

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, FRIDAY, SEPT. 10, 1897.

THE WEATHER—Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair weather; continued high temperature, light southerly winds.

THE IDENTITY OF THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

Our esteemed German contemporary the Staats Zeitung expresses itself editorially in this fashion: "Since Mr. Croker's arrival the political circles of this city are haunted with a vision of Mr. Croker as a candidate for the Mayoralty. There are rumors that Mr. Croker could have the Tammany nomination for the mere asking, and have it thrust upon him, too, with enthusiasm. Should there be substance for these rumors, Tammany, and, for that matter, Mr. Croker, too, will be even bigger fools than we always supposed they were."

The Staats Zeitung can set its mind at rest. We are in a position to say upon absolute authority that Mr. Croker is not a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Mayor, and there is not the slightest chance that he will be nominated. Mr. Croker's name is not even being considered by the Democratic leaders of New York, Brooklyn and the other sections of the new metropolises. This is the plain truth of the matter. The talk about Mr. Croker's candidacy is moonshine. It is the work of the Republican and other anti-Democratic newspapers. Nor is there the faintest element of truth in the story that the Democratic nomination for Mayor has been offered to the venerable Andrew H. Green.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SENATOR PLATT.

Your capacity for silence is as remarkable as your need for it at the present juncture is obvious. Thus far you have refrained from public expression of your opinion of Seth Low or of his candidacy. Like all truly great men, you find it easier to think when you are not talking. Reticence so conspicuous excites the profound admiration of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, which ought to be a comfort to you. These brilliant flashes of silence when there is nothing to say that in your judgment would advance your interests, personal or political, have been masterpieces of prudence. Nobody could have kept his views to himself more resolutely than did you when, after having warned your enemies that they would make a mistake by not taking your advice, they ignored your disinterested counsel. Your stillness rose to grandeur when these enemies scornfully refused to confer with you, lest the odium of association with you might adhere to them. Your silence, again, has been majestic since these enemies went ahead and nominated Mr. Low with no more apparent regard for your desires, feelings or prospects than if you were not in existence. You have been kicked downstairs and out on the political sidewalk by the Citizens' Union with every circumstance of contempt and defiance. Yet have you not raised your voice in protest, nor even to give a yell or two for the relief of the pain that must be yours. "Speech," in the noble language of Mr. Pulitzer, who has not been struck dumb by the spectacle of your inarticulate martyrdom, "might have embarrassed you in that support of Mr. Low which the World hopes and expects you will yet find a way to render."

This, sir, is the hour when, as you are apparently unable to speak because of your various emotions, advice is most timely. Somebody has got to do your thinking for you, and the Journal joins with the World in urging you to remove your thoughts and hand from your coat-tails and rise to the situation.

Has not the way you should go been pointed out to you by Mr. Low himself? In his speech of acceptance he used these luminous and enticing words: "I shall welcome all support from any quarter that recognizes the position I occupy."

Can you, Mr. Platt, refuse that pressing invitation to get in and drill for the Citizens' Union? Is it compatible with the balance of mind, that poise of character, which mark the strong leader of men, to permit pride, vanity or resentment of kicks and punches and nose-pullings to influence your action in a grave emergency like that which now confronts the people of New York and yourself? It is for you, Mr. Platt, as the unquestioned master of the Republican organization, to say whether Seth Low shall have the united support which is essential to his hope of success. Mr. Low has indicated his willingness to accept that support, and that attach Republican, Mr. Pulitzer, implores you on his benighted knees to bestow it. What more can you ask?

