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FATHER. To-day indicate fair and...

ING CAUSE. To-day's election will...

...until the ballot boxes are closed to-night. We have a confidence that Mr. Bryan will be our next President, and that the people will be found to have given the policy he represents his endorsement. But this is, of course, uncertain. The power of the great and has been unscrupulous. It has been sufficient to induce the National Administration to use its influence and patronage against the party to whom it owes two terms of power. Mr. Bryan may be elected.

There is no uncertainty, however, one fact. If Mr. Bryan should be elected before the Republican army, by mercenaries and aided by the deserters, the principles he stands for, the cause he has so ably and bravely upheld, will not fall with him. He may suffer temporary defeat, but if not triumphant now, will be triumphant in four years' time; if not in four years, will be met in array in eight years. The agitation will go on until stopped by vicissitudes embraced in the Democratic platform have been untruthfully presented as novel and revolutionary. They present issues which have before the people and tended to the sovereignty of the people.

And after to-day if, as we believe and hope, the people shall be found to have won the victory over the plutocrats, and the public good shall have triumphed over private greed, it is to be hoped the Republicans whose devotion to the American flag has never been doubted will recognize and acknowledge the impropriety of using it as a partisan emblem. If any gold lunatics, maddened by disappointed greed, should attempt to resist the people's will, the workingmen and the stout Western farmers who thronged the Bryan meetings during the campaign would be found under the Stars and Stripes upholding the Government, as they were found on the battle fields during the war.

It is time the assaults on the nation's honor and the slanders against more than half the American people should cease. Coming from foreigners they would be resented. Coming from our own citizens they are atrocious. At the close of the ballot boxes to-day, "Let there be peace."

WHAT THE VOTES MEAN. Every vote cast to-day— For McKinley, will be a vote to increase the value of gold; For Bryan, will be a vote to increase the value of labor; For McKinley, to put more gold into the bags of the money kings; For Bryan, to put more money into the pockets of the kings of labor; For McKinley, to revive a system of high tariff taxation, for the benefit of favored interests; For Bryan, to reduce tariff taxation on all the necessities of life; For McKinley, to centralize the Federal power at the expense of home rule; For Bryan, to prevent government by injunction and to apply the constitutional limitation to all the branches of the government; For McKinley, to suffer railroad and other corporations to disregard the laws with impunity and to increase and foster trusts; For Bryan, to strictly enforce the statutes relating to corporations through the law officers of the Government, and to destroy illegal trusts; For McKinley, to maintain the cause of the plutocrats.

...of possessors of large incomes, which, under our unequal system of taxation, pay no tribute whatever for Government protection. Is it likely that this plank in the Democratic platform will be abandoned if McKinley should by chance be elected? No; whatever may be to-morrow's result as far as candidates are concerned, the cause of which Bryan is the brilliant champion, the principles of the true Democracy, cannot be killed. Their agitation will not cease. Why should it? The cause is the cause of the West, the principles are the principles of the Western States, and the majority wins. The West is increasing in population, while in some States of the East the numbers are decreasing. The census of 1890 may show a change in the balance of power. In the West are the lands over which will swarm the new generation. In the West is the wealth that has made us what we are as a nation, and will make us what we shall be. In the West is the strength, the energy, the honesty that guarantee the perpetuity of free government. From the West will come the final and assured triumph of the principles championed by Bryan, the temporary fate of which is to be decided at the ballot box to-day.

LET THERE BE PEACE. It is noteworthy that while threats more or less violent have been made on the part of some of the Republican supporters of Mr. McKinley during this campaign of a refusal to accept peacefully the result of to-day's election if it should be favorable to Mr. Bryan, not a word or hint of resistance to the verdict, if it should be given for McKinley, has been heard from any of Mr. Bryan's supporters. Is this attributable to the fact that the silver advocates have been contending for the public good and the cause of the whole people, while the gold advocates have been fighting for personal and selfish interests? That is a natural conclusion, although one not flattering to our national character. Of course, all such threats are meaningless, come from what source they may. If Mr. Bryan is elected, the gold speculators will abandon their predictions of general ruin, accept the result and set to work to make all the money they can out of their practical monopoly of gold while the Cleveland Administration lasts. If McKinley should be chosen, silver advocates will continue to agitate the people by argument in the efficacy of the double standard as a remedy for existing evils, will make the free coinage of silver the issue four years from now with confidence that no permanent relief will be possible until the evil of a single gold standard has been removed and that victory must come at last. They will accept the result in good faith, but will continue their efforts in the cause of the people.

