

"THE LOST WORLD."
A marvellous tale of thrilling interest. A strange race, thousands of years old in civilization, living beneath the sea. A piece of fiction that ranks with Jules Verne's best and Rider Haggard's "She." This afternoon in
THE EVENING JOURNAL.

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

EASTER IS AT HAND.
Bright will be the new bonnets and the Easter lilies, but the brightest event of the week will be the Easter number of the great Sunday Journal. All previous publications surpassed—
Colors Never Before Equalled.

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PLATTISM DEAD; THAT'S THE POINT.

"The Principle, Not the Man, Important," Say Anti-Machinists.

LOUIS F. PAYN, LEADER.

John E. Milholland Asserts He Is the Power as Much as the Senator.

WHY BLACK TIED TO HIM.

Recognized His Genius for Practical Politics and Made No Mistake.

FUTURE OF THE STATE MACHINE.

"His Methods Are Condemned," Says Milholland, "and Hereafter New Policies, Under New Leaders, Will Prevail."

Whenever politicians congregate the future of Senator Platt and the Republican machine is discussed. Among machine men, of course, the happenings of the last three months are belittled in significance. But the leaders of the Anti-Platt wing see in recent political events, especially the closing of Platt's Sunday school, much more than the downfall of Platt. They see the death of Plattism and machine control of the party.

PAYN MACHINE MASTER OF PLATT

John E. Milholland So Characterizes Him, Declaring That Payn Is the Dominant Power of the Organization.

Years ago Roscoe Conkling said that Louis F. Payn possessed the genius of practical politics. Payn is to-day the brains, the intelligence and the executive genius of the Republican State machine. Senator Platt is not and has never been his superior. Payn has many times directed the policy of the party, while others have received the credit for it.

He is by far the shrewdest, most far-seeing and dominant personality in Republican machine politics. His will and wishes always assert themselves, and his advice is heeded. He was the power at the Saratoga gubernatorial convention, in August, 1896. He caused the nomination of Frank S. Black, when Senator Platt would have preferred the nomination of Congressman Ben Odell. Payn is the power in machine affairs to-day.

Frank S. Black read Payn and recognized his power. He put his ambition in Payn's hands, and his judgment was not misplaced. He saw that Payn was acute, astute, cool when excitement prevailed, a man to trust and to tie to. So he tied to Payn as his adviser and manager.

No combination has ever been powerful enough to down Payn. He is younger and more vigorous than Platt. His character is politically so dominant that his enemies in the machine may go at him in blocks of five, or ten, or twenty, and he will yet confound them. He has the resources of a vast experience at his command.—John E. Milholland, in an interview.

They care not what leader may supersede Platt, for in his passing they see the beginning of a new era in party management. To them it is more than the downfall of a man—it is the uprising of a principle.

The machine has always had enemies to contend against, but no opposition had been so persistent, dangerous and seemingly implacable until the combination was formed in 1895, the professed object of which was to secure honest enrolments and primaries. John E. Milholland was the leader in this movement. With him were associated Lieutenant-Governor Charles T. Saxton, ex-Senator J. Sloat Fassett (who has since become reconciled to Platt), State Comptroller James A. Roberts, ex-Senator Warner Miller, William Brookfield, former chairman of the State and County Committees; and, until recently, Cornelius N. Bliss, whom the machine indorsed for Secretary of the Interior.

Formed the State Club.

They formed the State Club, which was intended to be a home for every Republican in the State who believed that honesty in enrolments and primaries and in every essential feature of party policy was necessary to the perpetuation of the Republican party as a dominant political organization.

This anti-Platt movement resulted in a meeting at the Windsor Hotel in December, 1895, just after the machine enrolment had been held. In an address signed by Joseph Choate, Elisha Root, Cornelius N. Bliss, John E. Milholland, A. H. Steele, C. H. T. Collins, Wager Swayne and other prominent Republicans the anti-Platt leaders condemned the enrolment as a farce, charged that a large per cent of the names on the rolls were those of dead men, non-residents and Democrats, and they called upon Republicans to protest against the alleged fraud.

