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AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

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Welcome the Penitent. That eminent philanthropist and patriot, Mr. Russell Sage, opposes the Metropolitan's rapid transit propositions in the spirit of the loftiest statesmanship. "To give the Metropolitan a perpetual franchise," says Mr. Sage in an interview, "is to endanger the interest of every citizen and taxpayer in New York. I speak from the standpoint of both."

The Journal is heartily in accord with Mr. Sage on this point. It has always opposed perpetual franchises to corporations, and expects always to continue that opposition. It is filled with joy by the unexpected prospect that New York may recover its streets from the grip of the Manhattan Elevated, for of course Mr. Sage will exert his powerful influence in favor of the cancellation of the perpetual franchises now held by that company. Mr. Sage expresses the fear that under the Metropolitan arrangement passengers may be "herded into local trains like cattle." A strong simile, but not quite strong enough. "Like passengers on Manhattan Elevated trains at the rush hours," would be more vivid.

We learn with emotion that Mr. Sage has been "offered 15 per cent above the current quotations" for his Manhattan stock, but "saw that they aimed at a monopoly, and so refused to sell." We understand now why Mr. Sage was never willing to improve the Manhattan's service in the days when its only competition came from horse cars. He was afraid that if he made it more attractive than the horse cars it might have a monopoly of the business.

If the Metropolitan people had "a virtual monopoly of transit facilities," Mr. Sage thinks that "they would not be obliged to use the latest and best motive powers." Still, on second thoughts, there is a little consolation in the reflection that they would start with a later and better motive power than the Manhattan has yet employed after staying in business for a quarter of a century. And they would not use oil lamps until compelled by law to substitute more modern lights.

Finally, Mr. Sage's supreme objection to the Metropolitan scheme is based "upon principle"—the principle that "valuable franchises should not be given away gratis, and they should never be allowed to pass out of the control of the people." Admirable. The Journal suggests that instead of allowing the Metropolitan to build the tunnel, the city build it, with the money which Mr. Sage and his associates are going to pay into the Conscience Fund for the valuable franchises whose profits they have enjoyed gratuitously for twenty-five years.

The defenders of the rotten army beef have discovered a new conspiracy. They say that this exposure of Meier, Eagan and the Chicago beef trust—a Democratic plot to lessen the responsibility upon McKinley, and thus give an impetus to General Miles' alleged candidacy for the Presidency. It would be difficult to conjure up a poorer defence of the poisoned beef conspirators. Hanna and the office seekers will attend to that. The person who is "fastening responsibility" upon the President is Mr. McKinley himself. Being a staunch Republican General Miles would not accept a nomination on the Democratic ticket if he could get it, a possibility so remote that it is absurd to consider it. This disposes of General Miles' Presidential chances, and gives a complete answer to the vicious charges of his enemies that his course has been dictated by political ambition. His unswerving record as a soldier and his fearless unmasking of Administration blackguards, the reveals and incompetents have endeared him to the people, and in their confidence and affection he finds his highest reward.

DETROIT'S STREET RAILWAY. The city of Detroit has decided to test the practicability of "Public Ownership of Public Franchises." On Saturday the City Council, by virtue of authority vested in it by a recent act of the Legislature, appointed a Street Railway Commission, with power to purchase or lease any street railway in Detroit, including all unused franchises. Governor Pingree is at the head of the Commission, and to his untiring work is due the passage of the law. The Commission is prohibited from incurring any debt on behalf of the city except it be chargeable solely to the railway property it controls. It cannot grant or extend any franchises. The Council has the power to examine the Commissioners' books at any time. The street railway property alone is responsible for damages or other suits arising out of the conduct of the business. The Commissioners must give a bond of \$250,000. They are appointed by the Mayor for terms of two, four and six years, respectively, the appointment to be confirmed by the Council. These are the chief points in the law. The city's interests are closely guarded. The Commissioners are granted every power necessary to the conduct of the street railway business.

This is the most important step yet taken by an American city in the direction of municipal ownership. Its development will be watched with exceeding interest. The people of Detroit are heartily in favor of it. With Governor Pingree as the guiding spirit there is no question that the street railways owned by the city will be wisely managed, and that the highest point of efficiency with the least cost to the public will be maintained.

