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W. E. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Under Wilhelm and Alger.

The German naval and military budget for 1898-99 is accessible in the new Almanach de Gotha, just issued. It reflects the determination of the Kaiser to make Germany the most formidable power in the world, at any cost to her oppressed taxpayers.

Germany's expenses this year for all warlike purposes, including army, navy and pensions, foot up as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Category (Army, Navy, Pensions) and Amount (\$127,973,116, etc.)

Germany's expenditures for warlike purposes of all kinds, ordinary and extraordinary, army, navy and pensions, aggregate \$197,615,736. Our own expenditures for the same purposes, for the fiscal year 1900, will reach the following figures, if the Administration has its way:

Table with 2 columns: Category (Army, Navy, Pensions) and Amount (\$166,720,500.71, etc.)

This is to say, we, the great pacific nation of the world, freed by our situation from any fear of invasion and proud of our ability to devote our national energies to the improvement of our condition, are spending nearly twice as much for warlike purposes as Germany, which is in immediate contact on land with seven powers, disposing of nearly two million regular troops on a peace footing and over ten million trained soldiers in time of war.

Manifestly we ought to save somewhere. Where shall it be?

Not on the navy, which is at once our most effective and our most economical arm, both for defence and offence.

There is room for considerable saving on pensions, but that means a long preliminary investigation to eliminate the undeserving pensioners.

The place for really slashing economies is in the army. A hundred million dollars can be cut from Secretary Alger's estimates and still leave us more than twice as much as we were accustomed to spend on our military establishment before the Spanish war.

PUBLIC ENTERPRISES FOR THE PEOPLE.

The expressions of opinion from the Mayors of the principal American cities, published in Sunday's Journal, must have astonished those conservative citizens who believed that the question of the municipal ownership of public franchises was not a practical one in this country.

I am heartily in favor of municipal ownership of street railroads, as I think street railway monopolies, with their enormous corruption funds, are a menace to good government and the welfare of the people.

Mayor Harrison has the support of all right thinking citizens in his fight against the corruptists.

Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco, expounded the inner philosophy of the matter when he laid down the principle:

Civil service and city ownership are the solutions of the Chicago question. Private ownership involves city control, which is an unending source of corruption. Eliminate patronage and the right to regulate corporations, and the betrayal of public trusts will be practically overcome.

Mayor Jones, of Toledo, declared that it was "idle to talk about electing honest men to office, and pray 'lead us not into temptation,' and then ask men to stand where Chicago Aldermen stand to-day." "It is undemocratic," he added, "as well as unscientific, to place our officials in such temptation. Absolute municipal ownership and operation of street railway lines, and all other public utilities, is the one, only and final cure. The briber will then be without a victim to prey upon."

Mayor McKisson, of Cleveland, took the ground that "unless there is material change in nearly all our municipalities, by which the people are permitted to govern themselves instead of being governed by powerful moneyed corporations through legislative bodies, as at present, there must as a matter of protection come the municipal ownership and control of street railroads and other public institutions."

Municipal ownership of public utilities has been slow in coming in this country, but when it begins to come it is likely to come sealed the act which brought the stealing

with a rush. Ballot reform was talked about theoretically long before it seemed to be a matter of practical interest, but when the Australian ballot once gained a foothold it spread over almost every State in the Union in four years. Perhaps the people of every great city in America may be riding in municipal street cars before the new century is ten years old.

Don't be alarmed because the grip happens to be making itself unpleasantly conspicuous. The best way to keep from having it is to refrain from worrying about it. Microbes are everywhere, but they do not hurt everybody. The people they hurt are likely to be those that invite their attacks by a receptive state of mind. Resolve that you are not going to be one of the victims of the epidemic, take reasonable precautions, and go about your business without giving the matter another thought, and you will probably be all right.

CHILDREN AND THE GRIP.

