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AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

WHO BETRAYED OUR GALLANT MEN?

Amid the cheering and the exultation, rising ever above the plaudits which the people heap upon the heroes of a sharp and victorious war, comes with an iteration not to be denied, in voices in which sorrow and wrath struggle for the mastery, these questions:

Who starved our soldiers at the front?

Who sent our men into the tropic heats and rains clothed in wool and shod in paper?

Who sent them into battle without proper complement of surgeons, without suitable provision for field hospitals, without even enough probes to meet the awful need which all must have known would inevitably arise?

Who is responsible for the insufficiency of medical stores?

Who sent out crowded troop ships without enough food for the soldiers?

Who established and maintained camps at utterly unfit points, so that men sickened and died of diseases brought on by foul water and a miasmatic atmosphere?

Who is responsible for the death of Lieutenant Tiffany, by starvation, and for the conditions which have surrounded the grandson of Nathaniel Hawthorne at Montauk Point, as told in yesterday's Journal?

By whose fault have our hospital ships been made charnel ships, our camps death camps, our transports prisons on a starvation regime?

IT IS NOT ENOUGH TO POINT TO THIS OR THAT COMMISSARY OFFICER, IT IS TRIVIAL TO ACCUSE THIS STEWARD OF EXTORTION AND THAT OF NIGGARDLINESS, IT IS EVADING THE ISSUE TO PICK OUT SUBORDINATES TO BEAR THE BURDEN.

In a homely but not expressive phrase it may be said that the responsibility for the stupid, discreditable, cruel and murderous blunders in the medical and commissary departments of the army is *up to the War Department.*

The nation has given lavishly of its youth to this war, which the people hold was waged in a holy cause. For the conduct of the campaigns there is no word but praise. For the bravery of our sailors and soldiers no language of applause meets fully our needs. We honor the survivors, and we revere the memories of those who fell. But even with peace there comes a new reckoning to be adjusted, a reckoning as grave as that Spain invited when her conspirators blew up the Maine. With peace comes opportunity to discover at what point in our military and naval organization incompetence, cupidity and corruption crept in to steal away the health and the lives of men dedicated to their country's service. This is the first task of peace. It must be prosecuted as relentlessly as was our warfare on Spain. It must be carried to the very citadel of corruption, as we would have carried our flags to the Spanish capital had need arisen. From the bedside of death we must turn nerved and steeled to seek out and punish the murderer. There can be as little mercy shown to the guilty at Washington as they showed to their victims in camps and on ships. Hunt them down and bring them sharply to judgment.

Already it is apparent that official incapacity slew more of our gallant men than did the Spaniards. We have settled with Spain. Let us seek out and punish the enemy at home.

THE RED TAPE NURSE.

"To the President of the United States and Others in Authority."

(Book o' Common Prayer.)

I.

Here is the cry of a nation, wrung from a nation's woe,
Struck down in the hour of triumph by the hand of a hidden foe;
A nation demands an answer from those at the nation's head,
And bids them find the guilty to blame for a nation's dead.

II.

You called, and we young men answered. Awaked by the bugle's blast,
And then to a man stood forward, as our fathers did in the past.
From counter, and forge and workshop, toilers of muscle and mind,
You asked for two hundred thousand. Did you have to seek far to find?

III.

You asked for the best and got them. You chose us one by one.
You asked of the wife her husband, the widow her only son.
Those that we left behind us, had never a word of blame;
We did our best, and now, 'fore God, we ask that YOU do the same.

IV.

Did we ever pause and falter, on that last and fiercest day,
On the shell-swept slope of San Juan Hill, in the shambles of El Caney?
We laughed at the Mauser bullet, the shrapnel's deadly breath,
For men shall fall, if men will fight, and the wage of war is death.

V.

We laughed in the blood-soaked trenches, through the steaming tropic night.
We might lack fire, and even food, at least we were sure of a fight.
Until that day when the Stars and Stripes were over the ramparts flown,
We had finished our task in foreign soil, so turned—to find death at home.

VI.