A SWELL THIEF PROTECTED. The friends of Captain O. M. Carter, encouraged by the consideration shown him, are now trying to have him restored to duty in the Engineer Corps. The power to disregard the verdict of the court-martial in this case rests solely with the President. So far he has treated Carter most leniently. The appointment of distinguished counsel to review the case in the hope of discovering some flaw in the findings was made by authority of the President. Captain Carter was found guilty of misappropriating over \$1,000,000 while in charge of Government work at Savannah. The sentence of the court-martial was dismissal from the army and five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. This verdict was rendered eighteen months ago, but Carter's social and political influences were so powerful that no action has been taken. Senator T. C. Platt is among those who have asked for clemency for him. The action of the President is condemned by all who are acquainted with the facts. Carter's offense was most flagrant. He robbed the Government whose uniform he wore, delayed important public work, and disgraced his office. If he were not a society pet, with a strong political pull, he would now be wearing a convict's garb, instead of planning to return to an honorable service which should be spared his contaminating presence.

THE DEGRADATION OF SPORT. Sport, as a commercial and salable article, does not show up well as exemplified in the baseball affairs of to-day. The public has shown itself more than a little tired of the eternal haggling and squabbling of the trafficking magnates, and the dignity of what was once worthy of the proud title of the "national game" has been so impaired that, even viewed as a business proposition, baseball is a long way from being as desirable as it was. There is the same trouble with pugilism. What was grand and praiseworthy in the original idea of the "noble art of self-defence" has been driven into the background by the hucksters who are grabbing for the almighty dollar. Nowadays the value of a championship is lost sight of in the more present possibility of garnering shekels from the gate, the kinetoscope and the various minor money-making fakes that recall the side shows of a circus or country fair. The speculators have debased the principals until the foremost men among our modern gladiators are as full of palaver as fishwives, and

care nothing for reputation so long as they can get the money.

The "professionalizing" of sport, perhaps naturally, has become a common fault in this commercial country. After all, it may be healthy that it has become so evident in certain lines that the thing can be carried too far. Hero worship of champions in almost any line of manly effort is natural and honest. It is only when the dealer steps in and turns this sentiment into cash, and the talk of money, money, always money, supplants the discussion of the prowess of the various candidates for fame, that the public becomes disgusted. Even in pugilism, revolting as are many of its features, it is more often the pugilist's manager than the fighter himself, and still more frequently the "club manager," that outrages the features which nauseate even the sport-loving public.

BLIND TO ALGER'S INCOMPETENCY. It is again reported from Washington that Secretary Alger must go, and that if his resignation is not forthcoming the President will demand it. Unless this rumor is followed by an official confirmation from the White House, it is well not to give it too much credence. Nothing has happened to change the confidence of the President in his Secretary of War. Even the proof before the court of inquiry that he gave instructions to the Commissary Department as to what beef contracts were to be accepted will not have any weight with McKinley. Ever since the war began he has had cumulative evidence of Alger's utter incompetency. Not only in the preparations for, but in the conduct of the war, his blunders, his ignorance and his favoritism have been the scandal of the country. If the President has by word or sign shown his disapproval of the management of the War Department, there is no record of it. On the contrary, he has given repeated evidence that he was satisfied with the condition of affairs. In the face of this blindness to the mental and moral defects of Alger, why should the President, even with the necessities of a campaign for re-election urging him on, be credited with awakening to the enormity of the burden his Administration is carrying in the man from Michigan.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT. It is estimated that in 1890 there were 12,500,000 families in the United States, owning, in all, property worth \$65,000,000,000. Of these 125,000 families, or just 1 per cent of the whole, owned \$33,000,000,000,000, or more than all the rest of the people combined. Of the remaining 32,000,000,000, \$23,000,000,000, or more than two-thirds, were held by 1,375,000 families. That left 11,000,000 families, of whom half owned \$8,200,000,000 and the other half only \$800,000,000. The 125,000 families at the top of the scale owned over forty-one times as much property as the 5,500,000 families at the bottom, and nearly four times as much as 11,000,000 families, constituting seven-eighths of the population of the nation. That was nine years ago. The concentration of wealth has gone on at an enormously accelerated rate since then, and it is going on now faster than ever before.