After all, is it much that is required of you? Reflect on this while you silently and tenderly sit in your seclusion and rub arnica on the places where the Citizens' Union has left its black and blue marks. As a Christian, it is your duty not alone to forgive injuries, but to return good for evil. As a statesman, it is not to your interest to get left if by any abatement, any consumption of crow, you can manage to obtain permission to board the train. To one of your broad and calm intellect it must be apparent that the path to reconciliation with the Citizens' Union is short and easy. Since it has refused to surrender to you, you have but to surrender to it. In order to bring about that complete and heavenly harmony which would distress only Satan and Tammany, you, Mr. Platt, have only to perform these few trifles:

- 1. Formally abdicate your position of Boss and declare to the world that you repent of having thought, spoken and written despotically of the Citizens' Union.
2. Announce that a great light has descended upon you, in the midst of which you see that only can the national honor be saved and the Dingley law be made effective as a revenue producer by the election of Seth Low to the office of Mayor of New York.
3. Disband the Republican party, thereby acknowledging that it has neither present nor future use in this city and State, and that the Citizens' Union more than fills its place.
4. And having joined the Citizens' Union, you, Mr. Platt, should proceed to denounce as traitors to their country, and castaways without hope of salvation hereafter, all persons who are not ready to abandon primary elections, conventions and the old popular nominating machinery in favor of nomination by petition.
Will you, Mr. Platt, injure the prospect of securing personal instead of party government for the great city consolidated and chartered through your influence with the Legislature? Will you prevent this union of anti-Democratic forces? Will you destroy this hope of the just? You are face to face with a high responsibility, a vast oppor-

tunity to do something for yourself at the expense of the Republican party. Be equal to a great occasion. Get in!

REFORM AND THE BOTTLE.

Mr. Nathan Straus has informed Mayor Strong that from the beginning of his work of furnishing pure milk to the babies of the tenements he has been subjected to a ceaseless round of petty persecutions, at the hands of the city officials. The thing has finally reached such a point that Mr. Straus has been compelled to close some of his depots and to give notice that unless there is a change in the attitude of the authorities he will close the rest, leaving the responsibility for the increased infant mortality that will follow to rest where it belongs.

This experience gives us a new gauge of the scope of reform in its relation to the drinking habits of the population of New York. It has been known, of course, that anybody who drank any liquid containing an appreciable percentage of alcohol placed himself thereby on the reform administration's list of suspicious characters; that his house became a free hunting ground for policemen and detectives, and that himself, his wife and daughters became subject to arrest on the street and incarceration in the station house at the discretion of any member of the force desirous of making a record. But it was left for Mr. Straus to discover that milk, especially of the sterilized variety, was as obnoxious to the spirit of reform as alcoholic liquors. Our paternal government does not stop at the growler of the parents; it extends its benevolently repressive activity to the bottles of the babies. The best authorities on City Hall ethics seem to agree, however, that the consumption of tea is still admissible.

ENGLAND AND THE CANAL.

The rumor that the Government of Colombia has granted to England a concession to complete the Panama Canal probably needs to be taken with a good deal of allowance. There are three serious obstacles to any such arrangement—Colombia, England and the United States. Colombia is bound by the New Grenada treaty of 1846 with us to give us equal privileges with any other country in the matter of inter-oceanic transit. England would be restrained by several considerations from undertaking any such contract. For one thing, she has no desire to go deliberately to work to create trouble between herself and the United States. For another, she holds to the theory that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is still binding, and of course her assumption of any exclusive control over the Panama Canal would directly contradict that hypothesis. Finally, the United States would never permit any such action as is said to be contemplated. We made that very clear to France when there was talk of direct assistance from the French Government to the De Lesseps Company. An interference at that time was the direct cause of the collapse of that company. We should certainly do no less if England should attempt to do what we refused to tolerate from France.

THE NEXT MAYOR MUST BE A DEMOCRAT.

Every day brings forth new evidence to show that the enlarged Democracy of the Greater New York will elect the next Mayor. It is an intolerable outrage upon this community that the majority of its citizens should be oppressed by a government controlled by the minority party, and that their municipal affairs should be directed from Albany and Washington. The people of the Greater New York are competent to govern themselves. They simply ask the right to be rid of the agricultural despotism set up by Boss Platt. The present administration has defied local public sentiment. It has increased the tax rate from 1.75, under Democratic rule, to 2.14 last year and 2.10 this year. It has added something like six thousand employees to the city's already overburdened pay rolls, and of these about two thousand five hundred were non-residents at the time of their appointment. Down with sham reform and high taxes! The next Mayor must be a Democrat.

