

SEND THE SOLDIERS HOME. IF THEY CAN'T BE FED THEY CAN BE FURLOUGHED.

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Is there one camp in the whole extent of the United States that is well chosen, well managed and in good condition? Is there one camp in which life in our health-giving Summer air has not proved deadlier than war?

Secretary Alger says that the Quartermaster-General's, Commissary-General's and Surgeon-General's departments have all "acquitted themselves magnificently throughout the whole war, and there is no fault to be found with them." If that is so, there must be some one camp in this broad and beautiful and wholesome land that is not a pest hole. If so, where is it, and what makes it differ from the others?

Throughout the United States men and women have been saving and planning for a year to give themselves the luxury and tonic of a Summer under the sky. Delicate girls have gone into camp worn and pallid under the strain of overwork, and have gone home after a month or two in the woods robust, rosy-cheeked, and ready to face the trials of another year.

But this rich Government has taken a quarter of a million men, picked from eight hundred thousand for their superb physical condition, and in the course of a Summer in camp has reduced them to pitiful ruins, has brought thousands to death and made thousands invalids for life.

If the officers charged with the care of these men have done their duty, who is to blame?

SUNRISE ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

Colonel Henry, one of the most active persecutors of Dreyfus, Zola and Picquart, has confessed that he forged the letter upon which the prisoner of Devil's Island was illegally convicted, and has killed himself. He explained the forgery upon the characteristically French ground that he was confronted with "the absolute necessity for finding proofs against Dreyfus." The explanation seems deficient. With such an accommodating tribunal as the persecutors of Dreyfus had at hand, a little formality like evidence might safely have been omitted.

The friends of justice have believed that sooner or later France would learn the truth, but the revelation has been more overwhelming than anybody ever dreamed it could be. It has been known that Dreyfus was convicted upon the secret production before the court, without the knowledge of the prisoner or his counsel, of a letter which mentioned "cette canaille de D." It has been known that such a letter could not prove anybody's guilt. But now Colonel Henry has confessed that this document, which, if genuine, could carry no weight, was forged by himself. No wonder Paris is stupefied.

And after all this M. Cavaignac, the Minister of War, still declares his belief in the guilt of Dreyfus. He made a similar declaration not long ago, basing it largely on the "canaille de D." letter. Now that that letter is admitted to be a forgery, what is the new ground on which the Minister's mobile convictions temporarily rest?

The suicide of Henry and the resignation of Boledeffre, Chief of Staff, mark the beginning of the end.

THE CASE OF RATCLIFFE, WIFE-BEATER.

Messrs. Daly, Frohman, Kelth, and other managers of theatres who respect themselves and public decency, are prompt in declaring that the wife-beating ruffian Ratcliffe, now an ex-convict, will not be employed by them. Some managers are not so alive to the proprieties, and say they have no objection to engaging Ratcliffe. One borrows the language of sentiment and inquires, "Why kick a man when he is down?" The reply to that is the question, addressed to Ratcliffe, "Why kick a woman when she is down?"

The stage of New York, the city itself, would be disgraced by the reappearance as an actor of this brute. Yet at the dramatic agencies it is believed that he will be engaged very soon, and at a higher salary than before. That means that Ratcliffe and some managers are proposing to make merchandise of his infamy—that his notoriety as a woman beater is believed by them to be worth money.

We are of the opinion that these dealers in shame are mistaken.

WHAT REVENGE WOULD YOU TAKE?

Cairo, Egypt, Aug. 30.—It is announced in a dispatch from Wad-El-Obeld, dated yesterday, that the whole Anglo-Egyptian army has reached Umbaki, thirty miles from Omdurman. Cairo dispatch in yesterday's evening newspapers.

Do you know the story of Rudolf Slatin? Slatin is an officer with this Anglo-Egyptian army, and while all the newspapers of the world have from time to time chronicled the movements of this military force, nothing has ever been said about the feelings and thoughts of Rudolf Slatin. Perhaps it is because those feelings and thoughts are unfeeling; but oh! they're interesting!

To understand the situation you must know these facts, many of which are probably familiar to every newspaper reader: Slatin was an Austrian officer serving in the Sudan under Gordon when the Mahdists' revolted against Anglo-Egyptian rule. The Mahdist revolt is one of the most brilliant pictures in barbaric history. After many years of faithful subservience to foreign rule these fanatic desperadoes arose in irresistible strength and wiped British officers, British influence and British institutions from the face of the Sudan as completely as if they had never existed.

Slatin's life was spared. They made him a prisoner, and after the Mahdi's death, when the desert had settled down to its former quiet, the Khalifa, who succeeded the Mahdi as the temporal and spiritual ruler of those barbaric millions, took the young officer into his household as his slave.

