

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE LINES OF CLEAVAGE.

The tide of revolt against Republicanism that is sweeping Van Wyck toward Albany is not a local phenomenon. It is a national movement. It is felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In a sense it is correct to say that the contest in this State, as in most others, turns on local issues, but these issues all have a general relationship which makes them merely local manifestations of a national division. The lines of cleavage between the two parties are the same in New York as in California, and the same in each State as in the whole Union.

The canal steals, the Raines law and the domination of Platt are simply the New York developments of the general tendencies of the Republican party, which is always and everywhere the party of corruption, of governmental meddling with individual liberty, and of overgrown bossism.

Where we talk of canal steals, the people of Pennsylvania talk of political banks, the people of Illinois of Allen bills, and the people of the nation of Algerism. Where we appeal vainly to a Republican Legislature for dollar gas and reduced telephone charges, the people of California write under the alliance between Republican lawmakers and the Southern Pacific. If we have our Platt, Pennsylvania has her Quay, Illinois her Tanner and the nation its Hanna.

There is no accidental coincidence in all this. Wherever it is planted Republicanism bears Republican fruits. Local circumstances account for the fact that in one State Republican politicians rob a canal fund and in another a bank. It is the impulse to rob that is generic.

There are Democratic bosses, but their power is confined to single cities. It is only the Republican party that breeds bosses whose sway extends over whole States, as Platt's does in New York, and even, like Hanna's, dominates the organization in the entire Union.

The people are learning at last what the new Republicanism means. With the glittering historical associations it has fraudulently misused stripped off they see it as it is—an abhorrent creation of organized greed, and they are resolved to have no more of it.

WHAT THE ADMINISTRATION HAS DONE FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Put them under ignorant Sons of Somebodies whose incompetence sacrificed the lives of their men.

Selected camp grounds in unwholesome and inconvenient localities for the profit of transportation companies.

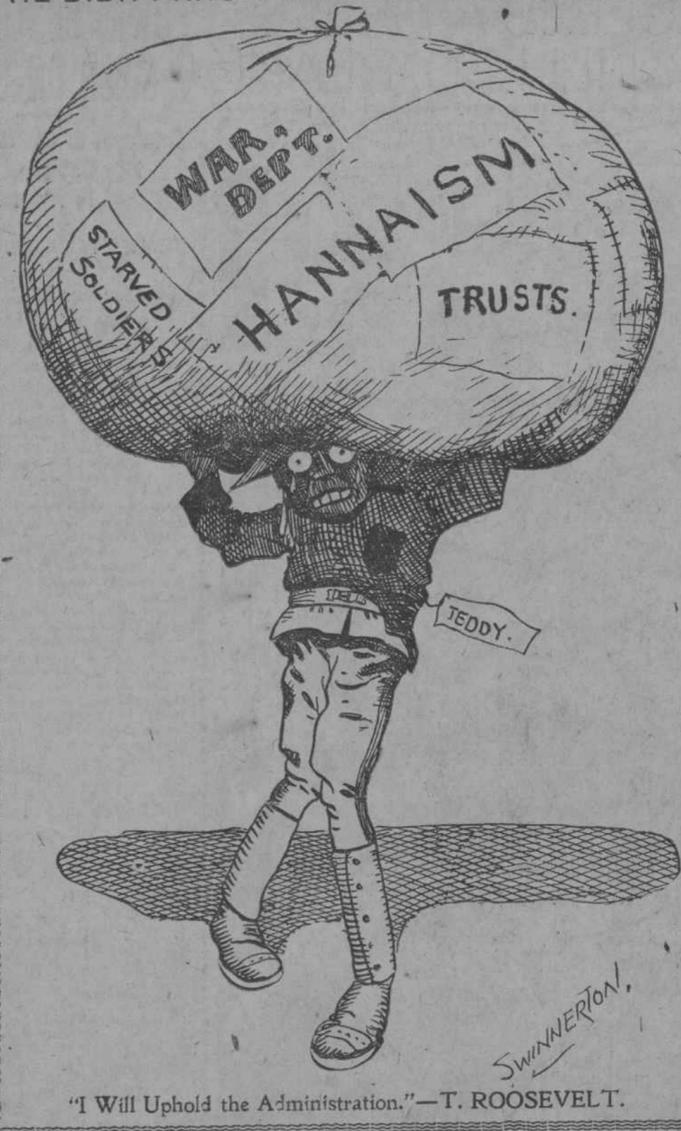
Sent troops to fight a Summer campaign in Cuba in heavy woollen uniforms and provided them with light tropical clothing when they came north in the Fall.