THE MINERS FOR ARBITRATION.

The adoption without a dissenting vote by the United Mine Workers of America in convention at Columbus, Ohio, of resolutions approving the "uniformity agreement," and urging its general acceptance by operators and miners, is a step toward settling the great strike in the peaceful manner proposed by the Journal. More important, however, than this action is the tacit understanding which is reported to exist among the miners that the course of wisdom, of prudence and of good generalship is to return to work at the price offered by the operators, namely, 65 cents a ton, and let the main issues of the strike remain in abeyance until the uniformity agreement shall become operative or shall have failed by reason of the refusal of the operators to join in it. In this agreement are incorporated the essential features of the Journal's plan for arbitrating the differences between employer and employees.

This indorsement by the miners' organization of the Journal's plan is not in any sense a victory for this paper. The Journal has not sought to force arbitration down the throats of people opposed to it. It proffered to the warring factions in this labor dispute the sensible advice to discard the weapons of starvation and ruin and submit their differences to impartial arbitration. At every point the striking workmen have approved the Journal's plan. From the first their voices have been for arbitration. The policy of obstruction has been the policy of the operators alone.

If now the seeming intention of the miners to return to work pending the general adoption of the uniformity agreement shall be fulfilled, the onus of any further labor troubles in this most vexed of trades will rest upon the operators wholly. They have pleaded—some doubtless honestly—that with differing conditions of measuring and paying for the miners' product, with "pluck-me" stores here and cash payments there, no general scale of wages to be fixed by arbitration can be determined upon. Now comes to them the opportunity to agree among themselves upon a uniform method of payment, after which they can and must agree peacefully and intelligently with their workmen upon the rate.

The Journal's plan is out of the hands of the workmen with their approval. Will the employers now manifest as sincere a desire for industrial peace and reciprocal fair play as the men's?

Mark Hanna says that occasionally a lightweight gets into the United States Senate. This remark may cause Mark as much trouble as his allusion to Quay and Platt as political babes. However, he was cautious enough this time to refrain from naming his "occasionals."

The Chicago murder trial is rapidly developing into a heated controversy between Mr. Luetgert and the Chicago police.

It appears that King Humbert will not agree to anything more serious than a Summer engagement with the German Empire.

Tammany Hall and all other political organizations would seem to need leaders who don't run away when disaster threatens. The man who can lead through political sunshine only is not safe to tie to.

A Chappie Fails to Pay His Gambling Debts.

HE hasn't been seen on the race track since Futurity day, and the bookmakers, who trusted him to the extent of \$7,000, are beginning to look anxious, to put it in the mildest form. You see, he was such a high roller and belonged to so many big clubs, and went with such nice fellows, and had his name printed so conspicuously in the Social Register, that the condoling bookies let him "give them the finger," as they call their credit operations, as long as he felt like it, and to any extent he might mention.

Now they are beginning to wonder if he has "jumped the fence," which is their way of putting it when a man welves.

They have even set inquiries about as to the whereabouts of the credit plunger, and have learned that he went to New York after losing on the Futurity, and then made his way West, presumably in an effort to raise enough money to square his gambling accounts.

At least that is what the bookmakers say, and the racing set is of the same charitable opinion. The general view expressed yesterday was to the effect that nothing short of the actual inability to meet his obligations could have kept this man from a game with which he has been infatuated for years and at which he has made considerable windings at one time or another.

For his own sake, rather than for that of the bookmakers, it is to be hoped that he may emulate the admirable example of the cat and come back.

When Dr. Chauncey Mitchell Depew sets out to be real funny, you must be careful or else you will make yourself sick laughing at him. His explanation of Dr. Seward Webb's purchase of Ellerslie, the Rhinebeck country place of Levi P. Morton, is in Chauncey's lightest and most brilliant vein. He says that perhaps Dr. Webb wants to play milkmaid in a sunbonnet and print gown and sit on a milk stool, all of which Chauncey thinks would make a graceful and delightful picture.

