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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

- FIRST-PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES. SECOND-DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS. THIRD-A GRADUATED INCOME TAX. FOURTH-ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE. FIFTH-NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM. SIXTH-CURRENCY REFORM. SEVENTH-NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

Four Million People Want the Park.

On one side of the Coney Island park project we have in opposition a few owners of Bowery dives, backed up by a few scurvy politicians.

On the other side we have the united voices of the decent public of Greater New York. That is quite a chorus when it strikes the same key.

Yesterday was a good day to be impressed with the need of this park. Every car going to Coney Island held an eager throng.

It was a study in humanity to watch this army wage good-natured contention for a seat in a car, only to be grateful for standing room.

What did this multitude, on its one holiday in the week, find when it got to Coney Island? Dirty streets; the air filled with the poisonous exhalations of filthy dives; traps set for unwary feet; the hoarse-voiced fakir bawling his attractions; the fairest portion of the beach a blackened ruin; the barrooms and some of the so-called "hotels" filled with drunken men and low women.

What they should have found was a park extending the full length of the island, with grass and trees, and many seats, merry-rounds for the little ones, refreshments for every one, beer even for the grown people, comfort, cleanliness, order everywhere, with free baths for all.

How can the Democratic officials of Greater New York, always in sympathy with the masses, fail to answer this crying need?

Wille Morton lives at Wilton, Conn. He is a veritable Oliver Twist. His father killed himself, and he is a waif from the poorhouse.

Miss Sarah L. Davenport is one of the richest women in that section. She accused the boy of killing her dog. She found him in bed in the house of her hired man, and as she slept she lashed him with a black-snake whip.

Later in the day she took him into the cellar, tied him to a plank and again applied the whip. She also struck him with a board. Although it has been two weeks since she beat him so unmercifully, he still suffers from his wounds.

An agent of the Humane Society has had Miss Davenport arrested. Despite her wealth and social influences, she must stand trial. That a woman should have been guilty of this fiendish cruelty—particularly a woman of education and position, who has had every advantage that money and refined surroundings can give—seems incredible.

No more mercy should be shown her than she granted to the poor little eleven-year-old waif whom she tortured and disgraced. A heavy fine and a long term in prison would meet some of the requirements of the case. In a suit for damages any honest jury would render a verdict against her for an amount sufficient to educate and support the child until he is of age.

When Mr. P. E. Dowe, president of the Commercial Travellers' National League, states that thousands of traveling salesmen have been thrown out of employment by the trusts, it must be accepted as expert testimony.

subject. The Republican party that stands for these menacing aggregations of capital will hear from them. The character and extent of the influence of the commercial travelers in the next national election will be worth the serious consideration of political managers.

There has never been in New York a more dangerous attempt to prevent justice from taking its course than in the Mollineux case. Everything that his lawyers have done is calculated to create the impression that they fear a fair trial.

When a Coroner's jury heard the testimony in the Adams poisoning case Mollineux's attorneys protested against the examination, although their client had not then been charged with the murder.

Not until the May Grand Jury, presided over by a devoted friend of General Mollineux, was formed did Mollineux and his attorneys show any enthusiasm over having the case reviewed. At every other stage of the proceedings they have been fighting for delay, applying for writs and injunctions, and digging new intrenchments as rapidly as they were driven out by the relentless fire of the prosecution.

We are bound, with every one else, to believe Mollineux innocent until he is declared guilty. But if he escapes trial now, suspicion will rest upon him during the remainder of his life. Why not have a trial? If Mollineux is innocent it is impossible to convict him. There is no conspiracy against him. He is defended by able lawyers. An honest jury will weigh the evidence. He will have an opportunity to lift the shadow that rests upon his good name. If he did not murder Mrs. Adams, if he did not poison Barnet, there is no human power that could fasten guilt upon him in a public inquiry, with the law presuming his innocence, wise counsel to protect him and twelve unprejudiced men weighing all the facts under oath.

THE MORALS OF TRADE.

"Morals of Trade," in which he lashed the business men of Great Britain. The intent of this essay was not at all to condemn business men as less moral than other citizens.