Back to the land that bore us, not as conquerors come,
But to live and die in ditches, out in the rain and sun.
Crowded like cattle on transports, lacking both food and drink,
By orders of those "in authority," who hadn't the time to think,
All too busy to lift up out of the mud and grime,
It seems that WE could give our lives, but THEY couldn't give their time.

VII.

How long, O, Lord! how long, shall the God of Red Tape slay,
For one that died on the battlefield a score are dying each day,
Across the plains the funeral trains in endless progress creep,
And men who fought like lions then to-day are dying like sheep.

VIII.

But the time shall come, and surely, to fix the measure of blame.
For a nation's wrath has risen at the sight of a nation's shame.
The cry is heard from the housetops of a thousand desolate homes,
And woe to him who is found at fault when the day of reckoning comes.

INFORMAL WILLS OF SOLDIERS.

The legal lights of Newark are puzzled over a document presented to the Surrogate as a soldier's will. The soldier had said in a letter: "I want granny to have everything." "Granny" was a grandmother with whom the dead man had lived up to the time of his enlistment, and from whose house he was buried. He was unmarried and had no nearer relatives. The question is whether this expression of desire constituted a valid will.

There ought to be no difficulty in carrying out the wishes of this testator. The Romans, who really invented wills, and surrounded them with the most elaborate formalities, made exceptions from the first in favor of soldiers in actual service. This principle has come down to our time. In England a soldier in the field can bequeath his personal property by word of mouth, without writing even a line. The same rule prevails in New York.

It is an old principle of interpretation that the intention of the testator is to be observed. Coke calls that "the pole star to guide the judges." Where the intention is clear, and there has been neither time nor opportunity to draw a regular will, there should be no stickling over technical formalities.

WE MUST HAVE THE CANAL.

At the session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Boston, Dr. Wolfred Nelson, F. R. G. S., read a paper on "Nicaragua and the Proposed Canal." His views on the advantages to be gained by completing this great work were given added interest by reason of his perfect familiarity with the territory to be traversed.

In the opinion of Dr. Nelson, the cost of the enterprise is the last thing to be considered. The material advantages that will accrue to the people of the United States would make even an expenditure of $300,000,000 a wise investment.

The necessity for a short water route to the Pacific was brought home to us with startling force during the war with Spain.

Had Dewey met with defeat at Manila, the entire Western coast would have been at the mercy of the enemy's guns. Before the navy could have sent a new fleet the cities along the shores of the Pacific would have been looted and in ashes.

The politicians may cause a temporary delay, and the schemers with bonds to sell will have to be reckoned with, but the great body of the American people are heartily in favor of the Nicaragua Canal, and they will see that it is built.

DEATH FOUND IN DUTY.

Another Journal correspondent has placed his name on the roll of martyrs to duty. Mr. Sidney G. Tovey, who went through the hardships of the war as one of the Journal's staff of news-gatherers in Cuban waters, has died of typhoid fever, contracted in consequence of the ordeal to which his work subjected him.

Mr. Tovey entered upon his duties in the same spirit of enthusiastic self-sacrifice that animated the fighting men in the army and the fleet. At Havana, at Cardenas, at Tampa, he was always alert and never spared himself. And at last he paid the price that all his colleagues were ready to pay. He gave his life to his work, as all gave their comfort, and some their blood.

It was no holiday service that the men in the Journal's expeditions undertook. Marshall, desperately wounded, and hovering for weeks between life and death, is still in hospital, with operations at frequent intervals, and may never walk again. Creelman was shot and seriously injured. Mumford was taken to the hospital prostrated by fever. Langdon Smith also had his turn of fever, although he is now at work again. Follansbee, who accompanied the editor of the Journal as a guest, went through the dangers and sufferings of the staff, pressed on with the firing line, and brought on an attack of fever by caring for one of the wounded correspondents for a night and a day under the sky.

No, a newspaper expedition in war time is no place for a man in search of comfortable entertainment. It means hard, wearing, dangerous, and sometimes fatal work. But there is never a lack of volunteers to incur its perils and sufferings.

THE IMPENDING RAILROAD WAR.

