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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

THE TWO CANDIDATES.

New York is not a State in which an election can be won by marching clubs and brass bands. No matter how exciting a campaign may be, it is the sober judgment of the people which finds expression at the ballot box.

The month that must intervene before the voting takes place will tell enormously in favor of the Democratic candidate and platform and against the candidate and platform of the Republicans.

Even if Mr. Roosevelt were not handicapped as he is, he would diminish instead of enlarge day by day.

Aside altogether from his capitulation to Platt and his tax dodging by reversible affidavit, Mr. Roosevelt as a candidate for an office of such high responsibility as the Governorship necessarily shrinks when placed in contrast with such a man as Judge Van Wyck. At best Mr. Roosevelt is an impetuous, self-willed and hot-tempered person, intended by nature for action, and not for the cares of executive place. He shone as a soldier because war gave free play to his essential qualities. As a soldier he was in his native element; he is out of that element when circumstances call upon him for calm judgment and discretion. Witness his stormy and futile career as a Police Commissioner in this city.

The State could be searched in vain for a man who in more distinguished degree than Judge Van Wyck possesses the qualities of character needed in a Governor. His life has, unknown to himself, been a preparation for the office. On the bench he has been required to exercise those very faculties which the duties of the Governorship make demand upon—clearness of thought, impartiality of mind, coolness of temper, the courage to do right always, and the habit of firm authority.

The partisans of Colonel Roosevelt are presenting him to the voters as a fiery boy, a swashbuckling, devil-may-care fellow, with his hand always on his sword, and the word of the heart forever escaping from lips too frank to be prudent. Well, Roosevelt is scarcely a D'Artagnan, but if he were, do the people of New York want a D'Artagnan for Governor?

The intelligence, the rational conservatism of the State cannot but be attracted to Judge Van Wyck, the mature man, the safe man, who stands on a platform which, whatever its political shortcomings, goes straight to the business interests of the Commonwealth. All who want honest government and a calm, upright administration of New York's affairs will vote for the Democratic candidate and platform. On this side are security, sanity and dignity.

WHICH IS THE LUNATIC?

Parkhurst? Parkhurst? Why, has he escaped? I thought he was still in a lunatic asylum.—*SENATOR PLATT'S comment on the Doctor's attack.*

This retort cannot harm Dr. Parkhurst. It has a value, however, in being a deliberate utterance from Mr. Platt on the subject of political lunacy. Dr. Parkhurst, it appears, is insane because he believes that Plattism is the most blighting disease that ever attacked a State or a community, and because he has the courage to denounce the powerful leader who has contaminated and debased his party with his corrupting influence. He is a lunatic because he will not blind himself to the moral weakness of a friend and co-worker who, in furtherance of his political ambition, has made a shameful surrender.

If this is Mr. Platt's honest opinion of Dr. Parkhurst, how must he regard the apostasy of Theodore Roosevelt? If Parkhurst is crazy because he abhors Platt and his methods, doesn't it logically follow that Roosevelt is a reformed lunatic who has seen a great light and embraced the once repellant monster of Plattism?

If Roosevelt is sane Parkhurst is certainly crazy. Both cannot be in their right minds. Only a few short months ago they stood shoulder to shoulder in the reform ranks. They shared the same tent, so to speak; they fought in the trenches together; they fell outside the breastworks battling for the same principles. There was a moral partnership between them that was beautiful to behold.

Dr. Parkhurst has had no sudden shock that would wreck his vigorous mental faculties. He has been breathing the pure air of Switzerland, enjoying his usual rest and conserving his strength. He returns ready to take up the work of reform in which he has engaged so long and so earnestly.

On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt has had an experience that well might disturb his mental poise. After the war, in which he distinguished himself, he hastened home and ran into the waiting arms of Tom Platt and consigned himself to the paternal care of that great and good man, for whom in the past he had, in common with Dr. Parkhurst, a vehement detestation. From a reformer whose very soul loathed the machine politician he is changed into the candidate of the machine and the creature of the Boss that runs it.

The right thinking, honest voters, regardless of party, will be able to decide as to the sanity of Dr. Parkhurst and Theodore Roosevelt without asking for a writ de lunatico inquirendo.