It is gratifying, however, now that the campaign is over, to find that the men so savagely assailed as Anarchists have distinguished themselves by their efforts to prevent lawlessness and disorder, and that the alleged party of riot has proved to be the party of reason. And after to-day if, as we believe and hope, the people shall be found to have won the victory over the plutocrats, and the public good shall have triumphed over private greed, it is to be hoped the Republicans whose devotion to the American flag has never been doubted will recognize and acknowledge the impropriety of using it as a partisan emblem. If any gold lunatics, maddened by disappointed greed, should attempt to resist the people's will, the workingmen and the stout Western farmers who thronged the Bryan meetings during the campaign would be found under the Stars and Stripes upholding the Government, as they were found on the battle fields during the war.

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For Bryan, to uphold the cause of the people. Every intelligent and honest citizen, every workman in especial, whether on farm or in factory, whether artisan or laborer, ought to know how to vote on such issues as these.

ENGLAND'S INTEREST IN TO-DAY'S VOTING.

The intense interest taken by the English press in this American Presidential election would be highly flattering if it were the unselfish solicitude of kinsmen for our welfare. The Journal, of course, takes no stock at all in the theory, so well worked in the past by the Republican party, that in order to know what is good for the United States it is only necessary to ascertain what England desires, and then do the contrary. That appeal to prejudice has yielded large results to the protectionists in other campaigns, though it is noticeable that they have been extremely reticent about British opinion this year. Still, when England grows excited about the Democratic proposal that the United States shall set up a financial system of its own, instead of waiting for England's permission to alter the basis of the currency, the significance of her excitement, under the circumstances, ought not to be overlooked.

The system we now have is the English system, and England's fear that we may abandon it proves that it is extremely advantageous to England. Whether it is also advantageous to us or not is a question that does not go to the British heart. As our creditor, England has reason to hope and pray for Major McKinley's success. If the gold standard shall be maintained she will receive back dollars more valuable than those she has loaned us, for under the single standard gold's purchasing power steadily rises.

England is always for England. If she should determine to change back to bimetalism, and we should call on her not to do it without our consent, for the reason that it would be bad for her, England would laugh at us. And under. Yet that is precisely the nature of things that English eyes see when they look across the Atlantic. A great political party has declared that the United States must not remonetize silver until foreign consent has been given—particularly British consent. It is not surprising that England is interested in to-day's voting, or that her heart sinks and her pocket trembles at the prospect of McKinley's defeat.

BEWARE OF BRIBERY.

It is the intention of the Republican party to attempt to win the election by bribery—the direct purchase of votes—if victory cannot be achieved in any other way, and it should be possible to do so. This is not a reckless assertion, made as so many of the Republican charges are made, without any evidence to back it. It is notorious that bribery is one of the most difficult charges to substantiate by direct, positive proof. There are generally only two witnesses to the crime, the briber and the bribed. Hence circumstantial evidence is admissible, and is generally all there is to go upon unless one or other of the principals betrays the transaction. We base the assertion that bribery is contemplated by the Republicans on the ground that they make positive claims to the electoral vote of Western States in which their own party in its State Conventions has declared absolutely for free silver coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1.

California, on June 20, 1894; Colorado, on September 12, 1894; Idaho, on August 10 of the same year; Montana, on May 9; Nevada, on August 24; North Carolina, on August 30; South Dakota, on August 23; Wyoming, on September 27, 1894, and Utah, in its first State Convention, held at Salt Lake City, August 23, 1895, all demanded unequivocally the immediate free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. Indiana, on April 25, at its Republican State Convention, declared for "a currency composed of gold, silver and paper, readily convertible at a fixed standard of value."

