

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER. W. R. HEARST.

WEATHER—Fair, slightly warmer; southeasterly winds.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The situation is large with promise of Democratic success. The only danger it presents is that it appears to offer absolute certainty of victory. The party has no enemies to fear outside of itself. But there is serious peril that the chiefs of Tammany Hall, intoxicated by confidence, may presume to nominate for Mayor some man entirely acceptable to the machine, but utterly objectionable to those citizens who care little for the machine and much for Democratic principles and good government.

Let Tammany be guilty of this offense against the party and the interests of the city, and it is easy to see how in a day the whole political situation, now so stimulating, will be changed. Tammany is not all of the Democratic party in Greater New York, and the thousands of Democrats who will refuse to follow Tammany's leaders in a mere campaign for spoils are sufficiently numerous to defeat the Tammany ticket, provided their revolt shall induce Republican fusion.

It lies with the chiefs of Tammany to decide whether or not Henry George will be a candidate for Mayor. The nomination of an unfit man, who shall stand mainly for willingness to serve the machine if elected, will be the signal for the appearance of Mr. George as the representative of a significant Democratic protest.

Tammany has had experience of Mr. George as a vote-getter. Eleven years ago he ran, without newspaper support, or more than a spontaneous organization behind him, Tammany figured at most he would receive about 15,000 votes. No fewer than 68,110 ballots were cast, or counted, for him, to 90,552 for Hewitt, Democrat, and 60,435 for Roosevelt, Republican. Mr. George's strength lay largely where Tammany deems itself strongest, among the workmen. In the years which have elapsed since 1886 Mr. George has not declined, but grown enormously in the confidence of the masses and in the respect of all classes, for time has brought increase of knowledge as to his abilities and the worth of his character. An immense earnestness and enthusiasm would be with him this year. His supporters would be for the most part men who hope for action by Tammany that will render his candidacy unnecessary—men who would gladly vote for a sound Democrat on the regular ticket.

Can Tammany afford deliberately to invite and provoke such a revolt as Henry George's candidacy would mean? Can it afford to risk the heavy defections in the labor vote, the thoughtful, patriotic vote, that would inevitably occur? Can Tammany afford to say to the Democrats and Independents of Greater New York: "The Republican party is so hopelessly divided that we can win with anybody. Therefore we shall name for Mayor a creature of the machine. If you don't like it, what are you going to do about it?"

Assuming that Tammany will have the hardihood to take this position, are its chiefs quite sure that the situation will remain as they now calculate it will continue to be up to the day of election? Would the Republican party stay split? Thomas C. Platt is no fool, and Seth Low is not dreamer. The inauguration of the George movement would make it so plain that victory over Tammany could be won by coalition that the temptations to get together might prove overwhelming. Practical statesmen would hold that only political pots could refuse so obvious an opportunity. General Tracy and Mr. Low, of course, are both determined to perish rather than yield an inch, but with fair chance of party success inducing, is it unthinkable that they might be persuaded to retire in favor of ex-Mayor Schroeder, of Brooklyn, or some one equally acceptable to the great body of Republicans? And as between Mr. Schroeder and a Tammany candidate for Mayor of Greater New York, like Mr. George B. McClellan, for example, how many good citizens of any party would hesitate in making a choice? How many self-respecting citizens would support a ticket on which the name of Thomas F. Grady appeared as a candidate for the important office of District-Attorney, or any other office?

The situation is this: 1. The Republican division guarantees Democratic success with a good candidate; 2. A bad candidate would bring Henry George into the field and divide the Democratic party; 3. That division would probably exert irresistible pressure upon the Republican factions to unite, and with concentration on a good candidate he would in all likelihood be elected. Tammany holds the balance of power in the Democratic organization. On how that power shall be used, whether in behalf of the party's and the city's welfare or in the personal interests of the over-confident Tammany chiefs, depends the outcome of the election. A good Democrat and victory, a Tammany nobody and defeat.

If these chiefs have not lost their political sense they will recognize facts as they exist, and not act on the fatal supposition that facts are as they would like them to be.

