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AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Morgan Cannot Be Spared.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is faithfully attending to his work at Washington while his rivals are trying to undermine him at home.

That any contract, agreement or combination between two or more corporations which has for its purpose the control of the price of anything which is the subject of or enters into interstate commerce...

They also fix suitable penalties for the officers and members of corporations committing such illegal acts.

Mr. Morgan called attention to the fact that while the Federal courts had shown a disposition to protect the public interests against invasions by combinations of capital, they had been hampered by deficiencies in the laws.

It is a rare distinction for Alabama to have a Senator who is not only the leader of the Democratic side, but is able to command the respectful attention of both sides.

It would be an extraordinary blunder for Alabama to deprive herself of the services of such a man in the prime of his usefulness.

About Yellow Journalism.

The yellow journal, therefore, is the one which happens for the day to be in the front, and it may be well imagined that it is not at all hurt by the yelps which follow after it.

This excellent answer indicates that even in Georgia enterprise and public spirit are winning their meed of opprobrium from those they hurt.

There is everything in associations. If "yellowness" continues to be universally connected with enterprise, public spirit, liberality, honesty and human sympathy...

The Evil of Cigarettes.

The learned committee found no antimony, no mercury, no copper in its investigations. Did it find gold?

The analyses were based upon the constituent elements of single cigarettes. In the same manner it would be possible to declare whiskey harmless by analyzing a single drink.

Let us turn to the facts, which these wise men of London deny. Within little over a year the newspapers of this city have published in their grist of daily matter news items which foot up as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Count. Includes 'Driven insane by cigarettes' (30), 'Robbery inspired by cigarettes' (12), 'Suicide the result of cigarettes' (6), 'Murder caused by cigarettes' (6), 'Killed by excessive use of cigarettes' (3), 'Convulsions caused by cigarettes' (2), 'Blindness from cigarettes' (1), and 'Total' (60).

We would inform the learned medical committee of London that if it so desires we can furnish names, dates and circumstances connected with every one of the above cases.

Part of the defence of Mike Sliney, who killed Lyons, on the Bowery, was cigarette insanity. Koerner, who murdered Manie Redgate, pleaded excessive cigarette smoking as a cause.

Therefore, whenever you read anything about cigarettes being harmless, you may believe that it was written or uttered either by an inspired idiot or by somebody whose opinions have been made worth while.

Cigarettes are a poisonous evil pure and simple. They pave the way to nervous diseases. They dull the eye and the brain. They retard physical growth. They injure the heart. They antagonize the efforts of parents for the good of their children.

The nicotine from three cigarettes will kill a cat. In Pontiac, Ill., out of 63 boys 12 years old, 58 smoked; of 133 boys 14 years old, 125 smoked, and out of 82 boys 15 years old, 73 were smokers.

For the benefit of the London committee we would explain that this was in a reformatory. The lesson is obvious.

Ex-Republican on Currency.

The Congressman from Brooklyn who voted for the Hanna-McKinley Currency bill can be certain of this, that they will never take their seats in another Congress from Brooklyn.

PLAIN TALK WITH THE PEOPLE.

Positively the Last Word.

Editor of the New York Journal: Editorially, you said the other day the twentieth century begins January 1, 1901. It seems perfectly clear to myself and friends that it begins January 1, 1900.

A boy's first year is from 0 to 1. When 1 is completed, the 100th year is from 99 to 100. When 100th, it is completed. A century beginning January 1, 1800, ends December 31, 1900.

A bicyclist makes one lap from 0 to 1, that's the first. The second begins with 1. The 100th with 99. At No. 100 it ends.

From New York to No. 1 mile stone is the first mile you walk. From No. 1 to No. 2 is the second. From No. 2 to No. 3 is the third. From 99 to 100 is the 100th, ending at 100. All computation proves the same thing, most simply, and the calendar twentieth century begins January 1, 1900.

MATTHEW DEVORE, No. 56 West Fifty-first street.

We do not intend to be seduced into wasting much space on this interminable twentieth century controversy, but we are willing to spare this correspondent a few lines because he has really grasped the fact that a century contains a hundred years—a thing that is not generally realized in his faction.

When he says that "a century beginning January 1, 1800, ends December 31, 1900," he means, of course, that it ends December 31, 1899. With that correction the statement is true. The only question is whether that century is the nineteenth or not.