With all due respect for Chauncey's knowledge of the character and purpose of the president of the Wagner Palace Car Company, the social world as a whole will seek to find some other reason for Dr. Webb's purchase of Ellerslie. Nor will they have far to go, although they will not stop at Dr. Depew's dairy proposition. Dr. Webb likes congenial society, and he can find none more to his taste than at Rhinebeck, which is delightfully situated, and just about the right distance from New York. Dr. Webb has not bought Ellerslie to play the milkmaid with whiskers, but to drive his four-in-hand in those leafy, lovely lanes, where he may entertain his friends and neighbors to tool his coach to his heart's content. It's for tooling, Dr. Depew, and not for milking, that your friend Dr. Webb has purchased Governor Morton's fine old farm at Rhinebeck.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard is a passenger on the Campana, which is likely to reach here to-morrow. It is the intention of Mrs. Lorillard to visit her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., before settling down for the Winter. Young Pierre Lorillard has been about Newport a lot this Summer, where he has been greatly admired for his splendid physique, which fully justifies his sobriquet of "The Prince of Tuxedo." He is a strapping fine fellow and the pride of his mother's heart.

There is no truth in the statement that Tommy Suffering Tailor and his pretty wife, who was Maud Lorillard, have decided to pass half of each year in Europe. America is good enough for them.

One little whisper to August Belmont, president of the Jockey Club: Your good girl, Lady Marian, was sent to the post yesterday when she was so lame that she limped from the paddock to the head of the Futurity course. Your friends and admirers of whom there are very, very many, had already bet on Lady Marian when they discovered her lamentable condition. They could not believe even then that the mare was really as badly off as she seemed to be. But the race proved that their worst fears were only too well grounded.

Lady Marian never had a chance, and the bookmakers knew it an hour before the race, but the public never suspected it until they saw her hobbling to the post. All of which suggests this question:

If the chappies can't have confidence in the condition of the horses that run in the colors of August Belmont, president of the Jockey Club and mainstay of the American turf, can they have confidence in any racing thing whatever?

Although Oliver Belmont is on the ocean, with his face toward England and the probability of becoming a step-grandfather in a few weeks, the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie will be celebrated at Belcourt, his Newport residence, to-day. It is now eighty-four years since old Oliver Hazard Perry licked the British in that famous conflict, and in the long interim he has never had a more enthusiastic admirer than his descendant and namesake, Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont.

And so it comes about that while the grand-paternal function demands his presence abroad, Oliver's heart beats to the music of the guns that it will be fired at Belcourt at noon to-day.

Newport is amusing itself just now by figuring out ways and means to entertain the Governor-General of Bermuda, who arrived there yesterday morning with his daughter. The Governor-General, whose name is Barker, is the guest of Commander C. F. Goodrich, President of the War College, but Mrs. C. H. Baldwin, Governor Dyer, Major T. K. Gibbs and several other people are busy arranging entertainments in honor of the visitors.

Commodore Gerry is going to take the Electra on a cruise down the Atlantic coast. Mrs. George Hoffman and Miss Emily Hoffman sailed for Europe yesterday, to the regret of several young gentlemen, who were ardent in their attentions at Newport this Summer. Mr. and Mrs. Frederic H. Allen have returned from abroad and gone to their home, "The Priory," in Pelham; and that inimitable mother and daughter, Mrs. George W. Kidd and Miss Gergette Kidd, are back from European sightseeing, and are now resting at Morristown.

Cholly Knickerbocker.

How the King Held Up a Horse Car Line.