It is probably a good political move ordinarily to have plenty of public work just before election with which to placate unemployed citizens who would otherwise be likely to blame an administration for their idleness, but sometimes the move may cost too much. Commissioner Collis would have been able to turn a big favor to his party by just before election putting an army to work on the streets he has kept torn up all Summer and the exasperation of the merchants and residents along Fifth Avenue at the indifference and criminal neglect will more than offset the gratitude of the men who are respite for a few days from starvation by the tardy activity of the Commissioner of Public Works.

and Collis ought to go. The Commission of Public Works is not an ornamental office, the gratification and profit of any man. The sum is supposed to do his work, and, failing to do it, like any other unfaithful employe, he should be removed.

NEW YORK JOURNAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1897. PUT "DOLLAR GAS" IN THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM! NEW YORK JOURNAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1897. PUT "MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP" IN THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM! NEW YORK JOURNAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1897. PUT "MORE SCHOOLS" IN THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM!

For many weeks the Journal has urged the Democracy of the Greater New York to make "dollar gas," "municipal ownership of public franchises" and "schools for all the children" conspicuous features of the Democratic platform. These three important issues affect the comfort, convenience and well being of the three million and odd inhabitants of the Greater New York. They are practical, pressing questions closely connected with the daily, hourly lives of the people.

Dollar gas is already an accepted Democratic idea, and the Journal's fight for it in the last legislative session was only partly defeated by the Republicans, aided by two Tammany members, who were afterward expelled from their organization for their treachery to the cause of good government.

It is of the greatest consequence to the metropolis that the ruinous practice of permitting street railroad companies to hold public franchises as private property shall cease at once. Not another franchise should be given to a company, except in the form of a lease made by the city on its own terms, and terminable on grounds of public policy. The streets belong to the people. Public franchises for the use of the streets by railroads should belong to the municipality. It is said that the franchises already granted cannot be revoked, being in their nature contracts protected by the Constitution. Be that as it may, it is certainly within the power of the people to prevent any further contracts of the kind. The Journal once more urges upon the attention of the Democratic party the supreme importance of a plank declaring that in the future there shall be no private ownership in public franchises.

The necessity for more schoolhouses in Greater New York is so obvious that the mere mention of the fact is sufficient to arouse thoughtful men to the danger of neglecting the city's children and leaving thousands of future citizens to grow up in ignorance and vice. Especially in this city, with its vast and complex foreign population, is a failure to provide adequate school accommodations a crime against the nation. The public school is the stomach of the social body, where everything must be assimilated and digested. It is a scandal that seven thousand children were turned away from the overcrowded schoolhouses of New York this year. The people look to the Democratic party for a ringing declaration that never again shall a child be turned away from a New York school because there is no room.

It is not a month since the Spanish Government, through its Ministers, notified the world of its entire satisfaction with the course of Captain-General Weyler and the progress he was making in the pacification of Cuba. Yesterday the Imparcial, of Madrid, one of the most influential and conservative newspapers of the Spanish capital, announced a movement to secure the removal of Weyler from command in Cuba.

Spanish newspapers do not publish news of that sort without the sanction of the Government, so the Imparcial publication, which spoke of the political weight of the signatures of the anti-Weyler manifesto, is far from unimportant. It looks like the first positive move toward the removal of the bloody tyrant from his dictatorship. Weyler has accomplished absolutely nothing for Spain in the two years he has been supreme in Cuba, though he has done much for himself. He went there clothed with absolute power. Spain sent him all the troops he asked for. To-day the rebels are as strong as when Martinez Campos left, forty thousand Spanish soldiers fill graves in Cuba, and Weyler's incumbency has horrified the world with its atrocity. He has practically brought about American intervention, which means the end of Spanish rule.

While Weyler has been a failure as a soldier, he has been a distinguished success as a personal financier. He saved four million dollars in a few years on a salary of \$40,000 a year in the Philippines, and in Cuba, though his salary is \$50,000 a year, his fortune, it is said, has increased to six millions. The success of Weyler the money maker will probably adequately salve the disappointment of Weyler the general.

