

CHICAGO'S WILD EXCITEMENT.
MOBBS Wearing Hangmen's Nooses Threaten to YERKES DENOUNCES As Black-mailers the Editors.
YERKES DENOUNCES As Black-mailers the Editors.
Of the Editors Denounced as Blackmailers by Yerkes, None Has Been in Jail, While Yerkes Has.
These Editors, Some of the Aldermen and Many Prominent Citizens Give the Journal Their Views on the Giant Franchise Scheme.

Chicago, Dec. 9.—One of the last bills to become a law at the 1897 meeting of the Illinois Legislature was the Allen bill, which passed the House by a final vote of 83 to 70. It provided for an extension of street railway franchises for fifty years, the previous term being twenty. This bill was introduced early in the session in both House and Senate by the street car interests, represented by a powerful lobby. It was opposed by the leading newspapers and men of the State, and its supporters were badly charged with hoodlaming and corruption.
Committees and bodies of citizens visited the Legislature in vain; stern warnings from press and pulpit were of no avail. The lobby did its work and Governor Tanner signed the bill.
The ordinance as they have been prepared by the legal departments of the three companies interested provide for a graded system of compensation for the city, which on the basis of the street car business of 1898, would give the city an annual income from street car earnings of \$575,000 a year. The rate of compensation to be paid by the companies is based on the mileage earnings of their various lines, and runs from one-half of 1 per cent to 3 per cent on the gross receipts.
From the first the Mayor has been bitterly opposed to the Allen law. He visited the Legislature and fought it when it was a bill, and he has not ceased to oppose all attempts of Aldermen to introduce ordinances in Yerkes's interests into the Council. In this he has had the support of the better class of Aldermen, but many of those who were pledged before election to fight the franchises have gone back on their word and are now on the other side. The Mayor's party and many Republicans are backing him, and he is confident that he will break the Yerkes phalanx this week.

Boodlers Disconcerted by Mayor Harrison's Coup.
"No franchise of any sort shall pass the Council until the Allen law has been repealed." This is the new battle cry of Mayor Harrison in his fight against the street car magnates who are trying to boodle a fifty-year franchise through the City Council.