Mr. Spencer shows that under the present methods competition tends to force the most upright merchants into immoral practices. Rascals begin the adulterating process, and the honest business man has to follow suit or go into bankruptcy.

Mr. Spencer's arguments are recalled by a dispatch from London telling us how a famous English business man was recently brought before a London police court charged with making a false trade description by including the weight of lead, paper and other wrappings in the weight of tea, by which trick his annual profits had increased \$35,000.

We wonder how often such deliberate fraud in weight is committed in America. One thing is certain, that nearly all the goods we use, and especially food-stuffs, are adulterated, and often with substances deleterious to health.

And even that is not the worst. The very worst is that moral, Christian men, who wish to lead moral lives, absolutely cannot do it, but are compelled knowingly to manufacture and sell such adulterated stuff if they want to make a living.

Is it not time to think of making an end of such a vicious system? Fortunately, not all our business men are like Mr. Havemeyer, who said the other day on the witness stand:

"I don't care two cents for your ethics. I know nothing about them. I am talking about business."

Robert P. Porter, whose junketings in many lands at the expense of the people have been a feature of the McKinley Administration, has just returned from Europe. He thus bewails the losses of the Beef Trust in foreign markets:

The German Government is not unfriendly to American interests, and desires to treat us with absolute justice, if not with consideration. The various most investigations and the political capital which has been made out of them by American newspapers have done our interests more injury, not only in Germany, but in all the six European countries, England, Germany, France, Italy, Belgium and Holland, which I have visited, than the foreign influence put together.

Beef Trust has brought disaster upon it. It sacrificed the lives of our soldiers

"THE TARIFF IS THE MOTHER OF TRUSTS"



—And Papa Rocks the Cradle.

to its inordinate greed by selling the Government rotten beef. That the protection accorded these dishonest concerns by the McKinley Administration cannot extend to Europe is fortunate. They deserve the blight that has fallen upon their foreign trade.

SOME INCOMPETENT RACING STEWARDS.

The most popular race of the American turf year was marred through the favorite, the horse that carried the vast bulk of the public's money, and had won fame and favor through an especially gallant victory in the Brooklyn Handicap, being left at the post.

THE MORALS OF TRADE.

Herbert Spencer, who certainly cannot be accused of radical social views, years ago wrote a powerful essay, which he called "Morals of Trade," in which he lashed the business men of Great Britain.

On the Board of Stewards of the Jockey Club there are some gentlemen worthy of the complete respect and confidence of the sport-loving public. At the head of the board are two men who together were mainly instrumental in preventing the death of racing in this State.

It is not necessary to particularize the individuals, but it need not be added that neither notable failure to achieve results in a kindred line of sport nor a blank and total ignorance of turf affairs, whether ethical or practical, can be considered an essential qualification of a steward of the Jockey Club.

They have an editor in Chicago by the name of Kohlsaat. He is also a baker, and, paraphrasing one of Dr. Johnson's witticisms, a bright writer once said that the bakers regarded Mr. Kohlsaat as an excellent journalist, but that the newspaper men considered him an able baker.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

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THE SPECTACLE OF POOR FACTORY GIRLS leading a procession of strikers in Cleveland is not a pleasing one. And yet, when we come to discuss things as they really are, which is the more offensive picture, Anna Gould, rich, arrogant and endowed with a purchased title, at the head of a race-course mob clamoring for the restoration of kings, with their Montespans and Pompadours, or a lot of hard working girls seeking their dues?

THERE ARE PESSIMISTS who would have us believe that the primitive instincts of mankind, as, for instance, the love for one's offspring, become obliterated as culture and intellectual development progress. The intense interest manifested by fathers and mothers in the Clark kidnapping case successfully refutes this opinion.

EDNA MAY BECOMES LONDONIZED.

LONDON, June 10.—The atmosphere of lords and dukes and things must be extremely invigorating. It seems to me that there can be nothing like it. If it could be imported into New York, in a concentrated form, and crumbled over ambitious aspirants for musical comedy honors, methinks that it would work wonders.

