

NEW YORK JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

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THE GREAT FOOTBALL GAME

The great athletic event of the Fall and Winter season is to take place today at Manhattan Field. There are a dozen different reasons why the Yale-Princeton football game arouses such great public interest, and each of them is a good one.

The roughness of the game is an objection in the minds of many, but it is more apparent than real. Twenty minutes of football would certainly disable a hundred of the strongest and most active men not especially prepared for it.

College football players for years past have given their testimony that they received no permanent injury, but great benefit from the game. But it is not likely that the consideration of injury to the players has much weight with those who really like football.

Princeton is admired because she is a smaller institution than Yale, and yet is Yale's most dangerous foe. Dr. Patton's pupils know the whole science of the game, and they play hard and fast every year.

New York maintains its high reputation as the wickedest city in the world. No doubt there are parts of this country in which there are fewer churches and fewer policemen, but they do not cut so large a figure in the criminal records as merry Gotham.

Nevertheless, here was a man who had waxed prosperous and had never had anything but peaceful experiences. He had been a frontiersman and had braved the terrors of Cripple Creek, whose inhabitants, according to the dramatist of "Gay New York," sing as their vesper hymn:

"We'll play you poker for a dollar or your life; We'll check you dice for a toothpick or your wife."

For years he lived among the storied perils of the wild West, and never had a button shot off his coat. But in an evil moment he decided to come to New York, a city presided over by the most pacific of tea-drinking Mayors and guarded, under the direction of the toothsome Roosevelt, by the very finest civil service police in the world.

The whole affair is a sad commentary on our domestic protective system. What will Tucson, Arizona, think of us, and what comments will shock the midnight air of Dead Man's Gulch? Undoubtedly the uncivilized West, where anarchists, regulators, free-silver cranks and Bryanites abound, will point the finger of scorn at us, and declare that our vaunted civilization is a failure.

The largest carpet mills in the world, located at Yonkers, N. Y., have shut down, and it is officially stated that they will not be reopened before next January.

The revival of trade which was expected to result from a Republican victory has not materialized. The orders for goods that were looked for have not been sent in, and a dreary winter, with no work and with nothing definite as to the prospects for work next year, is the outlook for the weavers.

A considerable number of manufacturers that were shut down before the election have been started up since, and the single gold standard newspapers ecstatically declared that the era of prosperity, which they promised as the logical outcome of the enthronement of gold, was already here.

the short week and the extra day in the succeeding week. But by taking the extra day's exports from the last week and putting them where they belong, the figures become \$9,210,174 for the first week's exports, and \$9,506,953 for the succeeding week, an increase of only \$296,778, instead of \$3,416,304, as claimed by the monometallists.

This is a gain, and the showing over the corresponding week of last year is larger. Although the figures are not so conclusive as the advocates of gold monometallism pretend, they indicate that the result of the election has stimulated trade. There is no question that many business men felt that the election of Mr. Bryan meant the financial ruin of the country, because of the lack of confidence which they thought would result.

The Journal will welcome a business revival, whether it be the result of the carrying into effect of Republican or Democratic principles. What it deprecates is the magnifying of little things into positive proof of something that all desire. If it should be found that the present spurt is temporary, the reaction will carry us down to depths in comparison with which the depression of the last few years will seem mountaineous.

ONE SAD VOICE IN ENGLAND. The ardent cordiality, not to say gushing affection, which now marks England's attitude toward this wonderful and admirable Republic cannot but draw the moisture of sensibility to the eye of every American who permits himself to forget some facts which it is, under the affecting circumstances, perhaps not magnanimous to mention.

Thirty or fifty years hence Europe, pressed almost to madness by inability to feed overcrowded peoples, will want to swarm into South America under its own flags. To deny them will mean attempting to crush the combined fleets and armies of Europe.

The Monroe doctrine as defined by the Cleveland Administration, with the hearty and determined approval of the American people, will stand like a wall against that swarming with flags. There is room in South America for the overcrowded people of Europe, plenty of room; and they will be welcome as they swarm over. But they will be obliged to leave their flags behind.

Britannia with her head resting on our shoulder and sighing in a gentle passion of maternal fondness inspires the soul to sentiments of peace and good will, undoubtedly. Yet the effusive old lady will bear watching always. The voice of the Spectator, though not official, is a thoroughly English voice.