WHEN James H. O'Brien arrived in New York on a ticket issued at special rate to Cotton Mather Winthrop, member of the Society of Christian Endeavor, he spent a day trying to get from Forty-second street to the Bowery, traveling only on horse cars, avoiding the cable and elevated roads. "I like to be reminded of my youth," said he. "I have lived in Denver, Col., and in Santa Monica, Cal., and in Phoenix, Arizona. There we ride only in electric cars. I haven't seen any horse cars for years until I came to Chicago and New York. This is like old times in San Francisco, where I was raised.

Every jolt is like an old friend, and every time we run off the track I'd like to shout for joy if I wasn't afraid of your police, that arrests any one that looks like he is enjoying himself, so I have been told."

Over the Bleeker street-horse car line the visitor went into the ecstasy of delight. "This is the real thing!" he exclaimed. "This is the old Third street line all over. Gad, I wish King McMannus was alive and he'd stop travel over this Indian village road just for fun."

"Never knew King McMannus? Well, he was the wildest Irishman that ever ran politics at the Potrero, fought a foe or fed a friend. The boys at the Iron works called him King because he was the absolute monarch of his district in politics. He liked the title and tried to live up to it by giving away drinks with royal prodigality. The King had a kind of spite against horse cars. One time a dozen of his subjects made the driver of a horse car pull the King to the door of his house, though he lived half a mile from the track and the street was paved with cobbles."

"I think old man Kelly made the King sour on horse cars. Kelly was the president of the company whose cars passed the King's uptown saloon. The King told me about it one day. 'You see, it's this way,' says the King. 'Old man Kelly he tells his drivers to whip up their horses when they pass the house, thinking I'll see him hares go fast and buy a boogey team from the car stables. I was fond of horses and he knew it, 'cause he seen me drive me fond stallion. If you'd seen that horse you'd never forget me. One day I was driving this gray stallion like a mill-mare, when 'long comes one of Kelly's cars, the driver a-whipping up his horses when he sees me, as Kelly had told me. Just then the brake breaks and the car hares runs away and smashes into me boogey and knocks it to pieces and drops me on the road, and the gray stallion never stops till he hits the Potrero.'

"So I goes to Kelly, and I says to him: 'Kelly, your car has broke me boogey. I want a hoodred for to fix it up.' 'Aw,' says Kelly, 'said the boogey up to the car shops and git it fixed.' 'What for?' says I, 'will I staid me boogey to your car shops. I don't want no tin dashboards nor yellow paint nor iron wheels. I want a boogey fixed, not made into a car. Give me the hoodred, and I'll have it fixed meself.'

"But Kelly he gives me the laugh and no hoodred. So I sees him. When the case was coming up I goes to the court a little early, and there I sees old man Kelly at the desk giving the Judge a twent. 'What kind of a court is this?' says I. 'I can't git no justice here. I dismisses the case.'

"Then I walks up the street feeling pretty sore and shaking me fist at every car that passes. I meets Joe Kelly, the old man's son. The boy was sore, too, 'cause his father had cut off his money on account of some wild actions, so we was in sympathy, and I tells him how about the old man throwin' gold at the Judge, and I asks Joe how can I get even, for I know he knows the old man pretty well. 'What can I do, Joe?' says I.

"Joe thinks a minute, and then he says: 'King, I'll tell you. Of all things the old man hates it is the Society for Privation, because it is always arresting his shooperintendent for driving lame hares.' 'And what is the Privation?' says I, and Joe tells me it is the Society for the Privation of Crovelty."

"So down I goes to the society and I says: 'Is this the Privation?' and they says it is, and I gives um five dollars and joins the society, and gets a badge, which I sticks under me coat. And by that time, what with thinking and talking with Joe, I was good and loaded. When I got me badge 'twas getting toward dark and all the cars was crowded with people going home. I jumps on the front platform of one of Kelly's cars and rides along peaceable until we gets in front of the City Hall. Thin I says to the driver: 'Thwist that brake,' and the driver says: 'What for will I thwist that brake?' 'I'll tell you,' says I, 'cause I'm a Privation, so thwist!' 'At the same time showing me badge. The driver he stops the car, seeing I was an officer, and I takes him into the jail, the car standing on the track, and charges him with crovelty. Thin I goes and stops the car going the other way and I arrest that driver for crovelty. Into the jail I takes him and thin out I goes and the cars is beginning to line up all along the street. I arrests every driver for crovelty until I has twenty drivers in jail. Then somebody has sint a message to old man Kelly and he drives up to the City Hall in a fury."