Grip is usually kind to children. The danger in childhood lies chiefly in serious complications that may follow, which are pneumonia, inflammation of the ear, difficulty with the glands of the body, and disorders of the stomach and intestines. Acute grip leads to the development of tuberculosis in the young as often as does measles. Among children it may appear under one of three forms: the nervous, as in the epidemic of 1889-90, characterized by great depression and severe pains in the head, spinal region and muscles; the catarrhal form, marked by coryza and tendency to congestion of the mucous tract, and the gastric type, the one most commonly seen in childhood, marked by symptoms of gastro-intestinal disturbance. These three forms have been observed in the children of one household, under one roof. The invasion is typically sudden, often accompanied by vertigo and nausea, and sometimes actual vomiting of bilious matter. There are pains in the limbs and a general aching all over, with nearly always pains in the eyeballs and frontal headache. Some cases present cold shiverings; others actual delirium, with intense bodily weakness. The cough is usually worse at night and toward early morning. There may be wheezing and blood-stained expectoration. Pulmonary susceptibility is particularly apparent. There are often eruptions that are very puzzling. Grip in children may appear at first to be pneumonia, scarlet fever, meningitis or measles.

Isolate every case among children. Put them immediately to bed. Mild cases run their course in from three to seven days. The disease is more contagious than among adults. Always remember the peculiar susceptibility to lung trouble in the young who have grip. The temperature should be uniformly warm during the entire twenty-four hours. Have a board five inches high and as wide as the window placed under the lowest sash of the window farthest from the bed, to insure free ventilation. From the outset the diet should consist of strong broths, meat essences, milk, etc., with bits of ice to relieve the thirst.

Alcohol is seldom necessary during the first stage of fever, but when it subsides the pulse is usually weak, and stimulants are required in full doses. Iced champagne is often grateful to the little patient. Grip is a disease of great enfeeblement. A teaspoonful of brandy may be required every hour or second hour for a child three years old in the stage of depression. Sleeplessness is best combated by a hot mustard foot bath and Dover's powder. The feverish stage requires special treatment as circumstances arise.

Three conditions remain in children as grip passes off: want of appetite, irritability of the stomach, and a lingering paroxysmal cough. Each requires special attention and care. A warm, dry climate is sometimes the only thing that will relieve the cough, an expensive yet imperative luxury. Immediately after the more painful manifestations of the disease have passed in every case, extract of malt and pepsin, cordial in equal parts, and a small amount of elixir of bark, iron and strychnine, in addition to a generous diet and tonic treatment, act well.

Remember that every case of grip, measles and whooping cough in children may so reduce the child as to make way readily for tuberculosis, though grip in itself is usually of small moment during childhood.

A CHECK TO CORRUPTION.

The trick devised by the boodler Aldermen of Chicago to stuffify Mayor Harrison in connection with his attitude toward the stupendous franchise steal contemplated by members of the City Council has been neatly circumvented. On Monday night an ordinance was introduced as a substitute to the original franchise grab, and while it promised brave things it is known that it was intended merely as a snare, and would never have been accepted by the railroad men. By the narrowest vote the bill was taken from the Committee on Streets and Alleys, where corruption has the upper hand, and referred to the Committee on City Hall, in which the honest members predominate. There, it is hoped, the whole business will be permitted to rest until the Legislature has revealed the act which brought the stealing

of the streets of Chicago into the range of possibility. But it is not reassuring to know that this was accomplished by but a majority of one—thirty-two to thirty-one was the record. The change of one vote will bring the measure back into the hands of the bribe takers, and we may be sure there will be no lack of inducement to secure this one vote.

The melancholy feature of this fight against organized corruption is the brazen boldness exhibited by the bribed members in the face of popular indignation manifested in the press and by the people in public meetings. Corruption and bribery we have had before in all its forms, but seldom have so many holders of the legislative power of a great city openly stood up to vaunt their dishonesty and advertise their shame. Heretofore when dishonest ordinances have been passed it has been done surreptitiously, under cover, the measure being disguised in some way to avoid suspicion and permit the concoction of plausible excuses on the part of those who voted for them. But here no excuse is attempted, no one attempts to defend the proceeding, and the thirty-one exult in their dishonor. The affair marks an epoch in the history of public corruption.

ANOTHER VOICE FROM THE MORQUE.

Senator Gray informs the London correspondent of the Journal that he regards the action of the United States in forcing Spain to give up the Philippines as simple ruthlessness. He believes that we have exchanged the moral leadership of nations for the mere vulgar instinct of acquisition. He is in favor of giving back the Philippines to Spain, after the treaty has been confirmed. Senator Gray represents nothing but his own contracted view. He is a relic of the unenlightened Cleveland Democracy, and his opinion is worth quoting merely to illustrate how far he, and the few that share his ideas, have wandered from the broad highway of party security and party opportunity.

