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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

The Control of the House.

The composition of the next House is a subject that is causing the members of the Republican Congressional Committee many painful moments.

majority behind Mr. Reed after next March. But privately, as a contemporary friendly to the Republican policy admits, Chairman Babcock and his associates are "thoroughly frightened."

And well they may be. To set cold chills playing up and down their spines, all they have to do is to study the roll of the present House and ask themselves a few honest questions.

For instance, out of seven members from Chicago, not one is a Democrat. Can the Republicans elect every member from Chicago this year? Ask Carter Harrison.

Out of fourteen members from the city of New York, eight are Republicans and only six Democrats. In view of the fact that Mayor Van Wyck carried every district in this city last year, do the Republicans expect to hold a majority of them now?

Out of eight Representatives from New Jersey, the Democrats have not one. Is that condition likely to be repeated next month?

Of the sixty-three Representatives from the thirteen States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota and Oregon, every one is a Republican. What are the chances of keeping that record straight in the coming election?

With all these abnormal advantages the net Republican majority in the present House is forty-seven, which leaves a margin of twenty-three for losses. Any loss beyond that means that the control of the House is gone. What is the prospect of keeping the Democratic gains within that figure?

If the Republican Congressional Committee would only publish the results of its pondering on these things it could be sure of a large and interested audience.

SENATOR PENROSE'S OVERSIGHT.

Senator Boies Penrose, Quay's associate in the Senate, has given out an elaborate statement in defence of his colleague. He asserts that the "proceeding against Senator Quay is the result of a conspiracy on the part of certain of his enemies," and declares that "the developments of the last few days, in which the machinery of the District-Attorney's office in Philadelphia is made to do duty for political purposes, have furnished evidence of the desperation of the opposition."

Mr. Penrose asks why District-Attorney Graham should show this extraordinary activity at this particular time, with an election only a few days off. He says that Mr. Graham is after a better office, and resents Senator Quay's nomination.

Senator Penrose accuses Mr. Wanamaker of wanting to go to the Senate, and intimates that his hostility to Quay is due to Quay's refusal to promote this ambition. He alleges that the papers implicating the proprietor of the Republican party of Pennsylvania in the People's Bank scandals were held for seven months in order to be used to the best advantage for political effect.

All this is interesting, but Senator Penrose has overlooked one material item. In denouncing the motives of Senator Quay's enemies he has forgotten to say anything about the central question: "Is Senator Quay a thief?"

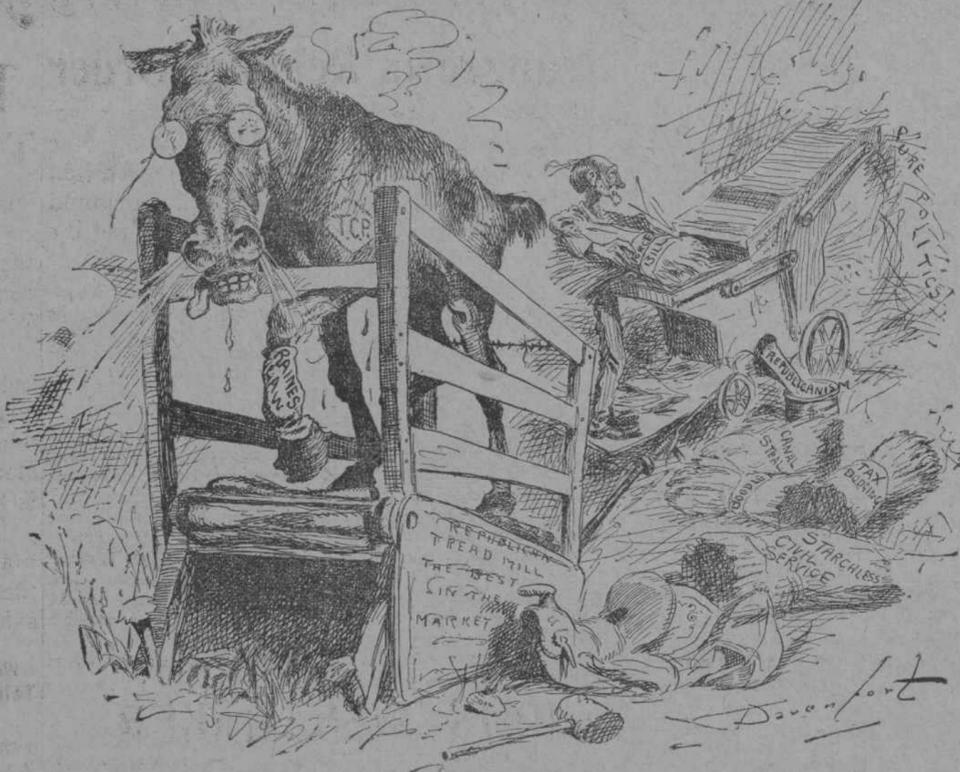
LIBERTY IN IOWA.