In line with these new tactics, Mayor Harrison raised a terrific storm among the boodlers this afternoon by having four members of the Joint Committee on Streets and Alleys march out of the conference in a body. The move not only annoyed but chagrined the "majority." A few hisses came from the boodlers, but the crowds in the lobbies and in the galleries made the old Council chamber ring with cheers.
Before the walkout, Alderman Herrmann had introduced a substitute for the Lyman ordinance—asking 10 per cent compensation to the city and a twenty-year limit. The majority simply scoffed at it, and Herrmann left the Council.
The boodling element was plainly without a leader today. Alderman McInerney, who led the Yerkes hosts yesterday, was silent today. Alderman Cullerton made an attempt to step into McInerney's shoes, but it was very feeble. The boodlers are plainly nonplussed to-night. They don't admit defeat, but do not deny that the situation has changed somewhat.
Talk of violence is still in the air. Alderman "Pathhouse" John Coughlin, of the First Ward, received today two miniature hangman's ropes, one at his residence and the other at his saloon, in Madison street. The ropes were accompanied by envelopes, upon which was written the following: "Alderman John Coughlin, beware! Fifty years in jail." A skull and crossbones completed the decorations.
Little white badges, bearing the picture of a scaffold and hangman's noose and the words, "Anti-Fifty-year Steel," are being distributed all over town to-night. Mayor Harrison, confident that he has the boodlers whipped, is counselling peace, but he admits that some lively times may be seen before the franchise matter is settled.
Anti-franchise meetings are being held in every ward in the city to-night, and speeches are being made which clearly indicate that the people are in no mood to be trifled with. The leading anti-franchise meeting was that at the Monticello, the leading Democratic club of the city. It was so well attended that hundreds could not get into the rooms. The resolutions were introduced by John T. Keating, and among the speakers were Judges Tuley and Duane, City Prosecutor Taylor and several members of the Legislature. The resolutions denounced the franchise grab and wound up as follows:
"That the Aldermen who vote for the same by that vote confess themselves a boodler, a person unfit to associate with honest men, and will leave his children a heritage of disgrace that gold cannot buy and time cannot efface."
"That a committee of ten be appointed by this club to participate with other committees, bodies and citizens in arranging for a monster mass meeting of 200,000 citizens, to be held within the elevated loop on the night when said ordinance are upon the calendar for final passage, and in further arranging for escorts of 2,000 men for each Alderman, whose duty it will be to await the adjournment of the Council and escort the Aldermen safely to their homes or ELSEWHERE, with music OR OTHER DEMONSTRATIONS appropriate to each respective case."
There was tremendous excitement and much cheering when the last paragraph was read, but Judge Tuley denounced the spirit of the words, and turned the tide in time to secure the striking out of the objectionable phrases.
A letter from M. K. Bowen, president of the Chicago City Railway Company, asking the club to appoint a committee to look into the street car franchise situation, was read by E. F. Dunne, president of the club.
"I move that it be referred to the Grand Jury," cried Judge Tuley. Cheers greeted the Judge's motion, and it received several seconds, but no vote was taken on it.
The Citizens' Anti-Boodler League opened headquarters in the Ashland Block this morning. Colonel Milton F. Foreman is in charge. He has enrolled 3,000 persons.
Aside from the galleys, badges, which did not appear until to-night, many are worn bearing the words: "Save the streets. Stand by Chicago and Mayor Harrison and against Yerkes and boodlers." They have Mayor Harrison's picture in the centre. Party lines have been thrown aside in this battle for the people's rights. The City Council is largely Democratic. Mayor Harrison is also a Democrat. Of the Aldermen who are helping him to wage battle against the boodlers fully one-half are Republicans, though his lieutenants, Aldermen Malloy and Walker, are Democrats.
Of the Chicago newspapers, the Tribune, Inter-Ocean, Times-Herald and Post, are Republican, the Chronicle and Democrat Democratic, and the Record and News Independent. The Inter-Ocean a lone fight in the ranks of the boodlers, and that because it is owned by Charles T. Yerkes. The other eight are supporting Mayor Harrison, yet all but the Chronicle and the Democrat oppose him politically.

What Mayor Harrison Says
Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago: It was the only high-toned thing we could do in the premises (to withdraw from the committee meeting). We could not hope to make any progress or to gain any material concessions from the committee, which had protracted harangues in the committee room until only four or five of the members were left.
I am now convinced that it is unwise to entertain any extension franchise whatever under the Allen law. For instance, suppose the city were to grant a franchise for twenty years; we should be put in the position of having to renew the law to just that extent. Then, if the law remained on the statute books, Mr. Yerkes would come before the Council at some future time and ask for the fifty years. I believe that the people are unalterably opposed to the Allen law; even the Republican party, which was the chief instrument in securing the passage of the law, has condemned it. The street railway companies can well afford to wait a few months until the Allen law is repealed, and then the Council can entertain an ordinance for twenty years with a 10 per cent rate.
The scheme of holding protracted sessions of the joint committee is protected simply and solely for the purpose of drawing out the time. Thus far Mr. Yerkes has not shown his hand. I do not think he intends or expects that the Lyman ordinance in its present form will be introduced in the City Council. It is another scheme of Mr. Yerkes's to put up a man of straw for reformers to assail. However, Mr. Yerkes, upon the defeat of the Humphrey bill, fixed rates of compensation to the companies of 3, 5 and 7 per cent of the annual gross receipts, while the Lyman ordinance provides a maximum compensation to the city of 3 per cent.
I am strongly opposed to any demonstration that courts the use of violence toward members of the Council. I sympathize with the resolutions passed to-day by the Monticello Club, but part of the text suggests that Aldermen who vote for the franchise measure will be roughly dealt with. I am opposed to the dissemination of such sentiments. The purpose of the resolutions which refers to street railway stockholders as being-givers and corruptionists is also objectionable. Everybody knows how the stockholders are being made under the administration of the affairs of a corporation.
I have no doubt that the members of the Council are being dealt with in such a manner as is being made under my direction. I have no spies at work on the franchise proposition.