OUR INGENIOUS COURTS.

Police Justice Nevin has ordered the mother of twelve-year-old Albert Trugget to fetch a strap to court and lay it on Albert for flicking from a grocery store. Our courts are getting along. The other day a judge in Pennsylvania sentenced a Spaniard to banishment and enforced his order, and now the New Jersey boy is going to receive in public the wages of wickedness generally paid in the privacy of the woodshed. Fortunately there is nothing in this to alarm. Of course the courts have no right to punish except as directed by law, and whenever the wrong person is sentenced to be spanked or exiled there will arise a public-spirited citizen to remind them of the fact.

WHILE IT WAS RELIGIOUSLY believed by the admirers of the old Tribune that Horace Greeley wrote everything in the paper, it is generally understood that the omniscience of the modern newspaper is the aggregate of the partial knowledge of a number of different people. For instance, the Journal's learned editorials on medical subjects are not dashed off in idle moments by the tariff expert. They are written by a member of the Journal's staff who is also an experienced physician in regular standing.

A MILLION DOLLARS A DAY. That is what the taxpayers of the United States will be paying for warlike purposes in time of peace if the Administration has its way.

WASHINGTON:

Arthur McEwen on Men and Measures.

Washington, Dec. 20.—One would like to respect the Senate of the United States. It ought to be representative of the intellect and character of the country. Is it?

That question was put to Mr. Platt's back to-day—the back of Mr. Platt, of New York, beroud which I found myself walking on the way to the Capitol this morning. Had the back heard, no doubt it and the rest of Mr. Platt's mind and silk topped person would have repelled the question not merely as impertinent and insulting, but as revolutionary, not to say anarchical.

Mr. Platt cannot understand that there is anything the matter with the Senate. It was of such as he that the interrogation was made. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" If possession of a soul is necessary to a sane understanding of the relative value of things in life, to a sane grasp upon realities, Mr. Platt lost his soul long ago, for his existence is a crawl through a maze of illusions—a pipe dream. Mr. Platt looks respectable, he carries himself as if he were respectable, and there is every reason to suppose that he respects himself. It is beyond his atrophied moral faculties to lay hold on the truth that nobody else respects him. Even the men who are no better than he and are as blind to their own defects and faults as he is to his can see him as he is. They may not look like him as normal men must, but they don't respect him. His ability to make money and to accomplish his ends in politics at the cost of a State's degradation naturally extorts their admiration, as one gambler may admire another's skill with the cards, and envy him his pluckings; but either respect or liking is a sentiment that Mr. Platt can inspire in no being beyond the narrow circle in which he deems it expedient to be human and unselfish. The hunting tiger is good to his young, to which he drags home his prey, and when the snake returns to its hole there is a loving welcome, for if there no doubt, nobody would deny to Mr. Platt some amiable qualities.

Platt As a Symptom. But his presence in the Senate is an indictment of it. The politeness with which he is treated there is a concession to social custom for which the price of the Senate's standing with upright and patriotic men is necessarily paid. Mr. Platt is a Boss, a dealer in the merchandise of politics, a commissioned agent of the interests and forces that break down probity in public life and lower the standard of manhood in private life. He is a product of a state of things whose whole tendency is to destroy republican government and replace it with the tyranny of criminal money. Besides being a product he is an industrious and efficient contributing factor in the creation and maintenance of this state of things. It is only because we are used to him that every honest man does not cry out against Mr. Platt as the public enemy that he is.

Custom does not excuse the Senate for tolerating him and his fellow pirates of politics. An increase of Platts and Hannas is invited by the dozen Senators who, in compliance with usage, receive them as equals and permit them to cover the sores of their character with the Senatorial cloak

of dignity, woven out of the fame of great men gone and the traditions of a courteous past when, it is assumed, only gentlemen reached the Senate. That cloak is useful to a Platt precisely as the cloak of the clergy is useful to a clerical rogue or incompetent. The theme tires, but then, so does Platt, and so long as he and such as he are allowed by the Senate to enter its chamber and sit there in receipt of the treatment which should be given only to men with clean hands and public purpose in political action it remains in order for the citizen in the gallery to place his protest on file. Platt is a challenge, and were the challenge to go unaccepted the Senate would soon be all Platt's.

