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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

POLITICAL HEALTH OR DISEASE.

The people of New York are engaged in something more than an ordinary political contest. It is not a case of two political parties, in the normal American sense, contending for the mastery. The Republican organization of to-day, especially in New York, is not really a party at all. It is a close corporation, depending upon concentrated wealth for its power, and having the promotion of the interests of the holders of that wealth for its objects.

The original Republican party died thirty years ago. It was created for a specific purpose—the prevention of the extension of slavery in the Territories. The end of its existence was more than accomplished when slavery was abolished throughout the Union. Having nothing further to live for, the party expired, but its name remained, and was seized upon by unprincipled schemers, who, knowing the power of names and associations over the public mind, recognized in it a valuable asset. From that time the title of a once glorious party has been dragged through progressively lower depths of debauchery until with Platt, Quay, Hanna and Alger, it has reached the ultimate bottom.

It is the power of this organization, whose very substance is wrought in corruption, and whose present end in life is the plunder of the many by the few, that must be broken in New York next Tuesday. Philosophers have had many severe things to say of "unbridled democracies," but history records no instance of a state ruined by unbridled democracy, while its pathway is strewn with the wrecks of republics destroyed by the private greed, of corrupt oligarchies. Democracy is health—plutocracy is the dry rot of moral and political leprosy. And plutocracy is simply the Republicanism of Platt and McKinley with the rouge washed off.

THE DEMAGOGY OF ROOSEVELT.

It is to be apprehended that as a result of the patriotic and tolerant tone which Colonel Roosevelt has impressed upon the campaign in New York Admiral Dewey, General Wheeler and General Lee will have to go down to history as enemies of their country, traitors and Spaniards at heart.

For why? All three—and scores and thousands more of the men who fought the nation's battles by sea and shore—are DEMOCRATS. Colonel Roosevelt—who in non-political moments has said and printed much about fair play, truth-telling and honest tolerance—first made the petty partisan charge that the Democratic party was in league with Spain. He first, to get for himself an office, was ready to put a stain of unpatricianism upon fully half the people of his own land. The annals of American politics furnish no instance of partisan blindness, mendacity and dishonesty which surpasses this of which Theodore Roosevelt, the "gentleman in politics," has been guilty.

Of course the lesser dignitaries of Republicanism have been eager to take up the line of argument furnished for them by the intellectual and respected Roosevelt. So we find a Congressman, Sereno E. Payne by name, though far from serene of tongue or manner, announcing that in the last Congress "We Republicans determined to fight the enemies of the United States whether they were Spaniards or Democrats." It will be remembered that in the pursuance of this creditable purpose Mr. Payne and his Republican associates fought so well that the Democrats were unable to force even a consideration of the Cuban situation—much less a declaration of war—until the destruction of the Maine paid the heavy penalty of the Republican policy of evasion, procrastination and silence.

Continuing, Mr. Payne promised his hearers—he was talking in Brooklyn, where the "Spanish" Democrats make up rather more than half the population—that a week from to-day "we are to decide whether the Empire State shall range itself as an ally of Spain, or shall uphold William McKinley in his patriotic purpose to bring about an honorable peace." And this was greeted with applause!

Mark what this loose-tongued demagogue means. If New York shall—as it doubtless will—choose Augustus Van Wyck to be its Governor, then the Empire State, in the view of Payne and the applauding Union Leaguers of Brooklyn, has gone over to Weyler. If we vote canal thieves out of office, repudiate Plattism and overthrow the party of trusts, monopolies and coercion, then the whole body of voters on the Democratic side, 700,000 or more, will be traitors, Spanish accessories, men who deserve to be hanged, drawn and quartered. Does any one believe such rubbish? Does any one for a moment imagine that an intelligent verdict at the polls is aided by such rank demagoguery. Can any one think politics improved or elevated by the introduction of such methods of argument?

Yet it was Theodore Roosevelt, that "highest type of young American," who set the pace that Payne has adopted.

ROOSEVELT, THE LIBERAL.

In his speech at a mass-meeting of German citizens at Cooper Union Wednesday night Colonel Roosevelt said:

Each man should be allowed to lead his life according to his own conscience, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others.