Out of that movement grew the McKinley League, and from it the Republican Organization of the City and County of New York, the leaders in which are William Brookfield and John E. Milholland. They contended that the passage of a bill placing primaries and enrolments under the General Election act was necessary to the perpetuation of their party. The "Honest Primaries" bill, which has just been favorably reported by the joint Senate and Assembly Committees on Elections, is the outcome of the Brookfield-Milholland agitation.

Return of the Machine.

In regard to the future of the Platt machine and the bearing which the passage of the "Honest Primaries" bill will have upon it, Mr. Milholland said yesterday:

"In the events of the last few months the course of those who have for so long opposed the methods of the machine has received vindication. In politics, as in every other phase of social and business life, the maxim that honesty is the best policy will prove itself. In the end machine meth-

LED THE HUNT FOR BOOTH

The Death of Lieutenant Doherty Recalls the Shooting of the Man Who Assassinated Lincoln.

Edward G. Doherty died of heart disease on Saturday, at his home, No. 533 West One Hundred and Forty-fourth street. He commanded the detachment of cavalry that killed John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated Abraham Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the evening of April 14, 1865.

Doherty enlisted in the Seventy-first Regiment, New York Volunteers, in April, 1861. He became a lieutenant in the Sixteenth Cavalry. On April 24, 1865, his regiment was in Washington, and he was ordered to report to Colonel L. C. Baker with twenty-five men for secret service. That service was to take James Wilkes Booth, dead or alive.

Booth, after shooting President Lincoln, jumped from the private box to the stage, breaking his leg. But he managed to reach the private entrance of the theatre, where a horse awaited him. With an accomplice he rode thirty miles into Maryland, where his broken leg was set by a physician. Then Booth crossed the Potomac into Virginia.

Lieutenant Doherty and his detachment left Washington on April 24, on the steamboat Ide. Doherty thus related what happened:

"We steamed down the Potomac to a point north of Pontiac, where we disembarked and went inland to Pleasant Valley, Va. We looked here and there for Booth, for we had accurate information that he was hiding in the neighborhood. We got to Garrett's farm about daybreak on April 25. Garrett and his sons denied that Booth was there, but they knew anything about him. I made one of the sons prisoner, and well, he told me that Booth was hiding in his father's barn. We surrounded the barn and called on Booth and David E. Herold, who was with him, to surrender. Herold came out of the barn, but Booth would not surrender. One of the men I ordered into the barn was Boston Corbett. He peeped through a knothole and saw Booth. Then he put his gun in the knothole and shot the assassin. The discharge of the gun set fire to the barn. We took Booth's body to Washington, reaching there next day, April 27."

Lieutenant Doherty did not sleep from the time he set out from Washington until his mission was accomplished. He was fifty-six years old when he died. A widow and a son survive him. He had been for years an inspector of movements in the Department of Public Works. He was commander of Post 38, Grand Army of the

Republic. His funeral will take place from the Church of St. Charles D'Arrouse, One Hundred and Forty-second street and Seventh avenue.

NUNEZ HAS RETURNED.

The Cuban Filibuster Is in New York, and May Give Himself Up and Stand Trial.

Colonel Emillio Nunez, who is accused of complicity in organizing Cuban expeditions sent from this port, is said to have returned here within the last few days. His appearance was coincident with the return of Dr. Joaquin D. Castillo, who, after violating his bond, surrendered himself last week, when his bond was renewed.

Colonel Nunez fought in the ten-year war against Spain, distinguishing himself as a leader of cavalry. He is greatly hated by the Spaniards, and it is said they would pay a big price to see him behind prison bars. Nunez, acting under orders from Generals Calixto Garcia and Carlos Roloff, is credited with the landing in Cuba of the Bernuda, Laurada, Horsa, Flamboyant and Woodall. Last winter Colonel Nunez was arrested at the instigation of the Spanish Consul, in connection with one of the Bernuda expeditions, but the jury disagreed.

