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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

No Need for Crowding.

The Amsterdam avenue contest at Albany has reached a stage which is distasteful to the Third Avenue Railroad Company.

This situation moves a contemporary on intimate terms with Mr. Lauterbach to exclaim:

Confiscation, Halt! If there is no provision made at Albany whereby the Third Avenue Railroad people shall occupy and operate two railway tracks in Amsterdam avenue, then there must remain four tracks in that highway.

The claim that a corporation has property rights in a public street is something new, but it is well that it should be asserted now, while the people are in the humor to handle it as it deserves.

The Metropolitan company has acquired the right to run electric cars on the avenue. The Third Avenue Company has the right to run horse cars.

If the city owned its own street car lines, as it should, this controversy could never have arisen.

But the circumstance that it allows, for the present, the business of transportation to be carried on by private corporations should not be allowed to obscure the fact that the privileges it grants to these corporations in its streets are granted solely for public services, and not as favors to the companies.

Now the public need for electric transportation on Amsterdam avenue is amply met by the two tracks in the middle of the street. These tracks happen to belong to the Metropolitan Railroad Company.

Every public purpose would be met by having the Third Avenue Company's business in that part of the city carried on over its Boulevard line.

COURT HEARS OF EMBALMED BEEF.

That the beef sold by Armour & Co. to the Government was chemically treated is the opinion of Sergeant Edward Mason, of Troop A, First United States Cavalry, located at Fort Robinson, Neb.

TRUSTS AS SOCIAL REFORMERS.

What of the general industrial effect of this? Every trust that has been formed has closed some factories and discharged some wage labor, and people have talked of it as a baneful influence of consolidation and monopoly.

Well, these people will simply cease to be "the very mainstays of the existing industrial and social fabric."

GIVE THE WOMEN A CHANCE.

It appears that the United States Commissioner General to the Paris Exposition, Mr. Ferdinand Peck, has decided to ignore the women of America in the matter of representation at that display.

M'CULLAGH'S ROGUES' GALLERY.

State Superintendent John McCullagh asks the Legislature to pass a bill relative to his official powers whose provisions are so preposterous that it is difficult to believe the measure can be taken seriously.

"ONLY CHILDREN'S DISEASES."

When a child is brought to a strange physician the first question to the parents is: What illness has it had? With the utmost nonchalance comes the ready answer: "Only children's diseases," meaning mumps, whooping cough, chicken-pox, measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria.

misfortune, not only in itself, but on account of possible results. Whooping cough and measles are often the starting point of consumption in the young.

So-called children's diseases are far from being the simple and harmless conditions that many suppose. Who does not know of deafness due to scarlet fever, and injuries to the eye left by measles?

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

NOW THAT MR. P. BELMONT has started on his wild career of vindictive he will doubtless keep the courts busy with libel suits against the people and papers that have ventured to doubt the uprightness of his political and personal conduct.

Resolved, that we unhesitatingly denounce the action of Perry Belmont, our State Commissioner, in his frantic efforts to disrupt the party, as unworthy of a man honored in the past by the party as he has been.

THE SUN SAID, on July 7, 1896: The trouble with Mr. Belmont is that he is too much in sympathy with the banks, and not enough in sympathy with the people.

SOROSIS IS THIRTY-ONE YEARS OLD and not ashamed to admit it. The celebration of her birthday on Monday was the occasion for many graceful speeches and witty epigrams.

BEING UNABLE TO CAPTURE ANY AMERICANS, Aguinaldo has been obliged to slake his thirst for gore with the domestic article. His General, Lagarda, was the first victim.

WHEN SENATOR WILLIAM E. CHANDLER suggests Roosevelt for Vice-President he manifests remarkable lack of insight into that young man's nature.

JOURNAL'S POLICY WELCOMED.

A Republican Convert's Suggestion. Editor of the New York Journal: Good for you!

Now put in as your seventh: The Referendum—Direct Legislation. AN EX-REPUBLICAN, CONVERTED BY THE JOURNAL'S LOGIC AND JEFFERSONIAN GOSPEL.

Tariff Plank Wanted. Editor of the New York Journal: One of the thousands of Democrats who have not had a Democratic platform that they dared to vote for since 1892 thanks you for your recent editorial in favor of the new American Internal Policy, and especially for that in today's issue.

