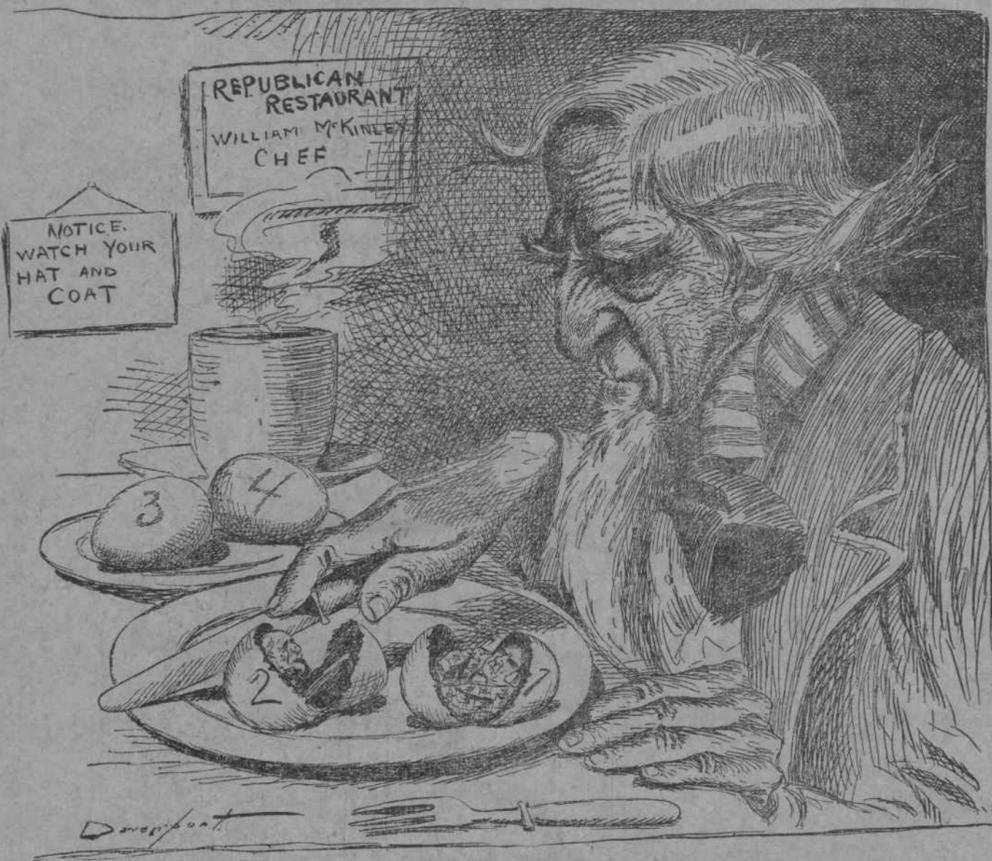


JOURNAL
ADVERTISER.
HEARST.

HALF THROUGH THE M'KINLEY MENU.



UNCLE SAM—"I've a good mind to change restaurants without trying those other eggs."

A SPEAKING PARALLEL.

When nature sends a coin from her mint she stamps its value upon its face. The superscription tells the whole story. There is no way to change it.

For example, take Miles and Alger. No pretence hand traced their lineaments. It was done by an expert. Nothing has been left to the imagination.

Alger, for instance: forehead, narrow, sloping hurriedly away into the hair, as if anxious to escape from itself. Eyes so close together that both of them could look through a monocle at the same time. A nose pulpy and indecisive. A chin that must have learned its habit of retreating from its owner's war-time record. Mouth weak and purposeless, with the corners crawling away into shambling lines. The contour of the head is lacking in symmetry. Every angle of this unusual conformation suggests incompleteness. The rapid face nowhere intimates cruelty so much as it does a vacuity, hopelessly swamped in its own dullness. A phrenologist wouldn't have to locate any of Alger's bumps to hang an expert's condemnation on. One glance at his countenance tells the whole pitiful story of vanity, uncertainty, incompetency.

On the other hand there is Miles. Physically a model. A finely chiselled head, well poised on broad shoulders. A presence that compels respect and wins admiration. The broad forehead is an esplanade where all the manly virtues present arms. There is the smell of powder in the knit brows; a demand for one's countenance in the challenging eyes. The nose has size and quality. The mouth is firm without being severe. It could blossom into kindly appreciation over a jest or frame a bugle note of command in battle. In this marshalling of features the obstinate chin and the well-turned jaw are entitled to consideration. They form an immovable base for the erection of this powerful facial superstructure, which carries even to the most casual observer the assurance of courage, character and ability.

When nature took a day off and made Miles there wasn't much time or material left to waste on Alger.

THE GLOUCESTER AND HER FAME.