There are mutterings of war among the railroads that drag the reluctant New Yorker to Chicago and whirl the eager Chicagoan blithely to New York. These lines, like humanity in general, are divided into two classes, the "strong" and the "weak." The strong lines have prestige, capital and fast trains. Other things being equal, most travellers would naturally prefer these. To preserve that harmony which is essential to the still fat plucking of the public goose it has been necessary to give the weak roads an opportunity of securing a share of the business, and this has been done by allowing them to cater to that class of passengers to which a saving of two or three dollars on the trip to Chicago is an object.

Now the strong lines want to take everything. They propose to abolish the "differentials" hitherto permitted, and to compel all the roads to charge the same rates. To give a plausible ground for this action they are going to take off their fast trains, which heretofore have been one of their chief attractions in the minds of the travelling public.

This policy is not likely to be carried out without a fight. The weak lines do not seem inclined to give up their differentials and retire from business, and the result will probably be a rate war. If so, the public will be temporarily consoled for the loss of the fast trains, which really have nothing to do with the controversy, although in the end it will doubtless have to pay for the losses on both sides, as usual.

THE REVELATION OF A CRIME.

Lieutenant William Tiffany died of starvation. The bullets of the enemy spared him; the deadly fevers of Cuba beset him sorely, but he would probably have shaken them off if he could have fought them with proper nourishment. His attending physician says:

I stated as the cause of death in the certificate protracted fevers due to war life in Cuba and starvation as far as the convalescent stage goes. It was really the result of different fevers—yellow, intermittent and malarial—contracted in Santiago, and starvation. I do not mean to say that he did not have food, but that he did not have food that was suitable to the condition of a convalescent.

From the fate of Lieutenant Tiffany—an officer, rich, well known, distinguished in the field, with legions of powerful friends, with family influence strong enough to bend the quarantine regulations and get him off the murderous transport soon after her arrival, and to take him to a first-class hotel instead of to a plague camp—we may realize what is happening to the average private, with no money, no influence, no powerful friends, and no chance of securing anything better than Government rations, Government care and Government red tape.

Lieutenant Tiffany's death is a searchlight on the treatment meted out to our soldiers by incompetents in authority. It reveals a crime, and a wrathful nation will soon know the criminals.

MR. HENRY D. LLOYD, whose latest book, "Labor Copartnership," has just been published, and is reviewed in another column, has become a familiar figure among students of social economy and workers in the field of altruistic endeavor. His arraignment of the Standard Oil Trust in "Wealth Against Commonwealth," and his book, "Strike of Millionaires Against Miners," have been widely read and quoted by serious men both here and abroad. It may be said of Mr. Lloyd that in his work and books we find his life and character reflected with singular accuracy. The quality of earnestness and sincerity, the abhorrence of mere theorizing without marshalling of facts and figures, and the entire absence of the petty tricks of the demagogue and agitator are characteristic alike of the man and his books.

THERE WILL BE A FEW REMARKS on canal tolls between now and November.

IT IS A VERY COLD DAY, or a very hot one, when the colored brother finds life all solemn. In the trenches at Santiago the bronzed soldiers hailed the passing Spanish shells with the affectionate admonition: "Call on dar, baby; keep a-calling; I don't want none of you."

But the colored troops made it very solemn for the enemy when they got started.

LABOR COPARTNERSHIP IN EUROPE.

"Labor Copartnership" is a book of travel—the record of a journey into the bright continent of English co-operation, and especially that newest province of it in which, after three generations of efforts, failures, experiments, the workingmen are succeeding in establishing themselves in their own factories, workshops, mills, and, last and most important of all, are coming to have their own farms.

This is the most advanced phase of that most advanced social movement of our times—outside of politics—English co-operation. That what I saw in England, new to me, although I had kept myself posted in a literary way about co-operation, would hardly have given me the courage to add another book to the flood that afflicts us, but I found that among men of affairs and students of social science, even in Great Britain, the growth of this great and beautiful plant of voluntary industrial democracy was very inadequately known or understood, and I could not doubt that the story of its struggles and victories would be news as well worth the telling as those of other "humanitarian wars."