A HAPPY LAND FOR TRUSTS.

Hawaii under the present conditions is a happy land for trusts. Everything there is in the hands of a few firms which own most of the sugar plantations, control all the banks, general merchandise stores, and even the milk and butter supply. They make enormous profits, and are so strongly intrenched that heretofore they have been able to defeat the efforts of outsiders to get in. Wages, of course, are low. Drug store clerks and other employes of the same grade receive about American servant girls' wages. Foreign farm laborers board themselves out of $13 a month. Commercial travellers are heavily taxed. In Oahua alone, for example, the license costs $500, and $750 is the charge for permission to solicit trade throughout the group.

American law, as our experience demonstrates, does not discourage the growth and prosperity of trusts, but they have not everything their own way to so gorgeous an extent as is the case in little Hawaii. Under annexation enterprising spirits will go there, and in their endeavors to find good things for themselves will have a salutary effect upon the too greedy Hawaiian monopolists. Besides that, the American Congress, when in possession of the Democrats, will disturb the felicity of the Honolulu coterie who squeeze the substance out of the islands.

MR. CHANLER FOR CONGRESS.

Precisely as the war brought into honorable action young men of the class who are generally expected to do nothing better than amuse themselves, so as a result of the war the same men are going into politics. And it is a good thing that they should do this. We ought to have no class in this country divorced from the duties of citizenship.

John Jacob Astor, a Republican, wants to go to Congress. William Astor Chanler, related to Astor and a Democrat, is spoken of as a suitable opponent.

It would be an interesting contest. Astor behaved very well during the war, and so did Chanler. The latter is an extremely energetic and daring man, fond of adventure as an explorer, and willing to take the chances of any kind of warfare.

If Mr. Chanler cares to run for Congress there is no reason why his party should not gratify him. He is a man of spirit and would let Washington know he had arrived.

PLATT AND THE MUGWUMPS.

If the Mugwumps have no respect for Mr. Platt, Mr. Platt has none for the Mugwumps. And both are justified in their sentiment of disesteem.

The Mugwumps regard Mr. Platt as a thoroughly bad man in politics, and the Mugwumps are right. Mr. Platt does not profess a high degree of civic virtue, but he does not confess moral inferiority to the Mugwumps. And Platt is right.

By way of showing his contempt for these critics, who are well satisfied of their infinite superiority in rectitude, Mr. Platt takes for his candidate a man whom they classify as almost one of themselves. Tempted by the bait of a nomination, the incorruptible Mr. Roosevelt, champion of reform, falls down and does homage to the Boss. Mr. Platt not merely requires of him a public exhibition of servility and a public promise of obedience in case of election, but forbids him to accept a formal offer of nomination at the hands of the Mugwumps. Treason to his former friends, associates and admirers is insisted upon by the Boss, and Roosevelt yields.

"But of course you will vote for him," says Mr. Platt.

"Of course we shall," respond the Mugwumps. "He's a high-minded gentleman and a reformer at heart. Therefore, no matter what promises he may make to you in order to be Governor, as soon as he is Governor he will break them. Therefore, Hurrah for Roosevelt!"

Is it surprising that Platt, the wicked Boss, should not have a profound respect for the good and respectable Mugwumps?

Independents of the kind who are only opposed to Boss Platt when he does not buy their support with a small concession are never going to do Platt or boss politics any harm. They are the sort of people who will help him to get the oyster if he will condescend to give them the shell.

Real independents will vote against Boss Platt by voting against Platt's candidate.

THE AMERICAN DUTY.

No matter what the Baileys of both parties may say or do, this country is not going to sacrifice any of the inevitable and beneficent results of the war with Spain.

The spirit which prompted the American people to force a reluctant Administration to intervene by force of arms for the succor of an oppressed people, fighting for liberty will force the same Administration, or another, to continue in peace the noble work which the war began.

Setting out to free Cuba from Spanish tyranny, events gave us the added privilege of freeing also from the same yoke the people of Porto Rico and of the Philippines.