The Gloucester, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright in charge, is anchored in New York's harbor. She accomplished great things in the hands of American sailors. The tale of her heroic deeds will forever form one of the brightest pages in our navy's history.

The Gloucester was formerly the yacht Corsair, owned by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who sold her to the Government. No one can criticize Mr. Morgan for that. He was not obliged to make presents to the Government, as the Government is able to pay for everything it needs. But the Journal nevertheless sympathizes with Mr. Morgan in the sense of a lost opportunity which cannot but oppress him. He knows that none of the glory achieved by his yacht is his. The profit he made by her sale, like the profit he derived a short time ago out of the bonds of the same nation which bought his yacht, attests his ability as a business man but does not augment his fame as a patriot.

Honor to the Gloucester and her gallant crew! To the American people the humblest bluejacket on board of her is a far better man than any millionaire whose only claim on public notice is his money.

ROOSEVELT AS A SUMMER ATTRACTION.

Life in New York in weather like that of which we have just been relieved is not particularly pleasant, but those whose memory goes back two years can understand that it might easily be worse.

Imagine the terrors of last Sunday if we were living under the rule of Roosevelt. People with well-stocked wine cellars and ice chests might not have suffered, but the ordinary American, whether of German, Irish or Yankee descent, unable to keep a supply of cooling drinks on hand from Saturday to Monday, and unable to buy anything under the terror of the three R's—Raines, Roosevelt and Reform—would have begun the new week in a rather wilted condition. Warm Croton water with the mercury at 100 is not conducive to happiness.

TREASURY HOARDS AGAIN.

A few months ago business was threatened by the chronic Treasury deficit. Now it is menaced by a growing and unmanageable surplus. It has become evident that, as the Democrats in Congress insisted, the late bond issue was utterly unnecessary. Its result has been to withdraw money from the channels of trade and heap it up idly in the Government's vaults. The war could have been carried on with perfect ease without borrowing a cent, and the Government would have given a superb exhibition of national financial strength if it had adopted this course.

As it is, we are confronted with the same necessity for disposing of a dangerous surplus that embarrassed Mr. Cleveland toward the end of his first Administration. The money taken from the people and heaped up in the Treasury must be restored to circulation to prevent disastrous stringency and ultimate panic. The old remedy of buying bonds on terms that amount to gifts to bondholders is suggested.

The Journal can offer a better solution of the difficulty. Take the money and

- DIG THE NICARAGUA CANAL.
- BUILD A MIGHTY NAVY.
- LAY THE PACIFIC CABLE.
- ESTABLISH GREAT UNIVERSITIES AT WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS.

WELCOME TO CITIZEN CLAUSEN.

Randolph Clausen, one of the immortal eight who sank the Merrimac in the mouth of Santiago's harbor, has taken out naturalization papers in a New York court.

The marmosets who chatter contemptuously of "foreigners," and squeak about the necessity for stopping immigration, are invited to consider Randolph Clausen, native of Denmark, and a better American, one worth more to his adopted country, than all the Nortons, of every degree, whose blood is so thin and whose minds are so narrow that fighting, for any cause, shocks them.

Randolph Clausen is a man. The Journal congratulates the Republic on the acquisition of this new citizen. Such citizens as he make a nation great.

CONTROL THE FIGHTING CLUBS.

The officers of the Greenwood Athletic Club were declared by the Coroner's jury to be criminally responsible for the death of Scott, the pugilist, who, going into the ring in an unfit physical condition, expired after a fight.

It is not probable that these persons can be convicted. Juries are not impressed with the sacredness of human life when the life sacrificed is that of a prize fighter. But the money-making managers of the club can be punished nevertheless. Their license should be taken away.

This would not only be a proper penalty in their particular case, but it would serve as a needed warning to other organizations of the kind.

If we must have these fighting clubs, it is at least practicable to keep them from becoming slaughter houses.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

A REPUBLICAN DEMAND is rising for the elimination of Ellsworth from the statesmanship of New York. Ellsworth is the State Senator from Lockport who makes a specialty of introducing bills for abating the freedom of a press which deals very freely with him and vermin of his kind. Vermin is the right word to describe Ellsworth. He is a parasite of Platt. Newspapers may be Republican in politics, but they still know what is due to them. Therefore, they ask Mr. Platt to cleanse himself of Ellsworth.

A DISPATCH FROM PARIS TO THE JOURNAL says Zola is coming to this country and will lecture here. America will be interested in seeing him, and will cheerfully pay for the privilege. Also it will give him a warm welcome, not for his books, but because of his manly course in the Dreyfus case. But America is sorry that Zola did not rise to the full possibility of the situation, take his dose of imprisonment and set a fine example of complete devotion to principle. Had he done this he would have been a much greater man than he is.

