"SUZY, SUZY ANN,"
"Is yo' mammy
Always with yo'?"
The popular coon song. A music folio worth fifty cents, in five colors, that you can cut out and bind in a book! Free next Sunday in the Journal's
COLORED COMIC WEEKLY.

NEW YORK JOURNAL

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HIGH AND DRY
On the bright silver strand of Prosperity. That's the condition of the Journal's circulation; for from High Olympus to the Dry Tortugas the people buy it. Yesterday the circulation was 496,148, English and German editions. To-morrow it probably will be over 500,000,
And Still Increasing.

HANNA'S ATTACK ON FREE SUFFRAGE.

Campaign Editor Smalley Thinks There Are Too Many Voters.

He Asks Whether a Universal Ballot Is to Be Desired in This Country.

His Aristocratic Views Are Given Prominence in McKinley's Own Chicago Organ.

THE POPULAR VOTE IN DANGER?

Smalley Declares That Just as Many Voters Once Endorsed Slavery—A Large Number Are Now In Favor of Free Silver.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—The Chicago Times-Herald, owned by H. H. Kohlsaat, author of the gold plank in the St. Louis platform, and the personal organ of McKinley, print s the following on its editorial page to-day:

After all, is universal suffrage an unqualified success and a finality in republican government? When nearly all the voting population indorsed the inhumanity of slavery in one generation, and in the next a large minority ran wild after a gigantic scheme to cheat their neighbors and reduce their own wages by debasing the money of the country, what shall we conclude as to the safety at all times of government by a majority of all the voters?

This screed is signed by E. V. Smalley, editor of campaign literature at the Republican Headquarters. Smalley is employed and paid by Mark Hanna as chairman of the Republican National Committee. What he sends to the press has the official sanction of his employers, and this assault upon popular government is as significant as if it was issued over Hanna's signature.

Mr. Hanna, as chairman, represents McKinley, and in this announcing the position of the Republican party, Smalley, the employe, voices the sentiment of Hanna and McKinley. Lauterbach's "we may not submit," was significant, Bishop Worthington's "over education" diatribe was an insult to the American citizenship, but it remained for an editorial writer at the Republican national headquarters to make the treasonable announcement that the Republican party, owned and managed by Mark Hanna, considers popular government a failure, and the right of a majority of the people to rule themselves a right that should be taken from them.

LOST WITH ALL ON BOARD.

Two Small Vessels, Carrying Twenty-three Persons, Believed to Have Foundered Off Alaska.

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 29.—Two small vessels carrying eighteen passengers, besides crews of five men, have been lost on the Alaskan coast. The Helga Caroline, Captain Peterson, left Cook Inlet September 16, and for two days kept pace with the steamer Excelsior, which arrived on the Sound safe three weeks ago. Since the steamer lost sight of her nothing has been heard of the Caroline, or her fifteen passengers.

She was probably lost during a heavy storm. The Caroline was fitted out in Tacoma last Spring and was the first sailing vessel of the season to leave the sound for Cook's Inlet.

The sloop Birdie, of which Dr. Gardiner of Juneau, is and master, sailed from Cook's Inlet for Juneau early in July with three passengers. Nothing has since been heard of her. She was a double ended craft of five tons burden, and there is little doubt that she has gone to the bottom.

The Caroline had a crew of three men and the Birdie two men, making a total number of men missing, twenty-three.

ALTGELD TALKS IN PEORIA

Declares He Is Neither a Demagogue, a Repudiator or an Anarchist—Working for the People.

Peoria, Ill., Oct. 29.—John P. Altgeld tonight talked in the tabernacle here to nearly 8,000 people, who gave him an extremely cordial welcome.

"My enemies call me a 'demagogue,' 'repudiator,' 'anarchist,'" he exclaimed. "If an honest purpose to better the condition of the people of the State of Illinois; if pure intentions to better the laboring classes of this country by endeavoring to lift them from the grasp of avarice and money power; if to cut loose from what seems to have caused a stagnation in the business world never experienced before and to enter into the dawn of what seems a coming prosperity and happiness, be anarchy, then, indeed, am I an anarchist."

SECOND DEGREE MURDER.

Verdict Brought in by the Jury in the McMahon Trial Last Night.

2166

The jury in the McMahon trial brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree at 10:30 last night.

Justice Smyth finished his charge at 6 o'clock. The jury returned from dinner at 7 o'clock, and was immediately locked up. Two ballots were taken. The first stood ten to two for murder in the first degree.

McMahon showed no emotion when the verdict was announced.

McMahon is also under indictment for the murder of his uncle, John McMahon.