"'What is holding up me cars?' says he, wild. "'It's me,' says I, 'I'm a Privation!'"

"'You're a —' says he: 'what do you want?'"

"'I want me boogey fixed, and in no old car shop,' says I. "'Take what you want,' says Kelly, 'take what you want, but let the travel go on.'"

"'So I accepts two hundred to quit and I throws away me badge and huits up Joe.'"

"'I'm a Privation. So Thwist!'"

THE MERRY OFF FOR THE KLONDYKE. JESTER.

You must wake and call me early, Call me early, mother dear; At a quarter after nine the ship Is advertised to clear.

Eleven days I've stood it off To save the cable fare; But I'll be goshed if I remain— The only man in town.

My temperature is going up, The fever's in my veins, The gold cure is the thing I need; I'll take it in large doses.

Quite long enough I've walked the hill To save the cable fare; Too long the grindstone's done its worst; My nose won't stand the wear.

The frozen Noeth is getting warm With nuggets thick as flies, A man now has a chance to win A fortune ere he dies.

I've pan and shovel, lots of grub, Warm clothing, rubber boots, So wake and call me early, When the Klondyke steamer toots. Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Maudie Up to Date.

How They Taste.

Independent Stage Literature.

THE possibility of a free and independent theatre for New York is already the subject of discussion in article circles, although the dramatic season has only just begun, and I am told that it is more than likely that a serious attempt in this direction will be made during the coming Winter.

Of course, this only serves to remind one of the Theatre of Arts and Letters which was attempted here a few years ago, and if the projectors of the new enterprise would look carefully into the history of that failure they will probably learn a good deal about certain rocks and shoals that are to be avoided at all hazards. In a certain way there is a field for a free theatre in this country as a sort of experimental and educational stage, and I believe that enough money could be raised to support one, provided it were controlled by competent persons and carried on in such a way as to be of distinct value to actors, managers and dramatists, and also to men and women who take a thoughtful interest in dramatic art. The projectors of the Theatre of Arts and Letters were perhaps sincere in their motives, but they certainly did not go about their work in a way that could be described as either free or independent. On the contrary, they made a dead set at whatever was conventional, mediocre, approved by society, and in other respects meretricious. First of all they sought the support of those fashionable men and women who are so fond of identifying themselves with anything that looks or sounds as if it were artistic. "If we can only catch the society crowd, the rest will come in of their own accord," said the directors of this free and independent enterprise to one another, and the good work of "catching the society crowd" went on unrehearsed. In other words, before they had begun the rehearsal of their first play they had placed the Theatre of Arts and Letters on the same level as a soap manufacturer or a series of morning muscades at the Waldorf. I doubt if there is any lower form of artistic degradation than that which is implied in the task of "catching the society crowd;" or, in other words, soliciting the affable patronage of a group of men and women possessed of the sort of artistic temperament that might be looked for in a school of porpoises.