GENERAL LUIS M. DE PANDO, of the Spanish army, favored a Washington autograph hunter with this sentiment: "The United States, which has reached a prominent place in the conquests of peace, will find it beneficial if it attempts to reach a similar height in war."

Yet Senor Pando must admit that the United States has done rather well in a warlike way so far as he and his brother heroes of Spain are concerned. Montojo and Cervera ought to be able to supplement the General's discouraging remark with something interesting as to where the baneful end of things strikes in war with the United States.

READER, JERSEY CITY—Secretary Alger's war record in 1861 was a mile in 2:44.

W. H. THORNE'S REPLY.

I wish Mr. Alger would explain where the soldiers got their dainties before we women gave them milk and ice and such like delicacies as have aroused his ire. They must have been in ample supply at Santiago, still, high rations were short, and also at Chickamauga and the other camps, and the transports must have been a succession of Roman banquets—hence "transportation," I suppose. But I do not understand, since their illness has been caused by dainties, why Camp Wikoff should have improved under our spasmodic "dainties" treatment as to merit encomiums from the Secretary and his President, who both declare themselves amply satisfied with it "now," after three or more weeks of our continuous efforts, ill-judged as he deems them.

I wish the Journal could get a few honest Senators to come up and go over the camp with us even now. They would not "smile," as the Cabinet officers did, when they left Mr. Alger and his President.

MRS. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

As for the canal scandal—at which Mr. Hearst is in his paper, the "Aldridge was appointed originally by Mr. Morton at Mr. Platt's request. He was reappointed by Mr. Black at Mr. Platt's request."

Under these circumstances if the Republican party want to drag the war issue into the campaign they can do so. But they will be killed by the sorry thing they witness the result.—Buffalo Times.

NO ROOM LEFT. Mr. Gaswell (in Rome)—Well, are you ready to start back to America? What a... such a...

OUR HIGHEST SOCIETY.

THE Horse Show, which will close the season at Newport, has been a great success, although the quarters were cramped and there was not the vast crowd of outsiders to stare at the exclusives on exhibition as is the case at the show at the Madison Square Garden. There were excursions from Narragansett, Jamestown and Providence, and the townspeople themselves made a goodly array. There were some of the old features of the Casino, however, which were provocative of memories of the past. Mrs. Kernochan held her court under the trees, and Miss Gerry and Miss Burden were present in gowns of brilliant hue. Miss Louise McAllister, who has lightened her mourning considerably, was surrounded by a number of her friends. The second day also brought to view Mr. and Mrs. George Vanderbilt. Mrs. Vanderbilt is the handsomest of the Dresser girls, but since her marriage she seems to have assumed the shyness of her husband, and they are a very quiet couple. Their stay at Newport will be limited. They did not arrive in time for the great dinner planned for them at the Cornells Vanderbilts, and the future functions will be very simple, although Mrs. Astor intends to give them quite an elaborate luncheon.

On the Cheap at Newport. There has been much comment at Newport this Summer concerning the scantiness of some of the dinners given, which were greatly in contrast to Mrs. Potter Palmer's banquets. The wines in particular have been wretched, and the clarets and sauternes have been the cheapest which could be procured. Indeed, the overhearing of several orders given by hostesses to local dealers has shown that these suspicions are not groundless. One woman, who is rather proverbial for being extremely close in domestic matters, has ordered 25-cent sauternes, which was the person who tells the story afterward learned, decanted—a remarkable proceeding. Mrs. Twombly inaugurated the giving of little dinners with few courses during the very warm weather, but each course was a chef d'oeuvre and not a hors d'oeuvre, as has been the case at some of the banquets.

A Society Novel. There will be no little sensation caused in society very shortly by the appearance of a novel written by a member of the Midwinter Club and the Fortnightly Dancing Class, in which the entire scene is laid at the various entertainments of the dancing and younger set of society. The characters are all taken from real life, with their names slightly disguised, and the episodes are among those which have happened within the past two or three years at some of these assemblies. The heroine is one of the great belles at Newport this Summer, and there are many others in the book which the general public will recognize.

Waiting on the Brices. The genial Tom Beatty has been passing a few days at Montauk, on a mission of benevolence for Mrs. Calvin S. Brice. The Brices have been quite in the background this Summer at Newport in the way of entertaining, and they have been eclipsed entirely by the Potter Palmers. But during Stewart Meile Brice's campaign with the army Mrs. Brice preferred not to entertain, and now that he is returned there is hope that the belated fatted calf will be killed. Tom Beatty, as the major domo of something at Newport ere the...

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER TELLS THE LATEST GOSSIP.

