

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THINGS MR. BAILEY FORGETS.

Mr. Joseph W. Bailey does not approve of the efforts of the Journal to keep the Democratic party on the lines of national policy laid down by Jefferson and Jackson.

Of course the New York Journal is not trying to make a platform for the Democratic party. It is merely trying to prevent the Democratic party from throwing over the platform on which it won its victories in the sixty years during which it was the dominant national party of the United States.

But Mr. Bailey's indignation suggests a little reflection. Suppose it were true that the Journal was trying to lay down a policy of its own for the Democracy, what of it? Which would have a better right to do that—the Journal or young Mr. Bailey?

Mr. Bailey is the great man of Gainesville, Texas. He represents the Fifth Congressional District of his State, consisting of the counties of Collin, Cooke, Denton, Fannin, Grayson and Montague. He holds his seat by virtue of the will of less than 30,000 voters.

The Journal holds its position by the free suffrages of a constituency of at least a million voters. It circulates in every State and Territory in the Union, and in every city in the world to which Americans resort.

A great newspaper is greater than any man connected with it. It is the product of all the minds that work together in its behalf, and that means not only the hundreds that write it, but the million that read it.

THE COMMON SENSE OF HOME RULE.

A reader, who, unlike most of the correspondents who write to express their dissent for the Journal's opinions, signs his name to his communication, denounces the idea of home rule in this whole-souled fashion.

In your historical editorial this morning, why not give plain facts? That the Democratic party was founded on error. That old bluntness of State rights that brought on our terrible war.

If the Democratic party was founded in error because it was based on self-government, the American Republic was founded on the same error. The theory on which our institutions are based is that people can manage their own affairs better than anybody else can manage them for them.

But the question in this State, as we have frequently demonstrated, is not whether New York City is going to have home rule or not. That matter is settled by the movement of population which is concentrating a majority of the inhabitants of the State within the limits of the metropolis.

THE COMMON SENSE OF HOME RULE. In your historical editorial this morning, why not give plain facts? That the Democratic party was founded on error.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE.



Statesman Quay testing the question whether this court can send political bank wreckers to jail as well as women that pull hair.

The Journal reproduces from the Philadelphia Inquirer, a paper friendly to Quay, this picture from life, showing the scene in the criminal court room at Philadelphia when the man whom the Inquirer admiringly calls "Pennsylvania's most distinguished citizen" was summoned to plead to an indictment charging him with a piratical conspiracy.

When a boss who has used his political power to advance his own fortune by wrecking banks and misappropriating public funds can be punished as certainly as a woman who pulls hair, the government of Pennsylvania will be truly republican.

THE WIDE-RANGING FLAG.

The northernmost extremity of the domain of the United States is Point Barrow, Alaska, in latitude 71 N. The southernmost is the harbor of Pango Pango, Samoa, in latitude 14 S.

Thus the American flag ranges over 85 degrees of latitude and 178 of longitude—not quite a fourth of the distance around the world one way, and a shade less than half the other.

It is a pity that Daniel Webster could not be living now. How he would have enjoyed the privilege of expending on the globe-circling American power the eloquence he wasted on the British drum-beat!

AFTER THE ELECTION.

President McKinley and his Cabinet have been discussing the final details of the order exempting 6,000 places in the Internal Revenue and other departments from the operation of the Civil Service law.

After two years of constant demands from the spoilsmen that the President should recognize partisan work, he violates the spirit and letter of the law and rewards Republican politicians at the expense of the public service.

The Chief Executive not only disregards the sacred pledge made in his inauguration address, but repudiates this plank in the platform upon which he was nominated.

"The Civil Service law was placed on the statute book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable."

HOW MANY REGULARS?

One of the first duties of Congress will be to reorganize the army.

There is only one sensible rule for us to follow, and that is to have exactly as many soldiers as we need, neither more nor less. There is nothing sacred about the number 25,000, or 28,000, or any other figure.

It is desirable to enlist regular soldiers to occupy Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, partly because most of the citizen soldiers whom we have there now did not enter the service for garrison work and ought to be allowed to return to their civil occupations.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS have been opened in Java, and have succeeded, of course, as they do everywhere. The United States is practically the only civilized or half-civilized country that lacks this elementary provision for the public welfare.

THERE WERE TEN MILLION more Americans to give thanks yesterday than ever before, and they had more reason for thanksgiving than any others ever had.

MR. DEPEW'S HEAD AND HEART.

Mr. Platt having let it be known that he contemplates taking Mr. Chauncey Depew from the Vanderbilt pantry and sending him to the United States Senate, head measurements of the gentleman become of some interest.