The Raines law, even as enforced by Police Commissioner Roosevelt, would seem a base and intolerable compromise with sin to the temperance people of Newton, Iowa. There they give battle to the Demon Rum with all the headlong enthusiasm of Rough Riders charging Spanish intrenchments.

Dr. Harrison, the richest man of Newton, keeps, or rather kept, a drug store, and was suspected of selling whiskey. The other night the friends of virtue railed and burned down the store. Not satisfied with this testimony in favor of teetotalism, the guardians of morals blew up with dynamite the offender's home and stables in another part of the town. Everything the Doctor owned was destroyed, and he and his family had a narrow escape from death in the explosion.

Of course, in so blameless a community as Newton there is a

FARMER PLATT—He isn't very robust, but just see how willing he is.



strict Sunday law and a state of public opinion which causes sinners to do as the better element would have them. The Roosevelt ideal is realized in practice, and nobody is at liberty to do anything that, in the judgment of his superiors, is not good for him.

It is needless to say that there are no Democrats in Newton, or at least none who would not move away if they could.

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.

The Republicans have at last begun to realize that their control of the Legislature is precarious. The reports from the various districts are most discouraging.

It is being impressed upon Mr. Platt that he cannot count on the defection which wrought such havoc in the ranks of the Democracy in 1895. The harmonious action of the State Convention has brought into line practically all Democrats that within the past three years have allied themselves with the Independents, or voted with the Republicans on questions that do not enter into this campaign. This spirit of unity, strengthened as it will be by the contentions of the canvass, will reclaim a number of the Assembly districts which were carried by the Republicans at the last election by small majorities.

The Democrats have nominated exceptionally able and popular men throughout the State. Added to their personal following will be the influence of Senator Murphy, whose right to a re-election meets with practically the unanimous indorsement of Democrats everywhere.

His ability and worth deserve the support tendered him so heartily by his party. Senator Murphy stands a type of rugged honesty all too scarce in public life. Aside from his personal deserts his devotion to Democratic principles in the trying hours when time-serving politicians skulked in the rear or openly deserted to the enemy calls for commendation.

It only remains for the Democrats of New York to do their duty to insure a Democratic Legislature, and the re-election of Senator

NECROMANCY AT WASHINGTON.

There is reason to believe that President McKinley, though the age he adorns is not one of faith, is a trustful believer in occult forces. His Commission for Investigating the War for Campaign Purposes appears to be composed of wizards who confidently match their hypnotic powers against the truth.

By the practice of secret incantations the Commission has caused to disappear from view the fevered camps, the foul and deadly transports, the murdered wounded and sick, the emaciated survivors, the damnable commissary and the criminally inefficient medical department. In their place the waving wands have summoned for public inspection and grateful admiration clean and well-provisioned camps, transports luxurious as pleasure yachts, the sick and wounded each with a doctor, a nurse and a spiritual adviser, troops so well fed that their belts will not meet, a commissary moving like clockwork, and a medical department without flaw—the good and noble Alger presiding over all with outstretched hands, pronouncing a blessing.

The Commission demands privacy for itself in order to accomplish these wonders for campaign use. To admit Julian Hawthorne and other journalistic infidels would break the spell.

When the elections have been held President McKinley, with that high-minded and always timely courage for which he is distinguished, may instruct the Commission that as Congress is about to meet necromancy had better be abandoned and prosaic methods of investigation adopted.

THE TERROR OF YELLOW FEVER is so overmastering in Mississippi that in Phillips, Tallahatchie County, that State, when a tramp supposed to be afflicted with the scourge crawled into a church the people set fire to the sacred edifice and the man was cremated. When even the crime of sacrilege is committed the depth of the prevailing horror can be imagined.

CONGRESS will attend to Alger. The McKinley pretence at investigation now on exhibition at Washington makes that sure. The country is patient, but it will bring to account the jobbers and incompetents who slaughtered our soldiers.