The Michigan Republicans, on June 23, 1894, endorsed the action of their Congressmen in voting against the proposition to change the word "coin" to "gold" in bonds issued by the United States Government. When the Republican advocates and beneficiaries of gold boast confidently they have "got" such States it is not a fair conclusion that they contemplate using their enormous election fund to buy the votes of the electors? The hope of the Democracy is in the honesty of the Western people. They feel certain of the failure of the attempt to "buy up the West," of which Republican politicians boast. The Western States will elect Bryan and save the country.

Perhaps Hon. David B. Hill will venture to think out in the open after to-day. Russell Sage believes the American flag has its uses. For instance, it is a handy thing to pull between himself and the vulgar people. Nevertheless and notwithstanding Mr. Hanna's effort in the opposite direction, the American flag is an institution that belongs to no one political party.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT AMUSEMENTS. ACADEMY OF MUSIC, GRAND OPERA HOUSE, METROPOLITAN THEATRE, etc.

Mrs. Hariclee Darlee.

Mrs. Hariclee Darlee, proudly lined and aristocratically Romanian (vide Colonel J. H. Mapleson's burst upon us last night at the Academy of Music as "Viola in 'La Traviata'"), the event should have occurred last Wednesday, but Mrs. Darlee, feminine though proudly lined, capricious though Romanian, declined to appear—according to an old-fashioned story—because she had fallen to arrive. And as she came forward in act I, with a Patti trip, and a use-this-defensive smile, you immediately realized that there was method in her madness. She was exquisitely gowned, and jewels by the bushel gleamed upon the graceful rotundity of her bosom. She looked exceedingly well, and, as it happened, that fact was the strongest point in her favor. She was absolutely justified in declining to appear until her own gown came to hand.

Mrs. Darlee is rather a fascinating person, not unwell, as the owners of most prima donna voices are apparently bound to be, and with a certain cachet of refinement about her entity. That cachet, however, is easily explained. "Her ancestral estates were for a time occupied by Russian troops" (vide Colonel J. H. Mapleson), "and the Emperor Alexander II. resided in her father's palace for several weeks while personally directing the movements of the army. In recognition of the hospitality shown him the Czar bestowed many valuable gifts upon the future prima donna's father, all of which were bequeathed to her and are now in her possession. How could La Darlee fail to seem patrician with such a history? Having read it before going to the Academy, it seemed to me that the lady's initial smile seemed to say: 'Alexander resided in my popper's palace. He didn't reside in any of your popper's palaces. So—there now!' And if I am doing Mrs. Darlee an injustice it is all Colonel Mapleson's fault for putting the idea into my head. What connection, for goodness sake, is there between ancestral estates and a lady who tries to sing the role of Violetta?"

The new prima donna was a vital disappointment to those who wotted nothing of popper's voice and the Czar's appreciation. Her entire performance was marred by a jelly-like wobble of the voice, that in musical jargon is called a vibrato. Mrs. Darlee's notes wouldn't stand up. They wouldn't go straight. They shook; they swayed; they erred in every direction. She has dramatic intelligence, a fervid temperament and, as I said before, a chic personality, but none of those qualities atoned for the insecurity of her voice. Once or twice she sang "off the key," and her roulades were forced and artificial. At the end of the first and second acts, however, the Italian lovers of protechnics applauded her most furiously, and gave her encouragement, plus a great many flowers. It is possible that Darlee's wobble was due, to some extent, to nervousness; that she lacks the icy indifference, which enthusiasts to the contrary—produces the most satisfactory prima-donna effects. As I say, this is possible—a great deal is possible. The fact is, however, that Hariclee Darlee, in "Traviata," was disappointing.