The Bateful "Powerful Speech." The man who sits in the gallery and does not quit convinced that he could suggest valuable reforms to the Senate, seldom comes to Washington. The Senate gives most visitors the faints. The faints is an affection of the nerves that produces restlessness, irritability and a passionate desire to be somewhere else. Senators themselves are subject to it, which accounts for their fondness for the cloak rooms and the empty chairs when powerful speeches are being delivered.

The powerful speech is the curse of the Senate, the consumer of time, the waster of money and the delayer of legislation. Take the Nicaragua Canal for example. If all who favor Senator Morgan's bill were to meet and divide the work, one agreeing to deal with the legal aspect, another with the financial, another with the engineering, and all its opponents were to argue upon a similar division of labor in reply, knowledge would be much increased and the outcome tremendously expedited. But no. Every man who speaks pro or con models his address on the old histories which began with the creation of the world. Every speech aims at being exhaustive, and immemorial fashion dictates a heavy and elaborate style, heretofore in its gloomy slowness. This is believed to possess a dignity which natural and compressed utterance would lack. Mediocrity is fond of this style. It aids in concealing want of thought. This is ever the purpose of pomposity. Senator Caffery to-day, for example, took hours to say that he was against the canal. Everybody knew that before—knew it as well as that the overland railroad interests, representing hundreds of millions of money, are opposed to it.

Can a Senator Do Time? A knotty point of constitutional law is beginning to appeal for the attention of the Jurists of the Senate. Senator Kenney, of Delaware, has just been tried for a felony, and will be tried again as a result of the jury's disagreement. Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, will also soon be tried for a felony. What shall the Senate do in the event of a conviction in either case. Can a United States Senator lawfully serve a term in the State prison? Must he resign either his seat or his cell? The importance of the point is admitted by every hand. The lawyers, taking a strictly professional view, are divided, some holding that the Presbyterian

doctrine of preservation of the saints applies. According to that doctrine, one of the elect cannot be damned, else, obviously, he would not be one of the elect. Once a Senator always a Senator. Stricter constructionists, however, contend that the conviction and jailing of a Senator would warrant the Senate in taking action on the ground that the Senator is no longer a Senator, being so careless of the Senatorial dignity, going so far as to cause conviction for felony in a court of law, deserves censure at least, if not the extreme rebuke of expulsion. The consensus of lay opinion is that as the Senate is now constituted Senatorial courtesy would come into play and permit both Senators Kenney and Quay to serve out such remnants of their terms in the Senate as might remain after they had served out their terms in prison. Senator Hanna is said to be taking a warm interest in the matter.

Hiring Men to Make Money. The war having presented new opportunities for commerce, of which men of business will be prompt to take advantage for their profit, Senator Hanna steps to the front with a bill to subsidize American ships at a cost to the Treasury—what is to say, the people—of millions a year. Nobody is surprised. The sight of a ship owner marching upon the capital making to be subsidized for engaging in a money-making business, is too familiar, too harmoniously in keeping with the whole protective system to jar anybody's sensibilities. But suppose a body of sailors should march up Pennsylvania avenue, carrying the starry banner and demanding that Congress should vote them full wages in addition to those paid them by their employers for pursuing their calling, on the ground that the ships on which they work are American ships—that would be thought of them? Corey's army that the police drove off the grass had a cordial reception compared with that which would await such crazy, socialistic sailors. And yet why not? If the ship owner is to have the vaults of the Treasury opened to him in reward for the patriotic service of building and navigating a vessel, that being his business, is the sailor who drudges on the ship's decks under the old flag to be lost sight of? He certainly needs money more than do Mr. Hanna and the other ship owners who appeal to Congress to pick the people's pockets and cram the takings into theirs.

Let Everybody In. The generous Mr. Hanna recognizes the justice of the principle by providing in his bill for a bounty of \$1 a month to each sailor actually engaged in the deep sea fisheries on board subsidized ships. But what's a dollar a month? If one dollar is right ten dollars would be barely decent. Here's a chance for labor. The Treasury is open to every manly spirit who must feel that the downtrodden workmen ought to have a stake at least along with the plutocracy. Hanna's bill is simple-jug-handled socialism. What it logically leads to is communism, which has at least the moral merit of demanding an even division of the spoils.