THE PLATT LOCKSTEP. TWO REFORMERS WHO FELL INTO LINE.

ONE man complained because the only kind of fish in his mill-dam were suckers.

"And I don't like suckers," he said, "because they don't fight."

With this incident in our minds we are in fair condition to contemplate the relations of Senator Thomas C. Platt with Assemblymen Laimbeer and Weekes. A year ago, if any person had dared to associate these three men together, it would have been considered a cruel act. Laimbeer was busy angling for an Assembly nomination in the Twenty-seventh District, while Weekes was similarly employed in the Twenty-fifth District.

To refer to them as independent Republicans was to do them scant justice. They were more than that. They loathed political machines, they despised politicians, they looked upon public office as a man looks upon a bad cigar—he would rather smoke it himself than puff it upon a friend or waste it.

Nature had been kind to both of them. To Weekes she had given a manly expression, a black mustache, curly locks and a sailor's complexion; upon Laimbeer had been bestowed a red beard, a blunt, forceful face, and the art of going east where he appeared to be going west.

Thus equipped, these men came out into the world and were received with loud cries of delight by those citizens whose sole purpose in life is to down Platt. They were nominated and elected and went forth upon the highway of the cities and were made much of by those who look up to goodness.

A little later it was plain that Platt, too, went forth upon the highway armed with gifts. He had several classic chairmanships, a lot of patronage in the shape of legislative clerks, statements conferring upon the holders thereof the right to rise in the Assembly chamber and speak, and a fine assortment of promises of nominations to high offices in the future.

Apparently he was on a mission of love and peace, for it was his intention to expose only the gifts. The knife in his boot could not be seen. Just how long Platt prowled before he fell upon the unsuspecting pair of Assemblymen is the only thing in this whole story that there is the slightest doubt about.

committees, intending later to increase the offer to chairmanships.

But the first cast was sufficient.

Laimbeer and Weekes jumped for the bait and swallowed it, not knowing, poor things, that the fisherman intended to eat them. The victory was disgustingly easy; nobody could have blamed Platt if he had thrown them both back into the pond. Maybe he would have done so if the election had given the Republicans a little wider margin in the House.

But the risk was too great, and so he kept them and went his way without deigning to explain what he expected Laimbeer and Weekes to do for him.

Soon enough they knew. Upon Weekes was placed the burden of standing sponsor for the outrageous resolution attacking Senator Murphy; upon Laimbeer devolved the stultifying labor of taking back all he had ever said against the Republican machine and of voting any way Platt's lieutenants directed.

In order to be absolutely fair to these captives of Platt it must be told they faithfully did those things which they were told to do and as faithfully refrained from doing such things as were forbidden. They fell readily and easily into the lockstep and were rewarded by being called by their first names. So, as the session waxed, they rose in favor and came very near reveling at its close a testimonial from the hands of the Republican machine. This, it is said, would have happened but for a disagreement concerning the device.

Speakers Gray and Platt wanted it to be a lion couchant, but Lester Nixon stood out for a mouse rampant. So Laimbeer and Weekes got no testimonial save that which lives in the hearts and minds of those who know their well.

New Laimbeer and Weekes are loudly knocking at the doors of the Republican organization for recognition. So noisy is their clamoring that a few well-known Republicans have referred to them in unpleasant terms.

They want now to be Senators. They want now to be entitled to advancement, and those who watched their course in Albany last winter cordially agree with them. Their position is a trying one. Those citizens who believed them to be good are now suspicious of them; those citizens who did not believe that they were so very good only like them because their suspicions were correct. Doubly unfortunate are Laimbeer and Weekes because they have not got clear into the Republican machine nor clear out of it. Platt wants them kept near enough to the control of the party to make them over the minute he grows weary of them. It is believed that this time is not far distant.

GEORGE W. BLAKE.

HEARD IN RANKS OF ROYALTY. MARQUISE DE FONTENOY TELLS TALK OF EUROPE.

GENTLEMEN privileged to wear the gorgeous uniform of Deputy Lieutenant of the City of London, the uniform in which, by the bye, Sir Thomas Lipton, tea merchant and challenger for the America Cup, is by preference portrayed, have become so numerous as to excite ridicule, and the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen of the City of London have therefore decided that no further appointments are to be made for a considerable time to come, save in very exceptional cases.