Packed wounded men in unventilated cattle ships without ice, medicines, disinfectants, surgical instruments, fresh water, nurses or proper food.

Compelled soldiers in all the camps to starve in the midst of plenty through the inefficiency of its commissary arrangements.

Killed nearly ten times as many men by preventable diseases as fell by Spanish bullets.

HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS PROMISING



"I Will Uphold the Administration."—T. ROOSEVELT.

WHAT THE ADMINISTRATION HAS DONE FOR THE COUNTRY.

Sacrificed several hundreds of lives by placing the Cuban army of invasion under the command of a General who could neither fight himself nor keep out of the way of those who could.

Sapped the military strength of the nation by ruining the most splendid material ever gathered into an army and quenching the spirit of the men who would have been ready to volunteer for future service if needed.

Thrown away the opportunity given by our military successes for securing an early peace by an indecision that has encouraged the beaten enemy to hold out against terms that would have been cheerfully accepted if they had been resolutely imposed in the first place.

Levied unnecessary taxes and issued \$200,000,000 of bonds to withdraw from circulation and heap up in the Treasury the greatest hoard of idle cash in the history of the Government.

CONFESSIONS OF DEFEAT.

Notwithstanding their pathetic efforts to maintain a bold and confident front, it is impossible for our Republican contemporaries always to suppress the signs of desperate panic in the face of impending disaster. The other day the Tribune admitted that two weeks before Roosevelt had been beaten. Yesterday the Press, conceding that the Democratic leaders were sincere in the belief that they were going to win, emitted this graveyard whistle:

But Roosevelt can and will be elected if he gains votes in the next six days as he has gained them in the last week. Keep up the fight for Roosevelt to the very last! Get out all the votes! Work, work, work!

To say that Roosevelt will be elected if he can get more votes by next Tuesday than he has now is the same thing as saying that he could not win if the election were to be held to-day. It is an admission that he is still in the minority. And as his boom is notoriously of the tadpole order, tapering off with extreme rapidity toward the tail, that minority is likely to be considerably smaller next Tuesday than it is now.

TWO WAYS OF FIGHTING.

The character of the campaign which Judge Van Wyck is conducting illustrates in a striking way the poise and the gentleness that are part of his fine nature. He has made no attack upon his opponent, has indulged in no bitterness, preferring to discuss the issues of the contest without appealing to the prejudices or the passions of his hearers.

With due regard for the dignity of his position, he is answering every point raised by the Republicans with judicial fairness. He is holding them to their record. He believes that administrative reform is one of the paramount issues of the campaign. The Democratic platform pledges a regeneration of State affairs and swift punishment of the canal thieves. Judge Van Wyck upholds the principles enunciated by the platform of his party, and prefers to make his fight before the people on the legitimate questions involved rather than to descend to vituperative attacks upon the Republican nominee or the questionable gang that placed him at the head of the Republican ticket.

Compare the temperate course of Judge Van Wyck with that of his opponent. Colonel Roosevelt, not content with deluging with personal abuse the Democratic leaders, made the following unjust assault upon Judge Van Wyck in a recent speech:

Amiable and accomplished as Judge Van Wyck is, his individuality has merged into that of Richard Croker, and that being done he stands convicted of trying to debauch and degrade the judiciary.

It is charitable to believe that Colonel Roosevelt, harassed by the demands of the campaign and disturbed by the prospect of defeat, is not responsible for this slander from his unbridled tongue. When his mind resumes its normal condition he should hasten to apologize to Judge Van Wyck.

THE VOICE OF A JUST JUDGE.

Justice William J. Gaynor, in reviewing the case, said:

It is a crying shame that this man, a citizen and a voter, should have been locked up over night in a police station without a hearing on the charge that he had illegally registered. The American people will not stand it. Such an occurrence is outrageous, and this sort of thing has got to stop. I myself am sick and tired of it. If there was no Magistrate sitting in a police court the accused man should have been brought to some Justice of the Supreme Court.

The indignation of Justice Gaynor is shared by every right-thinking person. The spirit of the Force bill is oppression. It was written for the purpose of turning the control of the elections over to hired thugs. These deputies, appointed to do Platt's bidding, are serving their master well. Only by the suppression of Democratic votes can they be of service to the Republicans.