Hon. Hazen Pingree is trying hard to devise some plan to become Governor of Michigan without ceasing to be Mayor of Detroit. For a reformer Mr. Pingree has an appetite for place that will be sure to challenge the admiration of the most intense spoliemen.

Ambassador Bayard has succeeded in making himself ridiculous without the least effort in that direction. With Mr. Depew as his successor our English cousins would have a great opportunity to master the superior Westchester humor and revel in the time-honored stories which have entertained the American people for years.

Colonel Jack Chinn is engaged in cleaning his guns, putting new edges on his knives, arranging on parliamentary law, and making other necessary arrangements for the forthcoming session of the Kentucky Legislature.

That one colored man in the Governor's Council up in Massachusetts may have the effect of cooling the aror of the whole of New England for the advancement of the colored man in the South.

It is very considerate in Colonel Watterson to transfer his advice to the Republican party. There was some danger of the Colonel's suggestions becoming a drug in the Democratic ranks.

While Mr. Platt is not ostentatiously engaged in giving advice to the President-elect, it is believed he is very much interested in what Warner Miller is not to get this time.

Mr. Foran, the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, got something from President Cleveland he was unable to get from Governor Altgeld—an office.

Up to the present time Canton's distinguished citizen has not seconded the motion to make Comptroller Eckels permanent.

Tom Reed's remarks on the duty of the Republican party will have to worry along without the Canton O. K. mark.

A great many politicians are disposed to regard eternal vigilance as the price of successful office seeking.

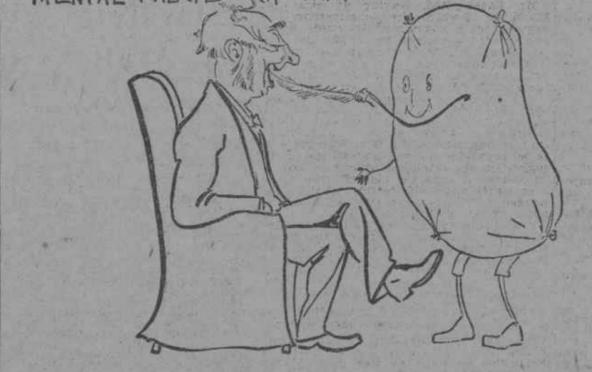
It may be that Mr. Roosevelt's admiration of the stic artists is provoked by their wonderful oratorical powers.

LOOK OUT FOR THE SUNDAY JOURNAL! LOOK OUT FOR THE COLORED SUPPLEMENT!



AND NOW THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING is in the air, and its gentle symphony rustles in the russet leaf that flutters to the polished pool or dances through the covers of the dreamy wood. And we are all thankful that we are no worse off. We are thankful for all the blessings that have been showered upon us, including the Colored Supplement, which is a real nickel-plated all-year-round blessing.

FEATHER-BEDS WILL ALSO TICKLE THE MENTAL PALATE OF HIM WHO LOVES REPOSE



And after you have enjoyed these illustrated echoes of colonial times, turn gently to the second page, which under the general title of "Gobbie, Gobbie, Gobbie," is warranted to fill the weary soul with joy, and to cause hair to grow upon the baldest head.

These green pictures on a yellow ground are, of course, suggestive of currency and gold to him of a well-trained financial fancy. This, of course, is, in a certain sense, allegorical, and the hidden meaning may be found by any one of ordinary intelligence who will purchase the Journal to-morrow.

A turkey raffle in McFadden's Row of Flats shows the Yellow Kid in his great delectable, while Mr. E. W. Townsend, the author of "Chimble Fadden," supplies a description of the Kid's feelings at the supreme moment when he wins the grand prize which is warranted to register in any stomach.

"Six Little Loves for the Team of a Fairy" is a poem in colors by Hy Mayor. It is also accompanied by a poem in words, and the combination is one that will add digestion and alleviate all affections of the throat, chest and lungs, as will the tripping song beginning, "Oh, the Timonose sits on the mulberry tree."

"Honey, Does You Love Yer Man?" is a coon love song, with illustrations, words and music by Ford and Branton, composers of "Paradise Alley," and published with the kind permission of Witmark & Sons. This popular melody can be cut out and bound between covers. It is produced in the Journal to-morrow as sung by Flora Irwin in "A Good Thing," which means that it is done in the best possible style.