The uniform is a very splendid affair, and abroad is usually taken for that of a general in the British army, since it consists of a plumed shako of the same style as worn by British generals, a very similar scarlet and gold-laced tunic, and the same gold-laced black trousers. In fact, at a distance almost the only difference that can be observed is in the shape of the sword, that of the City Lieutenant being an ordinary straight affair, with a hilt guard, whereas the sabre of the British general partakes of the character of the Oriental scimitar.

Until now nominations to the rank of City Lieutenant, as the office is called for short, have been made practically for the asking. No Lord Mayor has ever gone out of office without making his sons, his nephews, his brothers, as well as the male kinsfolk and friends of his two sheriffs, City Lieutenants.

But all shopkeepers for the score, watchmakers, tailors, eating house keepers by the score have figured in the scarlet and gold of lieutenants of the city, and I would be afraid to say how many of these lieutenants have during the past twenty years figured disreputably, not only in the bank-rupt court, but also in the prisoner's dock in criminal cases.

Military men have complained over and over again of the analogy of the uniform of the city lieutenants with that of field officers in the British army, and many is the time that at public functions on the continent I have noticed with amusement military honors being rendered to vulgar looking tradesmen in city lieutenant uniforms under the impression that they were full-fledged British generals, in some cases even the guard being turned out in their honor.

Prince Bismarck, eldest son and heir of the great Chancellor, has at length broken the silence of his family with regard to Dr. Busch's memoirs of his father, and has definitely disavowed and repudiated the authenticity of Dr. Busch's utterances. The Prince, in a communication to the Hamburg News, declared that letters addressed to the Chancellor and contained in the volumes were obtained surreptitiously by the doctor, and that their publication constituted a gross breach of faith. The Prince likewise declares that no stenographer was ever admitted to the family table at Friedrichsruh, and that consequently Busch can only have written from memory. The Prince adds that Busch not only suffered from a defective memory, but that likewise he was exceedingly deaf, and often understood things in an entirely different sense to that in which they were uttered.

Let me add in this connection that, according to the admission of some of the nearest and dearest relatives of the old Chancellor, his memory played him many a scurvy trick during his declining years. A considerable amount of pressure is being brought upon Queen Victoria to confer the Order of the Garter upon President Faure as a response to the compliment which he bestowed the other day upon Her Majesty's favorite son, the Duke of Connaught, in creating him a Knight Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. The Queen would be perfectly ready to make the President a Grand Cross of the Bath or one of her other military orders. But, naturally, the President, after having received the Order of the Golden Fleece, and the St. Andrew, which are the Spanish and Russian equivalents for the English Garter, declines to accept anything less than the latter.

On the other hand, no commoner has ever been created a Knight of the Garter since the days of the great Sir Robert Walpole, and while Queen Victoria might be perfectly ready to concede the Garter to the ruler of France, yet she does not relish the idea of its being worn by a man who may at any moment be compelled to retire into private life amidst a storm of obloquy and of scandal, who is the son-in-law of a convict, and whose name just at the present moment is in exceedingly bad odor with all honest people in consequence of his peculiar attitude in connection with the Dreyfus case.

Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria has been attending such a conspicuous figure at the obsequies of her mother-in-law, at Vienna, that one would imagine the most tender affection subsisted between the two. Yet the late Empress abdicated Stephanie, mainly on account of the ex-

ceedingly undigested way in which the latter was wont to spy upon her husband. On one memorable occasion, for instance, the Crown Princess, having learned that the Crown Prince was paying a visit to a lady of more than questionable reputation who resided in the Praterstrasse, the thoroughfare through which every one has to pass to reach the park, ordered on the Crown Prince's state coach, drove to the house in question, alighted, gave the coachman and servants peremptory orders to wait there for the Crown Prince, and then, jumping into the latter's private cab, drove back to her palace.

The presence of the Crown Prince's State coach at the door naturally attracted a crowd of several thousand people, not a few of whom were aware of the name and reputation of the lady of the house, and when the Crown Prince finally emerged from the doors he was received with loud cheering, in which loyalty was mingled with just a touch of irony.

On two other occasions the Crown Princess, not content with following her husband up, actually broke in upon his rendezvous, violently upbraiding both him and his fair but frail companion. It is these incidents which contributed much to embitter the relations not only between the Crown Princess and her husband, but likewise with her mother-in-law, the Empress, who was of the opinion that women of royal birth should suffer wrongs of this kind in silence instead of proclaiming them to the whole world.