THE BASEBALL HOMESTRETCH. In the midst of the surging excitement in which Baltimore and Boston are thundering, neck and neck, down the homestretch of the baseball pennant race, four teams remain unperturbed. Their position is assured beyond their own or any other power to change. New York is unalterably fixed in third place. If she should win and Baltimore and Boston should lose every game yet to play, she should not overhaul either of the leaders, and if she should lose and Cincinnati should win every game, she would still be beyond the reach of Ewing's men. Cincinnati's position in fourth place is equally secure, and so is Cleveland's in fifth. Finally, St. Louis has not merely a mortgage on the booby prize, but a warranty deed, with a title insurance guaranty. If she should win five times as many games as she has yet to play she would not forfeit her right to say, with Ney, "Sir, I am the rear guard."

But while the rank of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx is assured, Greater New York still has an interest in the contest. The six places from sixth to eleventh, inclusive, are yet open, with possibilities of a general shuffle. The Borough of Brooklyn, which now holds sixth place, is up against a hard combination, and its only consolation is that its nearest rival, Washington, is facing a similar ordeal. It is possible that Brooklyn may

drop to eighth place, and even conceivable that it may be Chicago or ninth. Hence, notwithstanding the reverent admiration of New Yorkers for the seafaring hero of Boston, local patriotism compels us to hope that the Emersonians may be seen daily walloped by our new fellow-citizens from the natal soil of Seth Low.

It is too much to expect President McKinley to array himself against bossism in either municipal or State affairs. Such a declaration would reflect seriously on the effort Mr. Hanna is now making in Ohio. The disappearance of young girls will continue until more vigorous means are employed to punish the adults who engineer the disappearance.

The monarchs of the Old-World have evidently come to the conclusion that osculation is the cure for all diplomatic ills. The arrivals and departures of Mrs. Donahue can be chronicled in a three line paragraph. When royalty begins to shrink there is no telling how unimportant it may become.

It looks as if Boston's Mayor will have to take a little of the starch out of his pedigree if he hopes to secure the support of John L. Sullivan's friends. Mr. Dingley will naturally experience some anxiety in case Attorney-General McKenna decides to investigate other sections of his jammed-through tariff law.

When a bucket shop is closed for repairs it is generally the case that the dupes on the outside are out of order.

THE NATION AND GREATER NEW YORK.

Every county in the State is waiting with eagerness to see whether in the big cities the Democratic party will undertake to please the men who left the party last year or the men who remained loyal to it, in the making up of the party platform this fall.—Buffalo Times. Are the citizens of the boroughs of Greater New York aroused to the full comprehension of what this election means for them? Are the citizens doing all they can to rescue the greatest city in America from the vast evil of beheading his course under a government of political scoundrels?—Springfield Republican.

As far as the two great political organizations are concerned in Greater New York, the citizen has abdicated. The people have no right and no duty to perform except to do what Platt and Croker tell them. Is this American citizenship? Is this the best product of American ideas and the American system?—St. Paul Globe.

It is to be hoped that in the providence of God and the thoughtfulness of men the great example to the United States and the world may be set in the election of the first Mayor of Greater New York.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Democratic Warnings to Tammany.

What the Germans Want. [From Das Morgen-Journal of today.] The Germans of Greater New York are not politicians. They have no interest in political place hunting and political deals. Their interest in municipal affairs is confined to demanding a clean local government for Greater New York. Croker and Crokerism is not an answer to the 175,000 German voters whose suffrages this Fall will make or unmake the work of the slave-makers. Hack politicians as candidates is not the answer that the Germans expect to their demand for Democratic big and broad in their views. The Germans want clean men, able men, and preferably one of their own nationality, at the head of the ticket that Tammany will make. To such a ticket the Germans will rally; any other they will desert.

[From the Daily News, managed by Colonel W. D. Brown, a Skech of Tammany.] We warn Tammany Hall that no action on their part that does not commend itself to the better judgment of the intelligent people will receive the support or endorsement of the voters of the great metropolis.

WHAT PEOPLE THINK ABOUT.