For twelve years Slatin was the slave of the Khalifa. For twelve weary years this young, well-bred, educated soldier was the sport of every whim of a cruel, ignorant and jealous black, whose ideas of the world were confined to sandy deserts, tom-toms, savage tortures and the most appalling physical excesses. His sufferings, mental and physical, are beyond the power of pen to portray. The wonder is that he lived.

The Khalifa had no personal liking for him,

and no doubt frequently considered the advisability of killing him. Slatin owed his life to the Khalifa's vanity. That noble chieftain gloried in the possession of a "white pasha" as a slave, and lost no opportunity to insult and maltreat Slatin in public.

For twelve years Slatin was beaten, spat upon, half starved and cruelly punished by the most diabolical treatment which the Khalifa's ingenuity could devise. Then, seizing a golden opportunity, he escaped and after innumerable hardships returned to England.

To-day Slatin is with the Anglo-Egyptian army. In a few days, or at most a few weeks, the Khalifa will be captured. His men are rapidly deserting him and he has no chance of success. And, knowing that the British Government will hold him as a "ward of the nation," and being a physical coward, he will take good care of his skin. So it will happen, as surely as things can be predicted in this world, that Rudolf Slatin and the Khalifa will come face to face once more. And then?

What would you do if you suddenly found yourself alone in a tent with a man who had kicked you and spat upon you and done everything he could to make your life a misery for twelve long years?

What thoughts will surge through Slatin's brain when they bring the Khalifa before him for identification? What impulses will flash back and forth from heart to brain? What will he do, and what will his training make him refrain from doing? Is it not interesting to speculate upon?

Verily, it would be worth a week's journey to witness that encounter!

TRIBUTE TO THE JOURNAL.

Kansas City, Aug. 16. Competition Department, Illustrated American: I herewith submit to you my opinion as to the most popular paper in the United States. I am in the newspaper business, and my arguments, I presume, are from a newspaper standpoint. People outside of the business may look at things very differently.

In the United States Navy there is only one Dewey. He is at Manila. In the newspaper field in the United States there is only one Dewey, so to speak. It is in New York and the paper is the New York Journal. If there is news you'll see it in the Journal, no matter how much exertion is taken, no matter what dangers there are to encounter, no matter how much money will have to be expended. If there's news the Journal will have it. The achievements of the Journal have made it a hero in the eyes of the public.

STEPHEN B. O'GRADY.

SONS OF SOMEBODIES AND SONS OF NOBODIES.



The Man with a Pull and the Man That Merely Fights for His Country.

The people of New York, we are confident, will not enter a theatre to see Ratcliffe, the wife-beater, or if they do it will be to hiss him from the stage. The Journal promises Ratcliffe and any manager who seeks to make a show of him that the venture will not be a success.

Let this coward and brute work and suffer in obscurity for a while at least before posing again behind the footlights for the admiration of women.

A QUEEN AND A GIRL.

From all accounts this new Queen is as sweet in manner and disposition, as lovable and as interesting, as one of our typical American girls. Yet how unhappy is her lot!

In her simplicity and her charms she resembles our own sweet free-born girls, and there the resemblance ends. For this unfortunate young miss must burden her little head all the rest of her life with world history which she can neither make nor mend, and in which she and her 33,000,000 subjects are a tiny shuttlecock, to be played with by others when the spirit moves them.

She must listen to doleful ministers, and she must study dry projects, and she must be nice to great folks whom she detests, and she cannot confer the great honors of her kingdom upon the nice boys and girls she used to play with. And, finally, if she should ever want to marry, she cannot even marry the nice lad whom she wants, but must take the uninteresting princeling whom the doleful ministers and her powerful neighbors select for her.

And all the time she must know—for she is too bright a girl to delude herself—that her real relation to her 33,000,000 subjects is that of a drop of water to an ocean. She knows that she will have to work hard not to hurt the feelings of these 33,000,000, and her doleful ministers will tell her, from time to time:

"Your 33,000,000 loyal subjects must not be allowed to know too much, for in wisdom there is mischief!"

And the poor little Queen will not be allowed to go driving or sailing or walking with the nice young men whom she meets, but will have to say nice things to Mynheer Langwiskers, who cele-

A GREAT ACTRESS'S APPEAL.

"LET NO GUILTY MAN ESCAPE!"—General Grant

To the Editor of the Journal:

Dear Sir—The one of them who is near and dear to me is at Porto Rico—I hold myself still and wait! But one said to me: "Come and see the triumph of the 71st!" I came—I saw! and to myself I said: "It is a crucifixion!"

That young, strong, high-hearted army of our pride is crucified! and helpless friends and parents looking on with anguished eyes—while the nations turn their heads aside, that they may not witness the monstrous crime!