Until this afternoon I had never seen Miss Edna May since she made her initial appearance in that cerebral congestion of Tenderloin slang and feeble jokes called "The Belle of New York" at the Casino.

There was a little self-conscious gleam in Miss Edna's eyes as she sang her Salvation Army song that was new to me. Although she worked hard—and I must admit meritoriously—to convey the old impression that she was an artless thing by nature, you were quite aware that her artlessness was art.

Yes, Edna May is a clever girl. There is no doubt at all about that. She has turned her good fortune to self-advancement. Of course, appreciation is always a tonic. The knowledge that you are liked is better than a dozen quinine capsules.

As for "The Belle of New York" has not been anglicized. There are little allusions to Anthony Comstock that puzzle London; frivolous mentions of Parkhurst that probably send the bespectacled ladies in the balcony stalls to their encyclopedias, and futile references to Riverside, Drive, Colches and Rahway, N. J. This is as it should be.

But I hope that the feminine readers who want my views and impressions of Edna May will be satisfied. That young woman may certainly point a moral and adorn a cigarette advertisement. She has made hay, and the sun is still shining.

WHY MRS. PURPLE HAT WILL MOVE.

"Oh, pshaw, why didn't I see you a moment sooner?" cried the slender blonde; "I have just left Diana Holdoff, and I want so much to introduce you to her. She lives in the same apartment house which shelters you, and"

"I know it," said the young woman in the purple hat; "her apartment is immediately under our own."

"Why, yes, so it is. I shall tell her all about you and I am sure that she will call at once. Oh, but, if that people in an apartment building usually look down upon those above them? Oh by the way, have you had burglars in your district recently? She told me that she had just been taking all her lovely silver to the bank for safe-keeping."

"I—er—not that I know of," faltered the young woman in the purple hat. "Are you quite sure that was all that she told you?"

POLITICS OF HAVEMEYER. IS HE A DEMOCRAT OR REPUBLICAN?

WASHINGTON, June 18.—Is Henry O. Havemeyer, head of the Sugar Trust, a Democrat or Republican? This promises to become an issue of importance because of Magnate Havemeyer's testimony before the Industrial Commission, in which he declared that protection was the mother of trusts.

Congressman Leonidas Livingston, of Georgia, a member of the Commission, is emphatic in his claim that Mr. Havemeyer is a Republican. He asserts that, when Mr. Havemeyer was on the stand, he was asked what his politics were, and that he promptly answered, "I am a Republican and a high protection Republican at that."

One of the stenographers sustains Representative Livingston, but members of the Commission say that they have no remembrance of the question and answer.

Commissioner Farquhar, of New York, is certain that Mr. Havemeyer made no statement as to his Republicanism.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Farquhar, "he is a Democrat. He has said that he contributed to both political parties, but I know from actual knowledge that he personally favored the Democratic side in two campaigns."

In support of his claim that Mr. Havemeyer announced himself as a Republican, Representative Livingston said to-night: "When Mr. Havemeyer left the stand on Wednesday last he was asked the question by Professor Jenks in my presence, 'Could you have organized the Sugar Trust under any tariff system other than the protective system in existence at the time of its formation?' His answer was, 'No; it could not have been formed under any but the protective system.' He then remarked that it was a peculiar thing that some one had not asked that question when he was on the stand. Professor Jenks seemed much interested, and asked Mr. Havemeyer if he had any objection to the question and answer being included in his sworn testimony before the Commission. Mr. Havemeyer said that he would take the matter under consideration."

"I said in my interview, printed in the Journal of Friday, that Mr. Havemeyer had stated in his sworn testimony before the Commission that he was a Republican and a protectionist. When the Journal article was read by members of the Commission on Friday some question was brought up as to whether this statement was actually made by Mr. Havemeyer or whether I had received a false impression. The stenographers of the Commission, three in number, were requested to consult their notes. One of them had Mr. Havemeyer's statement practically as I gave it to the Journal. The other two had no record of it whatever. But in view of the corroborative evidence, I scarcely think that my memory tricked me, especially as several others of the Commission agree with me that Mr. Havemeyer did say that he was a member of the Republican party and a believer in the doctrine of protection."