Reform of the Currency. To the Editor of the New York Journal: Many people in these United States have, with good reason, been discouraged at the prospects of money reform in this country until you took up the cause of the people and have so bravely dared to oppose the mighty power whose interest it is to have money scarce, as opposed to the people and industry, whose interest it is to have money plenty. The additional plank to your internal policy is, in my humble opinion, the most important and far-reaching of any proposed, and will cause the people to awaken to the necessity for legislation in this direction. It is high time that the nation's money should be issued by the Government and its supply regulated by the wants of the people, and not by the banks, whose interest it is to have money scarce and interest high. J. B. EAGAN, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Wants the Tariff Abolished. Editor of the New York Journal: Let us hope that you will not adopt the unbecomingly suggestion of Mr. Calvin H. Rowland in Wednesday's Journal. Any kind of a tariff is dishonest as a means of raising revenue, and the addition of any tariff plank to your excellent platform would conflict with its first declaration, that: "The values created by the community should belong to the community," which excludes, of course, all values produced or created by individuals. The only Democratic tariff plank possible would be: "Abolish it." FRANK MILES, Rutherford, N. J., March 22.

Indorses the Journal's Platform. The Daily Cataract, on behalf of the oppressed taxpayers of Niagara Falls, emphatically indorses the New York Journal's American Internal Policy regarding trusts and monopolies. The people in this city devoutly hope to witness the eventual triumph of the Journal's policy to destroy the criminal trusts. "No monopolization of the national resources by lawless private combinations more powerful than the people's government" is more powerful than the people's government. The cry of the downtrodden taxpayers on this frontier.

delighted With the Currency Plank. Dear Sir—I am delighted to find the new plank of "currency reform" in your issue of yesterday. I believe its evident merit will brush aside Old World precedents as soon as it is understood by the people, and certainly your placing it before your millions of readers is the best possible way to have it speedily introduced. Yours respectfully, W. M. F. HUNT.

OLD AND NEW MASTERS TO GO ON SALE. NOTABLE VAN DYCK AMONG THEM.

By Henri Pene Du Bois.



VAN DYCK, Earl of Arundel.

OLD masters of Flanders and of England, modern painters of France, heads of princely nobility and burgomasters, sumptuous gowns, lace and jewels of the Renaissance, landscapes of Barizoon wherein fabled Corot's fairs and handmaids, graceful lines and harmonious colors, art and chronicles of centuries in paintings are to ornament the American Art Galleries for a week. Then fashion and wit will meet as in a festival for a competitor. From April 7 to April 13 the frocks and hats of to-day will bow to their simplicity that is so costly to the masses and the erudition, the riches and ruffles of long ago. In front of the portraits of Elizabeth Brant, of Mme. Van Tromp and of a Princess Palatine the young women of Manhattan will stand and stare. There shall be crowds around them and phrases, "what are the models in the air." On the evenings of April 12 and 13, one by one, at Chieftain Hall, the pictures will be sold to the highest bidder for the benefit of their collectors. They are Dr. E. M. Harris, of Providence, R. I.; Edward Hallbrook, president of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and J. J. Blackstone, who, young, is an old picture seller. They have taste, knowledge, enthusiasm. They had a certain

a call and a head dress to give value to her clear, graceful features. Beside this is Melchior Janssen Mierevelt, presenting a Dutch nobleman, as impressive as the portrait made in accordance with the idea announced yesterday or the day before by the youngest inventor. Here is Pierre Corot, who was a contemporary of Frans Hals and of Van Dyck, and Byes. There is really nothing ancient. His work is the portrait of a Princess Palatine, dressed in black, with collar and cuffs of white lace. Her hair is crimped in a mass on each side of her face. She wrote about the Court of France and to its princesses amazing letters. She scolded bluntly, but she had common sense, which is often wittier than the lack of it; and her mind is in her eyes. Van Dyck's Earl of Arundel poses unconsciously in the right. His left hand is only half gloved, for Van Dyck knew how to draw a palm cleverly. The subject is serious, natural, cordy-ling. The picture comes from the Howard family, lineal descendants of the Earl. It is the masterpiece of the collection, which contains extraordinary works. Among these are the portrait of Elizabeth d'Autriche, by Franz Pourbus, and the portrait of Mme. Van Tromp. Then there are Lady Lushington, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, from the collection of the Countess of Lindsey; Lord Temple, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; the Portrait of a Lady, by Sir Peter Lely, from the collection of the Right Honorable Lord Bagenal; the Countess of Chesterton, by Sir Peter Lely, from the collection of James Gurney, Conduitt Hall; the Portrait of a Dutch Lady and Child, by Cornelius De Vos; a portrait of himself,



PAULUS MOREELSE, Madame Van Tromp.