What Mr. Yerkes Says,
CHARLES T. YERKES, the Chicago railway magnate.—The street railway companies' charters extend to 1957. The city claims, however, that the ordinance giving the companies the right to have the tracks on some streets expires in 1903.
To settle all differences in regard to this matter, the street car companies have been working for over a year to arrive at some conclusion which would be fair to the city and street car companies. The Mayor has refused to meet the officers of the street car companies, claiming that he would not do so, and would only consider the matter when the ordinance came before the City Council. The street car companies have introduced an ordinance wherein it is asked that the franchises be extended for a period of fifty years, the rate of fare to remain as it now is for twenty years, at the expiration of which time the fare to be readjusted.
The officers of the street car companies have done everything in their power to bring about a proper understanding between the city authorities and their companies, but owing to the action taken by some of the newspapers in Chicago, the efforts up to the present time have been of no avail.
The fact is that there is a combination of newspapers in Chicago which levy blackmail on any corporation which they can force to pay tribute. The Chicago Tribune, the Chicago Record and the Daily News are conspicuous in this business. The proprietors of those papers have agents who make demands on the corporations. Demands have been made on the traction companies, which have been refused, and which will continue to be refused so long as I am saying what I give you these facts, and know that what I say to you is libelous, and I am liable to an action for slander. I wish to say that I defy the proprietors of those papers to bring such an action against me, and there is nothing which would please me more than to have them do so and give me an opportunity to appear in court and expose their nefarious schemes.
It is also a fact that there has been an arrangement made between these newspaper people and Mayor Harrison, to the effect that if he will prevent the traction company from obtaining the extension ordinance, they will favor him for Mayor at the next election, and also for Governor in 1900.
This whole excitement is done for the purpose of driving the traction companies to settle with these blackmailing newspapers. The New York traction companies have no such franchises, and can therefore afford to make improvements of a kind which are of great advantage to the city. The roads in Chicago have improvements as good, and I think better advantage for carrying people than in New York. The only advantage which New York now has is in the underground system of electricity. This cannot be used in Chicago on account of the inadequate drainage, owing to the city being perfectly level and the fact that when over there is a heavy rain the sewers are overflowed.
The street railway companies offer the city for the extension of the ordinance three per cent of their gross receipts. I suppose as long as the traction companies refuse to pay tribute to the principal newspaper managers they will endeavor to keep the people in a state of excitement.
I do not think the Times-Herald is in the blackmailing combination, except indirectly.
The proprietor of that paper is completely dominated by Victor Lawson, the proprietor of the Chicago Record, which explains the fact of the Times-Herald taking a leading part in producing the excitement.
CHAS. T. YERKES.

What the Editors Say.
H. H. KOHLASAT, Editor of the Times-Herald.—The fight against the street railway companies is a fight against boodles. The companies by the use of money procured the passage of the law through the Legislature which authorized the extension of the franchises for fifty years. It became the law which is known as the Allen law. The protest which began before it was enacted finally found expression at the polls last November. There is now every prospect that it will be repealed. Fearing this the men who corrupted the Legislature are engaged in corrupting the Chicago City Council, which is empowered by the law to extend the franchises. They are crowding their work in anticipation of the repeal. In such an emergency there can be no compromise. It is not proposed to do the railroad an injustice, but all negotiations must be postponed until the corrupt law is erased from the statute books.
JOSEPH MEDILL, Editor of the Chicago Tribune.—Continued on Fourth Page.

W. C. Whitney, A SIX-DAY RACE OF TORTURE.

Electric King.
Twenty-five Millions in the Big Combine Controlled by the Street Railway Magnate.
Light, Heat and Power Companies and All the Subways Quietly Acquired by Purchase.