The poor lady had much to contend with. She got her dresses, to be sure, but she also got a tenor absurd enough to drive any well-regulated mind frantic. Of course nobody expects very much consistency in opera—the whole operatic scheme is opposed to any very strenuous degree of sanity; but when you ask a crowd of every day people, who are sitting so close to the cable road that they can hear the jangle of the cars, to believe that any living Violetta could possibly waste her emotional powers on such an Alfredo, you are demanding a sheer impossibility. The Alfredo last night was a simple, emaciated youth, with a loose, lank wig, and a Little Lord Fagallure's suit of black velvet, with lace collar and cuffs. He appeared to be suffering from a chronic throbbing feeling, as if you had expected him to sing an ode—not to Violetta, but to Saraphantilla.

And when she waxed fervid, and—as Mary Ann would say—"carried on," her emotion seemed to be too much for him. He looked shocked, grieved, and not angry, but hurt. Poor Signor Bert! His personality is not his fortune. He would be a much more appropriate figure for Bunthorne in "Patience" than for Alfredo in "Traviata." When Darlee leaned her arms upon him, and pushed him about the stage with her embonpoint, you felt quite sorry for him. He appeared to feel his position so acutely. You could almost hear him say, "Do be calm, dear. I'm not very strong, and I can't stand such scenes." It is not pleasant to see pallid boys imposed upon as Violetta imposed upon Alfredo, and when Papa Germeto made his entrance and induced her to give him up, you felt that "twas best for him, and likewise decidedly best for her. Signor Bert's voice will be agreeable when he has matured, and when he has ceased to be frightened of it. At present his own notes scare him. Signor Ughetto sang the role of Germeto. He lost his dignity, however, very early, for mere resonance is utterly vanquished when it is confronted with one-lace-trimmed trousers hanging longer than the other. The first glimpse you had of this most important character occurred when—in the languish-

...of the comb song—"one of his legs was longer than I really ought to be." Signor Ughetto had his mahlade de trousers attached to after his first exit. At the close of the first scene of the second act he was perfectly acceptable and sang extremely well. The other roles were entrusted to Ollyle, Borelli, Alberti, etc. Mrs. Meysenheld and Mme. Du Redati. They all lent excellent support, but some show or other the excellent ensemble they were all praised so highly in "Aida" appeared to be lacking in this presentation of "Traviata." Perhaps we have outgrown our opera. It is just possible that its melody, done to death, have begun to pall upon us and that nothing but exceptional merit would render it endurable. There was nothing in the least excep-

tional in this latest version. It was all over, with little mediocre and tame. The audience was not large, and if "Mrs. Darlee" has been a recipient of many attentions from prominent Europeans (vide Colonel J. H. Mapleson)—"the story of her noble lineage being known to the members of the Metropolitan foreign colony"—then all I can say is that they have a very odd way of backing up their attentions. I'm afraid that Colonel Mapleson will have to furnish diagrams of those ancestral estates. It looks very much as though he were another Claude Melnotte trying to gull a community of trusting Paulines.