There are now over one hundred and fifty of these establishments in England, Scotland and Ireland owned and operated by workingmen on the principle, far in advance of ordinary profit-sharing, that employes are to have participation in proprietorship as well as in profits. In many severe cases the workingmen and women have shown their willingness and ability to share in losses as well as in profits. Some of these concerns have been flourishing for twenty or thirty years, or even longer; they have an aggregate capital of $5,000,000, a production of $10,000,000 a year, and a profit of $500,000. In Ireland, under the leadership of that solid young statesman, the Hon. Horace Plunkett, the movement is producing results among the peasantry which can without exaggeration be called nothing less than a social revolution with no other dynamite than that of honest and peaceful industry.

The greatest names of co-operation from Owen to Holyoake are committed to this application of the principles of brotherhood in employment, and it is being pushed in all parts of the kingdom to-day by a devoted band of men and women of all classes, capitalists, workingmen, university graduates, on whom has descended the religious zeal of the founders of co-operation corrected by the practical experience gained by a century of hard knocks.

There is a capitalistic labor copartnership not less interesting than that instituted by the workingmen. One of the greatest gas companies of London—the South Metropolitan—has for years been giving its employes a share of the profits which has made them all stockholders, and this year these employe-shareholders are to elect two of their number directors of the company, who are to sit on the board equal in dignity and power to other directors.

The social as well as the industrial position of women rises to a high plane in this province of the new democracy. In all the labor copartnership works no discrimination is made between the men and women in the right to become owners, and in the co-operative clothing factory at Kettering I saw two young women sitting at the bench as ordinary workers who also sat in the Board of Directors by the suffrage of their fellow owners.

If the working people are to be the future rulers of the world, as Gladstone said in one of his most impressive speeches, it is full of good omen that with all the terrible handicaps on them, giving them not a tenth of a chance to win, they have in labor co-partnership succeeded in organizing the most civilized system of production the modern world of industry knows—one far in advance of anything done by that superior person, the capitalist.

To enter that radiant region where "the wage fund" and "the supply and demand" of the "labor market" and the "survival of the fittest" were operated in harmony with brotherhood, and the Golden Rule was for me an adventure so agreeable that I could not resist the invitation to share it with the public.

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD.

TRAGIC EXPERIENCES OF TITLED AMERICAN WIVES.

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Railroad accidents, it must be confessed, play a remarkable part in the matrimonial existence of Count Arthur Pourtales, Secretary of the French Legation at Tokio. He lost his first wife, an American girl, in a railroad accident between Philadelphia and Washington, where he was stationed at the time as Attache to the French Mission. She lies buried at White Plains, where her father, the late Benjamin Halliday, owned the Ophir Farm estate, which is now the country seat of Whitelaw Reid.

Three years later the Count married another American girl, a Miss Beauvar-Boesler, of New Orleans, and now the news comes from France that the Countess has met with a very serious railroad accident while on her way from Havre to Paris.

After landing from the Bretagne, which had brought her from New York, she had taken the boat's special train to the capital. Just before reaching Rouen, and while going through the long tunnel, she mistook the door of the carriage for that of the toilet room and pitched out of the train.

Falling to the middle of the track, and blinded by the blood flowing from ugly gashes over her eyes, she nevertheless retained a sufficient degree of consciousness to realize her situation. Remembering that she was liable to be run over at any moment by a train, she collected all her strength and dragged herself by an almost superhuman effort against the side of the tunnel, where she lay on the ground for almost twenty minutes before assistance arrived.

The Count did not notice her disappearance until the train reached Rouen, where he at once communicated with the station master, with whom, preceded by men carrying lanterns, he searched the tunnel, eventually finding his wife prostrate on the ground, having sustained severe injuries, which will necessitate her remaining some considerable time at Rouen before being able to proceed on her journey to Paris.

This Countess Pourtales has been the subject of a good deal of unpleasant gossip owing to a case of mistaken identity.