But the thieves—the unrepentant thieves—where are they? Robbed and in high places, perhaps—far above the sorrowing crowd down here in the heat, and dust, and noise of the city streets, and with that awful sight before it, or are they, thief-like, in some secret place, dividing as spoil what this tortured army has won—following so closely as they can the accursed example of those who gambled for the "Blessed Garment" of the Divine Victim? But where are they—these torturers and thieves? Turn your eyes toward Claremont, where the great Dead is lying. Hark from the tomb, a voice, beloved of the people, crying: "Let no guilty man escape!"

He was the living-beating heart of the "old army!" The "young army" is crucified—and the great Shade commands: "Let no guilty man escape!"

So every healthy man and woman in the land—lift up your voices in one great cry for justice! Let the evil-doers—be they high or low, rich or poor, age, even old or young—let them be "cast to the people!"—to those who saw through streaming tears the "Triumph of the Seventy-first"—which one might well have called the "Triumph of Death!"

But mothers—fathers—sisters—sweethearts—wives! turn your eyes toward Claremont—to the resting place of the great Soldier—who is dead, yet lives—and will always be loved!

So to Honored President—Congress—and Powerful Paper! Altogether now: "Let no guilty man escape!"

CLARA MORRIS.

brates his fiftieth year as Professor of Paleontology in the Royal University.

And all this time the glorious American girl loves whom she listeth, and praises what she liketh, and condemns what she despiseth, and dances and eats candy and goes to matinees and kisses Hobsons, and—if she finds pleasure therein—chews gum.

HOW NOT TO AVOID WAR.

tried to impress upon the American people. If we had told Spain, in the Autumn of 1896, that unless she restored peace in Cuba within six months she would have to get out, and if we had been able to back our notification with twenty battle ships, there would have been no war.

We had five battle ships at that time. The other fifteen would have cost about \$75,000,000. The war has cost over \$300,000,000 and a continually growing tale of lives, expanding to match the apparently limitless incompetence of the War Department. If Congress had been less niggardly toward the Navy and President Cleveland had been less complaisant toward Spain, there would have been a considerable balance on the right side of our ledger.

But then we should not have had Porto Rico or the Philippines. Perhaps the Small Americans builded better than they knew.

DISGRACING THEIR HUMANITY.

Fancy the kind of people who took pleasure on Tuesday in seeing Charles Kelble make a pig of himself at the picnic of the Gustav Scholp Association, of North Bergen. This Kelble desires to be known as the "champion all-round eater of Hudson County," and he engaged to consume on a bet of \$50 the following mass of food: One hundred hard-boiled eggs, shells and all; five pounds of beef-steak, twelve pork chops and two loaves of bread, all at one sitting.

What manner of man is it that can take pride in an abnormal capacity to gorge? Eating contests are usually viewed in a humorous light, but they are in reality as gross and disgusting exhibitions as can be thought of, or as the police will permit.

Presently his men guests few around Narragansett, and in less than an hour secured a jolly company of the very prettiest matrons at the Pier, many of them belonging to a set which has been in the summit of the swim for some years. The dinner was elaborate and delightful, and the party appeared afterward at the Casino and joined the merry throng of dancers. At midnight the yacht set sail for Newport, and the matrons discreetly returned to their homes, where their more sedate spouses were waiting their return.

And now the joke of the affair. The host is one of the best known and most popular young men in America, and his wife likes to think that he is or ought to be a gay Lothario. It is said that she herself planned the whole affair. But her prudent spouse seemed to pass a very quiet evening, and, in fact, did not know one of his fair guests, who were presented to him one by one after dinner.

The line between Narragansett and Newport is very marked. The next day the other wives left behind at Newport failed to see the little platinum spree in the same light as the wife of the host, and there has been a pretty stiff breeze blowing ever since along Bellevue avenue.

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Persons who think gluttony an admirable accomplishment and can enjoy the spectacle of a Kelble taking in cargo are even lower in the scale than the spectators who find pleasurable excitement in witnessing prize-fighters pummel each other. Pugilism at least requires courage and skill. A Kelble is a mere beast, a stomach on two legs, a soulless, repulsive animal. Such as he should be suppressed, and those who encourage his kind and get gratification out of his abasement deserve the jail.

THE ARMY'S CHIEF NEED.

It is safe to say that the reorganized army that will be created after the war will have a real general staff—not a congeries of independent, jarring, self-important and incompetent bureaus, but a properly co-ordinated body, in which responsibility will be undivided and efficiency assured.

The German victories of 1870-71 were won by the Prussian General Staff. There was no inspired generalship in the field; the German soldiers were no braver than the French, but every German was put in just the right place, at just the right time, and in just the right condition, while the French transportation, commissariat and strategical arrangements were as muddled as if they had been managed by our own War Department. Germany won through system, and France lost through confusion.

