fownes after he became Colonel Brereton of Washington's staff? Well, I was afraid of all that. But I knew in my soul when they once took him on the stage they'd smooth those things down and bring out his good points and make much of his being an American officer and work his Continental uniform for all it was worth. Trust an actor to show a hero's best side to the people who pay to see a hero!

It is somehow born in me to hate a Tory, and yet for the life of me I couldn't help liking old 'Squire Meredith and Phil Hennion. The pursy and comfort-loving 'Squire taught me how tempting must Toryism have been in those days that tried the souls of patriot Americans. It was the old story—the aristocrats seemed to be on one side and a lot of pestiferous Democrats on the other; and round-bellied men like their ease. Toryism fits the chuckling and sybaritic old 'Squire like a glove. And Phil Hennion, rising to Colonel in Cornwallis's army, was a good-natured sort of country-bred lad of the Tony Lumpkin breed—you couldn't but warm to him just for loving Janice so dearly.

Anyway, I knew that all this Toryism wouldn't be allowed to show up in the play as vividly as in the book. 'Twould never do, because an American heart can't thrill to Tories, and the dramatizer couldn't use old 'Squire Meredith and Phil as villains—having an ideal scoundrel in the spy Lord Clowes—and they being too valuable in their comedy aspect at times. So I looked forward to seeing the 'Squire and Phil, two very different American gentlemen on the stage from those whom I had met in the printed story. And I felt very confident, too, that demure little Tibbie Drinker, the vivacious Janice's Quaker chum, had much fun in her that would come out at its best under the inspiration of the footlights.

The story of "Janice Meredith" has a tremendous stage value in its atmosphere. It is the American revolution just as we used to dream of it as children, beginning, almost, with the firing of "the shot heard round the world" at Lexington, carrying us through all the perils of the patriot struggle, and ending gloriously with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown—what a period that is for us Americans to see pictured before our very eyes in breathing and vital form! All this, you know, in addition to a story wherein the course of true love is as rocky as the traditional road to Dublin. I set me back to enjoy a very delightful evening, only praying that all of us might be enabled to keep our upswelling Americanism within decorous bounds.

When you have read a novel which you know is to be put on the stage it is an interesting amusement to figure out how you wish to see it done. I suppose that thousands have indulged in this pastime in the case of "Janice Meredith." To me it seemed that there shouldn't be much made of the earlier part of the story, when Brereton of the Continental army was Fownes, the covenant servant of the Merediths. This could be soon disposed of and the story take all the swing of the fighting and love-making which follow. There's no lack of effective situations—Janice's hiding of Brereton from the British, his escape and recapture under circumstances that seem to point to treachery on her part; his reckless attendance at the British military ball in Philadelphia, resulting in his arrest and the strong scene with Mrs. Loring; the Merediths' dinner with General and Mrs. Washington; the forceful climax of the close of the siege of Yorktown and the pretty meeting and final understanding between Brereton and Janice—these are but a few of the many fine opportunities for dramatic effect. I could not see how any curtain of the evening could fail to fall on a most "telling" situation.

Not having the question of finances to consider, I also figured out a large and brilliant cast for "Janice" on the stage. A fine array of dashing British officers would I have, with the likable Major Andre well in the foreground. The several gatherings of General Washington and his staff and other Continental officers I'd make historically memorable, and I'd see to it that the immortal George and Mrs. Washington were ably presented. Our George should have at least as good a showing as we have been giving Napoleon in the numerous Napoleon plays of which Mme. Rejane was the beginner. And every stage-setting of that glorious time—well, if there was a Henry Irving anywhere in our great and free Republic, he should have charge of the stage-management and picture-effects of these days of the Republic's birth. This is how I felt about the dramatized presentment of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's story of our Revolution. And then I betook me to see the play, feeling reasonably confident that I was not to be disappointed.

QUENTIN QUEER.

FASHIONABLE AUDIENCE SAW THE MEREDITH CURL.

Not a vacant seat was to be found downstairs last night at the Olympic Theater, so attractive did the Janice Meredith curl prove. The boxes were not all filled. One lower box contained Mr. and Mrs. oJhn Jannopoulo, their guest, Mrs. Carter of Aberdeen, Miss., and Will J. Thornton. In a stage box Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Townsend entertained friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wallace Niedringhaus and Miss Irwin Hayward and her escort chatted with friends in the lobby for some time before the play. Mrs. Niedringhaus wore black spangled net.

Miss Myra Opel, who came with Edward Handlan, wore one of the novelties of the evening in cloaks—a long newmarket, with deep Capuchin hood, all in a pale tint of rose-colored silk.

Doctor and Mrs. Laidley sat very near the front. Mrs. Laidley wore a French gown of deep blue striped silk, white lace applique, and pink panne.

Miss Carroll West, in a frock of rose crepe, white lace, and black velvet, sat on the right of the parquet with her escort.

Mr. and Mrs. Zach Tinker sat on the right near the boxes.

Miss SaLees Kennard sat next to the Fischel party with her escort. Mr. and Mrs. Walker Evans did not arrive until late.

Charles Platt and John Stafford White both escorted Mrs. Platt, the three occupying front parquet seats.

One fashionable party came very late. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. James Drummond, their guest, Mrs. James Wood, of Allegheny; Miss West, George Markham, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Walker and Allen West. They occupied seats near the front of the parquet.

Miss Cook, radiant in white ostrich boa and a big white-feathered aigrette in her hair, came with Edward Preetorius. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Bascome chaperoned Miss Barstow and Wallace Simmons in the parquet. Another group consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mallinckrodt and Doctor and Mrs. Campbell Smith. The women were in demitoilet.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Kilpatrick had in their charge a bevy of young girls, their two daughters and several school friends.

Robert Burton escorted Mrs. J. L. D. Morrison.

Lee Byrnes brought Miss Mimi Berthold.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harding reached their parquet seats just as the curtain rose.

Miss Grace Frank and Mr. Al Frank spent a few moments with friends in the lobby before the play.

Others in the lower house were: Mr. and Mrs. Saunders Foster, Mrs. William Marion McCall, Mrs. William Ware, Edwin Puller, Miss Gerda Luytles, Miss Grace Dodd, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Pierce, Miss Amelia Fruchte, Mr. and M