NO EMBASSY TO TURKEY.

Porte Decides It Cannot Afford to Raise Its Mission Here, and John W. Foster Will Not Go There.

Washington, April 4.—The State Department has received notice from the Turkish Government that it finds it inconvenient to raise the grade of its mission in Washington to that of an embassy on account of the increased expense which would thereby be incurred.

The decision will prevent the President under the existing law, from nominating ex-Secretary John W. Foster as Ambassador to Constantinople, as it is understood, was his desire.

STRICKEN AT HIS POST.

One of the Oldest Police Sergeants in the City Attacked by Apoplexy.

Just as Sergeant Eugene T. Woodward, who has been on the police force for many years, entered his name on the blottor in the West One Hundred and Fifty-second Street Station to denote his return from sick, about 7 o'clock last night, he was stricken with apoplexy. He will probably die.

The old veteran was removed to his home at No. 22 West One Hundred and Sixty-sixth street in an ambulance. He is sixty years old and would have been retired very shortly.

DISDAINED HIM; LOST A FORTUNE.

Louis Jansoulet's Wealth Has Reverted to France.

IN LOVE WITH PIVOINE.

He Regarded Her as Too Far Above Him to Need His Devotion or His Money.

NOW SHE IS IN DIRE POVERTY.

His Death Is the Subject of Conversation in the French Quarter, and the Woman Bemoans Her Luck.

"To think that Louis Jansoulet was rich and in love with me!" exclaimed Mile. Celestine Pivoine yesterday. She sat in a little eating house on West Twenty-sixth street, where old age, poverty and neglect have led her at last.

This Twenty-sixth street house has existed from time immemorial as the residence of the least fortunate among the French strolling players. An unlimited credit is accorded to them necessarily, for they would not go there if they had money. M. and Mme. Duplex, who own the house, were actors many years ago.

When the handsome tenor, Gustave Jansoulet, and his young wife, Helen, disappeared, besides a large bill they left behind a boy named Louis, two years of age. M. and Mme. Duplex could not take care of the little one, so an old man, second violinist in Momas's orchestra, adopted the

ALMOST A PANIC IN HER STEERAGE.

Tempestuous Voyage of the Hamburg Liner Pennsylvania.

IN A SOUTHWEST GALE.

Catact of Water Smashes Her Awning Deck and Drenches Steerage Passengers.

PRAYERS IN MANY LANGUAGES.

Icebergs Also Menace the Vessel, but She and Her Sister Ship, the Fuerst Bismarck, Arrive Here in Safety.

Two of the staunchest steamers of the Hamburg-American fleet—the Fuerst Bismarck, from Genoa, and the mammoth Pennsylvania, from Hamburg—reached this port yesterday after fighting their way through gales and ice fields. The Pennsylvania made her Hoboken pier at 8:30 o'clock last night, ten hours behind her fleetier sister, and she had by far the rougher experience.

When the Pennsylvania left Hamburg, on March 22, there were eighty cabin and eight hundred steerage passengers on board. The death that day of Konstantin Barkowsky, an infant of six months, in the steerage, marked the first incident of the stormy trip. The baby's body was committed to the deep that afternoon. Three days later Ignatz Olesz, a single steerage passenger, thirty-three years old, died of epilepsy. He also was buried in the ocean.

Gasping for breath and crying out in terror they fairly fell over one another in the endeavor to escape the invading water, which they imagined was about to sink the ship. It was at least five minutes before the majority gained their feet. Moments after water had been spurting in streams from the scupperns.

THE AWFUL TYRANNY OF SPEAKER REED.

boy, became attached to him and brought him up the best he could.

The second violin, Dietrich, was a great musician, but perfectly unknown. He relied in selfishness prodigious pleasures, giving to himself concerts that kings would have envied, and writing admirable compositions destined not to be known by anybody.

