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CIRCULATION DURING AUGUST

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 August, 1902, all in regular editions, was as per schedule below:

Table with 4 columns: Date, Copies, Date, Copies. Rows list daily circulation from 9/1 to 9/30, showing a total of 3,000,000 for the month.

Net number distributed.....3,530,157 Average daily distribution.....114,977

And said W. B. Carr further says that the number of copies returned and reported unclaimed during the month of August was 6.8 per cent.

W. B. Carr, Notary Public, City of St. Louis, Mo. My term expires April 15, 1906.

WORLD'S—1904—FAIR.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE STRIKE. Bad as the coal situation is there is no need of exaggerating the difficulties which the anthracite miners' strike has imposed upon the people.

Coming right down to the facts, no one is so pessimistic as to believe that there will be a devastating epidemic because of the strike. The Boston physician who announces to the newspapers that he had noticed a great increase in the number of those suffering from nervous trouble during the past fortnight and all because of anxiety over the fuel has not had time to investigate and is only talking.

Of course the hard coal strike will affect the East more than the West. The greatest number of people hereabouts are not above using soft coal. The immense fields in Missouri and adjoining States are assurance that if the worst comes to the worst no one will suffer for lack of fuel.

Perhaps the shortage of anthracite will teach many to appreciate the value of oil as a fuel. Since the discovery of the Texas fields there have arisen numerous inventions which make oil worth a trial for heating purposes. The forests have not been denuded to such an extent that the good old-fashioned wood fires are impossible.

Whatever the outcome of the strike, the miners must inevitably suffer the chief loss. Experts claim that even if the mines were to be operated within the next two weeks the coal supply would not be sufficient to meet the wants. High prices will offset the limited output, so that the operators will be up with the game. Wages will not be increased by an appreciable amount, even if the strikers' contentions are granted.

There is some good in everything. If the people of the East are brought to think better of bituminous coal, there will be a gain for a large area of territory. If oil is recognized as a fuel, a good result will have been obtained. Above all, if some means is discovered whereby a recurrence of disputes is made less likely, both on the part of the operators and miners, the country will be the ultimate gainer.

ST. LOUIS'S WELCOME VISITOR. As a visitor to St. Louis in her capacity as a member of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair Miss Helen Gould is especially welcome and is doubtless being made to feel that she is in the house of her friends.

This good woman stands for so much that is admirable, alike in the high aspiration of her chosen work of helpfulness to the less fortunate in life and in the accompanying modesty of her personal demeanor, that she appeals irresistibly to the popular heart. The example which she sets to other women of great wealth is of the most helpful and stimulating character.

In St. Louis the fact that Miss Gould is deeply interested in the success of the World's Fair and never fails to demonstrate her willingness to render service to that undertaking commends her to the local community as a sort of brevet St. Louisian, so to speak. The city is glad of her presence and appreciates her friendship.

JUSTICE BREWER AND THE GASOLINE. Justice David J. Brewer of the United States Supreme Court is peculiarly entitled to the sincerest thanks of the general public for having offered convincing proof that even the wisest men are but human after all and likely to go stumbling along, erring, precisely as do the rest of us.

The Supreme Court Justice has suffered some quite painful burns, also, in presenting this truth of a wise man's humanness to a grateful world. He was preparing to abandon for the season his summer home at Thompson's Point, on Lake Champlain, and it was necessary to burn a brush-pile in his front yard,

Justice Brewer was in a hurry and used gasoline to make things burn more quickly. The application was a success to that end, but the careful of gasoline was burned also and Justice Brewer himself was scorched severely. He is now in bed in intimate association with soothing oils and the like, moralizing on his blisters as only a Justice of the United States Supreme Court could moralize.

It is a comforting spectacle, this of Justice Brewer down in bandages because of a gasoline explosion. Offhand, most of us would have sworn that a Justice of the United States Supreme Court had too much good sense to feed a fire with gasoline. But Justices are only men, and all men are foolish in their hearts—and this makes poor old humanity more lovable. You can't help liking Justice Brewer the better, right now, for the smell of ointment which envelops his dignified figure.

FOR CIVIC BETTERMENT.

Out in the State it is the legislative lobby against which the people are contending. In the large cities it is hoodling around the municipal legislatures and grafting around the minor criminal courts.

Call the thing by any name, it is the same. The methods, the object and the kind of men employed are alike. All three connected in a friendly partnership business. Smash one and all are hurt. Destroy all and political corruption is reduced to small dimensions.