The Journal's Course Commended. New York, Sept. 29, 1897. To the Editor of the Journal: Thank God, there is one newspaper in New York that can speak in the Democratic language for the people. Your editorial today warning Tammany against the peril of proposing a revolt by uniting nominations meets the approval of every patriotic and self-respecting man in the city. Don't wear in your course. The people are with you. A VETERAN VOTER.

Schools and Tax Frauds. Sept. 28, 1897. To the Editor of the Journal: Dear Sir—It would seem that the Grand Jury of New York is afraid to do its duty in the case of accused persons as prominent as Messrs. Barker, Sutor and Wells, the Tax Commissioners, who, while putting on a full head of steam when they assessed taxpayers and the dealings of the press, almost always shew a rich corporation's holdings in their track. I brooded in your valuable paper also a protest against the system that crowds out 7,000 children from the public schools because there are not enough schools to accommodate all entitled to an education at the hands of the city. I do not notice, Mr. Editor, that anybody has called attention to the fact that one of these disgraces to New York is the result of the other. Yet it is a fact. Dr. O'Connell has pointed out that the big insurance companies and other corporations were only assessed for quarter of what they should be. If they paid their honest taxes there would be no lack of money for schools, and New York would be spared the spectacle that would disgrace a fourth-rate village in a bankrupt district, let alone the greatest and richest city in America. I thank the Journal for showing the high result up. Keep up the good work until every money bag in New York is forced at the door of the jail. If necessary, pay his share of the expenses of the government. Very sincerely, CHARLES J. AKABOS, An Admirer of the Journal.

A Woman's Protest. Sept. 28, 1897. To the Editor of the Journal: Sir—How long are we of New York going to suffer from the crookedness of the surface railroads? I am informed that under the law a passenger who has paid his fare is entitled to the comfort of a seat. The other day I boarded a car for Canal Street. The car was so comfortable filled. It was every seat was occupied, but when permitted to alight on Canal Street I was standing in front of every passenger, and others were leaning to the sides. There was a man on each of my feet and a woman leaning on my back, and I asked the conductor if there was not a law limiting the number of passengers he could carry on his car. "Yes, indeed," he said, "but the law doesn't do it."

Being a woman, I could not do anything but submit, and so my day's pleasure was ruined, my neck was spoiled, my hat crushed. I do not particularly blame the conductor, but it does seem to me that something could be done to keep the car companies from packing their cars as full as sardine boxes. It is done in Europe, and we pretend to have passed Europe in the progress of comfort and liberty. If there is any law on the subject it ought to be enforced. If there is not a law ought to be passed prohibiting the carrying of more passengers than a car can seat. Yours truly, MRS. A. J. JACOBS.

A Weighty Matter. Sept. 28, 1897. To the Editor of the Journal: Dear Sir—I am not an advocate of the prize ring, but there is justice to be done for the unfit. I am referring to the champion raised in certain quarters because Champion Fitzsimmons will not give ex-Champion Corbett another chance. Fitzsimmons is clearly right. It has been the custom for the champion to head the challenge only of the best in his class. How do we know who is first after Fitzsimmons? Corbett has never tested Peter Jackson or Peter Maher (both whom Fitzsimmons won) or the (retired) champion, who is signed to him by Corbett or Sharkey, nor in invitation some lesser lights. Corbett's proper course is to fight, if he wants to be head of the ring. Let him beat Jackson, Maher and Sharkey, any of whom would gladly give him a go, and then there would be some sense in his asking for another chance at Fitzsimmons. The champion's only obligation, in such a ring, can be used in this connection, is to maintain his superiority over the best of his world who have demonstrated his ability in the only way possible. What Corbett wants to do is to fight, otherwise he has no standing at the court of the squared circle. Yours truly, PETER TENNEY.

Westchester's Veiled Chappie.

GOULD HOYT is now referred to as the "Veiled Chappie of Westchester." It is not because Mr. Hoyt has gone in for the mysterious, or that he is endeavoring to hide from an admirer world that mainly beauty which has been so long the boast and envy of childhood, but because in the exuberance of his spirits on



Gould Hoyt's Veil.