To begin with, there is a most interesting account of a multi-millionaire who has a hobby of an esoteric character. Anything that is really esoteric is, of course, more interesting to the average man than is anything that is merely esoteric. The ready-made mince pie, and the canned plum pudding are esoteric so far as a knowledge of their formulae is concerned. That is why these engines of destruction are more interesting than they would be if they wore their prescriptions on their bosoms, which would make them exoteric. But what has all this to do with the multi-millionaire? Buy the great Sunday Journal and you will learn in the smallest possible fraction of a jiffy.

A most interesting paper deals with the smartest of monkeys, which rides a bicycle and plays upon a violin at the same time. We should think only a monkey could perform so wonderful a double-barrelled feat, which is the only one that is more difficult of accomplishment than that of thinking and floor walking simultaneously. One would naturally consider a ribbon counter knight as being the smartest of monkeys, but here is a real monkey that is a smarter specimen. Massachusetts is spending a million dollars in a mad endeavor to destroy a certain moth which eats overcoats as if they were cream puffs. If quail were plentiful, like moths, they wouldn't be worth their weight in toast, and if moths were as scarce as quail, it is quite likely that they would drive the shrimps out of the market as a table delicacy. Hanging moths in bags with ladies' resumes, moreover, to say the least, is like a proposition to place a ladder against a giraffe's neck for the purpose of going up to give him a dose of homoeopathic pills, instead of firing them into him out of a gun. This acrobatic feat is such that no man who has read it once will fall to order the Journal to-day. If he does fail to order it, after having read it once, he must be a Scotchman who either prefers to preserve the half dime, which is the price of the Journal, or else he has no sense of humor, and could not see the point of a joke even if disguised as an Irishman. Order to-day, read to-morrow. Price five cents, of all newsdealers, without reference to color, creed or previous condition of servitude.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS. AMERICAN THEATRE The Broken Melody. BROADWAY THEATRE My Friend from Texas. GARDEN THEATRE The Broken Melody. GRAND OPERA HOUSE The Broken Melody. MADISON SQUARE THEATRE The Broken Melody.

A STRIKING COMPARISON

The Journal's Electoral Table Printed the Morning After Election Contained Only One Error.

Much has been said in favor of the Journal's fairness in presenting news of the Presidential election. Its aim has been and will be to give its readers reliable and accurate news at the earliest possible moment. In this work it is energetic, unbiased and fearless. No greater proof of this can be had than in its report of the election, when it gave the most accurate account of the result.

In the following table * indicates that the newspaper designated at the head of the column was accurate in reporting the result of the election in the State opposite the name of which the cross is made. An error is marked O.

Only one error appears in the column headed the Journal. The result in California was not known for over a week, so that the Journal is excusable for misplacing it:

Table with columns: State, Times, Sun., Trib., World, Her., Jour., Total errors. Rows include Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

Just a Moment with the Chappies.

For a long time we have all been aware that Foxie was dissatisfied with racing as it has been conducted here. The sport was not up to his standard. Moreover, Foxie is decidedly fond of hunting in dear old England, and he would much rather ride to hounds there than back a losing stable here.

Louis Wormser, the pride of the Horse Show—next to "Fatty" Bates—was in evidence again yesterday, when he bid \$19,900 for a pasing horse and quit.

I'm no tea-drinking dude, but yesterday I visited the tea room of Miss Wilmorling and Mrs. Lowery, of which we have heard so much these last three months.

Personally I wouldn't have cared so much about that if the girls had been prettier, but as it was I felt slighted.

Success cannot be attained by any half-way policy. You cannot sell tea and play the grand lady at the same time.

I never can understand fully the spite, fulness of women. Mrs. George Gould wore a diamond crown at the opera Wednesday night that was really an object of art.

What will they do next with Willie K. Vanderbilt? Within a week the gossips have had him engaged in marriage, slated for the United States Ambassadorship to the Court of St. James, and made the successor of

his brother Cornelius as the active head of all the Vanderbilt interests. The first two are but remote possibilities and the last is a temporary arrangement, dependent upon Cornelius Vanderbilt's health.