On the other hand, if the people leave any one of the three to licensed and approved industry, political corruption flourishes, even if the other two are temporarily suspended. The roots of evil are lustily alive if one of the three—lobbyism, hoodlumism or grafting—is left to grow and reproduce its like.

Grafting in the lower criminal courts is a business of big profit to gang politicians who have enough power to get favors.

It is a business which organizes and disciplines the "Indians." It is a business which leads directly to farcical primary elections, and thence to the hoodling of men nominated and elected by these graft-organized gangs.

A Judge need not be personally corrupt to encourage grafting in a criminal court. If he is under a series of political obligations to grafting schemes, and if he is lax, cynical and callous, he can easily, without taking money himself or exposing the game, permit and assist a constant traffic to be conducted in his court.

The Republic explained yesterday the immense influence of the Court of Criminal Correction on the daily life of the city. The criminal division of the Circuit Court does not compare with it in extent of control over what makes a city morally clean or unclean.

Consider the objects of nearly all the local associations which aim at correction of evil. You will find that their efforts can be better promoted or more effectually blocked—and by the personal disposition one way or the other of the Judge—in the Court of Criminal Correction than at any other point in the entire system of city government.

A police force is worth 50 per cent less than its capacity if the Judge of the Court of Criminal Correction is disposed to be friendly toward the grafters and habitual lawbreakers.

These are the facts which make a forefront issue of the Democratic nomination for that office and for the prosecuting offices in the same court.

The Republican ticket offers the worst prospect we have ever had—and that is saying a great deal. If the Democratic ticket offers a striking contrast the issue will be one of morality against grafting, of cleanliness against corruption, of honesty against hoodlumism, of the family against vice. Judicial laxity in that place inevitably produces the worse of these contending forces; and judicial strictness inevitably promotes the better. Not another possible expedient would do as much to drive professional criminals from the city, and break the nerve of the criminals who remain, as the election of a Judge and Prosecuting Attorney who would conduct the Court of Criminal Correction with dignity and strictness.

Grafters and their friends allege that dignity and strictness would mean the encouragement of cranks to push every blue law provision to be found in statutes and ordinances. That is the usual claptrap. It is not true. Dignity and strictness are one thing and busybody crankism is another.

A large city must necessarily be content with what is applicable to the great body of its inhabitants. The issue of the Court of Criminal Correction presents no such question. The issue is one of grafting and corruption and the encouragement of a criminal class.

The Democratic party of St. Louis has a rare opportunity to strengthen itself for years to come.

MARTHA AND DOCTOR MARY WALKER.

OUT of the mouths of babes cometh wisdom, and it must be confessed that the wide-eyed and wondering negro woman, Martha, who is the comfortable attendant in the ladies' waiting-room of the New York Central Railroad at Syracuse, told a great and luminous truth to Doctor Mary Walker the other day.

As we are informed by the news reports, Doctor Walker invaded Martha's jurisdiction arrayed in stunning garb—a long and stylish black frock-coat, immaculate cream-colored trousers, a dazzling waist-coat, a perfectly knotted Ascot tie.

"Ah begs yo' pardon, sah," said Martha, yet admiring this beautiful sartorial display, "but dey ain't no men-folks 'lowed in heah!"

"I'd have you to know," retorted Doctor Mary Walker instantly, "that I am a lady!"

Whereupon Martha took a closer scrutiny and realized the amazing truth. Behind it, also, she saw a greater truth. Hurrying to the stationmaster she announced this truth to him and, through the medium of the daily press, to the world in general.

"Dah's de mos' foolishes' o'man in dat ar room," announced Martha, "dat ebber Ah see in all mah bo'n days!"

Which was the expression of an absolutely limp perception of the veritable fact. Martha had never before seen so foolish a woman as the woman who acts against her femininity and insists upon being the sex to which Nature denied her membership. Martha will never see a more foolish woman than this. The figure is that of folly incarnate and too pathetic to be ridiculous—a sort of absurd tragedy in which a woman's essential quality is done to a cruel death in a long black frock-coat, cream-colored trousers and a dazzling waistcoat.

BETTER OFF IN THIS COUNTRY.

A British employment agent who recently visited this country for the purpose of inducing American iron workers to accept employment at Birmingham, England, was entirely unsuccessful in his effort, the Americans refusing to entertain his proposition.

Naturally enough, the disappointed Englishman accepts this experience as proving that the conditions of labor in the United States are very satisfactory indeed. He offered the same rate of wages as is paid in this country. The cost of living in the Birmingham district is much less than in the McKeesport district, where the American iron workers are now employed. At first glance, therefore, it would seem that the English offer was the more advantageous.