A very noble sentiment indeed. It breathes the very spirit of free government. It is the underlying, basic principle upon which our institutions are built. But does Colonel Roosevelt believe what he says? Let us see.

As Police Commissioner was he not a self-appointed public mentor who conceived it his duty to regulate the private conduct of the citizens of New York? Did he not find a savage delight in rigorously enforcing a law which struck at the comfort and liberty of the humblest class of our people? To drink a glass of beer on Sunday was a crime so heinous that the entire machinery of the Police Department was set in motion to punish the lawless offender.

This system of espionage worked a particular hardship on the Germans and other foreign born citizens. After six days of labor they were forbidden on the seventh day to seek solace with their families according to their national custom.

Colonel Roosevelt, eager to win the support of this large and liberal element, boldly asserts that "Each man should be allowed to lead his life according to his own conscience, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others." He has changed his tune since the days when, as a petty Czar, he tramped on personal freedom. In hot pursuit of the Governorship, he has become the humblest of office-seekers, broad in his sympathies, a very champion of individual liberty.

The German-Americans will not be deceived by this specious plea for their votes. Colonel Roosevelt's fine theories are not borne out by his record as a spying, harassing enforcer of Puritanical laws.

A PLEA FOR FAIR PLAY.

It is a perilous thing for a politician to offend the American sense of fair-play. Colonel Roosevelt has done so distinctly in his very ill-advised effort to identify the Democratic party with a pro-Spanish peril. We are confident that his utterances upon this subject have cost him votes, for they must have offended and repelled intelligent men of his own party, while they have of course antagonized any independents who had thought of voting for him.

The Democratic campaign thus far has been conducted with dignity and decency. Having determined to offer battle on State issues only, the Democrats have thoroughly debated those issues, forcing the fighting at every point. It has been, so far as Judge Van Wyck's canvass is concerned, a campaign of argument and education.

This record of political decency should not be spoiled in the closing days of the campaign. There is apparent a desire to thrust into the controversy certain charges made by a sensational newspaper, identifying the President's brother, Abner McKinley, with jobbery in connection with certain contracts for army and navy supplies. The evidence adduced in support of these charges is of the very slenderest. It does not prove Abner McKinley guilty of selling his influence. It does not prove that he had any influence to sell. It does not try to prove that the President was cognizant of his brother's acts, or responsible in the most distant degree for them. And it is not attempted to show, nor can it be shown, that the matter has the slightest pertinency to the political contest now in progress in this State.

It is entirely possible that the activities of Mr. Abner McKinley may yet become pertinent matter for public discussion. It is certain that as yet nothing sufficiently definite is known about them to warrant dragging the President's name into a distressing scandal. With the propriety of printing these vague assertions the Journal has nothing to do, but it does emphatically protest against the Democratic party being forced to stand sponsor for them through the act of any authorized spokesman of the State Committee. It is bad politics to take these charges up, for they bear all the earmarks of the "roorback," and will only affront the intelligent voter. But it is more than bad politics—it is undignified, indecent and unworthy of a great party which asks for public confidence to lend itself to the dissemination of ill-natured and unsubstantiated gossip intended to bring disrepute upon the President of the United States.

THE McCULLAGH OBJECT LESSON.

The people owe thanks to Colonel McCullagh, of the Platt Force Bill Rangers, for an ideal illustration of the nature of Republican government. The law under which McCullagh acts purports to be one to promote the purity of elections. It does not profess to favor any party. The officials who execute it are supposed to represent the whole people, and to suppress fraud wherever they find it.

But McCullagh, from the first, has treated his position as purely that of a Republican worker. His whole force has been organized with a view to reducing the Democratic vote. His men have been offered enormous prizes, which might aggregate as much as the superintendent's salary would amount to in five years, for arresting citizens. These prizes are nominally to come out of the zealous Mr. McCullagh's pocket. Their real source may be readily guessed.

If a lodging house were found stuffed with Republican floaters does anybody imagine that the Force bill deputies would raid it? McCullagh would laugh at the suggestion. He considers his office an adjunct of the Republican State Committee, and is openly running it as such. He undertakes to intimidate Democratic voters who may have registered from day to day in the same lodging house for years, but attempts no interference with Republican voters who swear at taxing time that they are not even residents of the State. Mr. McCullagh is illustrating the Republican idea of official duty. It is not one that the people care to have widely applied.