ALAN DALE. Some Talk of The Literary Shop. I came across a book in a circulating library the other day which is so clever and readable that I was surprised that my attention had not been drawn to it before, and still more surprised to learn that its contents had appeared serially in Harper's Bazar, a periodical redolent of patterns and reclopes. This book is called "Out of Town," and although the name of the author is not given, it is illustrated by Mrs. Rosina Emmett Sherwood, with such keen appreciation of the text that I am rather inclined to hold her responsible for some of it. "Out of Town" is the best picture of suburban life that I have ever seen. It is drawn on a higher plane than the Lonelyville and the Lonesomehursts of the comic weeklies, and is, to my taste, much more amusing. I don't know if there is any one living within twenty miles of New York who will fail to recognize and enjoy such familiar types of suburban life as are presented here in the persons of Uncle Chad, Miller and Dr. Finney, the sociable village store keeper. Perhaps the best of the ten chapters is the one describing the entertainment given in aid of the local fire engine company, which is precisely the sort of entertainment that will be given this Winter in Lonesomehurst, Nutley, Pelham Manor, Bergen Point, Lonelyville, Ozona Park, Instalmenville and Brooklyn. I hope that the unknown and modest author of "Out of Town" will do something more for our amusement. As a thoughtful student of contemporary letters I cannot permit such an interesting event as the marriage of Mr. E. W. Bok to pass unnoticed. It has often seemed to me that I could trace in the lineaments of Hogarth's "Industrious Apprentice," a certain resemblance to the features of him whose mind has for many years guided that tremendous organ of progressive thought, the Ladies' Home Journal. It will be remembered that in his portrayal of the contrasting careers of the two apprentices, Hogarth has shown the one engaged in a game of chance on an ancient tombstone, while his more ambitious fellow is busy at the loom, doubtless forming those graceful fancies which have found expression in those soul-stirring columns devoted to the same theme. In another plate the industrious one is seen in church, singing from the same hymn-book with his master's daughter, and no one who has frequented innocuous circles can fail to see the significance of this cut. In another picture the citizens celebrate the marriage of the Hogarthian Bok with his master's daughter, and at the same time the worthy young man is made a member of the firm. There is another picture which shows him seated in the chair of office with grief and compassion written on his face, for stern duty compels him to reject the contribution of the idle one, who has wound up a career of crime by offering him a ballade without an envol. I need not speak of the rich equipment in the way of household economy and domestic learning which Mr. Bok carries with him into his new life. It was he who discovered the philosopher's stone that enables one to change the obsolete silk hat into a card receiver, to encrust the tomato can with postage stamps, to blend the pickled beet and scumple and mould them into a toothsome and nourishing dessert. I offer my felicitations to the three parties to the contract. I heartily congratulate Mr. Bok on the good fortune which has rewarded his thoroughly meritorious career and Mrs. Bok on the acquisition of a husband who has, I am sure, always lived up to the excellent precepts which he offers to young men. Last of all, I present my compliments to Mr. Chris and trust that he appreciates the advantage of securing a son-in-law who is sure to be a staff, and not a burden to him in his declining years.

Why This Girl Says Pleasant Things.

"I always make it a point to say pleasant things about the other girls," said the girl in the sailor hat. "It does sound better, doesn't it?" returned the girl in the poke bonnet. "It isn't so much that, dear; the fact is that I'm superstitious about it. If I allow myself to say anything mean about a girl something always happens to make me sorry. Why, last Summer we were staying at a quiet country place, and one of the girls was all the time complaining that there were no young men about. Finally, I got tired and told somebody that it wouldn't do her any good if there were dozens."

"With the result that the first man who appeared fell in love with her! I know, I know!" "No, dear; he was her brother. He began to pay me attention, when she promptly told him that I was engaged." "Ah, well; if it was true?" "But it wasn't. He happened to know a man who—well, who had gone so far as to ask me if I thought a married man ought to spend all his evenings at home. They met not long afterward, talked of me and the consequence was that I lost them both just because I had said a mean thing about another girl!" "Mercy! that was bad luck! Why?" "Yes, and one day not long ago I said I didn't blame Sue for wearing false hair; that I'd do it myself if I had as little as she."

"And what did she say about you in return?" "Nothing, dear. She merely hunted up a photograph of me taken in the street dress of six years ago, and hung it up in the parlor. The next day she invited Dick Freshly to call." "But I don't see?" "I had told him that I only got out of boarding school two years ago, dear!" "Upon my word, that was a mean trick! Did that break you?" "Of saying mean things? Not quite. You remember how attentive that rich Mr. Goldie was to Julia last year, don't you?" "Seems to me I do, but—" "Well, I got a good chance to tell him about Charles, and I did. The consequence was that he proposed to me instead and I accepted him."

"But I don't see any bad luck in that?" "Don't you? He lost every cent in the world six weeks later, and think how much nicer it would have been to have that happen to Julia instead of myself?" "Of course, it would, but—" "Yes, well, the next thing I did was merely to remark that since Marie had tried everything else on her face, she might now use a little soap and water. After that she refused to have anything to do with me!" "I know; then she went abroad and became engaged to a Count."

"Yes, and only think if we had remained intimate all the papers in town would have interviewed me on the subject of the marriage." "Yes, and you might have aired all her past history in the most friendly way?" "I know. Well, and as if that was not enough, I told Mr. Greener that the flush upon Helen's cheek was a great deal prettier than if it was natural."