But in this country the standing of the working-man is so superior to that of his fellow in the Old World, the conditions of labor are so much more

greatly in his favor, the opportunities for advancement are so infinitely better, that an American workman need not hesitate a moment in deciding upon such an offer as that under discussion. The McKeesport iron workers were consistent representatives of American labor when they declined the English offer.

NO SUPPRESSION OF GREYNA GREEN STORIES.

There should be maintained by all lovers of sentiment and romance an earnest hope that the local South Side Debating Club's solicitude as to the means by which the news of runaway marriages in Clayton may be suppressed does not prestage an organized movement to this end.

For some years now Justice Greenfelder of Clayton has been the solemnizing High Priest of a Greytna Green hymeneal establishment dear alike to lovesick swains and blushing maidens and cherished by all who relish real life stories of the heart. Of all such stories, that in which an elopement figures as the climax seems to possess the keenest zest for the human race.

These are the stories which at refreshing intervals have come to us from Justice Greenfelder's little retreat, and in exploiting such stories the daily press has done its duty to a world which insists upon remaining young and sentimental. A movement in favor of "muzzling the press" in so far as the Greytna Green of Clayton is concerned would be of ominous significance, indicating the growth of a certain cynicism and staleness of the emotional qualities most sincerely to be deplored.

The South Side Debating Club, presumably composed of young persons of both sexes, should hasten to disavow a spirit condemnatory of the near-by Greytna Green. By means of a vote, perhaps, it might to advantage notify the world that its members have not thus permitted their intellectual pursuits to crush from their souls all appreciation of the master-statement responsible for Clayton's Greytna Green and for so large a proportion of Justice Greenfelder's income.

Before the Republican primary in St. Louis, party organs called the election law under which it would be held a "ring measure," made to throttle the will of the people. The same organs are now boasting that "by a free expression of 14,000 voters" the fusion scheme was knocked out. Is it possible that the opinion of the election laws depends on the way in which the contests go?

Probably Edward Butler would like nothing better than a chance to make the people believe that he had helped elect the Democratic Supreme Court nominees. The "butting in" which he has done lately looks like the act of a man driven to unusual expedients by uncomfortable circumstances. Butler evidently is willing to appear friendly to somebody on every ticket.

It is not surprising that Democrats from the interior of the State do not desire to see party responsibility for Nonunionism and Butlerism. The record of Democratic officials in St. Louis is one of the chief assets of the party and any attempt to discredit that record will cost thousands of votes.

Despite the shuddering denials of Republican leaders, the retirement of Speaker Henderson from public life still stands as a confession that the tariff issue has created a split in the Republican party and that high-tariff champions have everything to fear under the consequent conditions.

RECENT COMMENT.

The Fire-Fighting Problem.

October Sentinels. The immediate improvements in fire-fighting may, therefore, be looked for in the substituting of electricity for horses, more signal-boxes, direct communication between the boxes and the firehouse, as well as with the central station, the greater use of chemical extinguishers, devices for fighting smoke, and the better education of the public in using the appliances provided for sending in the alarm. It is sometimes said, that while we now have a splendid fire-story department, we shall soon need a thirty-story one, and the rapid increase in the height of buildings, certainly points that way. What sort of apparatus the new needs will call for remains to be seen. It may be that each twenty or thirty-story building ought to contain its own water tower, to be used, either in flooding its own premises or the neighboring building, and this is already partly accomplished by the introduction of heavy stand-pipes in all buildings exceeding six stories in height. The cost of separate stationary water towers in the downtown districts has been spoken of as against such a scheme, and yet it seems as if no expense could be too great when the value of property in such a district as Lower New York is considered.

Read Strengthening Books.

Literary Life. Avoid the weak novel, whether weak in moral tone, in thought, or in both. Such reading perverts the taste and incapacitates for the enjoyment of productions of genius. To satisfy the craving for such food the mind seeks something still more startling and unreal. Your life should be filled with virtuous, elevating thoughts. Read that which will make you stronger, happier, and better; that which will help you, hold you and uplift you; that which will increase your capital for intellectual comfort and healthful influence; that which will give you brain, mental fiber, nerve and heart; that which will enable you to see further, judge more accurately, stand more firmly, work harder, think more of your fellows, and rise higher; that which will make you more a man or more a woman.

The Relish of Humor.