The Small American—Republican and Democratic—shrinks from the unknown risks of doing our liberty-promoting duty in the far-off Philippines. But the American of adult intellectual and moral stature, the American of war size, knows no such timidity. He feels that his country, which was great enough to enter upon an unselfish war, is great enough to accept all the consequences of that finest act in its history.

National pride and commercial interest combine to urge the retention of the Philippines, but it is neither pride nor thrift which induces the average American to demand that nothing won by Dewey shall be relinquished. It is a higher and better motive that impels the average American. The victory of Manila Bay made us dictators of the fate of the Philippines. What we shall determine as to them will be done. Therefore for what is done we cannot escape moral responsibility.

Shall the people of the Philippines be given freedom or shall they be returned to the power of Spain?

That is the "problem of the Philippines," stripped of all confusing accessories.

But one answer can be returned by the American conscience.

To all but the Small American, to all but narrow minds and sordid spirits, the proposal to abandon the Filipinos to Spain is as abhorrent as would be the proposal to desert the Cubans and leave them to resume, unaided, their battle for independence.

"The Philippines for the Filipinos!" cries Aguinaldo, and the American who does not sympathize with his cry is not worthy to be a citizen of this Republic.

NEWS OF A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Professor Wiley, of Illinois, claims to have discovered a process for making paper from cornstalks. If his claim is correct, Professor Wiley has rendered a great service to mankind.

Cheap paper implies several large things, and all beneficent. It means cheap books, cheap newspapers, cheap popular education. Paper from cornstalks and corn husks means a new and vast revenue to the farmers of the United States from a source that will cost them nothing additional. It will coin a waste product into money for a class of workers with whom money is never too plentiful. It will mean the preservation of our diminishing forests for other uses than being ground into pulp.

Fuller information respecting Professor Wiley's discovery, or invention, will be awaited with the keenest interest by everybody who understands its very great importance. If he has found a new fibre for paper making, not only is he a benefactor, but he is destined to be a millionaire.

ELECT A DEMOCRATIC LEGISLATURE.

The election of a Legislature is doubly important to the people of New York this year. It will be a great hindrance to administrative reform if Governor Van Wyck finds a Republican Legislature on his hands. Under such circumstances the pledges of the Democratic platform would go unredeemed.

Equally important is the return to the United States Senate of that loyal Democrat, Edward Murphy. He has earned the indorsement which will come to him with practical unanimity if the Legislature is controlled by the party which he has served so faithfully.

His re-election means more than a tribute to his personal worth. It will carry with it to the country at large New York's protest against Plattism. We cannot afford to give Platt another vote in the Senate of the United States. In the event of Republican success only a cheap politician, who would subserviently wear his collar, could be selected.

Senator Murphy has not been swayed in his official duties by selfish motives. He has stood unmoved against the clamor of those who betrayed the party in '96. The Democracy has found in him a resolute defender.

His vote will be needed. The Republican Congressional Committee at Washington is prepared to furnish the sinews of war in every doubtful district. No effort will be neglected to control enough legislatures to give the Republicans a majority in the Senate.

The Democrats of New York must not lose sight of the legislative races. It is all-important that the Legislature should be Democratic.

The re-election of Senator Murphy must be made certain.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

CONVICT ENGLIS proposes to test the law depriving prisoners of their "good time," or part of it, for attempting to escape. Englis may be a bad man, but the principle he fights for is a natural one. The longing to be free is as healthy an instinct as that of self-preservation, and many penalogists hold that no punishment should be visited upon the prisoner who seeks to regain his liberty so long as he commits no actual crime in carrying out his purpose. This principle is recognized in many of our States, and in those the convict who escapes is not subjected to any penalty when apprehended.

WE ARE TOLD the Chinese language contains but little metaphor, and since the character of a race must determine its forms of expression, we are inclined to believe it. When with us Mr. Platt stabs Mr. Black in the back, Mr. Black may yet live in happy reminiscence of his one-time greatness; but when in Pekin Mrs. Tsi An performs a similar operation on Mr. Kwangsu, he is dead and that is the end of it. A singularly practical and straightforward people, these Chinese.

BRETHREN who should dwell together in unity but prefer to fall out are a sad sight for the eyes of the unregenerate to contemplate.