CORNER IN MONEY HITS WALL STREET.

Call Loans Open at Ten; Leap to One Hundred, Close at Eighty Per Cent.

Stock Exchange the Scene of Intense and Growing Excitement.

Brokers Engage in Wild Struggles to Get Within Reach of Those Offering Money.

THEY PROCEED TO SKIN EACH OTHER.

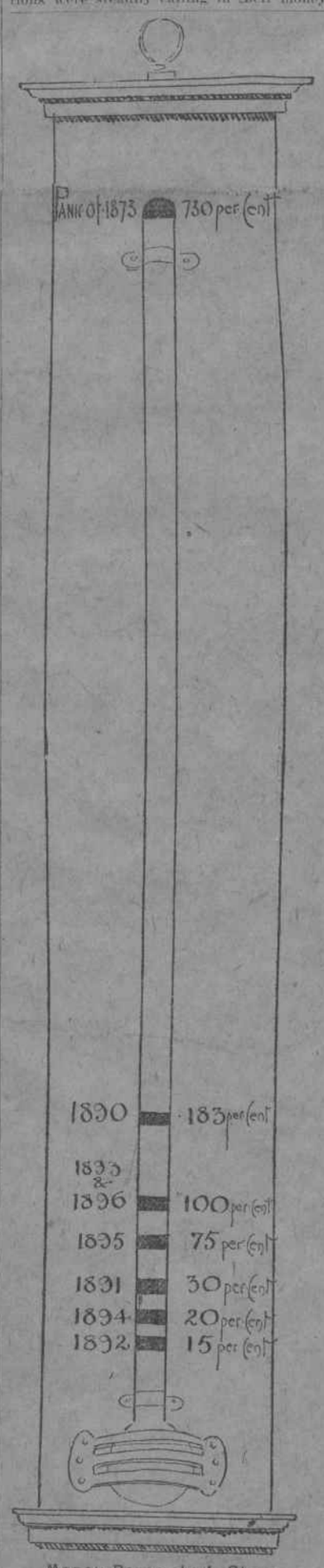
Big Financial Institutions Made No Attempt, as in Previous Panics, to Relieve the Situation and Soaring Prices Are Looked for To-day.

Opening, 10 per cent; lowest, 10 per cent; highest, 100 per cent; closing, 80 per cent.

This is the record of the call money market on the New York Stock Exchange yesterday. There was little to be had at these prices. The money was most effectually cornered. Even the Wall Street men said they could not understand why, if there was money enough to go around at 80 per cent, it should not be obtainable at 6 per cent.

One of the reasons is that, not knowing what will occur in the financial world as represented by Wall Street, in case of Bryan's election, the bankers prefer to hold their cash rather than certificates of stock of questionable value representing loans of money.

Had any one of the big banks or private bankers stepped into the market, as houses like J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. have done in previous money panics, the market could have been broken at once, and interest charges on call loans would have resumed their normal proportions. Instead of doing this, many of the big institutions were steadily calling in their money,



Money Barometer's Story.

The readings, topped by that of the panic of 1873, when 730 per cent was the quotation, show that, after the 183 per cent rate that ruled in 1890, yesterday's rate of 100 per cent comes third in the history of money corners in Wall Street. The same rate was reached during the exciting days of 1893. Other extreme quotations are: 1895, 70 per cent; 1891, 30; 1894, 20, and 1892, 15 per cent.

and, probably in some cases, reloaning the same money to other borrowers at higher rates of interest.

Putting on the Screws.

The stringency in the money market was precipitated by the calling of loans by private bankers and trust companies. The Union Trust Company is credited with making the most sweeping call for loans. Brown Brothers & Co., who loaned fully a quarter of a million Wednesday at low rates of interest, were said to have called most of these loans yesterday.

A large portion of the money loaned by the trust companies belongs to railroad and other corporations that place the money with the trust companies to be loaned on call at the best rates obtainable. Many of these corporations have interest charges, coupons and dividends to pay November 1. The trust companies were therefore compelled to call a large number of loans to meet the November requirements of their depositors.

As no loans can be called on Saturday, and the first of the month falls on Sunday, the corporation requiring funds that had been loaned had only Saturday and to-day in which to get their cash in hand.

Another cause for the increase in rates was that the banks were critical in the acceptance of collateral on loans, and in many cases required more collateral. This was due to a fear that the market may break. It is a not uncommon condition a few days before election, and the more cautious were prepared for it.

How the Rates Jumped.