I should like, however, to see one more plank in the admirable platform which you have announced. That is a tariff for revenue only. That would be the most practical and effective means of attacking many of the great trusts, and would, besides, go far to relieve us of the burden of direct taxation, which now bears so heavily under the war revenue law. CALVIN H. ROWLAND, No. 47 Strong place, Brooklyn, March 19, 1899.

Sound and Logical. Editor of the New York Journal: Your proposition of currency reform, like the rest of your internal policy, is sound and logical. As I understand it, all money issued by the Government or by banks is created by an act of the people, through their representatives in Congress.

It is not based upon any intrinsic value, but upon a legal contract of all the people, and hence has behind it all the wealth of the nation, as well as that of each individual. Each individual is responsible for every dollar he has in his possession until he pays it out to some one else.

"Down With the Trusts," a Winning Platform. Editor of the New York Journal: Somebody has said that the Democratic party has no platform. Well, just you keep on printing the list of trusts incorporated during this Republican regime, as in this evening's paper, and the Democrats can go to the polls this November without any platform—and win! Yours respectfully, S. R. S. New York City.

SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS ON PACKERS AND THEIR PRODUCTS SOLD TO THE ARMY.

The beef scandal has reached that stage where it is impossible to hush its horrors or its consequences. Soldiers and civilians alike are lifting their voices in denunciation of the detestable traffic in the health and lives of our gallant soldiers.

The Cause of Blood Poisoning.

Editor New York Journal: As I am an honorably discharged private from Colonel Griffin's First Regiment, United States Volunteer Engineers, I herewith take this occasion to relate a few of the things I saw and suffered during the campaign.

Whenever any of us got a chance we sold these canned goods to the natives. The minute it got into their stomachs they became sick and reviled us with abuse.

At one time I sold a can of beans, a can of roast beef and a can of tomatoes to a Spanish invalid prisoner in Ponce for 15 cents. When it was opened the man raged and swore and declared that the "American had tried to poison him."

DAVID A. MARK, Private Company D, First Regt. U. S. Vol. Eng. Corps. Ogleburg, N. Y., March 11, 1899.

Twenty Men Ill from Eating Canned Beef. Ogleburg, N. Y., March 11, 1899. Editor New York Journal: As privates or non-commissioned officers have little or any chance of offering their testimony before the "Board of Inquiry" in this beef investigation, and being an ex-commissary sergeant in Company E, Second Illinois Vol-

unteer Infantry, I embrace the opportunity offered by the Journal to state a few facts that passed under my observation while in camp at Camp Cuba Libre, Jacksonville, and Camp Onward, Savannah.

Our fresh or refrigerated beef at times was green and had a foul odor. We would try to remove the tainted parts to cook the best of it for the men to eat, but it was in many instances the cause of sickness and even death.

As a result eleven men were sent to the division hospital, where two of them died from the effects caused by the diseased meat. For a verification of this statement I refer you to Major Paul Marquis, Chief Surgeon of the regiment of Captain Stanford, commander of Company F.

Our canned corned beef was about the best meat ration we drew. But the canned roast beef was not fit for a dog to eat. It was a mass of fat, pitted with little white particles. On our trip from Jacksonville to Savannah we fed the men canned roast beef. Very few of them ate it, and it was thrown from the car windows.

Mr. Budlong's Good Reputation. Providence, R. I., March 14, 1899. Editor New York Journal: I read recently in your paper the sworn statement of

Mr. W. W. Budlong, formerly Rhode Island manager for Nelson Morris & Co., in which he told of the horrible condition of certain consignments of beef he had to dispose of for his employers.

After carefully reading the daily articles in your valuable paper in reference to the beef scandal in connection with the army, I herewith endorse the accusation in this respect.

The important incident to which I refer occurred one day just as we were about to prepare a meal. We were given meat to make a stew from, and when I uncovered it I found it to be rotten. The stench would knock one down. I immediately notified the sergeant of the condition of the meat, and he looked at it and said it was all right. I told him I thought not. He then told me if I refused to cook it he would place me in the guard house.