AN "ATTACK" ON MR. DANFORTH.

Somebody has discovered a letter written by the Hon. Elliot Danforth, in 1896, when he was conducting the Democratic campaign in New York, in which he urged his correspondent to declare himself loyal to the national ticket. The Republican press bureau has issued this letter as an "attack" on Mr. Danforth, and Chairman Odell says solemnly that the original of this letter is in his possession.

The Republicans have a curious notion of what constitutes an "attack." In 1896 Mr. Danforth was chairman of the Democratic State Committee. He was charged with the conduct of the Democratic campaign in New York. If the Republicans could discover and publish a letter from Mr. Danforth denouncing the national

nominees in that election, and advising people to bolt the ticket, that would be an attack which would demand a defence. But to prove that as State chairman Mr. Danforth loyally performed his duties is only to add a new reason to the many which already exist for voting for him.

THE SOLDIER VOTE.

The votes taken in the various New York regiments are most significant. Without exception Judge Van Wyck is the choice of the volunteer soldiers. In some companies the vote is practically unanimous for the Democratic candidate.

As the canvass progresses it is evident that the voters are going to hold the Republican party to its record; that the canal thieves must be punished; that the Force bill must be repealed; that reform in State affairs is more important to New York than the claims of individuals for military prominence.

Reverting to the soldier vote, the fathers and the brothers of these volunteers will follow their example. The horrors of Algerism have been brought home to every one of them. They recognize the murderous incompetency of the War Department as an issue in this campaign.

The influence of this vigorous protest from the volunteers will be far-reaching. It will not only enlist the support of their families, but their friends, for the Democratic ticket. It touches every county in the State, and affects every community.

MR. HANNA'S JOKE.

What an unconscious humorist Mark Hanna is. He is out in an interview predicting a Republican victory throughout the country, and gives his reasons for his faith as follows: "The same forces which won the victory of 1896 will win the battle of 1898. The patriotism and integrity of the country are at stake." Mr. Hanna carried the country for McKinley by wholesale bribery and corruption. Are these the "same forces," so potent in '96, that are expected to prevail in '98? Mr. Hanna is mistaken.

The campaign fund so necessary to the furtherance of the Senator's political arguments is missing. The coercion of employes, too, is being neglected this year. Thus, many of the most convincing appeals that secured votes for McKinley have been overlooked.

The result is that the people will have the opportunity to go to the polls and express their honest opinion of the sort of "patriotism and integrity" that Mark Hanna himself stands for, and that Alger has been at such pains to represent. The national protest against the criminal incompetency of the War Department will be made in the Congress elections. An overwhelming Republican majority will be wiped out, and representatives, fresh from the people, will investigate the mismanagement of the war, and uncover the fraudulent contracts that threaten to involve some of the most influential friends of the McKinley Administration.

Why Millionaires Are Republicans.

Editor of the New York Journal: A few days ago the Journal published a list of fifty-four millionaires whose aggregate wealth amounts to \$1,022,000,000, and whose combined contributions to the Republican campaign fund could be depended on, if needed, to exceed \$800,000, which, with similar contributions from other wealthy Republicans, office-holders and officers of trusts doing business in this State, would bring the total contribution up to \$2,612,800.

Now, why are these millionaires Republicans? Is it because 90 per cent of the Democrats are workmen, whereas in the Republican clubs and social organizations and gatherings they run no risk of coming in contact with the "lower element" of Democracy, who desire to govern themselves?

To the sober-minded, thinking, average intelligent citizen they are Republicans because the Republican party protects their millions of money to the injustice and robbery of the millions of people. Through the beneficent protection of the Republican party they are enabled to form trusts, which stifle domestic competition, and the alleged Republican tariff protection to American workmen, the parent of the trust, shuts out foreign competition, and the people are at their mercy.