If it is, then the eighteenth century began January 1, 1799; the seventeenth January 1, 1699; the sixteenth January 1, 1599; the fifteenth January 1, 1499; the fourteenth January 1, 1399; the thirteenth January 1, 1299; the second January 1, 100, and the first January 1 in the year 0. Consequently, to make this theory hold water, there must have been a year 0. But chronology recognizes no such year. Things were happening all the time about the beginning of the Christian era.

Those that happened a moment after the era began historians date in the year 1 A. D. Those that began a moment before are dated in the year 1 B. C. In chronology only a point of time separates the year 1 A. D. from the year 1 B. C. But if, in an era whose first century began with the year 0, the twentieth would begin with the year 1900, it is plain that in an era whose first century began with the year 1 the twentieth must begin with the year 1901.

If Mr. Devore is still in doubt, let him go into Wall Street and order a broker to buy him nineteen hundred shares of sugar stock in hundred-share lots. Then let him make the broker a present of the nineteen hundredth share on the ground that it belongs to a twentieth block. He will find himself popular on the Street.

No Excitement in England.

Editor of the New York Journal: As a lover of fair play, and as an Englishman, I wish to protest against your editorial treatment of Great Britain's war with the Boers.

In your editorial of a week or so ago you laugh and with justice, at the concern England is said to be in from her few reverses in the Transvaal, and you mention the battles of Waterloo and Gettysburg, to which these are but trivial skirmishes.

All that you said, according to your usual policy, was very just and true, but it seems to me you have greatly erred in supposing England to be in such a panic as you say. From private information, besides, I find England is not in the piteous excitement she is represented to be by you and other papers.

Indeed, I might almost say that the Spanish-American war caused more excitement in America than is the present war causing in England.

No doubt it is to the policy of newspapers to represent matters greater than they are, but I certainly did not look to see the New York Journal the exponent of this principle.

December 19. SPECTATOR. We are glad to know that "Spectator" has friends in England who are not affected by the war excitement. Evidently the Herald's London correspondent has not met them, or he would not have cabled yesterday:

Everywhere the wave of war fever is visible. People thought the war fever was great when war was declared, but it was nothing to what on every side is witnessed to-day, and what is most remarkable is that the women are just as keen as the men. Almost every woman, be she a star in society or on the stage, tells you with deep yearning that she has to go to be a nurse.

If the men and women were to be allowed to have their own way just now Great Britain would very speedily be depopulated, and find its populace on African soil.

The wave of enthusiasm which is rolling all over the country is being fanned by all public speakers and newspapers.

The correspondents of all the New York papers have missed "Spectator's" sedate friends, and the English papers have been equally unfortunate. Consequently, in assuming that there has been considerable excitement in England over the war, the Journal has not erred alone.

The Prayer of the Rich.

Editor of the New York Journal: At a recent prayer meeting which I attended a gentleman arose and in a humble voice delivered a long prayer, saying "Help those suffering in poverty, in sickness, and help us all to bear our crosses and to follow in the steps of our Master," etc.

Now, this man lives at the rate of \$10,000 to \$20,000 per year, and, while I do not exactly accuse him of hypocrisy, it does seem, if he really felt what his prayer would lead one to believe, he would live in a simple way and devote his money to relieving some of the distress.

Are all wealthy Christians Pharisees? If not, by what reasoning is a rich man justified in spending a fortune annually on himself, while thousands of worthy persons suffer from poverty around him. "CHRISTIAN," December 20.

Every man in this world, from the North Pole to the Land of Fire, has his own ideas as to Faith, Hope and Charity. There are men who are trying to beat their way through the gates of heaven with a gold brick. There are rich men who give up their lives to the poor. There are rich men who squall to God in cushioned pews over the sufferings of the poor, and who grind out their tithes of rent to the last bitter farthing, regardless of poverty and suffering.

In the evolution of the human race all this must be. The rich man has many a prayer to pray and the poor man many a moan before the goal is won.

Therefore do not let the rich man's prayer disturb you. It is natural and according to his lights. You may understand how vain it is when you remember that there are no dollars in the hereafter, and that if all men are not created equal they die equally. The humblest soul on earth may pierce the veil of death shoulder to shoulder with kings.