A syndicate headed by William C. Whitney has secured control of the electric light, heat and power facilities of New York City.
In the history of America few monopolies of such magnitude have been known.
Mr. Whitney becomes a new king of finance, a rival in power to Rockefeller—another possible billionaire.
For six months the syndicate has been working securing the more important electric companies with franchises for illumination and power and all the subways and conduits of Manhattan Island.
Two months ago a company was incorporated at Albany with a capital of \$25,000,000—the New York Gas and Electric Light, Heat and Power Company. Its incorporators were clerks and young lawyers—men unknown.
The company is the Whitney syndicate.
Mr. Whitney is prominently identified with the Metropolitan Street Railway Company.

A bill was introduced at the last session of the Legislature to enable street railway companies to supply for general use light, heat and power.
The Metropolitan Company owns many miles of conduits for its roads. It could from its own immense power house of 70,000 horse power—one of the largest in the world—supply the electricity necessary for heating and lighting New York.
John D. Crimmins confirmed last night the report that the Whitney syndicate was the power behind the New York Gas and Electric Light, Heat and Power Company.
"Mr. Whitney and his associates have been working on the scheme for several months," Mr. Crimmins said last night. "A year ago I suggested the tremendous opportunities that existed in a control of the electric facilities of the city. A few months after his return from the South he took up the project."
"The first company secured was the Mount Morris Electric Company. It was the only company that had independent subways, and it had a franchise for lighting the entire island of Manhattan. It was owned by the Ottendorfs, Shearman, Smith and May. Mr. Whitney only two months ago purchased the entire stock."
"That was just before the formation of the twenty-five million dollar company, which is Mr. Whitney and his eight associates. My information does not come from Mr. Whitney, but from a knowledge of these affairs."
"After the Mount Morris other companies were acquired quietly. The Manhattan and Empire Subway Company, which controlled the only company that have not acquired which possesses a franchise for furnishing light, heat and power in the Westchester Electric Company, which lately acquired several small companies."
"But the control of electric facilities by Mr. Whitney and his associates is absolute. They purchased at about the time they acquired the Mount Morris Company the Edison Electric Illuminating Company, principally to the Bell Telephone Company. This gives them the control of all the subways, and if the Washingtons wished to put down wires they would have to pay \$1,000 a mile."
"The rumor of the effected consolidation of the electric companies and perfected plans of the Whitney syndicate, now confirmed by Mr. Crimmins, caused a marked advance in the stock of the Metropolitan Company yesterday. The stock of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company advanced three points and at one time in the day sold at the highest point in its history. The Edison Electric Illuminating Company stock advanced 5 1/2 points, closing at 178, the top price. Within the last fortnight the stock had advanced nearly twenty points.

HUG COSTS HIM \$500.
Private Moore Must Pay or Go Join the Chain Gang for Six Months.
Savannah, Ga., Dec. 9.—In the City Court today Judge Thomas M. Norwood, former United States Senator from Georgia, fined Private J. E. Moore, of Battery A, First Maine Artillery, \$500 or six months in the chain gang for embracing the wife of a prominent county official on the street while the soldier was intoxicated.
If Miller is far enough ahead to-day to spare him an hour from the track he will be married. His fiancée has announced her willingness. The minister has been engaged, and the champion long distance sufferer will receive a handsome bonus from the management. Efforts are being made to induce the fair lady to get married in pink silk tonight, but so far she has rejected the proposition with scorn. Arthur Gardner, the short distance racer, will probably be the best man.
At dinner, the thirteen racers were talking over the race, and the manager was being asked before an almost empty house, the blue light which shined through the sky lights made the faces of the men look like old, wrinkled sacks.
The seats were dotted with men who had started in heavy sleep. Half of them were still slumbering. A few women leaned wearily back in the boxes, with their heavy all-gum Hipp and their eyes dark rimmed and hollow.
A man with a trowel could have mounded the air into frankfurters, old Bologna, beef steaks and apples. In the seats men were having carbolic nightmares. But it was all a nightmare to the riders. Some of them looked dazed, like old knee-springing horses. During the night three men had dropped out.
As the hour passed Pierce appeared to keep in his wheel with the greatest effort. He was leaning forward, and heaved over his handle bars from sheer inability to sit straight.
The Obdurate Teddy Hale.
At 1 o'clock Hale grunted and came to a stop. "Go on, Teddy; you're doing fine. Keep it up," shouted his trainer.
"I can't do it," whined the Irishman; "I'm all out. I'm finished."
The last word came in a sort of sob.