If Germany should become involved in war to-morrow, it would be found that every possible detail had been provided for in advance by the General Staff, which is composed of the cream of all the officers of the army, and is under the direct control of the Emperor as Commander-in-Chief, free from any jurisdiction of the Minister of War. On the word for mobilization for an invasion of Russia every recruit would go to the right point for enrolment; he would find accommodations reserved for him in a certain car of a certain train; he would be taken smoothly, expeditiously, and accompanied by the proper supplies, to his corps headquarters; thence he would be transported, with the same celerity and precision, to the point of concentration of the particular army of invasion to which his corps had been assigned, and in the course of a day, or two at most, he and his comrades would be facing the enemy on a chosen field of battle.

If they won they would advance along certain specified routes, reinforced by reserves brought up on a prearranged schedule, and provided with every variety of supplies gauged to an ounce to the needs of the situation. If they lost they would fall back on a definitely planned line of retreat, and would be joined by fully equipped reinforcements at certain known points. If a hostile army threatened their flank a supporting army would be ready to hold it in check. Nothing would be left to chance, every conceivable contingency would be provided for, and the soldier would know that whatever happened to him all his needs, in sickness or in health, would be supplied.

Such knowledge gives spirit and confidence to an army. How much of either could be expected of troops treated as ours have been?

ABUSING THE HUMAN MACHINE.

The second man remained in the saddle without once dismounting for twenty-four hours, and then, after ten minutes' rest, for thirty-six hours more.

Such an exhibition is more revolting than a bull fight, and infinitely worse than the comparatively gentle sport of prize fighting. It ought not to be tolerated in any civilized community.

But what a revelation these things afford of the possibilities of that marvellous machine we call man. No other living being could accomplish such feats. It needs no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to save a horse from being driven at top speed for three days and nights with only twenty minutes' rest—the thing would be impossible. If the toughest horse on earth had attempted to keep up with the bicyclers at Paris for four hours resentful nature would have relieved him of the ordeal by striking him dead. But nature lets man suffer on and bear the consequences of his own follies.

But then we should not have had Porto Rico or the Philippines. Perhaps the Small Americans builded better than they knew.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

WE HAVE REMEMBERED THE MAINE. We are remembering the soldiers. But don't let us forget that New York needs thirty new school houses.

SECRETARY ALGER THINKS that military experts in Europe would "regard with amused surprise" the complaints elicited by the conduct of this war. There are a good many things that would create amused surprise in Europe, although they do not seem so amusing here—for instance, the appointment of incompetent Sons of Somebodies to take care of the health and comfort of the troops.

But we hardly think that the results of that policy can be considered amusing, even in Europe.

CAN ANYBODY EXPLAIN the curious coincidence that camps that are plague spots for soldiers always happen to be gold mines for certain transportation companies?

King, James II., was formerly rector of Worsley. But he was driven out of the place by an influx of corpses from the neighboring city of Manchester, the population of which seemed to apparently believe that their dead stood a better chance of reaching heaven if they had the royal service read over them by a real live marquis than a mere ordinary, everyday, Sunday-go-to-meeting parson.

Minor Vanderbilts at Narragansett. The minor Vanderbilts have had their innings at Narragansett. There are two sets. One lady is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt de Forest, who, in spite of all the Vanderbilts to the name, seems not to be very well known in the Vanderbilt set, and the other is Mrs. Edgar Shepard, who is a sister of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

It was the latter lady who gave the splendid dinner, so much talked about, to the Count Cassini. This nobleman had been visiting Newport. It was expected that the Vanderbilts would entertain him. But they did not, and contented themselves with delegating the duty to Edgar Shepard, whose dinner of forty, with the elaborate floral decorations, which the local newspapers stated were planned after those of the "Cornelius Vanderbilts," was given by command. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt de Forest was not a guest at this function, so that she cannot be any near relative of the Vanderbilts, as every one who has had any association with the smart set seemed pressed into service. The affair indeed a great stir at Narragansett.

Why Colonel Paret is Over Here. The litigation over the money left by Mrs. Parau Stevens has brought her son-in-law, Colonel Arthur Paret, to these shores. His wife remained abroad. The litigation has really been one of long standing, and has been the cause of frequent discussions, some of them very animated, indeed, between the Melcher family relatives of Parau Stevens and his second wife, who could always maintain her own in a discussion.

Marietta Villa, like its neighbor, the Bennett Cottage, remains untenanted at Newport. There seems to have been ill luck attending any tenants of these two places, and the last of the Bennett Villa, the W. E. D. Stokeses, had an absolute social blight at Newport, and I believe that at one time young Cotteneau and Tiffany used the greenhouse.

The furniture of Marietta Villa has long ago gone under the hammer of the auctioneer.

VERY NATURALLY. [Philadelphia Press.] She—wonder how Jonah felt when he parted company with the whale.

He—Oh, a number of things must have come up before him.

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