Bad Meat at Chickamauga. Brooklyn, March 9, 1899. Editor New York Journal: After carefully reading the daily articles in your valuable paper in reference to the beef scandal in connection with the army, I herewith endorse the accusation in this respect.

At the beginning of the late war I enlisted with a New York regiment and was shipped to Chickamauga, and on arriving there I was assigned to the mess tent, on which occasion I had every opportunity to see what we were getting to eat.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER ON WOOD SAWING AS A MORAL EXERCISE.

ONE wonders what people will do now that the opera is over. On Monday afternoon and again on Monday evening the boxes were crowded with everybody known in society.

And talking of the country and money making, I heard a very peculiar story the other day, and I thought I would share it with you.

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to his office, and thereby saves the car fare, when in town; who is never seen at theatre or opera or game, and who practices total abstinence and all the other virtues.

But he possesses the money-making faculty of the family, and one would hardly suppose it after seeing him as a child and as a growing boy, during which period he was so carefully brought up that one would have thought he would have been even spoiled. Not at all. He seems to have no vices, and the people up the Hudson told me that he has one peculiar fad, in which he takes the greatest delight.

When the Rockefeller family are at their country seat, every two or three days great loads of logs are brought down from the interior. These are placed in a barn which is well screened from observation, and here for three hours in the afternoon the heir to at least fifty millions amuses himself sawing wood.

I believe it is used for the family consumption. It is a strange story, if true, and it comes from good authority.

There is Frank Gould, for instance, brought up just as carefully, and just as model a young man, who interests himself in dogs and horses, and, more than all, in assisting his sister in many of her deeds of supreme charity. He goes out a little in society and is also down at the office. Sometimes one meets him in society, and in all respects he is like every other young fellow. He has other ambitions than that of mere money making, and his leisure hours are taken up with something more than sawing wood.

Mr. T. Sufren Tallor, who looks very bronzed and hardy from his trip abroad, will be one of the whips who will tool a coach from the Union Club this year. This will be the rival to the other coach which Fred Thomson and the club will start from the Holland House at the same time.

For the remainder of this week there will be very little of interest—the Knickerbocker Bowling Club, the Knickerbocker Riding Club, the Thursday Evening Club and the sewing classes. The last whist party of the Knickerbocker Whist Club takes place on Thursday.

ALAN DALE SUGGESTS TO MRS FISKE THAT SHE DROP "FROU FROU."

ANY one whose first impressions of Mrs. Fiske were obtained by means of good old "Frou-Frou" would wonder why we have written so much about her, and marvel if you spoke of her wonderful Tess and her awe-inspiring Magda. He would see a cunning, little, doll-like lady, chattering through the role of the "fascinating irresponsible" heroine of Mrs. Fiske's drama, as though she were wound up.

I read Augustin Daly's version of "Frou-Frou" before going to the Fifth Avenue, and I couldn't help marveling at its superiority to that used by Mrs. Fiske. In Mr. Daly's adaptation you understand Louise at any rate. She had a few tinges of nobility. She was not the colorless, gray and intrusive creature I saw last night. But I am not sure that it would have helped Mrs. Fiske very considerably. She is too intellectual an actress to do the brainless things attributed to the heroine of the silk petticoats, who had a frou-frou in her brain as well as in her skirts.

Perhaps she will eliminate "Frou-Frou" from her repertoire. It is a play that has so many traditions attached to it. Mrs. Fiske can work wonders with most of the roles that she has essayed. She has genius. She is an intellectual treat. But all roles are not for the genius, and Frou-Frou is distinctly miles away from Mrs. Fiske. It is quite the worst thing she has done.

En Route. With the characteristic enterprise of his earthy brethren, the shadowy spirit of the newspaper reporter jumped into Charon's ferry-boat.

"Where are your credentials?" quoth the ferryman. Throwing open his shadowy coat the spirit of the newspaper man disclosed a fire badge pinned to his breast.

"All right!" laughed Charon, somewhat ambiguously, perhaps; "stay where you are; we'll get to the fire presently!" And the ferry boat ferried—Baltimore American.

In Light Attire. "Somebody recalls the fact that Lydia Thompson appeared in this country in the full bloom of her youth, in 1868."

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YOUNG JOHN ROCKEFELLER AT PLAY.