October Century. It may be said of humor, as Mark Twain in conversation once said of bacon, that it would improve the flavor of an angel. Those who enjoy the enjoyment of productions of genius. To satisfy the craving for such food the mind seeks something still more startling and unreal. Your life should be filled with virtuous, elevating thoughts. Read that which will make you stronger, happier, and better; that which will help you, hold you and uplift you; that which will increase your capital for intellectual comfort and healthful influence; that which will give you brain, mental fiber, nerve and heart; that which will enable you to see further, judge more accurately, stand more firmly, work harder, think more of your fellows, and rise higher; that which will make you more a man or more a woman.

Burns at the World's Fair.

Glasgow (Scotland) Times. No doubt, produce a big show, and should Mr. Wallace Bruce, who has just arrived in Scotland as Special Commissioner for the purpose, succeed in getting together a shipload of historic and literary nick-nacks and yellow documents, the Scottish department should prove to be one of its most alluring sections. The Commissioner will, of course, take home with him paper-bags of dust gathered in the fields of Banochburn, Drumlog, Bothwell Brig, Falkirk and Culloden. Each of these bags should rouse a different set of feeling and tears. It is impossible not to hope that the St. Louis Exhibition will be a stupendous success.

In Defense of State.

Vandalia (Mo.) Leader. In defense of the honor and dignity, the glory and progress of rich old Missouri, an association of Democratic editors has been organized in the State. The work of refuting the slanders of a maliciously Republican press will be one of love and patriotic devotion on the part of the members of the press.

Faithful Service.

Harris (Mo.) News. Justified satisfaction with the record of Democratic administration of Missouri affairs in the hands of the strength of Missouri Democracy before the people of this State. The party's appeal to voters possesses the magnetism due to a showing of unbroken faithful service to the people's interests.

Willing to Oblige.

October Lippincott's. One of those women who have an antipathy for tobacco entered a street car the other day, and inquired of the man sitting next to her, "Do you chew tobacco, sir?" "No, madam, I do not," was the reply, "but I can get you a chew if you want one."

PLAYHOUSE FAVORITES



MAY DE SOUSA, PRIMA DONNA OF "THE STORMS"

THREE MUSICAL BURLESQUES ARE IN TOWN THIS WEEK.

Laid in the contagious kingdom of Bakteria, the lines of "The Storms," a quaint conceit, belong to Mr. Steely. It is not a common thing to hear persons in the audience repeating the bon mots rather than humming the airs of a comic opera between the acts, but this is exactly what took place at the Olympic last night.

Carlle does not monopolize the good jokes, though he strings them out like a vestibule train, every connection covered and rocking smoothly against the bumpers. As the Bungalow of Bakteria, in love with the Royal Dog Catcher's daughter, he works hard, remarking that he has been working hard ever since, when a child, he swallowed some yeast powder. That he does not marry the girl, he says, is because it would be actor. The story of "The Storms," a quaint conceit, belong to Mr. Steely.

George Broderick, as the always-arming "Harlem Spider" worked with his usual skill. His song, "The Modern Gladiator," had to be repeated three times. F. E. Runnels got the usual number of laughs at the part of Doctor Von Kill. Ruth Wiley, well known in St. Louis, appeared as Willie Astorville. She put more vivacity into the role than did Eddie Yarrington. Her boy's make-up furnished as smart as anything Zeina Fawcett ever accomplished in this. Emilie Gardner was Ruth, the girl who did not understand the musical features. They were all there and found a welcome.

The denouement of "New York" came back to the Grand last night. She was greeted by an audience that was remarkable for its size and enthusiasm. Ned Nye and Madeline Emsley, as Brown and Violet Gray, were the leading purveyors of the diverting comedy required for these characters. Nye sang uncommonly well. To the relief of everybody he did not affect the Dan Daltry travesty in his singing. Joe Mathews was seen as Blinky Bill. He made the most of his opportunities. His "mixed sile tough" was one of the laughing hits of the performance. "The Modern Gladiator" was the comic opera, girl, in a fetching way. Marie Ross, pretty and agile, gave spirit to Fifi, the Dresden china Parisienne. You won't regret seeing "The Storms" again. Her humor really contagious.

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FROM THE GREAT POETS.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE. BY MRS. NORTON.

SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers; There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away, And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say. The dying soldier flattered as he took that comrade's hand, And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native land;

Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine, For I was born at Bingen—far Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground, That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done, Full many a corpse lay galled pale beneath the setting sun.

And 'midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars, The death-wound on their gallant breasts the last of many scars; But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline, And one had come from Bingen—far Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age, And I was eye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage; For my father was a soldier, and even as a child My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard, I let them take what'er they would, but kept my father's sword, And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine, On the cottage wall at Bingen—far Bingen on the Rhine.

Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head, When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread; But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye, For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die. And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her, in my name, To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame, And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine), For the honor of old Bingen—far Bingen on the Rhine.

There's another, not a sister, in the happy days gone by, You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye; Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scornings: O, friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning. Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen My body will be out of pain, my soul be ere the sun).

I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—far Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seem'd to hear, The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear; And down the pleasant river, end up the slanting hill, The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with friendly talk Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk, And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine, And we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the Rhine.

His voice grew faint and hoarse—his grasp was childish weak— His eyes put on a dying look—he sighed and ceased to speak; His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled— The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead. And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down On the red sand of the battlefield, with bloody corpses strewn; As if she chafed at that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd to shine, Yet it shone on distant Bingen—far Bingen on the Rhine.

Caroline Norton

cruelty to animals, though he admits that instead of being AI in his affections, she is K3.

Gilbert Gregory, as the court shoemaker and philosopher-at-large, is very amusing. The part differs pleasingly from the Prince Minister-to-the-Sultan sort of thing which is the stock stuff in light opera. He fills the same kind of gap, but fills it with uncommon sense and unusual originality. His work with Charles made out as distinctly as did Broderick's with De Wolf Hopper in "Ermnie" several years ago. Gregory is quite funny, and his acrobatics are rarely placed, losing their appearance of being forced in without excuse.

Few silent characters seen on the stage in many years have made the impression that Fitzwicz, the silent repository of hard rock tales, played by William Rock made with his foolish little entrance and exit, dancing, and an arhythm expression, which sounded like the following looks like type:

Waytrains xreter mastoid. He repeated this foolish phrase until the chorus took it up, and after the performance, persons who heard the jumble of sound tried desperately to recall what had been said.

Another catchy pantomime done by Abbot Adams, in the part of Limbollo, the Jaffer, whose yawns were contracted by the other characters and continued until the audience felt like yawning, not from weariness, but from sympathy.

The musical theme, in waits time, rather lingers in the ears. The end seems to be a piece of music that carries memorable echoes. The orchestration is uncommonly good.

Miss May De Sousa, who was in vaudeville a year ago, sings quite well, and her presence is captivating. Eula Jensen, as an inequitable and precocious child, was particularly charming.

The company is rather large and the concerted numbers in both musical effect and stage pictures give to "The Storms" that finish which is the result of careful preparation.

Miss Willie Frances of St. Louis gives a capital performance as Kate, the engineer's daughter, in "Her Marriage Vow." This piece is one of the best yet offered at the Imperial Theatre. The cast includes a railroad superintendent, woods and wins Kate. He then arranges for a mock marriage ceremony. Unexpectedly his plans fail. After the wedding he discovers that it was a sham. He then seeks to rid himself of his young wife, and does not hesitate to use unscrupulous means. There is a spectacular climax at the close of the act. The railroad villain tries to wreck two express trains.

"On the Swannee River," a comedy of the South, is being offered at the Standard. This season's production equals any the place has ever had. Katherine Miller plays Dora, the blind heroine. She acquires herself with grace, tact and vivacity. Stella Mathews, as the faithful old negro "mammy," gives an excellent impersonation. If anything, she is too strenuous, too real at times. Lew Warner appears as the miser, Caleb Cross. He is master of this part, in which he portrays a savage nature, thinly veneered with politeness. The comedy is attractively staged and costumed. The scenic effects, scene of the best situations, is typical of ante-bellum Southern homes.

"The Burgomaster" deserves the public's gratitude. For two seasons now he has made merry throughout the length and breadth of the land. He returned to us at the Century last night as funny as ever, if not as novel. It is a burlesque on a more handsome than last season's representation. Quaint old Peter Stuyvesant, played by Fred Lennox this time, was applauded the moment he appeared. Lennox made his comedy a bit more boisterous than did Cawthorne, the Burgomaster of a season ago. The new principal, not lacking in ability, unfortunately showed more diddle than last season's. The Burgomaster's comedy is a bit more boisterous than did Cawthorne, the Burgomaster of a season ago. The new principal, not lacking in ability, unfortunately showed more diddle than last season's.

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REPUBLIC SPECIAL. Clarksville, Mo., Sept. 25.—The funeral of George W. Watts, who was killed on the Chesapeake at the age of 60 years, was held at the home of his wife, Mrs. Watts, on Monday afternoon last. He was a widower and several grown children.

Bankruptcy Auction Sale. Auctioneer Seidick will sell to-day, beginning at 10 o'clock, the entire plant of the "Cretaceous" Brick and Tile Works, located on Chestnut st.

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