Here's Brother Platt calling his former beloved pastor, Brother Parkhurst, a lunatic, and being called a villain by that good man.

While there is turmoil in the tents of the elect, what shall the worldly, wandering in their sins, do for an example?

"The Composite Thought of the People."

Binghamton, N. Y., October 2.

W. R. Hearst, Esq., Editor of the Journal:

Your timely editorial in to-day's Journal is from the pen of a true statesman. Such sentiments are inspired only from the highest type of citizenship and loyalty to the Democratic party. You have expressed the collective, the composite heaven-born thought of three-quarters of the people of the State and nation: it is the pulsation of the great American heart translated into prose.

The Syracuse Convention was unduly handicapped: it had not the opportunity, through trick or device, to express its convictions. During its long session it only breathed once, that was when the name dear to the heart of every Democrat was accidentally mentioned by one of the delegates. A prolonged cheer went forth from the convention that was heard by 80,000,000 people in this land and civilization everywhere. That cheer and the meaning back of it was the ruling event, the soul of the occasion!

The Chicago platform and William J. Bryan, the hero of 1896, was indorsed in the most forcible and emphatic manner there and then, and with far greater effect than any formal platitude of words in a platform could produce. The Democratic ticket named at Syracuse with a campaign of speaking on the lines you have wisely suggested in your Journal editorial of to-day should not fail to win. The friends of bimetallism well know their only hope of success, the only hope of having the "great wrong" of 1873 corrected, is through the agency of the Democratic party.

To restore the honest money of our fathers and relieve the country of distress and business depression may take much more time and greater effort than we expect, but to do so is the cause of the people, and the Democratic party will surely prove itself true to their interests.

JAMES C. TRUMAN.

[*Mr. Truman is the recognized Democratic leader in his section of the State.*]

DEATH OF CAROLINE MISKEL HOYT.

Do you remember the "contented woman" with the clustering, golden hair, and the limpid azure eyes, who laughed with us, perhaps eighteen months ago, at Hoyt's Theatre? Do you recall a luxury of physical charms, lavished upon a dramatic satire, that compelled the admiration of every beauty-lover? Do you ever think of the slender, blanche woman in her regal velvet and diamonds who forced us to acknowledge that the mere beauty was merging into the accomplished actress?

If you do, treasure your recollections. Hoard them up, and be thankful that you saw her at her best, in the heyday of her loveliness, and at the debut of her talent. For it is all that you will ever know of Caroline Miskel Hoyt. Perhaps if she had been older and less winsome, her efforts to capture the laurels of the stage might have been more difficult. But she was lovely as the fancied angels of the English valentines, and in our eagerness to detect dramatic fitness—we detected it.

Caroline Miskel Hoyt was one of the rarely exquisite women whose chiselled perfection appealed to men and to women alike. She was the wife of a man who could weave a satire around anything. He wove one around her, and I shall always look upon it as the most classical thing he has ever done. In the olden days it was "ye faire ladye" who inspired the gallant knights to deeds of prowess. Perhaps the chaste and classic personality of Caroline Miskel Hoyt urged her playwright husband to a comedy that was too good for his own reputation.

I can see her now, in her dishevelled enthusiasm, at the end of her siege with the "strong-minded women" of the play, the very picture of that clinging, delicately-tinted femininity that is so strongly opposed to the woman-of-the-world brand. I could note the dramatic progress in this comedy, and it looked as though the stage were about to gain not only the beauty, that it accepts without question, but the talent that is rarer and more intellectual.

In any case, how can we gauge the possibilities of youth as glittering as that of the girl who is gone? What might she not have done in the days to come—for she was earnest, vivid, intelligent. We saw her first in this beauty-mad metropolis as the pensive maiden in her husband's "Temperance Town." At that time she was new to us, and in our arrogance we rather resented the invasion of this beauty, without experience. From "A Temperance Town" to "A Contented Woman," in the chronology of Charles H. Hoyt's endeavors, was not a distant stretch, but Caroline Miskel Hoyt, when we saw her for the second and last time, had worked wonders with herself. The novice had disappeared; the earnest, ambitious woman, anxious to live away the handicap of sheer beauty, had appealed to us. And we responded in pleased surprise.