He had no necessities. Every tenth year, in Chatham street, he renewed his wardrobe. He cooked his meals in his own kitchen on a small cast-iron stove. He lived so parsimoniously that with his wages he could buy a musical library and some precious violins. As he knew nothing but music, he taught nothing else to his adopted son.

Little Jansoulet knew the gamut before he did the letters of the alphabet. He breathed music. His master threw him at once into the ocean of masterpieces, and taught him at the same time to compose and play all the instruments which he said, was not more difficult than to play one. At an early age little Jansoulet might have composed operas, but Dietrich had a supreme contempt for opera; he said that music had something else to do than to articulate words.

When Louis was ten years old Dietrich took him to the orchestra. That first night, in "Semiramis," Jansoulet saw Celestine Pivoine, then twenty-five years old, and the idol of French audiences in America. He felt for her a passion, an adoration which was to be his only love, and it came to an end only with his wife.

The company was playing then a series of heroic and biblical operas. In all of them Mile. Pivoine was a princess, a goddess, crowned, wearing sumptuous clothes, decked with rubies, sapphires and diamonds, one of which alone, if it had been real, would have paid for a kingdom.

"What would he have said if he had known who that goddess was?" said Mile. Pivoine of herself yesterday. "There was never a more commonplace mind than mine. I had a beautiful Roman head, a voice, harmonious and rich, despite the execrable diction, eyes so brilliant and lips splendidly shaped. I had no talent, but I had a passion, an adoration which was to be his only love, and it came to an end only with his wife.

THE MOVEMENT WILL NOT SUFFER.

In view of the fact that Miss Couzens has been disappointed in achieving the power to which she aspired in the leadership of affairs concerning women, her renunciation of women's suffrage is of little importance. It is simply the act of one who is disgruntled. It is not what women have done with the ballot, but what they will do when suffrage is universal, that is of interest. The movement will not suffer from the attack or desertion of any person, though that person be a leader. There is less reason for giving the action of Miss Couzens weight because it is inspired by her bitter feeling toward women with whom she has quarrelled.—From an interview with Dr. Mary Putnam Jacob.

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Dingley is Denounced by the Opposition.

How the White Czar Vents His Displeasure on Others.

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WHY MARK HANNA SMILES.

He Has at Last Got Cousin McKinley Osborn Off His Hands and Can Go to Cleveland in Peace.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

Washington, April 4.—This has been a wet day, a dead day and one which dripped dullness as the skies did rain. One is driven perforce to the record of small things. Reed, they say is becoming more and more the tyrant. He is growing a perfect past master of despotism, and might have divided time with Nero in his palmy day.

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Indignation Among Female Suffragists at Miss Couzens's Attack.

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Champions of the Cause Declare That She Has Been Petted Too Much.

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The champions of the cause maintained that with Miss Couzens it was a case of sour grapes. She was for many years the most petted of the suffragists. At the World's Fair she quarrelled with the Board of Lady Managers. Since then she has been in conflict on important questions with those with whom she was once associated. In the criticism of her recent act, however, there runs a vein of pity, because of the belief that she will never leave the sanitarium in St. Louis where she is now an invalid.

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Miss Couzens is a lovable woman, only she never could stand not having her own way. She was a brilliant orator and we petted her. Then, like most petted people, she began to consider herself a necessity to the movement. I regret that she has concluded to renounce women's suffrage, but I believe her harsh language is due more to disappointment than her own sincere belief in what she says.

In any event, the cause will not suffer from the criticism. The only wonder is that there is not more such talk. The enfranchisement of women is not expected to come without some of its leaders becoming disheartened. It is too important a matter to be achieved without disappointment on the way. We should have charity for Miss Couzens because she is an invalid.—From an interview with Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

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HANNA'S FRIENDS ON GUARD.

McLean's, Too, Are Actively Interested in Cincinnati's Election.

Cincinnati, Ohio, April 4.—It is believed to-night that there will be trouble at the municipal election here to-morrow. Charges have been made that certain firms have

Two of Reed's Victims.