The ordinary bid for money early in the day was 10 per cent, with only small amounts obtainable at that rate. The gradual advance in the rate until 50 per cent was reached about 1 o'clock showed but little increase in supply. As call money was hard to obtain at any price the anxious brokers kept increasing their bids until the top figure of 100 per cent was reached.

The loan crowd on the floor of the Exchange was greatly excited while the rates were soaring. Bids and offers from 80 to 100 per cent were heard simultaneously in different portions of the crowd. Brokers who were carrying long lines of stock for customers were simply compelled to borrow money. If was a case of borrow, sell or assign. And so the rates were marked up.

Further Calls To-day.

It is expected for this reason that many additional loans will be called to-day, and in that case, unless the national banks come to the rescue and break the money corner, another soaring of rates will occur.

When money was quoted at 50 per cent, the brokers opened their eyes and little knots gathered in offices wondering the why and wherefore. Then a loan was made at 60 per cent. Within a few minutes a loan was made at 40 per cent, and then in quick succession the quotations bounded by tens to 80 and then to 100 per cent.

Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co. at this stage loaned [illegible] per cent per day and 6 per cent. At one-quarter per cent per day the yearly rate is 91 per cent. This, added to the regular 6 per cent per annum, makes 97 per cent. Another house, shortly before this, borrowed $100,000 until Wednesday at $800 bonus and the regular 6 per cent additional.

The prominent loaners of money were J. & W. Seligman & Co., Lazard Freres, Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co., L. von Hoffman & Co. and Heidelbach, Ickelheimer & Co. Their loans were in small amounts, and were seized with avidity by the brokers who were elbowing each other out of the way in their eagerness to make a bid that would be accepted by the otferers of money.

A curious feature of the situation was that the market did not break to any perceptible degree. It is true that late in the afternoon there was a slight decline and evidences of weakness. This was quickly stemmed by those who are loaded down with pet stocks, and a sharp rally occurred toward the close.

In every other money corner that approached a panic so closely as yesterday, the brokers preferred to sell stocks rather than borrow money at exorbitant rates. This was not the case yesterday, for few persons parted with their holdings. They seemed to be willing to pay almost any price for money rather than sell.

Old Rules Didn't Hold.

The rules that have heretofore prevailed in times of money stringency were also violated yesterday in the foreign exchange market. High rates of interest prevailing here usually entice large sums from abroad and the rates of exchange decline to make imports of money from the other side possible.

Foreign exchange did not weaken yesterday. At one time it sold at 4.83½, but it closed at 4.84¾, the same price as prevailed the night previous. One reason for this may be the heavy imports of gold that have recently been made. Though the bankers have denied it many times, it is a fact that a large portion of this gold was borrowed in Europe, the importers here selling exchange short in order to get the gold that they have sold in this market at a premium.

No sterling loans were made yesterday. Whether it was due to the unwillingness of English and French bankers to increase their loans here or not, the fact remains that no foreign loans were made to ease the situation.

Within about thirty seconds of the closing of the exchange, it is claimed that one banking house made a loan of $25,000 at 6 per cent flat. This fact was bandied about late in the afternoon, but it was not accepted as a legitimate quotation, and was credited to a desire on the part of brokers long of the market to give out the impression that the money stringency had subsided.

Late in the day an informal conference was held between Presidents Tappen, of the Gallatin National Bank; Cannon, of the Chase National Bank; Hepburn, of the Third National Bank; Simmons, of the Fourth National Bank, and Manager Sherer, of the Clearing House Association. It was stated that the purpose of the conference was to devise some means of easing the money market to-day. No decision was made in the matter, though it is claimed that something may be done by the banks acting in unison to-day.

Views of Bank Presidents.

President Simmons said afterward:

"There was no formal conference between the bank presidents. Several of us met informally, as is our custom, to talk over

Continued on Fourth Page.

ARTIST MODEL SHE; MODEL WIFE TO BE.

Fairest One, 'Tis Said, in Town; Curly Hair, Sunny Brown; Jolly as Can Be.

Every Painter Sad at Heart; Their Fame Hers in Major Part. To Lose Her—Misery!

"His Name? Oh, No, It Wouldn't Do," Quoth Miss Cervantes, "for You to Know It. See?"

THANKSGIVING DAY THE WEDDING DATE.

Perhaps 'Tis Just as Well to State. No Matter What Should Be the Weather, May She Be Happy Altogether.

Eva Cervantes is to be married. This is why all the artists whom one meets are sad. She has had for five years, as their favorite model, a share in all their triumphs. She was Salome in red, presenting on a salver the head of John the Baptist; Helena, wearing at her throat the mysterious schwatskha, which is the emblem of the Aryan races; Phrynette, in satin of the last century; the American girl of the seashore; she is in water colors and pastels which the society and the Academy have laureated. She is intelligent, sincere, joyful.