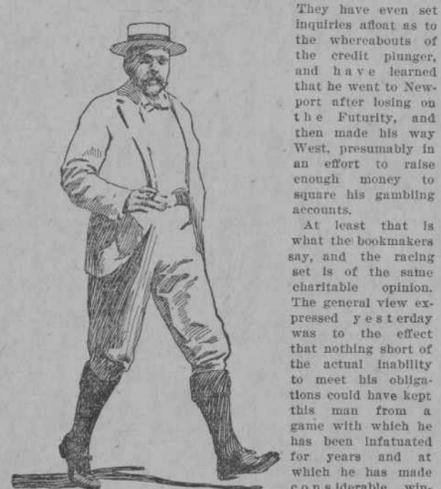
These people having been "caught," the projectors of the enterprise next turned their attention to the "literary crowd," by which they meant the men and women who had succeeded in selling a certain quantity of their manuscript to magazines and the various editors and sub-editors who had been instrumental in the purchase of the same for their respective periodicals. That very few of these writers possessed any qualifications for dramatic work mattered nothing to these free and independent managers. They helped to make up the "literary crowd," and they were all cared for. And so it happened that under the sunny auspices of the society and literary crowds, and at a charge of \$5 a seat, which was regarded as a sure indication that a very superior quality of art and letters was about to be let loose on the community, the doors of the new theatre were thrown open to an exclusive section of the public. I do not know how much money was expended on this scheme, or how many plays were produced, but I do remember the atmosphere of pretence and mediocrity that enveloped the whole thing, and the significant fact that from an artistic standpoint it proved absolutely valueless.

As I said before, I am convinced that a free and independent theatre could be made an institution of inestimable value to New York, and particularly to the stage. It would give an opportunity to men and women who have, or who think they have, new ideas in dramatic construction or characterization, to place them in suitable form and in proper dress before an audience made up of the most critical, experienced and brilliant people that can be gathered together in the City of New York. Almost every thoughtful student of the stage believes that during the next ten years the world will see many radical changes in the form of plays. There are even some theoretical managers who would gladly experiment with original ideas, were it not for the great cost of such productions and what may be termed the "indirect damages" which are the result of the failure of a play. By giving matinee performances, and employing actors also under engagement in the evenings, dramas could be presented at a cost that would not be prohibitory; and it is not impossible that thereby great good might be accomplished in an educational way. But no good will come of "catching" either the literary or society crowds, and then following about freedom and independence and art and letters, and all the rest of it.

And if we are to have a free and independent theatre, why not a free and independent magazine conducted on a plan similar to that which I have indicated above? That we are living in a literary rut just now no one will pretend to deny. And yet we cannot blame magazine editors for refusing to take awful risks by publishing essays and stories which are bound to offend a large number of their readers and which they are not warranted in believing will please any considerable part of the public. The shrewd magazine editor, who works with his eyes fixed firmly on his circulation, knows full well the importance of buying only such literature as will please the bulk of his readers, and not seriously offend any of the rest. The fact that nearly all the great literary works that the world has known have been prepared for the express purpose of making people angry and ashamed of themselves and generally uncomfortable, has nothing whatever to do with the modern editor and his circulation statistics, but is a matter of mere literary art and nothing more. Now these same editors know their business thoroughly—if you don't believe this look at the advertising pages in our great monthlies—and I am convinced that a good many of them would be only too glad to see some of the literary experiments concerning which they entertain reasonable doubts, receive a fair trial in print before cultivated and critical audiences which would always include themselves and their literary conferees.

For this reason I advocate the establishment of a free and independent magazine, to deal entirely with matter which is not suited to the requirements of the more conventional monthlies. I do not mean by that that it should deal in flith, because we all have a pretty good knowledge of the value of that sort of literature. But there is enough thoughtful matter prepared in this town every year to keep such a publication going; and I do not know how it could be better edited than by a staff selected from the offices of Harper's, Scribner's and the Century.

JAMES L. FORD.



"The Prince of Tuxedo."

For his own sake, rather than for that of the bookmakers, it is to be hoped that he may emulate the admirable example of the cat and come back.

When Dr. Chauncey Mitchell Depew sets out to be real funny, you must be careful or else you will make yourself sick laughing at him. His explanation of Dr. Seward Webb's purchase of Ellerslie, the Rhinebeck country place of Levi P. Morton, is in Chauncey's lightest and most brilliant vein. He says that perhaps Dr. Webb wants to play milkmaid in a sunbonnet and print gown and sit on a milk stool, all of which Chauncey thinks would make a graceful and delightful picture.