Because the evidence has not yet been officially promulgated the Republicans are elating that Mr. Havemeyer gave his evidence as a Democrat and in the hope of injuring the Republican party, while the Democrats, on the other hand, say that he is a Republican and simply spoke the truth.

The Democrats want a million copies of the testimony for use in the Fall campaign. Representative Livingston contemplates having the manuscript of the evidence copied at his own expense. Democratic leaders generally are of the opinion that Mr. Havemeyer's testimony will furnish an excellent text for campaign work.

The Journal's publication of the first stenographic copy of the testimony is warmly commended by the Democrats, who say it is a work of incalculable value.

The Journal in Children of the Poor. (Chicago Times-Herald.) There are children in this city who rarely catch a glimpse of trees or green grass. They are hopelessly shut out from the beauties of nature and spend their lives between hot brick walls and in sun-parched streets. No wiser use could be made of the surplus real estate now owned by the city than its indirect conversion as proposed into the small parks that are so urgently needed, and no easier way could be devised for making a start in the establishment of these parks.

The Disinherited Babies. (Editor of the New York Journal: Dear Sir—Your illustrated article in to-day's Journal (June 16), entitled "The Babies Who Never See Cows," is infinitely more pathetic than that wonderful poem, "The Man with the Hoe," by any person who can read such a article without a tremor must be made of wood.

The Journal Leads the Procession. (Haverhill Mass. Gazette.) The New York Journal may be what is known as yellow, but when there is work to be done in the public interest the Journal generally leads the procession with its money and influence.

ALAN DALE TELLS HOW THE PROCESS WAS WORKED.

took to it more lamely than New York did. Gustave Kerker is appreciated in England, even if we inveigh against his triviality and his noise in New York. The Salvation Army song, "Ze American Girl" and "When We Are Married" are as popular over here as the "Gelsin" and "Runaway Girl" airs. Barrel organs grind them out during the day, theatre orchestras dole them out between the acts at night.

Miss Edna May's associates seem to be happy. Dan Daly is "imitated" by a comedian called Edward J. Connelly, but as an imitator is, to my mind, a parasite that should be killed as unreluctantly as a flea. I shall not approve of him. J. E. Sullivan causes a good deal of laughter as the "profitee" himself. His direct seems to be new to London, and he may certainly be credited with having established himself here. Our old friends George K. Fortescue, the ponderous; Frank Lawton, George A. Schiller and Hattie Moore are all felicitous. Miss Mering Osborne won't miss the role "created" by Phillis Hankin rather tawdry. The other girls, as well as the Casino gresses, seem to be wearing very well, indeed.

Yes, the atmosphere of lords and dukes and things is certainly braiding. I hope that the medical profession will profit by this hint, and prescribe London for the anemic and nervous prostrated prima-donna.

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She Was in the Wrong Flat.

"All of my best silver and some as to the genuineness of which she has always held friendly doubts, I was so surprised at the request that, to save my life I couldn't think of an excuse for refusing it. She had brought a little satchel with her, and I just seized the door and asked her to wait here, the vestibule while I went up and got the silver."

"But why not let her go upstairs with you?" "I meant to carefully follow the slender forks. They were a wedding present from the Dick's, and I know how well she would succeed in giving away solid silver. Oh, I can tell you, I was furious as I flew upstairs, for it was growing quite dusk, and I knew I was late. To make matters worse, my key stuck in the lock and I had to fumble with it for at least five minutes before I got the door opened. My only ray of comfort was the thought that Florence's guests must be arriving while she waited below in the vestibule."

"Well, I am sure that the old sweetheart would tell her friends what an ill-bred woman poor Dick had married!" "I mean to carefully follow the slender forks. They were a wedding present from the Dick's, and I know how well she would succeed in giving away solid silver. Oh, I can tell you, I was furious as I flew upstairs, for it was growing quite dusk, and I knew I was late. To make matters worse, my key stuck in the lock and I had to fumble with it for at least five minutes before I got the door opened. My only ray of comfort was the thought that Florence's guests must be arriving while she waited below in the vestibule."

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