It has to be confessed that Mr. Depew's opinions, as delivered in the press and on the platform during his evenings off for the past year, force the conclusion that he is wholly destitute of that prevision without which no man can pretend to statesmanship.

Similarly, Mr. Depew could now scarcely control his indignant emotion were he called upon at a dinner table to make a few remarks upon the destruction of the Maine. Nobody at this date is ignorant of how the American people feel in regard to that hideous and gigantic crime.

It does not look as though this country were ready to go to war with Spain or anybody else. With men blown up in Havana harbor and the Texas sunk in her dock at the Navy Yard, it looks to me as though the navy needed a little more brains.

However, as Mr. Platt wants Mr. Depew in the Senate, the question of his mental and moral qualification for the place possesses only an academic interest for the rest of us.

Opposed to Negro Domination.

I am a New Yorker, and am bitterly opposed to slavery, and always was, and it is not my belief that the people of the South would want it again, neither do they propose to become slaves to negro rule.

Instead of the negro preachers of New York holding a meeting to raise money to arm the negroes of the South, they should hold prayer meetings and ask God to bring the negro of the present generation to the realization that to rule and to put the white people of the South under his control, to have their brutality and their insulting newspaper articles by "educated negroes" tolerated is hopeless.

The Revolt Against Bailey. It is a hopeful sign that the New York Journal has begun a campaign against the leadership of Bailey in the House.

The Journal shows how he has failed utterly to command either himself or his party; how he has led the party from one defeat to another; how he put the party in the wrong position time and again, and finally failed in his attempt to have the Democracy of Texas to declare against expansion and in favor of "little America."

Wants an Income Tax.

I am a firm believer in your American policy, but hope that not an inch of territory will be added to our domain until an income tax has been imposed in this country.

NO PERCENTON WIVES. A GERMAN RULING THAT PLEASES FORTUNE HUNTERS.

ACCORDING to a decision just rendered by the Berlin tribunals there is no legal obligation in Germany for a nobleman who has succeeded in regilding their escutcheons by means of marriages with heiresses to fulfill any pecuniary obligation toward the brokers or intermediaries through whom they have become acquainted with the heiresses.

The case which has led to this decision, which will have the effect of relieving the minds of several German noblemen who have married American heiresses and who have suits of this kind pending against him, has been brought by a marriage broker at Berlin of the name of Von Pokorny against that Count Paul Hennessy who about four years ago created so tremendous a sensation not only in the Old World but also in this country by his withdrawal from the Jesuit Society, in which he occupied a very high, responsible position.

The Hennessys are one of the most ancient of Catholic families in Germany and have held the title of Marquis ever since the days when it was first conferred by Emperor Charles V. The head of the house is one of the leaders of the Catholic party in the German Reichstag and in the Prussian Diet, and is married to Princess Marie Wladisch Gritz, while another brother of Count Paul is married to a member of the princely house of Mettenlehn.

Count Paul withdrew from the Jesuit Society on the alleged ground that Jesuitism destroyed not only a man's independence and individuality, but likewise every spark of nationality and patriotism. Of course, the Jesuits gave a different story as to the causes of his desertion.

At first he was made a great deal of by Emperor William, who naturally felt himself called upon to give some imperial recognition to a man who had furnished such a sensational demonstration of his patriotism, and the Count was seen frequently at court and in conversation with the Emperor.

The latter's sympathy for the Count ere long cooled off, and by and by there appeared in the newspapers not only in Europe but also in the United States advertisements to the effect that "a nobleman belonging to the oldest aristocracy, forty years of age, of aristocratic and at the same time stately presence, with a very small fortune, but absolutely free from debt, wished to marry a lady of large fortune."

JULIA ARTHUR AS PARTHENIA. ALAN DALE'S OPINION OF THE EXPERIMENT.

THE actress who is able to wear a Psyche knot and a Grecian gown as Parthenia; to cough coyly, yet tuberculously, on poor Armand Duval's shoulder as Camille, and to frivel gaily through the Forest of Arden as Rosalind, feels that she has arrived—I mean arrived. You can lavish new plays on her, and tell her that she's great in them, but she won't be satisfied. She likes to be "compared." She craves to swing acrobatically along the traditions. She yearns for Parthenia, Camille and Rosalind, and she never really feels that she is "in it" until she has essayed those elusive, wifely-wisps roles.