Billy Harper, who is somewhere in Manila or thereabouts, enjoying a Bombay duck, with its accompaniments. The Eighth brought in Wainwright Parish and "Jack" Brown and Freddy Vermilye, of the Calumet, and the "Captain" with his whiskers—I beg his pardon—Harry Channey, Colonel of the Union, at the head. Channey has been here some time. And here is Troop A, with any number of warriors from Porto Rico, including Frelinghuysen and Couderet, and among the privates young Fred Kernochan, whose family at the old homestead at the Highlands are making ready to sacrifice bullocks and what not in honor of his homecoming.

The Season at Lenox. The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. John Sloane and Miss Evelyn Sloane and the Stokes family at Lenox this week will commence the season, which usually begins the second week in September. It will be quite a short one this year, and it will be devoted, as usual, to golf, dancing and dinners. Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes and the Sloanes will have a continued series of house parties, and the W. D. Sloanes will have the George and perhaps the Cornelius Vanderbilts as an attraction. The Giraud Posters will give a house warming, and among the foreign guests will be the Italian diplomatic colony and the Prince de Crov.

Young People Engaged. The engagement announced at Monmouth of Miss Grace Horton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Horton, and Mr. Ernest Lockwood was quite a surprise, as both are very young, especially Miss Horton, who is just sixteen, and would not have been out for a year or more. The Hortons are one of a colony which has made the Monmouth Club House its headquarters this Summer. The arrangement is unique. The club house boards all members, their families and their servants, who have a club mess of their own. Some sixteen households near the club house have taken advantage of this comfortable but odd way of living, and the club is at all times a very lively resort, with all the advantages and not the disadvantages of a hotel.

The John Jacob Astors. Mrs. John Jacob Astor seems to have tired of Rhinebeck and its autumnal beauties very soon, and here she is back again at Newport, with cards out for an entertainment on the Nourmahal. In fact, the Hudson has been terribly hot, and even the cool spell has not brought the relief expected. And then, again, it has been dreadfully dull. So, altogether, Mrs. Astor has returned. She is looking a bit better than she did two weeks ago, and seems to enter with more zest into the spirit of the gaiety—such as it is—of the season.

And the Colonel—well, he does not care for that kind of thing, and he is very much interested in the prospective improvements to be made at Rhinebeck and the new house to be built, and, besides, one hears everywhere that he is going in heavily for literature and politics, and that a syndicate has secured a series of articles on Cuba and his experiences from him, so that he will be busy for quite a while yet.

Lisette Stewart's Dinners. Dear Lisette Stewart—and we all love him—had one of his amiable dinner parties at Newport this week, in which Bourke Cockran, Mrs. Burke Roche and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish were the particular stars. It was on the evening of the Vanderbilt family picnic in honor of George and his wife. Mrs. Fish has been set up as a patroness of art and letters and the rest of it, and she intends to have a salon. She has been given the name of the society, and finally the shafts which she...

DEFENDS THE VOLUNTEERS.

New York, Sept. 8, 1898. Homestead for riot duty, or 40,000 men to New York or Washington for parades on several occasions, or all their men to and from State camps, as easily, quickly and comfortably as if they were ordinary passengers, while every time an army man moves a regiment 100 miles there is a public scandal?

Fourth—Why, if volunteer officers are inefficient, there have been no scandals, no deaths from fever or starvation, no complaint from officers or men when on 300 occasions the National Guard has been out for riot duty, in Summer heat, in bitter cold, in Pennsylvania mining towns, in Colorado and Tennessee mountains, in the stumps of cities, in railroad yards—in short, in all sorts of weather in all kinds of places?

It is up to you, army critics. Tell us why? And tell us why the National Guard, capable, efficient and experienced, was broken up, and thousands of boys who had never fired a shot, marched a mile in ranks or learned how to take care of themselves in camp were taken away to be sacrificed. Tell us why men who had spent their lives in learning how to provide for volunteers in camp were set aside and sons of rich men and "big men" allowed to try their "prettiest hands as commissaries and assistant adjutant-generals. We would like to hear why. C. S. CLARK. No. 55 Liberty Street, New York.

WHAT WE COULD DO TO EUROPE.

At the rate of progress which now seems fixed upon our navy should soon be superior in number of ships and weight of armament to that of Russia, and the day may not be distant when it will overtake that of France. British naval experts have expressed the opinion that even by the end of next year we need not fear a contest with the French upon the ocean, for although, ostensibly, we should be outclassed, we might reasonably look for success owing to the superiority of the man behind the American gun. Moreover, what French discipline on shipboard amounts to was revealed at Trafalgar, where the Spaniards fought much better than their French allies, and we have lately had further evidence on the point in the disgraceful scenes which attended the sinking of the Bourgeois.