And Still New York Laughs.

Miller Still in the Lead, with Waller Next.
Waller's Bad Fall May Have Cost Him the Race.

SCORE OF 6-DAY BICYCLE RACE AT 12:30 O'CLOCK.

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| Miller | 1794 |
| Waller | 1757 |
| Pierce | 1729 |
| Albert | 1648 |
| Gimm | 1595 |
| Lawson | 1582 |
| Aranson | 1538 |
| Nawn | 1518 |
| Forster | 1488 |
| Stevens | 1481 |
| Hale | 1384 |
| Julius | 1136 |

Board of Health Man Says All Are Well.
Miller and Miss Hanson to Wed To-day.

By Langdon Smith.
Down the long vista of a two-thousand-mile course the squad of six-day riders at Madison Square Garden are trying to a finish.
Before them, only half a day's journey away, are the winged dollars, the cheers, the music and flowers of victory, and the halo of long sleep.
Behind them rides Death on a high-geared wheel, waiting for hearts to break, for tendons to snap and for falls that will knock the life out of bodies already racked to the point of dissolution.
And when the finish comes to-night the feet of the winner will have churned up and down on the pedals of his wheel half a million times. He will have ridden a distance equal to half the width of the continent. No locomotive ever built could stand the strain of a six-days' continual journey at the speed of thirty miles an hour.
The heads of the riders daddered and swayed from side to side like those of silly, half-witted men. The dismal flares of their waist flags fluttered in the stagnant air as they talked ceaselessly about the track, and their eyes burned red and angry from under their drawn brows.
In the northern end of the track there was a creak of pots and pans and a smell of beef tea and all sorts. Occasionally a white-faced rider slowed down, and the attendants rushed out on the track and handed him a bite or a sup. Then the man would pedal wearily away again, and in ten minutes would slacken their pace and take their food.
Along the fence of the inner oval leaned the electric company men, speculating on the chances of the men of the finish.
The six-day crowd is generally silent, save for an occasional quick exclamation as some rider shows signs of giving way, or a patter of hands as one of the stronger ones shoots to the front. All the efforts of the riders are pitiful. Their faces are as drawn and haggard as the faces of men six days dead.

Waller Takes a Tumble.
At last, as he swung around the eastern turn, his mind went over the borderland of dreams. The spectators heard a loud crash and sprung to their feet. They saw the leading rider stagger across the track, his handle bars, his head and shoulders hit the track four-inch rubber bracing the inner oval. He was shot over the handle bars, slowly at first, but as the dope began to work there crept through his befogged intellect an apparent idea that he was Eddy on a team.
He began to hustle around the big oval at a great rate. Close behind him trailed Miller, the second man, and behind Miller came Pierce, looking as old and worn as an octogenarian. He tried to pull Miller away from his friend, but in vain.
"Though going at good speed, Waller was half asleep. He paid no attention to the shouts of the spectators, but plodded steadily along."
The other riders did not look—did not care. Away went Miller at a sprinting pace, followed by Pierce.
Poor Waller was carried downstairs to his quarters by a squad of trainers, who had bruised and his stockings were torn down from his knee. At first it was thought his shoulder was broken. He recovered consciousness after a brief time. Above him, on the track planks, he heard the rattle of Miller's flying wheels and the creak of the marking boards as they told off the miles.
Miller kept up his wild flight for almost an hour.
In the meantime Waller had reappeared, but was unable to ride. He staggered from the track again, wandered down to the grandstand, and sat for almost two hours.
Waller Miller was flying along in a frenzied effort to overtake Waller's score. Miller, when the quiet Dutchman returned to the track his case was hopeless. He rode like a broken-hearted man. Three times he was ejected from the track for almost touching the ground with his feet. With his fall went his chances of winning. The crowd grew to 3,000 by noon. At this time everybody regarded it as a foregone conclusion that, barring accidents, Miller would win. He was riding strongly and looked better than on Wednesday.
As the hours passed Pierce appeared to keep in his wheel with the greatest effort. He was leaning forward, and heaved over his handle bars from sheer inability to sit straight.