And so it comes to pass that Miss Julia Arthur, a cyclonic young actress with eyes that contain "fire" and the demeanor of a modern tragedy queen, is now presenting the Broadway drama "Ingomar" at Wallack's. It has probably been her dream for years, just as the amateur loves to think of reciting "Curfew shall not ring to-night." Miss Arthur has the undoubted right to treat herself to a week of Parthenia, if she likes it. It is a very harmless pastime, and as this actress is young, comely, clever and exquisitely voiced she can count upon this certain amount of patronage, even in this rap-vorn play.

We have grown out of "Ingomar." The play is above our knees, and very tight round the chest. There was a time when we got at least one Parthenia a week, and when the "barbarian" simply pulled upon us. "Ingomar" has at last become not so much an amusement for the public as a luxury for the star actress. She likes to see herself in it. She buys herself a nice "Ingomar" production just as she treats herself to a month in Europe, or a Summer in Japan.

Parthenia has always appealed to me as a plaintive fulgent role—a sort of Annie Russell part, full of meek indignation and damp agony. The best Parthenia I ever saw was that of Miss Julia Marlowe, who was the ideal interpreter of the role. How lovely she was—how natural, how pathetic, how girlish, how poetically startled!

Miss Arthur plays Parthenia in a tragically declamatory manner. In the scene in the Cevennes she impresses you with the horrid idea that she is strong-minded and that

she is mentally far superior to poor Ingomar. Miss Marlowe, in this episode, was arch, ingenuous, absolutely simple, with ultra-retractant feet. Miss Arthur is very determined about it all—a sort of Parthenia who would wear bloomers if she got a chance, and ride a bicycle with her hands off the handlebars. When she told Ingomar to go and pluck red flowers for her she did it so imperiously that you almost wished her wouldn't do. When she repulsed the infamous Polydor, she did it in her finest declamatory way, and the point seemed to be missed. For when Polydor "turned" upon her and gave her a Rowland for an Oliver you almost murmured, "Serves her right for her pertness."

Parthenia, to be anything at all, must be a soft, kitteny thing, ready to purr at a woman's notice—the type of the Longfellow idea of a maidenhood. That Miss Arthur isn't all this is not a matter for his-teric repining. She is out for more dramatic work, for something more tempestuous and marrow-disturbing. Still, as she has elected to play Parthenia, and abide the results, she can scarcely object to these remarks. Parthenia has some lovely speeches to utter, but they should not be delivered theatrically.

I couldn't help thinking that Miss Arthur, in her heart of hearts, must despise Parthenia. It is a restful and a cozy role, and this actress is not the sort of woman to fall in love with a furry barbarian simply because he rescued her from the tumbled Allemani. She belongs to the brand of girl who can rescue herself very nicely indeed, thank you, without anybody's aid.

This was the impression she conveyed to my mind throughout the performance of "Ingomar." All her delightful characteristics were displayed. They were merely out of place—like the vice-chancellor's bare ankles in "Trelawny of the Wells." Miss Arthur is an artist, and even in her declamatory moments she declaimed easily, gracefully and charmingly. There is no more musical voice on the stage to-day than that of Miss Julia Arthur, and her diction is a treat. But Parthenia calls for something more—or less—than all this. And we are so utterly noble that we are perfectly willing to do without "Ingomar"

KICKING THE SAME EVERYWHERE. Had Noticed It.

Biggs—I wonder why they call it a football game? Diggs—Why, I suppose it's because they kick the ball. Biggs—But there is just as much kicking done at a baseball game.—Chicago News.

"Have you ever noticed that men and their wives generally grow to look alike after they have been married for a few years?" "Oh, yes. Both of them nearly always have the same sad expression."—Chicago Record.

THE PLOT THAT FAILED. MR. DOOLEY DISCUSSES ASSASSINATING RULERS.

WELL, said Mr. Dooley, "the European situation is becoming a little gay."

"It 'is so," said Hennessy. "If I was 'controllin' an'ny of the great powers, I'd go down to th' Phosphors an' take th' Sultan be th' back 'o' th' neck an' give him wan, two, three. 'Tis a shame 'r him to be destroyin' white people without any man layin' hands on him. 'Tis man's no mind to make. He ought to be impeached an' 'thunk out.'"