At the last Arion ball, when she appeared in the dress of a comedy soubrette, murmurs of admiration filled the ball. It was as if a picture by Watteau had come out of its frame. She knows how to take a pose, retain it without a sign of weariness or impatience for an hour, and enter into the spirit of it with the most delicate sentiment.

The Best Model in Town.

"Why, she is the best model in town," said W. H. Funk, yesterday, in his studio, where Miss Cervantes's picture, painted for the Fall Academy, in an Empire gown under a poke bonnet ornamented with roses, fills a wide panel.

"Eva to be married? It is improbable; therefore it is true," they say, for she deals in the improbable.

Then, she admitted that she was to be married. She made this admission reluctantly yesterday, in her drawing room, from which has been banished everything that is not pink, or white, and charming. With her eyes, that know all things, and her hair in curls, falling in her eyes, she was a picture that an artist could not have resisted the temptation to paint.

She said, "Well, yes. I do not envy the independence of the new woman. I am not at all anxious to support myself always. It is so good to rest on the arm of a man, as if one were a child, and let him command; and place upon him the responsibility of everything good or bad that one does. Then, I am twenty years old, you know."

"Is your husband in Bohemia?"

"Oh, my, no!" Eva replied. "He is in a land the geography of which artists do not know. He is in the heart of Philistia, in the wholesale dry goods district. He is a man of order. He was always obedient to his parents. He takes his meals and his sleep at regular hours. I shall have to make woollen slippers for him. By the way, who can teach me how to make them?"

The Name She Would Not Tell.

"What is to be your name as a Philistine's wife?"

"I will not tell," she replied. "Haven't you ever read the maxim which says, 'Happiness is so timid that if you talk of it off it goes,' and made up your mind not to mention the thing or the person that brought you happiness?"

"But you have another reason for not telling his name. Tell the reason."

"Well," she said, slowly, "Trilby should not have talked with Little Billee's mother. Little Billee was an inspired little fool, but if Trilby had not talked with his mother, Trilby might have made something of him.

"Now, I am not going to my charming little Philistine's mother before I am his wife, and I am sure that you are not anxious to make her come and sermonize to me, so that I will promise never to see her darling son again. No, we love each other. I am his equal. He wants to marry me. I don't know why anybody should interfere."

"For your good, my dearie," interposed Eva's mother, whose hair is white. "You do not know what Philistia is. It is dreadfully comfortable. Then your husband will be jealous, and you will have to listen to reproaches as long as days without bread for having posed for what M. du Maurier called 'the altogether.'"

Not in Dread of Unhappiness.

Eva shrugged her shapely shoulders and smiled with an air which signified that she was not in dread of domestic infelicity. She looked at her engagement ring and her eyes seemed to gather confidence from its turquoise and diamonds.

The report that Miss Eva Cervantes, in person, confirmed the announcement of her coming marriage went through the studios quickly, and provoked varied exclamations. One artist said:

"If you promise not to tell the names you may relate an incident of Miss Cervantes's career which will show how well wedded she is to her profession as a model.

"An illustrator for the magazines was disheartened a year after his marriage because he had fallen into the money-making rut and found it impossible to do any work that was really beautiful. Suddenly his old manner returned. One evening at the opera his wife overheard a conversation between the artist Beckwith and another painter whose name I do not remember. The latter was saying: 'No wonder Smith draws pictures which are full of happiness! Eva Cervantes is his model.' The next morning Mrs. Smith—this is not the true name—went to her husband's studio at the hour of his bicycle ride and say Eva there. Eva knew as soon as Mrs. Smith entered why she had come. I suppose that Mrs. Smith's jealousy was not very evident, even if Eva detected the expression of it easily, for Eva is innocently clever. Well, the model threw off her cloak and said simply: 'Look at me. My figure is perfect. How can you be jealous of me?'

"I am quite sure that if Smith falters in his work ever Eva will go to his house and say to him, 'Come, you need a model.'"

Miss Eva Cervantes, however, is to be married on Thanksgiving Day.

It Appalled Him.

MISS WINDCITE (to Marquis de Paris)—When are you going back to Yurrup, Marquis?

THE MARQUIS—Never, Mademoiselle, if it is pronounced that way.

Eva Cervantes, Model, to Marry.

She is said to be the prettiest in town, and all the artists are sad; for their honors, truth to tell, are as much hers as their own. But she wont tell just yet who the happy man is that on Thanksgiving Day will lead her to the altar.