The Force bill is a vicious invasion of the right of suffrage. It is fitting that it should be heartily indorsed by that foe of personal liberty, Theodore Roosevelt.

THE ADMINISTRATION has adopted the scandalously unpatriotic course of giving notice to Spain that half of the people of the United States are in favor of surrendering American rights, and that a Democratic victory in next week's elections will be proof that the country adopts the Spanish view of the issues under discussion at Paris.

The President may betray, for a paltry advantage, the interests he has sworn to protect, but he can't trick the American people into voting for his accomplices against its will.

NO KNIFE IN PLATT'S BOOT.

Senator Platt is entirely confident that he will carry the Legislature. Incidentally, also, he maintains that Roosevelt will win. His authorized statement containing these predictions has been made for the purpose of denying the foolish charge that he was disloyal to the ticket.

Why should Platt's fidelity be questioned? Didn't he name every man on that ticket? Didn't he even have the personal satisfaction of receiving the abject surrender of Colonel Roosevelt, his former bitter opponent? And hasn't the valiant Colonel publicly proclaimed his intention of consulting Platt, in the event of his election to the Governorship, on all important matters?

Don't worry about Platt. He will do his best for Roosevelt, and he will not neglect the Legislature. He prefers to control both the

executive and the law-making power, rather than be annoyed by vetoes, but at all hazards he will try to save the Legislature. His business of guaranteeing protection to corporations must go on. He doesn't want the canal thieves annoyed, nor the Force bill repealed, nor dollar gas forced on an unwilling public, nor any of the many disagreeable things that a Democratic Legislature would be sure to do.

And Senator Platt's sorest need is a colleague that will not disturb his hold on the Federal patronage in New York State. He wants to dictate a successor to Senator Murphy. He requires a colorless, subservient, lowly creature in his business. And he will name just such a tool if his desperate fight for control of the Legislature is successful.

Don't make any mistake. Platt is for the whole ticket, which is only another way of saying that he is working heart and soul for the selfish interests of T. C. Platt.

OUR EAGLE IS A HEN.

HERE used to be a nice, clean, clear-voiced man, who sang a charming little song which began: "We hear from foreign travellers that Paris is delectable." The ladies at the Woman's Congress do not agree with the sentiments of that song.

They discussed foreign travel yesterday, and the sense of the congress seemed to be that Paris is not half as nice as New York, and that the Strand isn't to be compared with Broadway, or even with Wabash avenue, Chicago.

Miss Annie Blashon, a handsome young woman, with decision and "know how to do" written in every line of her face, told the congress that she thought a good deal, and that she really thought she had missed a whole lot of advantages by being away from home so much.

All the women who spoke on the subject told all sorts of reasons for going abroad. They said that it expanded the mind and that it enlarged the horizon, and then each and every one of them said that she had learned a great deal more about Europe sitting in a nice clean library and reading about it than in all her varied "walks abroad."

All sorts of reasons but one they gave. Nobody said one word about going abroad for fun, and not one single speaker had a single good word to say about Paris, or a single bad word to say about Rome, which fact tells a good, honest little story all by itself.

When foreign travel had been decided to be well enough in its way, but not quite indispensable, Mrs. J. H. Bartis began to tell about hospitals.

It was worth while going to the congress just to see the women who talked about hospitals. They were nearly all doctors, and it was pleasant listening to hear about the great hospitals which are being built and maintained and run by women—to help women. One of the doctors inveighed against the abuse of the dispensary, and every single speaker spoke of two things—the ingratitude of the poor, and the strange prejudice which ignorant people have against the hospital.

The ingratitude idea is quite easy to understand. One who receives something for nothing is seldom pleased with what he gets, be it ever so valuable. But the ignorant prejudice—it does not seem so very mysterious to me.

I met a woman just six weeks ago. She was a seamstress. She sent her baby to a fine, big hospital, and when she heard it was dying the authorities would not let her in, and she walked up and down in the rain in front of the hospital and looked at the bright windows, and wondered in which room her baby was dying.

It is a good law that the nurses are kind. They did their best to save the baby's life, but they could not let the little woman come in out of the rain and

"CYRANOSE DE BRIC-A-BRAC."