"Divly take th' Sultan," said Mr. Dooley. "It's little I care 'r him or th' likes 'o' him or th' island of Crete or th' Phosphors. I was rulin' over in me mind about th' poor lads they'll grab up be-eyant 'er attemptin' to blow up th' Czar 'r Rossia. Glory be, but the new 'naw-thin' in the wide world as aisy to understand as a revolutionary plot be our own people. You'll see a lad 'o' th' right sort that'd never open his head 'r'm an end 'o' th' year to th' other, but, when he's picked out to go on a mission to London, he'll give laves of talkin' till they put him aboard th' steamer. Here was Tynan. They say he had a hand in sinnin' Lord Cavendish down th' toboggan, though I'd not trust his own tellin' as far as th' length 'o' me arm. Now he figured out that th' thrine way to free Ireland was to go over an' blow th' windows in Winzer Palace, an' incidentally to list th' Queen an' th' Rossian Czar without th' aid 'o' th' elevator. What this here Tynan had again th' Rossian Czar 'r I never heard, but 'twas somethin' awful, ye may be sure."

"Well, th' first thing th' lads done was to go to Madison Square Garden an' hold a secret meetin', in which thim that was to hand th' package to th' Queen and thim that was to toss a piece 'o' gas pipe to th' Czar was to off. 'Thim a comity was sent an' to th' newspaper offices to tell thim th' expedition was about to start. Th' conspirators, heavily disguised, was attended to th' boat by a long procession. First come Tynan ridin' on a wagon-load 'o' nitro-glycerine; thim th' other conspirators, with gas pipe bombs an' picks an' chisels 'r tunnelin' under Winzer Castle; thim th' Ah-o-hatches; thim th' rappers; thim a brigade 'o' Scotland Ya-arb spies in th' ga-arb 'o' polismen. An' so off they went on their secret mission, with th' band playin' 'Th' Wearin' 'o' th' Green,' an' Tynan standin' on th' quarter-deck sailin' an' howlin' an' wavin' a bag 'o' jint powder over his head."

"No sooner had th' conspirators landed thim th' British Govern'mint begun to grow suspicious in thim. Tynan was shadowed by detectives in citizens' clothes; an', while he was seen out in his back yard practicin' blowin' up a bar' that he'd dressed in a shawl an' a little lace cap, th' suspicions

grew. Everywhere that Tynan went he was pursued by th' millions 'o' tyranny. When he visited th' house nex' door to th' Queen's an' unloaded a dhray full 'o' explosives an' chisels, the fact was reported to th' polis, who became extremely vigilant. Th' detectives followed him to Scotland Yard, where he went to inform th' captain 'o' th' conspiracy, an' overheard much dammin' evidence 'o' th' plot until they become more an' more suspicious that somethin' was on, although what was th' intentions 'o' th' conspirators it was hard to make out 'r'm their peculiar actions."

"When Tynan gathered his followers in Hyde Park, an' notified thim 'o' th' positions they was to take and distributed th' dynamite among thim, th' detectives became decidedly suspicious. Their suspicions was again aroused when Tynan asked permission 'o' th' Common Council to build a bay window up close to th' Queen's bedroom. But the time to act had not come, an' they continued themselves with thrackin' him through th' streets an' takin' notes 'o' such suspicious remarks as 'Anny wan thim wants meentoes 'o' th' Queen has wan' to be around this neighborhood nex' week with a chisvel an' a basket, an' 'Onless ye want yer clothes to be spoiled by th' Czar 'r ye'd best carry umbrellas.' On th' followin' day Tynan took th' step that was needed 'r to convince th' govern'mint that he had designs on the monarch. He went to France. It's always been observed that, when a dynamiter had to blow up anythin' in London, he leaves th' country. Th' polis, now thoroughly aroused, acted with commendable promptness. They arrested Tynan in Bookin' 'r th' murder 'o' Cavendish."

"Thus," said Mr. Dooley, sadly, "thim is th' vengeance 'r which our beloved country has awaited so long delayed by th' hand 'o' unscrupulous tyranny. Strive as our heroes may, no secrecy is secure against th' corruption 'o' British gold. Oh, Ireland, is this to be thy fate forever? Ar-re ye alive to escape th' vigilance 'o' th' polis, thim cold-eyed sleuths that seem to read th' very thoughts 'o' yer patriot sons?"

"There must have been a spy in th' ranks," said Mr. Hennessy. "Sure thim," said Mr. Dooley, winking at Mr. McKenna. "Sure thim, Huntyes. Aye, either that or th' accomplished detectives at Scotland Yard keep a close watch 'o' the newspapers. Or it may be—who knows?—that Tynan was indelicate. He may have dropped a hint of his intentions."—Copyright, 1898, by Small, Maynard & Co.

UP-TO-DATE OBITUARY. No more he'll ever greet us. He now is with the blest; He got appendicitis. And the doctors did the rest.—Judge.