Therefore the prayer of the rich availeth naught unless his actions be in accordance with his prayer.

MRS. ASTOR GIVES HER FIRST STATE DINNER OF THE SEASON.

Tried and True Courtiers of the Exclusive Set Pay Homage to the Gracious Hostess. The Function a Brilliant Formal Event. Happenings in Society.

BY GHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

A FUNCTION that has almost the same social importance in New York as a Queen's Drawing Room in London took place last evening at the residence of Mrs. Astor, Fifth avenue and Sixty-fifth street.

I can imagine a Chicago pork packer being willing to pay \$50,000 for a card to an event like this, as the appearance of his name upon the list would insure his acceptance by society, and other entertainers would tumble over one another to secure his presence at their own affairs.

Mrs. Astor wore a cream satin dress, trimmed with steel. Around her throat was a band of black velvet, that made a good background for some beautiful diamond stars. She wore two diamond necklaces, diamond ornaments on her corsage, and a diamond head dress.

The silver on the centre of the table rested on a mirror no brighter than itself. There was a huge silver candelabrum at each end, and big repousse vases, crowded with a wealth of splendid American Beauty roses. While the guests ate off silver dishes the Hungarian Orchestra gave a melodious relish to the feast.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mr. and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies, Mr. and Mrs. Hives, Mr. and Mrs. Monro, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, Mr. and Mrs. William Jay, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Whitney Warren, Miss Blight, Miss Sands, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Lanier, Mr. Levi P. Morton, Mr. Navarro, Mr. Gregory, Baron Oppenheim and Count Korgorley.

GHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER ON NEW SOCIAL TOPICS.

IT is no longer a subjunctive of possibility that the Goulds may sometime find themselves within the mazy Newport whirl. Noting the fixed signs—all more obvious than the planetary plot of a horoscope—I rest content to say it is assured. Mark me—next September will find their equipages turning in on consecrated gravel, turning in, I say, through driveways leading to temples of the great. They have gained their footing, and the end of the decade will find them as firmly established as the present house of Vanderbilt, once as far without the peninsula as the Goulds were ten years ago.

In substantiation of this, I beg you note the names now running coupled with the Goulds. Have not the Ellisha Dyers taken them up? Is not that gracie Diana, Miss Greeta Pomeroy, already hovering within their doors? What more could one ask? Miss Pomeroy, in her close relation to the Queen—as they say at Newport—may do much for newcomers, and I fancy her appearance in last night's theatricals is significant surely of good will. And is not Mrs. Fish herself a guest within the doors? So, next Summer, and I think that, in return, Mrs. Gould will not stint herself in the originality and completeness of her entertaining.

I do not know with what favor the other Goulds regard this advancement of their sister-in-law. Although Mrs. George is asked at many important houses, I rarely, if ever, see the names of the others included, and by no chance ever spy them at these places. I think the Howard Goulds care little for entertaining, and the others may or may not—I know not which. Mrs. Howard, at the moment, is more busy, I understand, in giving entertainment to a lot of small and needy children. It is a most gracious thing, I think, and if she has indeed social aspirations, I am sure I wish her all success.

It is a wise thing for the Union Club to move north and thus clear its skirts of fast-gathering neighbors who are in trade. But the projected journey to Fifty-first street will be a sad shock to some of the dead old boys, who for years have observed the fleeting show from long-favored windows in the front. There is one gay old beau, whose name is not at all necessary to the strength of this dissertation, who will above all others regret his favored edge of vantage. In fact, I recollect him when the new building on the corner was going up. It was Summer, and hour after hour he sat there, his eye intent upon the workmen, his elbow occupied in causticities with the spirit of the moment.

What then, after these hours of ease—what, I say, was the trepidation and stupor of his neighbors when he arose with all the marks of apoplexy burning brightly at the nape of his neck? With uplifted arm, with strenuous, trembling hand, he pointed fixedly to the structure across the way. A half dozen attendants sprang to seize him; he wavered away. "That man! That man!" he clamored. "The fellow over there! See him! I have been watching him for an hour—it is outrageous! Outrageous, I say! He hasn't done a stroke of work for an hour! The rascal!" Then he collapsed into his seat, rubicund and furious, nodding his head to and fro, while silence once more fell upon the Union.