The Sultan has appointed that Ever Pasha, who alone of all the foreign military attaches refused to surrender his cabin to the dying and wounded on his way up from Santiago to New York, to act as Master of the Horse to the Emperor of Germany during the latter's forthcoming trip to Palestine. If the tour really takes place, Ever Pasha is the son of Munir Pasha, who for so many years was chief dragoman and interpreter, as well as Grand Master of the Ceremonies to the Sultan, and who is now his Ambassador in Paris.

Few people, even in England, are aware that whereas the prerogative of the Crown to confer life peerages upon men has at times been contested by the House of Lords, and is restricted, yet the Crown has a perfectly uncontested right to confer life peerages upon women, no less than three or four scores having been granted during the last two hundred years, whereas there have been but eight life peerages conferred upon men.

MAIRIE DE FONTENOY.

STILL ROOM FOR EXPLANATIONS.

General Shafter has been talking at Kalamazoo about his exploits at Santiago. This is his answer to the critics who have found fault with his plan of operations:

I knew my men must get sick. If there had been a defeat everything would have had to be dropped, for the artillery and supplies could not be gotten aboard the transports again. Therefore it was resolved to push ahead and get through with it. It took me six days to get in the vicinity of Santiago. I reconnoitred the Spanish lines and got an excellent idea of the lay of the land, and knew very well what we had to do.

I have been criticised for delay. I knew after talking with General Toral that he must surrender. At any time we could have taken Santiago in two hours, but it would have cost 2,000 men who are now back in the United States, whose bodies would have lain in Santiago.

Of course there was a great deal of suffering and sickness. My losses were a great deal more than I would have wished, but a great deal less than might have been the case.

My orders were very short and very clear, and I was never interfered with. I was to capture Santiago and drive out Cervera's fleet. That was all there was of it, and I think we succeeded.

General Shafter is extremely explicit in answering charges that nobody has made, but neither he nor any of his apologists has ever explained the real mystery of his proceedings. Why was it that "it took six days to get in the vicinity of Santiago," when the army could have landed at Aguadoceros, three miles from Morro Castle, under the protection of the fleet? There would have been no marching, fighting and dying in the jungles then. That was the plan Admiral Sampson expected to be adopted. It was the one originally agreed upon. Why did General Shafter change it?

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S indorsement of the New York Democratic ticket can hardly be regarded as a piece of Democratic luck. Who is responsible for letting this cold breath from the tomb strike us?

A REPUBLICAN LEGISLATURE would mean the election to the Senate of a servant of Boss Platt. Don't forget that important fact in your excitement over other features of this campaign.

SETH LOW tied to Boss Platt's chariot wheel is a sight to shake faith in the virtue of any Mugwump.

THE GERMAN-AMERICANS are receiving a great deal of advice from Mr. Roosevelt and his supporters as to what they should do in a political way.

German-American voters, like other voters, are grown-up people and are able to tell a blue law from one of another color. They will do their American duty on election day—the American duty of resenting Republican interference with the liberty of the individual.

HANNA INDORSES ROOSEVELT. Roosevelt's election would be an indorsement of Hanna. Hanna represents in his person about everything that a thoughtful American longs to see eliminated from the politics of the Republic.

THE RAINES LAW and armed men at the polls clothed with autocratic powers—New York Republicanism stands for that kind of government. No believer in the doctrine of liberty for the individual can consistently vote for Theodore Roosevelt.

The Issues of the Next Congress.

Duluth, Sept. 23, 1898.

W. R. Hearst, Esq., Editor of the New York Journal.

Let me congratulate you on the strong stand which the Journal has taken in the advocacy of true Democratic principles, and also upon the magnificent accomplishment of your great paper as a gatherer and disseminator of news during the events connected with the origin and progress of the Spanish war.

If the Republicans should get control of the next Congress the most important legislation, in my opinion, will be that which they will pass in the way of revision of our currency system in pursuance of the Administration's policy. "to commit the country more thoroughly to a gold standard." I assume that the Senate will be able to prevent the passage of the McCleary bill during the coming short session of the present Congress. My reason for regarding this as the most important legislation likely to be attempted by the next Congress is that it is fundamental, radical and revolutionary legislation upon the most important subject within the control of Congress.