THE "Cyrano" plum has been ripening for Weber & Fields for various weeks, and last night it fell, juicy, spry and luscious, right into the midst of their cozy and appreciative public. The plum was labelled "Cyrano de Bric-a-brac," and for once the label meant a good deal, thanks to the Messrs. Rostand, Mansfield, Daly, Davidson, et al. And in the general public doesn't know enough about "Cyrano" to appreciate the best burlesque that these clever little music hall managers have ever presented, then it is certainly the public's fault. "Cyrano" has been dinned into everybody's ears persistently since it will be Weber & Fields' opinion. It will be Weber & Fields' opinion, and all the other gobs about which Mr. Mansfield and Augustin Daly agree to differ are all introduced in the true burlesque form. Rostand in his wildest moments could never have imagined such rich results. I expect to hear of an interview with M. Coquelin on the subject, and also to be notified that Messrs. Weber and Fields have been admitted to all the academic honors that France is able to bestow.

The full array of the Weber & Fields sylvia may be found in gorgeous costumes and glisten lights. I should like to make a tragedy of the fact that Miss Frankie Bailey has a bad cold, and could do very little. It is impossible, however, to be tragic in this way, for nobody cares what happens to Miss Bailey's voice, as long as she doesn't wear her rights over it. The Beaumont sisters, the Angels nymphs, Josephine Allen, Glanville Mabonn (or is it Bonnie Maginn?) and other front-frowning beauties from the Weber & Fields prize packet may be gaped upon with sweet impunity.

And he is not—in this foolish rhapsody—forget Miss Templeton—she whom we once called Fay. Miss Templeton is the Roxane of the occasion, in a blond wig that rendered her pleasantly recognizable. It was a metamorphosis of a most agreeable character. It was as though the sensuous and extremely formed Fay had bought a new and improved head for herself. Let her adhere closely to blond wigs. She has never looked better.

There is very little "muscle" in "Cyrano," and the law-making power, rather than be annoyed by vetoes, but at all hazards he will try to save the Legislature. His business of guaranteeing protection to corporations must go on. He doesn't want the canal thieves annoyed, nor the Force bill repealed, nor dollar gas forced on an unwilling public, nor any of the many disagreeable things that a Democratic Legislature would be sure to do.

And Senator Platt's sorest need is a colleague that will not disturb his hold on the Federal patronage in New York State. He wants to dictate a successor to Senator Murphy. He requires a colorless, subservient, lowly creature in his business. And he will name just such a tool if his desperate fight for control of the Legislature is successful.

Don't make any mistake. Platt is for the whole ticket, which is only another way of saying that he is working heart and soul for the selfish interests of T. C. Platt.

Senator Platt is entirely confident that he will carry the Legislature. Incidentally, also, he maintains that Roosevelt will win. His authorized statement containing these predictions has been made for the purpose of denying the foolish charge that he was disloyal to the ticket.

ALAN DALE ON WEBER & FIELDS'S VERY LATEST.

gracious lady" at the Knickerbocker (vide Hall Caine) doesn't know how eminently burlesqueable she is. Miss Fenon has copied her stagginess and her artificiality so thoroughly that at times I began to think I wasn't going to enjoy myself. It seemed too real. And Viola Allen's kiss tantrums are marvels of accuracy. But "The Heavens" is merely an incident of "Cyrano nose." Little Weber as Ragueneau the baker, with his usual prominent abdomen, and a lofty property done of thought, burlesques the work that we now know so wisely yet so well. Mr. Ross peels off the garments of John Slippyweather and reappears as Christian, and David Warfield wears his best Hebrew dialect as a lawyer always at the heels of Cyrano.

Those of us who have seen the real play (don't all speak at once; the season has only just started) have probably failed to realize Cyrano's intense joy in being snubbed. Cyrano, at Weber & Fields's, however, insists that he is never happy unless he is being insulted, and somehow or other the best seems to strike home very truly. In his scenes with Comte de Peuch, a role undertaken by the abdicant M. Peter Daley, his mania for insult is capitally shown. Then there is the great and only John T. Kelly in a sweet little thing in tunic, and his own inevitable brogue.

The "nose speech," the "no, thank you," speech, and all the other gems about which Mr. Mansfield and Augustin Daly agree to differ are all introduced in the true burlesque form. Rostand in his wildest moments could never have imagined such rich results. I expect to hear of an interview with M. Coquelin on the subject, and also to be notified that Messrs. Weber and Fields have been admitted to all the academic honors that France is able to bestow.