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One little whisper to August Belmont, president of the Jockey Club: Your good girl, Lady Marian, was sent to the post yesterday when she was so lame that she limped from the paddock to the head of the Futurity course. Your friends and admirers of whom there are very, very many, had already bet on Lady Marian when they discovered her lamentable condition. They could not believe even then that the mare was really as badly off as she seemed to be. But the race proved that their worst fears were only too well grounded.

Lady Marian never had a chance, and the bookmakers knew it an hour before the race, but the public never suspected it until they saw her hobbling to the post. All of which suggests this question:

If the chappies can't have confidence in the condition of the horses that run in the colors of August Belmont, president of the Jockey Club and mainstay of the American turf, can they have confidence in any racing thing whatever?

Although Oliver Belmont is on the ocean, with his face toward England and the probability of becoming a step-grandfather in a few weeks, the anniversary of the battle of Lake Erie will be celebrated at Belcourt, his Newport residence, to-day. It is now eighty-four years since old Oliver Hazard Perry licked the British in that famous conflict, and in the long interim he has never had a more enthusiastic admirer than his descendant and namesake, Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont.

And so it comes about that while the grand-paternal function demands his presence abroad, Oliver's heart beats to the music of the guns that it will be fired at Belcourt at noon to-day.

Newport is amusing itself just now by figuring out ways and means to entertain the Governor-General of Bermuda, who arrived there yesterday morning with his daughter. The Governor-General, whose name is Barker, is the guest of Commander C. F. Goodrich, President of the War College, but Mrs. C. H. Baldwin, Governor Dyer, Major T. K. Gibbs and several other people are busy arranging entertainments in honor of the visitors.

Commodore Gerry is going to take the Electra on a cruise down the Atlantic coast. Mrs. George Hoffman and Miss Emily Hoffman sailed for Europe yesterday, to the regret of several young gentlemen, who were ardent in their attentions at Newport this Summer. Mr. and Mrs. Frederic H. Allen have returned from abroad and gone to their home, "The Priory," in Pelham; and that inimitable mother and daughter, Mrs. George W. Kidd and Miss Gergette Kidd, are back from European sightseeing, and are now resting at Morristown.

Cholly Knickerbocker.

Cholly Knickerbocker.

Cholly Knickerbocker.

Cholly Knickerbocker.

Cholly Knickerbocker.



"I Want a Hoodred."

over. Gad, I wish King McMannus was alive and he'd stop travel over this Indian village road just for fun."

"Never knew King McMannus? Well, he was the wildest Irishman that ever ran politics at the Potrero, fought a foe or fed a friend. The boys at the Iron works called him King because he was the absolute monarch of his district in politics. He liked the title and tried to live up to it by giving away drinks with royal prodigality. The King had a kind of spite against horse cars. One time a dozen of his subjects made the driver of a horse car pull the King to the door of his house, though he lived half a mile from the track and the street was paved with cobbles."

"I think old man Kelly made the King sour on horse cars. Kelly was the president of the company whose cars passed the King's uptown saloon. The King told me about it one day. 'You see, it's this way,' says the King. 'Old man Kelly he tells his drivers to whip up their horses when they pass the house, thinking I'll see him hares go fast and buy a boogey team from the car stables. I was fond of horses and he knew it, 'cause he seen me drive me fond stallion. If you'd seen that horse you'd never forget me. One day I was driving this gray stallion like a mill-mare, when 'long comes one of Kelly's cars, the driver a-whipping up his horses when he sees me, as Kelly had told me. Just then the brake breaks and the car hares runs away and smashes into me boogey and knocks it to pieces and drops me on the road, and the gray stallion never stops till he hits the Potrero.'

"So I goes to Kelly, and I says to him: 'Kelly, your car has broke me boogey. I want a hoodred for to fix it up.' 'Aw,' says Kelly, 'said the boogey up to the car shops and git it fixed.' 'What for?' says I, 'will I staid me boogey to your car shops. I don't want no tin dashboards nor yellow paint nor iron wheels. I want a boogey fixed, not made into a car. Give me the hoodred, and I'll have it fixed meself.'