Eugene Isabey; beside it is a "Head of Girl at the Well," in monochrome, by Sir Edward Burton; Jones, "The Bather," by Henri Gervais; the "Shak Issing Orlofsky" by Adolphe Schreyer; "The Milkmaid," by Bott Dangeveldt; a "Landscape," by Jean Charles Cazin; "A Normanly Ox," by Constant Troyon, capricious interest.

Thomas Gainsborough's "Sirrow Lambesque" has a blue sky, white clouds, a pool near a road, a white cow, George Michels' "Old Windmill" has a windmill and house on a hill, the view of a town and a sky, darkened by clouds, Richard Parkes Bonington's "On the English Coast" represents a beach under a golden sun. The sky is yellow with grayish yellow with grayish clouds. There are gulls, two boats, fish-wives. Perhaps the works of the old masters have a peculiar pathos. It is subtle and literary. We find in them ideas that were not in the minds of their inventors. But we must not fear to do that. All the valuable works have been admired in the ages for different reasons. Attest Homer, Vir-



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE—Lady Lushington.

by Benjamin West; Lady Charlotte Johnstone, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Don Fernando of Austria, by Claudio Coello; the Portrait of an Old Dutch Woman, by Jacob A. Backer, from Lord Garvagh's collection—a gallery that would elevate Bismarck. There is a "Fisherman's Cottage," by George Morland, who pleases England immensely. The picture is of a thatched cottage on the seashore. There are men and women, fish, a big white dog, the sea, white cliffs, a fine sky, well arranged. There is a "Sunset on the River," by George Inness. The stream is quiet, the vegetation luxuriant. There are trees at the left and slender trunks at the right. The sky is warm, the color rich. A "Favorite of the Harem," by Benjamin Constant, expresses his Oriental lore; a "Haymaker," by Julien Duffre, tells the painter's enlightened fanaticism; "A Summer Day," by Francois Flameng, reveals his decorative expertise; a "Dance de Chally," by Narciso Virgilio Diaz, is a symphony in gray; "Watching the Flock," by Charles Emile Jaume, affirms his excellence as a painter of sheep in poetic surroundings. The picture was bought from the artist in his studio. There are an inspired sea and shore scene, "In the Village of Grandcamp," by Frank M. Boggs; a characteristic "Boris de l'Etang a Ville d'Avray," by J. B. C. Corot; an ecstasy of "Flowers," by Antoine Vollon; a luminous "Venus and Cupid," by Diaz; an intellectual, tender "Head of Christ," by Ary Scheffer; a sympathetic "Spanish Beauty," by William Bouguereau; a "Bacchanalian Feast," by Thomas Couture; "There is a 'Cavalier and Court-Ladies,' by



GEORGE HENRY HARLOW, Portrait of a Young Lady.

Hals, Van Dyck, Coello and the rest said of one another's works. If we had to admire them for the reasons that they gave us to be sure that we would not admire them. We have points of view that were not theirs. HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

AGUINALDO'S WAY OF MURDER. DEATH HIS ORDER FOR ONE WHO FOILED HIM.

THE story of Attacido is not a strange one for the Philippines, but to us in far away America it possesses many features which render it surprising. Attacido was of the North. That is, he came from that section of Luzon which lies, as the sailor would say, "to the north and" of Manila. Attacido was a "nestling" or half-caste Tagalo. He was educated and possessed both money and ambition. He liked not the Spanish yoke under which his people were toiling. Revolution was in the air, and one Emilio Aguinaldo was his chief disciple. Attacido had the idea. He could be a warrior, a general, perhaps, and when the victory came he would be the first to share in the spoils of conquest. Perhaps away down in his heart Attacido did not think so much of relieving his people of their burden as he did of diverting the profits of that burden from the Spanish coffers to those over which he could maintain a partial if not complete control.