Tuesday last, at the Westchester Horse Show, he covered his face with a green veil and thus alike protected his complexion from the September sun and his modesty from the glances of the ladies that surrounded him on the top of a coach. Certain chappies that saw him sitting there in a bevy of beauty green with envy, and in the meanness of jealousy declared that modesty had nothing to do with Gould Hoyt's singular notion, but that his only purpose in veiling his face in a green veil was to preserve the soft flints of his unusually fine skin.

For my part I am very staunch in the opinion that Mr. Hoyt really had no thought of his complexion when he donned the veil, but that he did it simply because he is a capital mimic of women, and wished as a diversion to show what a fine lady he might have been if he had not been created such a fine man. However, this is only speculation. Whatever Mr. Gould Hoyt's motive may have been when he "took the veil," there is no doubt that his action in this respect was the most sensational incident of the wildly diverting entertainment now in progress in the historic town of White Plains.

In a small and quite ineffectual way C. Oliver Iselin tried to run an opposition show to Gould Hoyt's green veil act. Mr. Iselin's specialty was photography. With a small camera under his arm he "shot" at everything animate and inanimate, and if there was a pig or a pumpkin on any other thing having a place in a county fair that escaped him it must have taken extraordinary pains to conceal itself. One of the things that caught and held the attention of Mr. Iselin's artistic focus was Paul Theobald.

I've seen a lot of gay and gaudy costumes this Summer, but I cannot now recall anything quite up to the variegated standard of Mr. Theobald's Autumn togs. In wore an Alpine hat of delicate shade, golf stockings that cried aloud in the exultation of their pattern, yellow shoes, dan spots, an iridescent necktie, with a big tandem pin, and a Tim Woodruff waistcoat.

When all this glory was finally brought within the focus of Ollie Iselin's camera the film was immediately consumed. Oliver Iselin may some time be able to make a photograph of Paul Theobald, but I am sure that such a thing will not happen until Mr. Theobald shall have changed his raiment. Other people that are lording it in White Plains this week are Regie Rives and Prescott Lawrence, who are more like town fashion plates than ever; W. Gould

O. D. Iselin, Photographer. Brokaw, who is putting up his usual and foolish kick against horse dealers; Charles F. Bates, who sinks his fat sides, like old Uncle Sam in the nursery tale, at the idea of Brokaw kicking about anything; and Charles S. Bates, who doesn't like the idea of "Party" being his cousin, and is at present bending the whole of his genius and energy upon the task of toning a coach between New Rochelle and the scene of the show.

But for all the aspirations and endeavors of these chappies to fill the public eye, Miss

"The Belle of New York."

EVER TABLE indigestion of song and drama and chorus and girl at this "musical comedy," called "The Belle of New York," produced for the first time in New York at the Casino last night. At the end of the first act—that is to say, at something of 11 o'clock—I had a splendidly ghastly feeling of having absorbed a great deal more than was good for me. For two or so I hours or more that long first act on grinding forth new combinations of costumes; Tenebris quips and cracks, Tenebris delicates and indelicacies, and all the luxuries in season and out of it. Yes, it was a veritable indigestion, and when the first curtain dropped I got back on my seat and panted. I felt weak from the ambrosia de ricchesses.

In fact, the Casino seemed determined to live up to and a long way past its own reputation, and that of everybody else. It started by to eclipse Edward E. Rice, George Edwards, and all the celebrated musical-comedy paragon of the English and American metropolises. I emphasize of the sensation at the end of the first act, because after that you get greedy and used to it all. But at 11 o'clock I really felt inclined to go to good, kind Lederer and say to him: "My boy, it's awfully kind of you, but I really can't do any more of any more. I have taken enough. You are too generous. Save up the rest for a rainy day." To add to the despicable annoyance of this ambrosia, the nose insatiable set of ushers I have ever seen set to work and re-demanded everything that had the slightest semblance of re-demanda-ness. You got double doses of it all, which was very trying. I presume that the insatiable ushers worked on commission, and got some small percentage of the receipts for all that they managed to procure.

But all this is mere churlishness. Imagine leaving the city of a host who has simply stuffed you with the stuff that he could get the market, and complaining about it. To most people it is quite impossible to have too much of a good thing. One's money's worth is the idea of the day, and, therefore, I may as well cry, with good grace, that "The Belle of New York" gives you just twice as much as you are entitled to get. In fact, one ticket for two people would be quite enough. Half the show would cause none of the distressing symptoms that are generally relieved by pepin.