They are Republicans because the Republican party is in favor of a "sound dollar"—dollars which were loaned fifteen years ago on farms that were then worth \$5,000; but through the continual hardening of the dollar, increase of business volume and population, gradual concentration of the wealth of the country in fewer hands, the farm has decreased one-quarter in value, and the dollar, taking into consideration improved labor-saving machinery and cheapening production, increased one-quarter in purchasing power, and these Republican millionaires look to the Republican party to still further increase the purchasing power of their millions one-quarter more in the next twenty years, and in proportion decrease the value of everything that money buys.

They know from the history of the Republican party that it can be depended upon to take care of their interest in preventing the passage of an income tax when the Democrats bring it up again.

If the Democrats succeed in placing before the electors the right to say whether United States Senators shall be elected by the voters, these millionaires will be found ready to contribute liberally to the Republican coffers to defeat the people, because it is cheaper and more convenient to buy up Legislatures than it would be to attempt to buy a majority of the voters of the State.

CLAYTON IN THE FOURTH.

The Democracy is not leaving the Republican party a monopoly of military candidates. Captain Bertram T. Clayton, the Democratic nominee for Congress in the Fourth District, has won the highest distinction in the war. He was an Indian fighter before he became a fighter of Spaniards. In the Spanish war he was sent to Porto Rico at the head of Troop C, and played a brilliant part in the rapid conquest of that island.

Captain Clayton has been active and successful in civil as well as in military life. Like so many of his associates on the Congressional ticket, he is a young man, and when he undertakes to push the interests of his district in the House something is bound to happen.

THE ADVANCED WOMAN. SHE IS HAVING HER SAY AT THE CONGRESS.

THIS is a serious world. We are living in a grand and awful time. The women of to-day hold a destiny that is at once glorious, gloomy and peculiar in the annals of the world.

The true meaning of the universe and the laws thereof halt trembling upon the threshold of modern life, waiting for the foremost Woman of To-day to open the door.

Life is real; life is earnest. I've been to the Woman's Congress, and I know.

The real name of the congress is the Convention of the New York Federation of Women's Clubs, but there isn't time to say that between discussions, so it will be called the "Congress" to the end of the session.

The congress will discuss during its four days' session art, literature, education, politics, civic government, philanthropy, industrial arts, hospitals and medical schools, women in the profession, the power of the press, the drama, the rules of parliamentary procedure, trained nurses and how they should be trained, peace between nations, foreign travel and the true considerations for the social life of the individual; so there's no time to lose.

It convenes at 10 o'clock every morning. Tuesday morning it began with prayer and ended with the report of the Auditing Committee.

In the afternoon the discussions began. The first one was upon the question: "What is the Effect of Kindergarten Training on the After Education of the Child?"

It seems from the result of the discussion that the right sort of kindergarten has an effect which may be described as coming near to miraculous.

Send your child to the right kindergarten and he will grow up to be a being of sublimated intelligence, a little higher than the angels. He will have knowledge, order, reverence, observation, soul, heart, lungs and a mind of eagle-like perception.

This was inspiring. But—oh, the awful gloom of that portentous word "but"—send your harmless, inoffensive child to the wrong kindergarten and he will turn out a demon, so lost to all sense of human hope that his fate is too hideous to contemplate, even for one brief imaginary moment.

If some charitable being had only volunteered to tell the electrified and awestruck mother-conscience which gazed from every spell-bound eye in that assemblage some simple household way to tell the glorious Right Kind from the unspeakable Wrong Kind, it would have been more humane—but no one did this kindly thing, and the congress hastened on to consider Na-

SANFORD'S "TEMPEST TOSSED." ALAN DALE ON A NEW MELODRAMA.

VIOLA ALLEN'S famous "Christian" knitted jersey and hat have found their way into popular-price melodrama. The heroine in "Tempest Tossed," at the Grand Opera House, wears them. Not having been notified that they were knitted for this production by some old woman in the Isle of Man, I think I may fairly assume that they were bought on Eighth avenue. And that being the case, I hereby beg to inform Miss Allen that when her Isle of Man jersey wears out she can buy just as good an article here, unprotected by Mr. Hall Gaine, but warranted to fit nevertheless.