There are quite a large number of American girls, nearly a dozen all told, who have married Counts of Pourtales, and one of them was the heroine of a series of sensational adventures, some of them extremely unsavory, wild stories being current in the American press eight or ten years ago to the effect that she had wound up her mad career by decapitation in Japan for having induced by means of her charms and her wiles several great dignitaries and statesmen to embark in a conspiracy against the Mikado. Of course the very fact of Count Arthur Pourtales having been stationed for a long number of years in Japan as Secretary of the French Mission at Tokio has led to the adventures described in these fairy tales—for they are nothing else—being ascribed to his wife, much to his annoyance and disgust.

Among American women who have married members of the house of Pourtales are Miss Elise Bachmann, of Boston, who married the late Count Francis Pourtales; Miss Laura Montgomery, of Florissant, El Paso County, Colorado, who married Count Otto Pourtales; Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger, whose maiden name I forget, but who married in New York Count James Pourtales, and Miss Florence Drouillard, of Nashville, Tenn., who is the wife of Count Bernard Pourtales.

The Pourtales are a very old family, who form part of the German and French aristocracy as well as of the Swiss patriciate, for even in republics so democratic as that of Helvetia there are class distinctions and a patrician caste, the members of which are far more proud on the subject of their ancestry and more exclusive in their associations than the aristocracy of monarchial countries.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

NOT QUITE THE RIGHT NAME.

Sympathetic Maiden—Why, Jimmy, you poor boy! Have you been fighting?

Jimmy—N—I've been fought.—Judy.

THE COST OF REPORTING A WAR.

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

The usual citizen, kind but not keen, knows as little of the forces that bring him his news each day as of that which through other wires brings his electric light.

This citizen, witnessing the great sale of newspapers in war time, has written to the editor in substance this:

"Since you make such a lot of money out of this war, you ought to do so and so."

It will interest him to learn that, should a war reported as this has been continue two years, it would bankrupt the resources of every first-class newspaper in New York City. Every newspaper of the first class has run far behind since the outbreak of the war. To one newspaper at least the war has meant an added expense of more than $3,000 a day—about a million dollars a year—enough to eliminate all the profits of the most profitable newspaper in America.

Three thousand dollars per day has been the extra cost of gathering war news for the New York Journal. That sum, perhaps, represents a maximum. Other newspapers have spent in proportion to their available capital.

But every good newspaper in America was glad of the chance to make a fight for the best news; every one has been glad to make the necessary sacrifices.

The Cost of Reporting a War.

The reader may have gathered that to report a war thoroughly implies necessarily the command of money in abundance. For the guidance of ambitious capitalists or others who may think they would like to own and manage "a great newspaper," a few figures may be desirable.

The Journal—which probably "covered" this war as completely and elaborately as any other newspaper—had in commission ten sea-going craft, as follows: The yachts Anita and Buccaneer (the Buccaneer was given by Mr. Hearst to the Government, armed and equipped), the steamers Auxiliar, Baracoa, Ely, Sylvia, Dismante and the tugboats Echo, Simpson and Biscayne Bay.

The charter of these boats alone amounted to over $1,500 per day.

The item of cable tolls is able alone to chill the ardor of the would-be newspaper creator. It cost from 50 to 80 cents per word to send press matter from such points as St. Thomas, the Haytian points or Jamaica.

It cost $1.45 to $1.80 per word for press cables from Hong Kong. It was necessary to keep correspondents posted as to the principal events of the war. On such messages—not for publication—no press rate was allowed. They cost $2.06 per word from New York to West Indian points.

The Newsboys Made It Pay.

It is pleasing to announce that the war is beneficial in a financial way to at least one class of deserving citizens. Day after day the little newsboys sold their bundles of newspapers as fast as they could scatter them through the crowds. All newspapers increased greatly in circulation as a result of the war excitement. The Evening Journal, on one occasion, printed one million and sixty-eight thousand copies in a day, and on the same day fell short of the advance demand by more than two hundred thousand copies, despite the possession of the biggest newspaper printing plant in the world. The profit of the newsboys on this day's sale was just 100 per cent, amounting for the day to $5,340, a sum which may have helped settle the home problems of many newsboys. It must be said that as factors in the reporting of a war these newsboys were very big. Without them and their instantaneous distributing power all the work would have gone for nothing.