But it is enough to say that Attacido became a patriot. He was not alone in possessing that class of independence which has a question of revenue, wholly allied. There were others who, too, dreamed a dream of wealth based on revolution's success, and Attacido was but one. Aguinaldo was another who indulged in financial fantasies. Then there was Paterno, an whose breast gleamed the jewel of the "Grand Cross." Truly, these were fit examples for a Northern leader to follow, and so Attacido became a patriot. His fortune was given to the cause, and in return he became an aide to General Aguinaldo. He labored diligently to further the cause. He mustered men. He told them of the joys of liberty, and it is not sure that Manila should fall and the Filipino would be free to loot the storehouses of the hated Spaniard.

On the waters of the bay floated the "banca," headed toward Cavite Viejo. Thence led the road to Imus, where Aguinaldo held supreme sway. There against the wall of the old Imus hotel others stood to face the bullets from the fort of Imus. Aguinaldo had learned the Spanish tricks of execution, and at Imus he had put them into practice. The next day the house of mystery was without its guards and a Filipino woman sold mangoes in its gateway.

Then there came a bill in the revolution's activity. Negotiations were in progress. Paterno, as Aguinaldo's emissary, was dealing with the Spaniard. The deal prospered. Aguinaldo sold his cause, stripped of its coat of patriotism, and for the yellow gold of the Spaniard agreed to lay down his arms and take himself with his allied chiefs into exile. Attacido was one of those whom the treaty called upon to depart from his native isle. Attacido did the bidding of his master and joined Aguinaldo's camp at Hong Kong. Attacido knew that money had been paid. Close to a half million had passed from Spain to Aguinaldo. Attacido had no resolution to occupy his allotted share of the spoils. He discovered that all this gold was being in Aguinaldo's name, why

had there been no division of the spoils? Was not each exile entitled to his share? So thought Attacido and he demanded his share. Of course, he was refused. Then he set about to find out why. He knew a bit of English law, and English law prevails in Hong Kong. It was an English court which gave to the Filipino an injunction which restrained the bank from honoring any more of Aguinaldo's checks until Attacido's claim was satisfied. Aguinaldo was included to take the law upon himself. Attacido must be silenced, and the would-be debtor. A few inches of cold steel and there would be no Attacido to prosecute the case. It took a lot of counsel to convince Aguinaldo that he was no longer in a land where murder settled lawsuits. But the white man's advice gained the day, and I know it was a white man who advised, for I have had the story from his own lips. Attacido was negotiated with. His demand was 200,000 of the dollars for which Aguinaldo had buried his patriotism and sold his cause to Spain. While Aguinaldo was debating as to whether he should yield to Attacido's demands or risk a trial before an English court, into the harbor came the fleet of the gallant Dewey. From the snowy white of peace to the heathen gray of war were these ships quickly changed, and then it became known that to the Philippines their orders led them. The fleet departed, and then came the story of Cavite and the awful havoc of that Sunday's dawn. One more old Aguinaldo's patriotism burn. He would go back to Luzon and organize again for the overthrow of the Spanish. The Spanish fleet, which before had been such a menace, was now beneath the sea, and his dream of loot might become a reality. But he must have money, and Attacido's injunction bound up his funds. Then came diplomacy. Attacido's commercial business must be buried beneath his patriotism. The argument succeeded and Attacido waived his claims, so that the funds might be as a whole be devoted to the common cause of beseeching another revolution with the coin which had been paid to smother the last.

On the waters of the bay floated the "banca," headed toward Cavite Viejo. Thence led the road to Imus, where Aguinaldo held supreme sway. There against the wall of the old Imus hotel others stood to face the bullets from the fort of Imus. Aguinaldo had learned the Spanish tricks of execution, and at Imus he had put them into practice. The next day the house of mystery was without its guards and a Filipino woman sold mangoes in its gateway. This is a problem story. "My blood will be upon your head!" protests Harold, perceiving that he is about to be murdered. "Yes, but you are very generous!" retorts Genevieve, indifferently, and mixes more ground glass in his breakfast food. The suggestion here is that unhealthy persons ought to be killed, anyway. No problem story, we believe, is complete without this suggestion.—Detroit Journal.