

THE JOURNAL

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be generally fair.

General Weyler is doing considerable talking through the holes in his trocha.

If the Ohio Democrats can be saved through Brice only, the question arises, Are they worth saving?

Addicks is unable to understand why the Delaware Republicans accept his money and object to his leadership.

The fact that McKinley refuses to talk seems to cause Mr. Platt to do more talking than is really necessary.

Passing pension bills at the rate of one every five minutes is a policy that is in no manner calculated to relieve the Treasury.

Notwithstanding the persistent efforts to disclose his financial views, Mr. McKinley continues to dodge the interrogation point.

Tom Reed has recovered his quorum-counting nerve, but it is too late to be of any practical service to him in the Presidential race.

Mr. Platt manages to crowd a great many facts into his interviews, but at the same time the Ohio straddler is crowding Mr. Platt's candidate out of the race.

The Montana Republicans have placed a curb on Senator Carter's bolting proclivities, but those of Colorado have licensed Senator Teller to execute a walk-out at St. Louis.

In case the Kaiser decides to make an effort to capture the America cup he can be depended upon to go about it in a manly manner. The German ruler may be peculiar in some respects, but there are no Dunravens streaks in his make-up.

Out of the Hahnemann monument in yesterday's Tribune and the del in an uptown shop window accurate, the sculptor needs to add a matter of knowledge to his admitted command of art.

If Boss Platt and the Republican State Committee fall out, either McKinley or the Boss will be shown up—perhaps both. If Governor Morton were an Iago it would be a fine opportunity for him to remark, "Every way makes my game."

THE ISSUE.

After all, is it the currency question which most should engage the attention of the American electorate? More than the overworked and threadbare issue of free trade and protection the question of the monetary standard, of course, has prominence.

From the Golden Gate to Sandy Hook the citizens of this Union are ridden by corporations. C. P. Huntington and his pals dominate States; Russell Sage and his crowd control a city.

Every natural monopoly has fallen into the hands of an individual or of a corporation. To go to our homes at nightfall or to go to a neighboring city we must pay tribute to the corporation which has acquired the monopoly of carrying us.

There is wide importance, of course, attaching to the currency question. The honesty of the dollar—a phrase greatly misunderstood—is matter of import to every citizen. But more than

this, the question of corporate control of natural monopolies takes prime place. The political party which shall take positive ground on this issue will be the party which, like the Republicans on the eve of the slavery contest, has a live issue on which the enthusiasm of the people may be aroused.

THE WORTH OF A DOLLAR. If the money question is to be the one to engage the very best judgment of American citizens and voters in the coming national campaign, it should be so stated that everybody with ordinary intelligence may apply to it his own processes of reasoning.

For example, here come the West Virginia Republicans, declaring for McKinley, of course, and setting forth as their last word on the currency issue this: "Every American dollar must be worth 100 cents."

Excellent so far as it goes, but what are 100 cents worth?

It does not really seem to be compatible with the dignity and the authority of a State convention of the brightest and best minds in the Republican party of West Virginia to dismiss a really vital political question with the aphorism that 100 is equal to 100 units, yet that is all this convention did.

If all said by the unquestioning adherents of President Cleveland's financial policy were true, a dollar, under the conditions resulting from the free and unlimited coinage of silver, would still be worth 100 cents. If the dollar in purchasing value goes up or down it still is made up of 100 cents, and the value of the cent varies with its value.

For this reason it is ridiculous for a newspaper to say, as the Tribune said yesterday, that a State convention which merely declared that every dollar should be worth 100 cents gave forth "no uncertain sound."

Why not get the currency question down to intelligent phrasology, even in political platforms?

SILVER SILENCE.

William McKinley, of Canton, Ohio, is a sensible man, even if he is not an honest one.

He wishes to be President of the United States. To further this desire he strives to avoid such frank and outspoken expression of his opinion on a certain vexed question of public policy as might estrange any of his friends.

He "straddles" the financial question and finds a straddle profitable. The heathen may rage and imagine vain things, but McKinley goes on gathering his forces on a platform of quibbling, evasion and silence.

Wall Street will have to level against the evasive McKinley some weapon more deadly than ridicule. Up to date his policy of quibbling and dodging has been profitable.

TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH.

Butcher-General Weyler, at present supreme dictator in Cuba, has driven from the beautiful island which he has converted into a shambles four correspondents of the Journal, whose offense it is that they have ventured to promulgate the truth concerning the reign of terror he has established there.

Of course, to the Journal the annoyance caused by the interference of the Spanish despot with its plans for pre-

senting the news of the world to its readers is only a trifling consideration by comparison with the circumstance that the Butcher's effort to suppress all information concerning his bloody work on the fair island that he has desolated presages even more hideous carnage—if that be possible—to come.

A PREMIUM ON DIALECT. It was an unsophisticated Frenchman on his first voyage who once upon a time, arriving in London of a Sunday and finding that city doleful after his beloved Paris, fled incontinently to Edinburgh for lighter amusement!

My Jehu took a fare it would be no mistake to call miraculous out of me, but I took it out of him in talk. He had all the details about the miracles on the lip of his tongue.

Let the reverend gentleman talk to the Yale Theological School; let him continue through the States on a lecturing tour, and let his be the mission to give the dear public a two-hour's look at a famous literary man—at the usual prices of admission; but are we in New York ripe for the deadly seriousness of Edinburgh, even if filtered through the Sefton Park Scotch Presbyterian Church of Liverpool?

It is the innings of the Scotch burr, and we frankly admit it. We have enjoyed Barrie, enthused over Black, lauded MacLaren, and for years have stood bravely by Bobbie Burns.