The full array of the Weber & Fields sylvia may be found in gorgeous costumes and glisten lights. I should like to make a tragedy of the fact that Miss Frankie Bailey has a bad cold, and could do very little. It is impossible, however, to be tragic in this way, for nobody cares what happens to Miss Bailey's voice, as long as she doesn't wear her rights over it. The Beaumont sisters, the Angels nymphs, Josephine Allen, Glanville Mabonn (or is it Bonnie Maginn?) and other front-frowning beauties from the Weber & Fields prize packet may be gaped upon with sweet impunity.

And he is not—in this foolish rhapsody—forget Miss Templeton—she whom we once called Fay. Miss Templeton is the Roxane of the occasion, in a blond wig that rendered her pleasantly recognizable. It was a metamorphosis of a most agreeable character. It was as though the sensuous and extremely formed Fay had bought a new and improved head for herself. Let her adhere closely to blond wigs. She has never looked better.

There is very little "muscle" in "Cyrano," and the law-making power, rather than be annoyed by vetoes, but at all hazards he will try to save the Legislature. His business of guaranteeing protection to corporations must go on. He doesn't want the canal thieves annoyed, nor the Force bill repealed, nor dollar gas forced on an unwilling public, nor any of the many disagreeable things that a Democratic Legislature would be sure to do.

And Senator Platt's sorest need is a colleague that will not disturb his hold on the Federal patronage in New York State. He wants to dictate a successor to Senator Murphy. He requires a colorless, subservient, lowly creature in his business. And he will name just such a tool if his desperate fight for control of the Legislature is successful.

TWO BITS OF GOSSIP BY CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

I HAVE heard of a very amusing anecdote recently of a well-known Episcopal dignitary. Some time ago this gentleman, while abroad and riding a horse, came a cropper, and the cable reports were busy in telling of the injuries he had received.

In about a month he arrived in New York, and the usual crowd of reporters came down to the dock to interview him. He was rather light and airy that day, and laughed at his accident. He said that it was nothing at all; a mere mishap, that was all.

The next day His Lordship, or Grace, as you would choose to call him, went to the Travelers' Accident Insurance Company, in which he had a policy, and drew three hundred dollars—the rate of one hundred dollars a week—for the accident, which dislocated his shoulder in such a fashion as to "completely disable" him from attending to his "episcopal duties."

What could have been the nature of the injury and what episcopal duties were barred during his illness? And his sudden cure—all these things are queries which must remain unanswered.

There is much astonishment concerning the behavior of the daughters of a certain well-known man in society who died but recently. Already they are practically out of mourning. They have been going out for some time, and were seen at private theatricals and were conspicuous at the restaurants where the fashionable congregated but a short time after the death.

As their father was always devoted to them this lack of seeming respect to his memory is all the more puzzling.

The example quoted a few days ago of another young matron who seems to have ignored entirely that her father died and who is going on the same round of pleasure to dinners and the play, is not astonishing. She has always courted the eccentric.

One cannot forget the ingenious union of a young man, a member of the Union Club, who was seen at the opera in a conspicuous box about six weeks after the death of his mother.

"Morning," said he, "in England is only six months for a parent. My mother was an invalid for a year before her death, and she was practically dead about five months of that time. I have refrained from going out for six weeks, which is a little over the required time."

WINIFRED BLACK.

There is very little "muscle" in "Cyrano," and the law-making power, rather than be annoyed by vetoes, but at all hazards he will try to save the Legislature. His business of guaranteeing protection to corporations must go on. He doesn't want the canal thieves annoyed, nor the Force bill repealed, nor dollar gas forced on an unwilling public, nor any of the many disagreeable things that a Democratic Legislature would be sure to do.

And Senator Platt's sorest need is a colleague that will not disturb his hold on the Federal patronage in New York State. He wants to dictate a successor to Senator Murphy. He requires a colorless, subservient, lowly creature in his business. And he will name just such a tool if his desperate fight for control of the Legislature is successful.

And amidst cries of "Viva Espana!" "But him out!" and "Oh, come off the gridiron!" the session closed.—Detroit Journal.

An Unfair Advantage.

Tenderly the young wife leaned over her sleeping husband.

"There!" she exclaimed softly, to herself. "That's the password of his lodge. The next thing will be the combination of his office vault. I'll bet a cook!"