There are no new buildings or places for them in the neighborhood of Fifty-first street. So I fancy the club will be spared another such scene. Up there, too, it will be in a far better neighborhood, but I trust the club will look more to comfort than to show, as the University has done, and put up a clubhouse that is a clubhouse, and not something in the guise of the Waldorf-Astoria.

It is nearly an established fact that J. Pierpont Morgan will not accept a new nomination as commodore of the New York Yacht Club. I hear that he is tired of the duties incumbent upon the place and that other affairs require too much of his time. In addition to this, it is said that he contemplates a long voyage abroad during the

BRIGHT EDITORIALS ON CURRENT TOPICS FROM READERS OF THE JOURNAL.

Pennsylvania's Labor Slaves.

To the Editor of the New York Journal: I enclose you an editorial from the Scranton Republican (December 14), which calls the Journal down in regard to the miners of Pennsylvania being slaves of the corporations. The Journal is correct. I myself feel that I am no more than a slave.

I am a citizen of the Empire State and hail from Chester, N. Y. I left Chester about three weeks ago and came to Scranton. I had very little money, and winter to face, with no prospects in Chester for facing it. So I was compelled to leave there in quest of employment. I had no trouble in finding employment here, going to work as a laborer in the South Mill of the Lackawanna Iron and Steel Company at \$1.20 per day. On the night of December 7 I met with an accident, which has crippled me.

I was forced to crawl to my boarding house, two blocks from the mill, and lay in agony for



Mrs. William Astor.

coming Summer and at the exact season when the club is busier, Lewis Cass Ledyard, who will probably be elected to the place, is admirably equipped to fill the position. He is an ardent yachtsman. It is unnecessary to say, and has a greater leisure than Mr. Morgan.

The Gerys will entertain this season as vividly as ever. Mrs. Gerry is already arranging a number of dinner dances, and so we are all more or less assured of a superabundance of watermelon during the frigid months. The new series of dances already arranged by Mrs. Gerry and Mrs. Mills will begin the week after New Year, and I am assured they will become as successful as ever. Mrs. Starr Miller will complete the trinity of these entertainments, and Mr. Worthington Whitehouse will lead the cotillions. Of course, these dances will be necessarily restricted—not more than a few dancers in all—and while this may be considered selfish, it is done with reason. I need hardly suggest that the reason is a plain demand upon the discernment of some strugglers, who have come to believe that this season is the time when the portals are open and that all may enter who will.

Besides this, Mrs. Gerry will follow Mrs. Astor with a reception to which the entire visiting list will be bidden. Mrs. John Jacob Astor will have no part in the family entertainments, as I hear she contemplates a trip abroad. There is a half-felted suggestion abroad that a cordon has arisen within the triple alliance, and that the set in which Mrs. Fish is the avowed leader is now divided by a difference. In fact, it has gone so far that there is talk of a separation of the forces, and that Mrs. Fish may set up a new set wherein her way will ever endure undisputed. I don't know the truth of this, but I am sure I feel distressed. Sovereignty, I fear, must now give way to civil government.

Walter Savage Landor, my amiable acquaintance, who started civilization with his account of entertaining in Thibet, is not unknown in New York society. He came here several years ago and succeeded admirably. He is a bright genius with an unhappy way of sitting upon a chair edge, as if he feared the upholstery concealed a trap. Moreover, he lacks the assertive in the tone of his voice, and whenever it was his turn to say something—and he really says good things—every one needed to be still, lest his words be lost to all. He is quite popular, however, but I do hope he will spare our timid sisters the account of his journey in the table lands.

Notes of Society.

Mrs. R. Fulton Cutting will give a dance the latter part of January.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs gives her annual Christmas tree party for her little son on Christmas Day.

The next meeting of the Thursday Evening Club will be held at the residence of Mrs. Henry Draper, No. 271 Madison avenue.

Precedence of Roberts's Wives.

"There is one thing I'd like to know about the domestic affairs of this man Roberts." "What's that?" "Why, when his three wives are lined up on the hall stairway waiting for him to come home at 3 a. m., what's their order of precedence?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Their Little Weaknesses.

"Nations and women are a good deal alike." "In what way?" "Well, when one woman gets a new hat her neighbor wants to go right away and get a better one, and when one nation builds a new war ship all the others start right out to get bigger one."—Chicago Times-Herald.