The melodramatic heroine in a Jersey is a great improvement upon the arch young thing in a sun bonnet whom we have accustomed to see. A Jersey generally fits, and if a heroine owns any figure at all (and it is her duty to own one), this Viola Allen fashion must prove most useful to her. Moreover, the Jersey seems to rejuvenate its wearer, and nearly all the heroines in melodrama need rejuvenating, for they generally start their heroines at a time when, in real life, they would be discarding them.

"Tempest Tossed" seems to be the work of Walter Sanford. At any rate the programme calls it "Walter Sanford's real-life American drama." Whether this means that it is his because he wrote it, or his because he bought it, it is quite impossible to say. I say that it seems to be his because—well, because it might be anybody's who has had any experience in the melodramatic business.

It is a melodrama that is in many respects superior to the average run of impossible blood, thrills and thunder. Its people are all humble and old-skinned fisher-folk from Maine, and it has no lank-waisted sirens, evening-dressed lords with bowery accents, or prattling babes that come on in the last act to reunite popper and mommer.

It is a simple story and devoid of human interest, but eked out, of course, by a few of those sensational episodes that look well on the billboards and supply the "advance agent" with work. To the ordinary melodrama-lover it is a series of events leading up to a "terrific" scene in a lighthouse, in which combustibles explode, and the hero plunges into the seething canvas waves.

But, as I said before, "Tempest Tossed" has some human types which are well played. The country lout is not a bad piece of work; the lame lighthouse keeper is not lacking in humor and plausibility, and the drunken father of the knitted Jersey is in reality far more entertaining than the knitted Jersey itself.

There is not a single member of the cast of whom I have ever heard prominently before, and yet the acting of the play was better than the play itself, as a whole. This goes to show that all the clever people have not yet won glory for themselves and that a visit to Eighth avenue is occasionally a good visit to make.

Julian Stepping, as the keeper of the lighthouse, did a capital piece of work and showed far more ease, precision and quietude than a good many actors whom I could mention and whose pictures you can buy on Broadway. Edgar Forrest as the drunken fisherman was also extremely good, indicating a perpetual "jag" in an inoffensive way and restraining the audience from that ribald laughter that the usual stage jag always induces.

The hero was played by Manife Johnson, who would be instantly pardoned if he changed his Christian name. Mr. Johnson showed plenty of "dramatic instinct" and came successfully through his scenes. The villain was another highly-named person—J. M. Sainpolis, unduly young for one so versed in all the grades of villainy. Mr. Sainpolis appeared to be a trifle uneasy and to attach undue importance to the buttons of a snuff-colored mackintosh that he wore in the third act. It must be hard work accomplishing so much evil in three feeble hours, and I don't suppose any actor could do much with such an obstreperously impossible role. Why must the villain—even if he doesn't look a day over five and twenty—have artistic gray hair at the sides of his head. On the stage the evil-doer never seems to grow gray all over. His perky expresses itself by white patches over his temples, and I can't quite understand the full significance of this. Perhaps some theatrical evil-doer will explain it to me.

Miss Jessie Villa was the peroxide lady in the Jersey—a feyrid ash blonde with scintillant teeth. I really don't believe that the audience would have tolerated her in a sunbonnet, so she can thank her lucky stars and Viola Allen for the Jersey. With Miss Minnie Victorson as the abducted wife it was a real case of "good riddance." The audience sympathized with the abducted wife, and Miss Jessie Villa was the skilful lady in the piece, and she managed to act better than she managed to look.

ALAN DALE.

HIGH LIGHTS. The man who tries to satisfy everybody doesn't even please himself. The world expects wisdom to be resigned, and then talks about them if they are. Crops are that part of vegetation which always gets too much or too little rain. The longer some people stay away the less they have to tell when they get home. A family in fashionable society often depends on one man who hasn't time for any society at all.—Chicago Record.

A MOVABLE FEAST. "I like these street pianos." "Why?" "If you say the man ten cents he will go on to the next block."—Chicago Record.

AT THE STEEPLCHASE. THE CREAM OF THE "400" WILL BE REPRESENTED.