His trainers supported him to his quarters. Before he reached his cot in the callousness of his head drooped and he was fast asleep. During the evening he returned to the track at the request of the management.
Stevens, the German, had retired two hours previously, followed by the complainings of his wife, who had attended him faithfully during the race.
Stevens's last energies began to flicker early in the day. At 11 o'clock, when he was in a somewhat pained, with Aranson, the eighth man, only a few miles away, the Buffalo youth stopped short at the finish post on the north side of the track and began to eat, slowly and methodically, and half asleep.
His trainers got around him and used hard language. They brought his wheel, and the young man got up and mounted it slowly and carefully, as one who is mesmerized.
He made one circuit of the track and then got off again. A large and rather handsome woman sitting in the northern part of seats beckoned to the rider, and the young man stepped to her side.
"You must not give out," she said; "be a man and keep it up. See, you are sixth, and that means a great deal of money to you."
Without a word, but with the look of a man condemned to electrocution, Stevens humped down the steps, mounted his wheel and rode a few laps. On his first lap he collided with Victor Lawson, but neither man was thrown. The crowd applauded, the woman smiled proudly, the hand played and the merry procession wheeled on.
"Lawson Fall of 'Dope.'"
Lawson frowned for a moment at the collision, and then, being full of "dope," began to whistle "There's Only One Girl in the World for Me."
The merry tune coming from such a haggard face was almost pathetic. "Oh, I wish I were Charlie Miller when this thing is over," he shouted.
"Lawson is 'doped,'" said somebody. "You require considerable rest. Come to-morrow we will have them all 'doped.'"
Albert, rejuvenated by a short rest, came on the track in the afternoon, and for awhile set a pace that even Miller was unable to follow.
"Go on, Albert," shouted the railbirds; "show them what you can do."
The old fellow, whose real name by the way, is Crowder, sprang into his efforts to keep the crowd away. He was unable to please. Once he barely grazed Miller. On the next lap he jostled and all but pushed the crowd away. The oval with its cheerless and cheerless, but the pure air was a blessing.
After a time the lights flared up, the band again took up its six-day burden and the Tenderloin began to come back again. The advance in the price of tickets failed to keep the crowd away. At 8 o'clock there were 6,000 spectators around the track, and they were still pouring through the doors in an endless stream.
The seats were all filled at 9 o'clock with a smoking, seething, roaring crowd. Tenderloin women with straw colored hair pushed and struggled around the oval with tourists, tipsters, bookmakers and brokers.
There were voters yesterday when the race grew very dull. The fact that Miller was such a long distance ahead made it seem a rather one-sided affair.
No Telling How It May End.
There is no telling, however, how it may end. A tumble on Miller's part may throw

FILIPINOS KNOCKING.
Wealthy Cortez Brothers Are First at Uncle Sam's Door Seeking American Citizenship.
Washington, Dec. 9.—The brothers Cortez, wealthy Filipinos, who have just arrived in Washington from Manila, called at the State Department to-day and were received by Secretary Hay, who listened with interest to their statements of conditions in the Philippines.
The callers brought with them letters from General Merritt and other Consul Wildman and other American officers at Manila, speaking in terms of high praise of the valuable services rendered the United States troops and navy by these men, and telling of the heavy sacrifices made by them to assist our forces.
They seek as a measure of recognition the gift of American citizenship by special act in advance of other Filipinos.