There are many bright and enjoyable things in "The Belle of New York," and if at this stunted and dazed moment I am unable to single them out very accurately, it is not because I wouldn't do it if I could. There is something for everybody in the new show. There are dark girls and blond girls; dancers that dance, and dancers that tumble down; yards of libretto that deal with nothing but cock-tails and booze jokes; a fat prima donna, and a new swim young leading woman; chestnut comedians, and comedians who will. There is everything in "The Belle of New York." It is a chowder, a crazy patch quilt, a thing without form but plenty of coloring. You can pay your money and you can take your choice.

Unusually, however, "The Belle of New York" has the best thing that George Kieker has "turned out." I like the phrase "turned out" in connection with Mr. Kieker. His music is less Kerkerian in usual; not as addicted to the mellifluous language of the organ grinder as most of the arrangements he has fallen into the habit of refraining from. I never profess to be a musician, but I am sure that the music of "The Belle of New York" is a fine specimen of the letters that are sent coming to this office.

To the Editor of the Journal: Sometimes I have suspected Cholly Knickerbocker of being a humorist of the most illiterate type. I thought so when I read his reply to that perplexed "Editorial" who wanted to know if it were right for his daughter to go wheeling with her young man after dark and without a chaperon. Surely, surely he was joking. He does not seriously mean to condemn our dear, drowsy mamma to forever riding all over the city during the hours which—say usually devote to light literature and gossip. And he knows—for he must have some faint idea of the habits and customs of that curious tribe, the middle class—that our mothers are the only chaperons up to whom we can count with any degree of regularity. For their sakes—dear, stout, and tired, unattractive dames—bid him forbear!

There are many things he should remember before making such sweeping statements as that "one in the crowd" (his morning. Our "young men," for instance, do not belong to the leisure class. They are not of the "Bogates," "Snooies," "Willets" and "Himmlers" who may snoop from morn till dewy eve. They work all day from 9 until 6. If we are ever to ride with them we must be in the ordinary school. We don't go to some of its work. We have not all seasons for our own for bicycling purposes. Shall we spend the cool, moonlit Autumn evenings when the breeze nips the hair, on the cobble-stone of our brains and the exercise might be sending the blood heavily through our veins, in stuffy, gasp periods because Cholly Knickerbocker and an old dog of a "paterfamilias" declare that we need chaperons?

Mr. Knickerbocker knows in his heart that the chaperon is an un-American institution. He knows that our girls do not need monitors passed over their after they get to the ordinary school. We don't go bicycling with casual acquaintances. When those young men were boys we went to school with them. They are our neighbors. They live around the corner. They are our brothers' friends or our cousins' friends. Our mothers or our fathers have accepted them with a splendid good nature. Just because Profridence has blessed the land by the invention of the bicycle, they have not become invading hordes of hordes who seek to devour us. Nor do we drop our dignity when we don our garters.

We don't need chaperons. We don't desire chaperons. And our natural and only always-reliable chaperone decline to play the part of building, puffing opinions. So please do not let Mr. Cholly Knickerbocker play practical jokes upon us by stirring up a chaperon crusade on our fathers. A. B. C.

I don't doubt that A. B. C. is quite right from her point of view. I am not going to quarrel with a lady if she doesn't want a chaperon. Indeed, I would very much rather go wheeling with her in the autumn moonlight. The fact of the matter is that the whole thing depends on the point of view. The Turkish lady nukes her face and wears only gauze on her limbs, while the Hottentot lady dispenses with both mask and garter. It would be soon attempt to prove to either that she was not correctly gowned as to try to convince A. B. C. that she needed a chaperon. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER. "My dear what has just entered in your mind?" "How do you know?" "Why, don't you see the old shoes at the feet of her hat? Wouldn't she just die if she knew they were there?" By the adownment of womanhood with the faculties of ratiocination and critical observation, woman herself was almost as hard hit as anybody.—Detroit Journal.

ALAN DALE.