His Definition.

"I have just finished that French novel you presented me."

"What's the tenor of it?"

"It's base."

BRYAN'S FLYING TRIP TO ILLINOIS TOWNS.

Enthusiastically Welcomed All Along the Line of His 285-Mile Route.

Yellow Badges Seen in Plenty at Belvidere, but the Audience Listened Eagerly to the Silver Doctrine.

Crowd Stood in a Downpour at Freeport and Vigorously Cheered the Candidate--Back in Time for a Speech at Chicago.

AS DESCRIBED BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Chicago, Oct. 29.—"McKinley's the boy," shouted a man in the crowd, adding immediately afterward, "and Bryan's the man." The apothegm was cordially received, and I was led to reflect upon the contrast between the two individuals.

On the one hand I saw the little gilded, pinchbeck Major, peeking and piping his complacent platitudes in his Canton cottage, appearing on his little porch and retiring from it like the pith fig[illegible] [illegible]ther box.

On the [illegible]r hand I beheld Bryan, standing like an oak, strong, fresh, sincere, beneficent, telling truth and doing good to friend and foe alike, and actually fighting half this nation, and successfully, too, with nothing to help him but the honesty and wisdom of his cause. It is not Bryan, but the American people that is really on trial in this campaign, and the 3d of November will determine whether there is more manhood and independence in this country than there is cowardice and folly.

This morning we were up early to take a day's trip through the Chicago environs in a special train. Mr. Bryan, having had a good sleep after the incredible exertions of yesterday, came out in fine condition and excellent voice. There was an ovation at the Northwestern depot as the candidate came down the stairs. As we skimm[illegible] across the level fields women came [illegible] of the doors of the houses to h[illegible] their babies, tramps started [illegible] their repose under the fe[illegible] and wave their ragged [illegible] raced and screamed [illegible] tions as we thundered by the noise of shouting gatherings for an instant was in our ears and was gone.

A Patriarch's Enthusiasm.

One old white-haired patriarch, who looked as if he had lain buried since the war, had decorated his tumbledown shanty with such scraps of red, white and blue as he was able to scrape together, and was standing outside his door with both of his rheumatic old arms going like windmills. Merely to see the train go by that contained the people's champion was reward enough for him.

Our first stop was at Elgin. The train stopped on a viaduct, beneath which the road, lying at right angles, dipped to pass through the little town and cross a bridge over the river. The rostrum for the speaker was near the bridge; the whole dip of the valley was flooded with people; they came racing headlong [illegible] bridge from afar; [illegible] the brink of dangerous roofs, and pe[illegible] vaded trees and telegraph poles. M[illegible] Bryan was conducted by two of th[illegible] most enormous men I have yet seen through the roaring maelstrom and safely landed on the rostrum, an eighth of a mile away.

Yellow Badges on Boys.

I sat in the window of the car on the viaduct. There came first the great shout of welcome and the waving of hats and flags; then the hush, as the orator lifted his hands; and then the organ voice of Bryan, every word distinct to my ears as I sat. For ten minutes he spoke and they listened, ever and anon bursting impressibly forth in cheers. It was the old familiar experience, yet ever new and wonderful.

Belvedere, our next station, is regarded as a red-hot Republican stronghold; and, sure enough, there was a tall man in the crowd wearing a long yellow oilskin coat, and a lady, with a yellow lining to her cape, was wearing the cape inside out. And there were yellow badges in plenty, though five out of six of them were worn by boys of ten and under, as has generally been the case on this trip. The speaking stage was close to the railway, between two of the brick railway sheds. But Mr. Bryan might have found footing almost as solid on the shoulders of these idle curiosity people themselves, who surrounded the platform over an area of an acre.

Moreover, the expression of gold sentiment was confined entirely to the badges, the coat and the cape aforesaid. It is difficult to fathom the behavior of the disciples of Hanna, who stood drinking in the pernicious blasphemies of the free silver demon as the thirsty desert absorbs the reviving rain. In truth, the dissimulating faculty of these golden folk almost passes belief.

Rockford was already accounted ours before we came, so there was little left to conquer; but I am afraid to estimate how many thousand peopl[illegible] were present to revel in their silver i[illegible] Mr. Bryan gave them forty [illegible] insanity, and yet they [illegible] back to the car plat[illegible] more.

As for Freep[illegible] a pouring ra[illegible] been fishes [illegible] more of th[illegible] manifested [illegible] it can ra[illegible] homes [illegible] crowd [illegible]