THE Steeplchase is only a week off, and it will be the most exciting event that society will have on its calendar for a long time. The Mendoc Brook set will have gathered by that time and will turn out in force. Election day amounts to but little in society except as an occasion upon which it gets together. So many men now are citizens of Rhode Island, where they do not have to put up fortunes for taxes, that it has reduced considerably the voting contingent in New York. The day itself, as far as social affairs go, will be extremely dull. Judge Pryor and Mrs. Pryor will celebrate their golden wedding at a large afternoon reception, at which I hear both Teddy Roosevelt and Judge Van Wyck are expected to be present and where for the time all thoughts of political contests will be abandoned. I doubt very much if even Mrs. Pryor can gather together the different clans, but it would be quite amusing if she succeeded.

I am glad to welcome Mrs. Yerkes into society. I hear that the receptions on Sundays are feasts not only of reason and soul, but that there is unstinted fix, and that this one indulgence has attracted many of the chappies and many of the fashionable women. Any great business these days on the part of New York hostesses is regarded as a freak which should be encouraged. It is a relief after caterers' suppers, and sometimes worse, the work of amateur chefs in kitchens of houses which seem to be run on the table d'hote plan.

On Thursday evening society will meet for the first time at the Waldorf-Astoria. It is the initial of the series of concerts which were given last year. I have my doubts about their success, and their "social brilliancy" was not what one would be led to believe. You had Mrs. Astor on one side of the house, Miss Whitney, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Bervind and other "snarri" matrons on the other. These were all in boxes, and very much in evidence. It is in the tier where few people could see them were Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Crocker and Mrs. Cannon, now Mrs. Freiligh-husen. And the middle—anybody and everybody. It was the meat to the sandwich, and some of the women and their clothes were very funny, and the men were just as amusing. There was one critic who refused absolutely to appear in evening dress, and who glared at any one who dared to do so as much as breathe during long sympathy and some Mrs. Astor would yawn behind her fan and look intently bored, and Mrs. John Jacob would be bored also as long as the other people were amused, but just as soon as they looked sleepy she would wake up and seem to rejoice amaz-

ingly in their misery. But the middle of the sandwich did nothing, most of it, but stare at the boxes, and the boxes looked straight ahead of them. These were melancholy nights, and as this year there will be an opera I do not believe that society will be dragged to the concert.

The Prince and Princess Troubetzkoi have arrived at Tuxedo, and the entire Rives family is entertaining them. It is the first time that the Princess—who, you know, was Miss Amelle Rives—has joined in any gayeties for years, and she is looking marvellously well, and she wears some very effective gowns. She is devoted to and very proud of her husband, who is a stalwart specimen of Russian manhood. In fact, he resembles Sandow not a little, and he is said to possess most marvellous strength. He is a very mild-mannered man, however, quite a good artist and something of a Bohemian. He has been getting on very well in Washington, and has become quite a mode in the city. He has sittings from a number of fashionable women, and, you know, to be painted by a Prince is considered something quite out of the ordinary. Although an artist and a Russian, and from a country where princes are as thick as mosquitoes in Jersey, he is a veritable scion of a royal house, and his family stands very high in St. Petersburg and at the Russian Court.

The news that Queen Victoria has caused to be built all through the woods of Balmoral queer little corrugated iron structures, which she has had arranged for afternoon tea, seems to be only an echo of what has been done for some time in this country. Those who went to Sanbright and the Branch last Summer were puzzled to know the use which was made of about five little structures of sheet iron, ranged along the Shrewsbury River near the bridge at the Highlands. These little houses were supposed to be individual hats, and disorganizing "bungalows," but there is a peculiar story connected with them. They at one time were part of the equipment at Sandy Hook and were used for officers' tents. A fair young matron seeing them immediately fell in love with them, and they were purchased by her husband and put up in the rear of his house. They were used as tea rooms, each little structure being prettily finished inside and fitted up with tables and chairs for a tea-table or at most a four-handed party. When there were large house parties, these "tents" were all put in use and they were extremely popular. Now I hear that husband and wife are separated and that these affairs are for sale. They have the advantage of being piping hot in Summer and freezing in Winter, and they remain on the bench as a sad evidence of a jolly home that is broken up and of many very delightful afternoons. Some anglomen and a possibly a few of their kind, and again they would come into prominence, being so like the dear Queen's, don't you know.

CHOLY KNICKERBOCKER.