"Well, I'm sure, it was true, anyhow; so?" "Yes; but Teddy's mother, to whom I had said as much, heard me say it, and decided that a daughter-in-law with such a tongue would not be pleasant." "Oh, but what difference did her opinion make, anyhow?" "A great deal in this case, dear. She will not give Teddy that house in Thirty-fifth street if he marries me—and I will not marry him unless she does!" "Oh, well, one can get even with other girls without saying mean things." "So I have discovered," said the girl in the sailor hat.

Dr. McGlynn for Bryan.

Newburg, N. Y., Nov. 2. To the Editor of the Journal I regard the demand for the remonetization of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 as eminently honest and statesmanlike. At that ratio the quantities of the two metals in the world available for coinage are about equal in value, and the United States, with greater population, wealth, production and internal and external commerce, is far better able to maintain the parity for the whole world than France, which did maintain it for seventy years. Thus would the resolutions of Congress as to parity be made good. The depreciation of gold would maintain wages, raise prices and stimulate industry, and thus bring increase of wages, and what is better, steadier and general employment. But the reform as to the medium of exchange would be but a temporary tonic or palliative. The facilities for exchange and communication, railroads and telegraphs, and the natural bottlenecks from which the products to be exchanged must come, are owned and controlled by monopolies. The movement of the new Democracy logically indicates an irresistible tendency to destroy such monopoly. It is an uprising of the honest masses against oppressive criminal corporations, monopolists and trusts, against a plutocracy, a government by wealth, that has evaded or defied the law and controlled the making, interpretation and execution of the law. It is a movement to bring judicial and executive officers, who have abused their positions and usurped powers back to the observance of the letter and spirit of the Constitution, as is fully shown in Gov. Algeid's admirable New York speech. The candidate of the Chicago Convention, chosen by a happy inspiration, is, I think, singularly well fitted to be the standard bearer in what is more a crusade than a mere political campaign. His clean edge, fact, statesmanship, self-restraint, equilibrium under strong provocation, his indefatigable energy and industry, of which he has given extraordinary evidence, make me half him with enthusiasm as something like a current of pure fresh air breathing upon our fevered political conditions. I will vote for him, and I pray for his election, and I advise all those who have confidence in my judgment and in my rectitude to vote and to work for him. EDWARD M'GLYNN.

The Jesters' Chorus.

"You look so pleased; where have you been?" "I've been visiting dentist's offices, and had a lovely time—got a lot of new ideas for our college yell."—Chicago Record. "How did the joint debate come out last night?" "Well, I think we rather out the best of it. While it is true that the other fellows had a horse fiddle and a bass drum, our crowd had nearly two tin horns to their one."—Indiana Journal.

Just a Moment with the Chappies.

"What shall I profit a chappie if he gain the favor of the German Emperor and lose his credit so as to be hauled up in supplementary proceedings in Brooklyn?" This question is suggested by the fact that dear old Poultney Bigelow, friend and college chum of Kaiser Wilhelm II., has been given the dude debtor's dose in the City of Churches. Ever since Poultney was at Yale, some twenty years ago—and, by the way, they used to call him "Poultny" in those days—he has banked on the prestige of his acquaintance with the present ruler of the German Empire.

He has written page on page in the magazines and column on column in the newspapers about the happy hours of their childhood, and he paddled his canoe through the German waters to be near his royal friend at Kiel and other places in subsequent years. When the Jafrays, into whose family Poultney married, failed in business, we all felt decidedly sorry for the Jafrays, but we had no fear as to Poultney's future. We felt that whatever else might happen Poultney could always make a splendid living by writing of his intimate relations with the German Emperor.

Were we just silly old know-nothing chappies, as we usually are, or have the Poultney Bigelow reminiscences of Kaiser Wilhelm II. become a drug on the literary market? However that may be, Poultney has been forced to join that noble band of supplementary martyrs of whom "Jimmy" Waterbury, Duncan Cameron and Berry Wall wear the brightest halos, and to whose numbers many a dude sits trembling in Del's lest his name be added by an imperative command from an inexorable court.