In the event, however, of the control of the next House of Representatives by the Democratic party and its allies, a contingency that now appears not so very improbable, of course this plan of alleged financial reform would receive no consideration. The subject which in that event would be of prime importance is that of the government of the territories recently acquired or that are to be acquired under our treaty with Spain. This will embrace not only provisions for the civil administration of these dependencies, but commercial and fiscal adjustments of great delicacy and difficulty.

CHARLES A. TOWNSE, National Committeeman from Minnesota.

THE NEED OF NEWSPAPER UNION.

W. R. Hearst, Editor of the New York Journal.

Dear Sir: I notice with exceptional pleasure your proposition of newspaper union in the advocacy of great questions of a general character, confessedly of benefit to the public at large. It is a magnificent idea.

During a busy career of over thirty years in active journalism, I found the great necessity for such newspaper union. It was one of the main ideas that induced me to start my correspondences and news bureaus. I found that journalistic rivalry, personal intrigue and adroit misrepresentations, both inside and outside of newspaper offices, oftentimes entirely prevented fair criticism and just exposure. From my own personal standpoint I have been able to relieve this situation in many ways, compelling an honest treatment of various leading issues before the American public where such intrigues were paramount. How much more effective you can be through the influence of your immense circulation and wonderful enterprise it is needless to point out. I wish you every success in this splendid undertaking. Very truly yours,

THOMAS J. CUMMINGS, Syracuse, N. Y., September 27, 1898.

Van Alen Goes a Hunting.

Jimmie Van Alen (as usual with one's name) and his monacle were scouring coast of Newport this last week. I had that Jimmie had taken a house at Mel Mowbray, and will hunt in England this winter. He is called Coventry House. I hope that he will not be sent "to Coventry" as the English say when they lay some one severely alone. The owner of the place is Elliot Zborowski, who married Mrs. de Stuers, a cousin of Mr. Van Alen's deceased wife, and an Astor descendant. The Zborowskis have had some what of an experience in "Coventry," so far as America is concerned. Since the de Stuers divorce, and the marriage of the divorcee to Mr. Zborowski—who, by the way, is now one of the owners of the American and Broadway theatres, and is anxious to become a full-fledged manager—the Astors have been a bit shy of her.

Mrs. Astor to the "Bat."

To-day will be the star performance at Ardsley, and when Mrs. John Jacob Astor is at the bat—I beg pardon—is called on the links and makes her first stroke at the rubber ball, I am sure there will be a burst of applause. "Jack," of course, will be there to see his handsome wife the cynosure of all admiring eyes, even if she does not prove an expert golfer. There will be really nothing else in the match, you know, and it is the biggest stroke of luck which the Ardsley has had since it was established. Apart from this, however, the sight of over half a hundred pretty and fashionable women engaged in a match is one which is not often witnessed in society. You do see something of that kind advertised in the Bowers dime mags, but, of course, this is the genuine and real article.

De Garmendia's Marriage.

So Spaulding de Garmendia is married, and in Venice, and to a cousin of Elbridge T. Gerry, a charming young woman to whom Mr. Gerry's family does not speak, because these Baltimore Gerys resented some settlement of inheritances which the Commodore had arranged—or rather received. I do not know the ins and outs of that family row. It happened long ago, and it involved the Goelets and the Galifins, and heaven knows who all. But Spaulding, the athlete, is married, and many a girl is weeping from sheer disappointment.

Spaulding was not as handsome as his brother, poor Martin, who was always considered one of the best looking men in New York, but he was the embodiment of physical strength, and in some way more woman became enamoured of him than they did of his more Adonis-like brother. Martin was extremely popular, a most lovely fellow, and, as you know, he died some years ago after a long illness. At one time it was rumored that Miss Louise McAllister and Spaulding would make a match. When the Infanta Eulalie was over here she seemed absolutely fascinated by the champion of racquets and tennis. Spaulding was a jolly fellow and never

Peter Marie at Copox.

You hear that Lenox is wildly gay. Well, it is not so. Everybody plays golf all day long, and when evening comes they rush in to dinner, and then to bed. Peter Marie, the dean of the beaux of New York, has been giving dinners to pretty girls and collecting their photographs and having miniature portraits of them. Years ago he used to have a room hung with women's stockings. Whether these were gifts or had histories, or were simply bought from a shop by the dozen, no one will ever know unless Mr. Marie chooses to reveal them. And what a sensation these revelations would make!

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.