Nobody owns the public money here, it belongs to anybody who can get it.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

"THE WOMEN, GOD HELP THEM!" IS THIS TO SUPPLANT "THE LADIES, GOD BLESS THEM?"

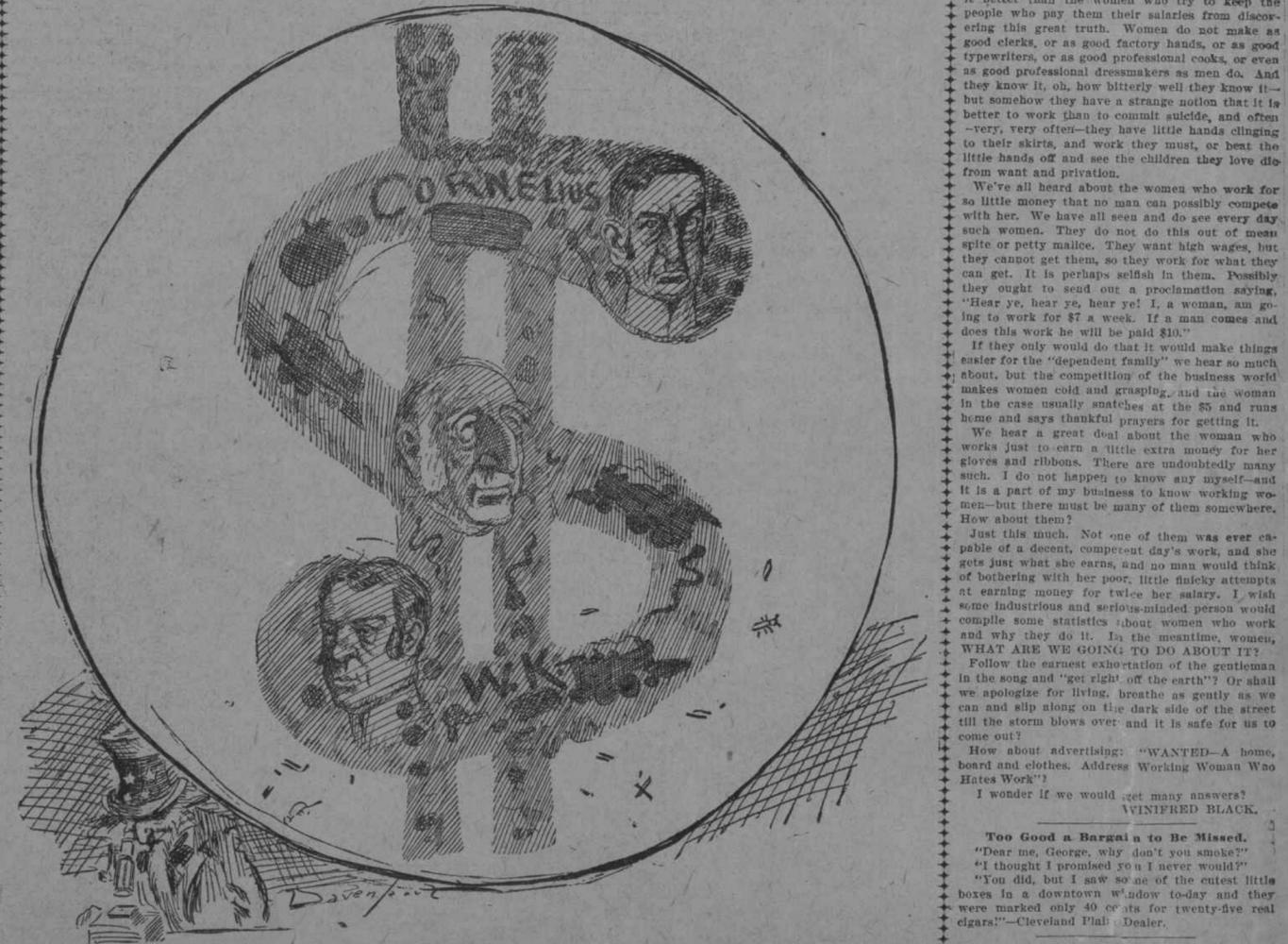
By WINIFRED BLACK.