It is not necessary for General Alger to come all the way to New York to assure the public that Mr. McKinley is a sound money man when one word from McKinley would do the business.

The unprecedented and marvelous growth of the popularity of the bicycle causes the student of events to pause and ask himself, what next? The answer to this question is not so very difficult if the causes that lead to the popularity of the bicycle are taken into account.

I told my neighbor that I could see nothing, but he consoled me by assuring me that this was often the case at first. He had paid a score of visits without result as yet, but he was sure his turn would come.

I have since spoken with a man who has seen the apparition. Aracée Noel is his name. He is a jovial looking peasant, and told me he was always a sceptic up to the moment of the miracle. But this is the story, word for word.

The man made me this narration with evident sincerity, and it was clear that he fully believed what he was saying. I am not so sure of the sincerity of the lushants in general. They are reaping a rich harvest by the influx of visitors.

They are not giving Mr. Platt a chance to come down to the country, they are disposed to force him to a dull third floor.

The Alleged Apparition of the Virgin Mary.

Tilly-sur-Seulles, May 4.—Miracles are not such common occurrences that one can reasonably object to putting one's self to some inconvenience to witness them. Convinced of this, I have made a pilgrimage to Tilly-sur-Seulles, the out of the way hamlet in Normandy where constant apparitions of the Virgin Mary are reported to be taking place.

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LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

It is the misfortune of some authors to come to public notice in a way that has a quality they ever afterward find in attaining. To recount the novelists of whom one has expected improvement, where only an increase in mediocrity has resulted, were to waste words.

With however much predilection for the matter-of-fact studies of Henry James or Howells one may approach this novel of Mr. Parker there can remain little but complete admiration. It is as fine an example of the historical novel as has been done in English.

It is to be noted that in the matter of technique the moderns are making rapid steps forward. Here is a novel, full of the lure of exciting adventure, yet so nicely balanced, so carefully woven, as to give ground for no reproaches of the "mere sensationalist" sort.

Young gentlemen allow to stake their wealth and their position in life against the possible happiness to be obtained by marrying a public dancer may safely be advised to read W. E. Norris's new novel, "The Dancer in Yellow."

In sport he was a free-lance, and so he was in society. He raced horses, ran greyhounds and shot birds purely for relaxation and for fun.

Colonel North's widow became his wife when they were young, so that her best opportunities came to her, as his did to him, later on.

In "His Honor and a Lady" the literary spell of John Oliver Hobbes goes further than the title. Here it is found in the neatness of phrase, brief, witty characterizations, sentences that ring like music.

Colonel North As He Was

London, May 6.—Colonel John Thomas North, the nitrate king, who has just died, was one of those self-made millionaires who are rapidly becoming numerous in England, but who a little time ago were unknown here.

Peru owed him a great deal, but without money, and he took his pay in nitrate. When he returned to London with a small fortune he doubled and trebled it by operating the nitrate market there.

With the beginning of each week he ceased to be the country gentleman and became the city man. For five days he sat in his office or in the round of his board meetings oblivious of society.

In sport he was a free-lance, and so he was in society. He raced horses, ran greyhounds and shot birds purely for relaxation and for fun.

Colonel North's widow became his wife when they were young, so that her best opportunities came to her, as his did to him, later on. He was very fond of her, and took her even to his political meetings.

Ward Room Mess of the Montgomery.

Lieutenant W. H. Beecher, executive officer of Ucle Sam's clean-heeled cruiser Montgomery, isn't going to be a naval lieutenant much longer.

This is the story they tell in the ward-room of the Montgomery, anyhow. Lieutenant Beecher isn't going to resign, nor is he going to be court-martialed.

"I'm on record in favor of the Nicaragua Canal," said Lieutenant C. H. Lyman, the navigating officer of the Montgomery, the other day, during a wardroom chat.

"But Lieutenant Lyman superintended the sounding and the locations," said Passed Assistant Engineer Redgrave, modestly, "and Ensign Jewell and Sullivan, now gone to Annapolis for their final exam, assisted in it."

"There are several outlets of the San Juan," continued Lieutenant Lyman, referring to the chart. "We will run a dam across here, and that will make the dredged-out ship channel here at the entrance of the canal permanent."

"Mr. Lyman, the Admiral signals from the flagship to know if we have all our ammunition requisitioned for this month aboard? What reply shall be made?"

"Yes, sir, we're chuck up, sir. Ain't used any of last month's yet, sir." "Mr. Newton, please signal the flagship that we have our full store of ammunition and have made requisition for some this month."

"Yes, that's another of the navigating officer's duties," said Mr. Lyman. "He has the chronometers, compasses, observations and all such things to look after; of course, also the ordnance, ordnance stores and electric lighting apparatus of the ship."

Ensign Thomas Washington was in the office of the Judge Advocate General of the Navy before he transferred his affections and luggage by department orders to the Montgomery.

"What Washington doesn't know about lay—naval and international—isn't in the books," said Mr. Lyman. "He's our authority."

Charles T. Jewell, another Montgomery ensign, was in the San Francisco when she towed one of the caravels over from Spain to the World's Fair.

Assistant Engineer C. R. Emeric, Passed Assistant Surgeon Lloyd W. Carter, lately detailed at the Indian Head Ordnance Proving Grounds; Assistant Paymaster Martin McM. Ramsay, son of Admiral Ramsay, and W. C. Waldman, paymaster's clerk, with a record of twenty-five years' service aboard—these are it! Montgomery's ward-room mess, and coo-see Captain Davis's efficient staff.