There is much apprehension among the Chicago, Philadelphia and Pittsburg purchasers of Horse Show boxes that they may not get the full value of their investments. These people really don't care a rap for the horses; and for that matter very few people do. What they desire is to be in it with the real heavy swells of New York for at least one week in the year. That is what they pay their money for.

Now there are certain whisperings, from quarters that command respect, to the effect that the large falling off in the recent sale of Horse Show boxes was due to something more than election excitement and present hard times. It is hinted that the tip-top of the Four Hundred has turned its face away from the Horse Show because it disapproves of certain extravagances in behavior of the younger and faster set.

Too bad. The Horse Show ought to turn its face away from the tip-top of the Four Hundred. But it can't. You see, the tip-top of the Four Hundred is really the greatest part of the Horse Show; and if you took that away the out-of-town chappies wouldn't buy the boxes at any price. It's the swells they pay to see; not the horses. Hence the kick from them.

It may be that the tip-top of the Four Hundred has been seized with a sudden and unwonted attack of modesty, and that it is only pretending to turn away its face. I hope so, at any rate. It would be little short of a national calamity if the Horse Show should be left to the out-of-town box-holders and "Fatty" Bates.

Now, indeed, has the end come. Somebody has organized a "social club for family servants." Hitherto it has been hard enough to keep one's transgressions from the knowledge of one's friends through the intimacy of servants, but now—well, now one will have to give up transgressions or servants. Imagine a meeting of "The Social Club for Family Servants!" But I can't. An interchange of confidences between valets and maids, butlers and cooks would be about the most appalling thing that could befall us chappies and chappiesettes.

Surely the originators of that scheme must be contemplating the establishment of a sensational social news bureau. So far as I can see the chappies are not taking an apoplectic interest in the election to-day. Of course Chaucey and Horace Porter and the professional spellbinders have a lot to say—they always do—but your average dude doesn't give a damn. His seat is in his just as he thinks, which isn't enough to rupture any of the blood vessels in his brain, and the whole lot of them will probably vote the same way, which will be not at all.

Politics is a beastly bore, and so is the betting, and the argument and the shouting, and all the rest of it. The result is that every old chappie who hasn't already gone there will trot off to some country house this morning and leave the excitement of election returns to the beastly commoners, douterknower.

And yet I hear that Jamie Van Alen (one I, please) and Oliver Belmont left for Newport yesterday to cast their votes. By the way, there is considerable speculation just now as to whether Mr. and Mrs. Belmont will remain in New York this Winter or go abroad. It is not improbable that they will go abroad some time this Winter, for they are both very fond of travel, and Mrs. Belmont is naturally desirous to make a visit to her daughter, the Duchess of Marlborough.

But this will not happen until after the Horse Show, where both Mr. and Mrs. Belmont will be among the most conspicuous attendants. And when they do go abroad the going will be in no sense a retreat from the attacks of their enemies. Somebody has made the wonderful discovery that old "Tum Tum," the Prince of Wales, never wears a pair of trousers more than four times. What of it? There are half a dozen dudes in New York that have done quite as well as that, and some of them are not of "Tum Tum's" trousers-spilling build, either. It's not that the Prince of Wales can't wear a pair of trousers once without destroying the crease and filling them with transverse wrinkles. He is something like Ned Bulkeley in that respect.

But when you get a chappie on the pattern of Carroll Bryce—and who can ever mention trousers without thinking of Carroll's abbreviated panties—you find a man who might wear a pair of trousers four years without impairing the crease or causing the suggestion of a transverse wrinkle. With "Tum Tum" frequency in trousers is necessary; with Carroll Bryce it is choice. So don't come poling his Fat Nibs of Wales into our faces as a model of dress when we have his betters, as to legs at least, right here at home. We've got a pair of trousers on him in flowered silk waistcoats, but when it comes to trousers—well, CHOLLY KCKERDOCKER.