THE Federated Trades of America in congress now assembled seem to be having a great deal of trouble with the woman question. First, the congress wanted to pass a resolution asking Congress to make a law dismissing all women from Government employ. "Thee-wee-wee!" said the resolution, with much pomp and circumstance of whewers and herby and it is resolved. "Setting a precedent which will relegate women to their proper sphere, 'the home.'"

Really, now, gentlemen, really now, aren't you carrying it a little too strong? Are you going to keep on in the way you're begun? Shall we hear the notes of the banquet which ends the convention? What will you say when you ought to toast "The ladies, God bless them?" "The women, God help them!" What have the ladies of your acquaintance been and gone and done that you should dissever your love to such an amazing degree? Worked for a living? All these pretty little sentiments about home are all right, but there are a great many women; there honestly and truly are, strange as it may seem, a great many women who haven't even a very little bit of a "home for to go to."

cost money. In all these discussions about working women there is a curious note of unreality. I've heard women arise in mothers' meetings and orate about the glorious opportunity of women of the present day. Then you come to hold her speech and you find that she was talking about trying to work for \$5 a week or factory working for \$6 a week by her ever-recurrent and reverberating "righteous opportunity." Women are no fondlers of working for a living than men are. They do it because they have to do it, and every woman who really does earn her own living hates it and loathes it and abhors it, and wishes she was at home every minute of the long, tired, discouraging day. The ladies who talk so well about "independence" are always and ever those who have a nice, big, generous man to pay their bills for them. Women do not rush into hard work for fun. Neither do they condemn themselves to hard labor for the ghoulish gleam of staring every man they know in the face and saying, "Yab, I'm as good as you are!"

THE COMING SENATORIAL GRIP BACILLUS.



This is a formidable microbe in appearance, but the American people are beginning to master the science of political disinfection. They will check the threatened epidemic of Senatorial grip, and the microbe will regret that it ever attracted their attention.

Women in the working world are not as good as men are when it comes to work, and no one knows it better than the women who try to keep the people who pay them their salaries from discovering this great truth. Women do not make as good clerks, or as good factory hands, or as good typewriters, or as good professional cooks, or even as good professional dressmakers as men do. And they know it, oh, how bitterly well they know it—but somehow they have a strange notion that it is better to work than to commit suicide, and often—very, very often—they have little hands clinging to their skirts, and work they must, or beat the little hands off and see the children they love die from want and privation.

We've all heard about the women who work for so little money that no man can possibly compete with her. We have all seen and do see every day such women. They do not do this out of mean spite or petty malice. They want high wages, but they cannot get them, so they work for what they can get. It is perhaps selfish in them. Possibly they ought to send out a proclamation saying, "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! I, a woman, am going to work for \$7 a week. If a man comes and does this work he will be paid \$10."

If they only would do that it would make things easier for the "dependent family." We hear so much about, but the competition of the business world makes women cold and grasping, and the woman in the case usually snatches at the \$5 and runs home and says thankful prayers for getting it.

We hear a great deal about the woman who works just to earn a little extra money for her gloves and ribbons. There are undoubtedly many such. I do not happen to know any myself—and it is a part of my business to know working women—but there must be many of them somewhere. How about them?

Just this much. Not one of them was ever capable of a decent, competent day's work, and she gets just what she earns, and no man would think of bothering with her poor, little finicky attempts at earning money for twice her salary. I wish some industrious and serious-minded person would compile some statistics about women who work and why they do it. In the meantime, women, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Follow the earnest exhortation of the gentleman in the song and "ret right off the earth!" Or shall we apologize for living, breathe as gently as we can and slip along on the dark side of the street till the storm blows over and it is safe for us to come out?

How about advertising: "WANTED—A home, board and clothes. Address Working Woman Who Hates Work!"

I wonder if we would get many answers? WINIFRED BLACK.

Too Good a Bargain to Be Missed. "Dear me, George, why don't you smoke?" "I thought I promised you I never would!" "You did, but I saw so one of the cutest little boxes in a downtown window to-day and they were marked only 40 cents for twenty-five real cigars!"—Cleveland Flab Dealer.

Two of a Kind. "Beg pardon, are you McOrbit, the prize fighter?" "Young feller, I am a pugilist, not a prize fighter. Are you one of them reporters?" "No, sir; I am a Journ list."—Cincinnati Enquirer.