The stage has had many heavy losses of late. But those who have waved their last adieus to the footlights were people who had exhausted their possibilities; who had gleaned renown from a ripe experience, and whom we mourned because it is the custom to mourn what death takes. There is no actor or actress of whom we say, "It is time. There is nothing further to expect."

Involuntarily we weep for Caroline Miskel Hoyt, because she was young and gorgeous. Selfishly we lament her departure because we can never know what her loss means. A woman with fortune at her feet, with the talents of an indefatigable husband ready to be poured into her cup, with a charm that no amount of study could acquire, and a zeal that was applauded by all—for such a woman as this to leave us suddenly, as we waited with mouths open for the golden apples of her exploits, is surely sad enough.

Caroline Miskel was not satisfied with the tepid glories of mere beauty of form and of face. These serious hurdles in the prospects of many women she vaulted over lightly. If she had been spared to us she might have been an actress of whom this metropolis would have been proud. Already she had manifested her talent, and the peculiar abilities we saw through the velvet and the diamonds of the "Contented Woman."

There will be no more farce or burlesque, comedy or tragedy for Caroline Miskel Hoyt. She has induced our tears for the last time. The laughter that we remember dies on our lips. Cold consolation says that it is wise to withdraw after making one hit. But it is a cold and clammy consolation that we always repeat without crediting it. Who would not willingly have cherished Caroline Miskel through a dozen features if only she could have remained with us?

It was Byron who wrote the most pathetic words to a woman dead in her youth. A Byron of to-day might have written thus of Caroline Miskel Hoyt:

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft and charms so rare,
Too soon returned to earth!

ALAN DALE.

CHANGES.

There's a greener growth of meadow,
there's a bluer glimpse of sky;
There are sweeter sounds of music in the
streams that ripple by,
And Sorrow is a shadow, and Song hath
ceased to sigh.

The storm hath bent the rainbow; Peace
hallows night and day;
The Winter wears the welcome of the
rosiest smile of May.
There is no dark in heaven light hath not
kissed away!

—Atlanta Constitution.

ELLSWORTH, PLATT'S TOOL.

THE STORY OF HIS POLITICAL DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

When a man is supposed to be dead and escapes burial by a hair's breadth he is a fit subject for congratulation.

It doesn't make any difference whether he is a good man or a bad man. He has become interesting, and so he has a right to live and become a sort of public charge.

This introduction leads to an unprejudiced discussion of Timothy E. Ellsworth, president pro tempore of the State Senate. Mr. Ellsworth is a political mushroom. He sprang into existence in a single night, and after a brief and painful life passed away, and no more was heard of him for half a score of years.

Eighteen years ago there came an era of small men. There was squabbling in the Republican camp, and some old-fashioned threats that bosses would have to pass. These threats came from the brave and brainy Thomas C. Platt, a believer in absolutism, who resolved to fill as many public offices as he could with nincompoops.

Scarcely was this resolve taken than the Ellsworth mushroom sprang into being, and was instantly garnered. He was a superb man for the machine. He was as destitute of color as a flag of truce. He knew nothing save those things he was told. His memory and obedience for retaining orders and for carrying them out were remarkable. He was elected to the Senate, and in a brief period rose to the proud eminence of the Chief Nobody in public life.

In four years Platt got through with Ellsworth. He ordered him to go back to the canal-ridden town of Lockport and be dead. This order, like the others, was promptly obeyed. Ten years passed without any man on earth again hearing of Ellsworth. There were men who knew he had died, and they reasonably supposed that he had been buried.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-five came and found Platt absolute master of the Republican machine. The Senate to be chosen would live for three years. Corporations had to be protected, and the private interests of all the big and little bosses had to be conserved. The Republican gerrymander assured the Senate to Platt, but here and there a fearless man of conscience might creep in and work scandal and perhaps ruin. Some man must be thrust into the Senate who could be made the majority leader, and upon whom Platt and his satellites could depend.

All of the Republican timber in the State was sounded and everywhere were found hopeful samples, but always a flaw was discovered. Usually this flaw consisted in the habit of thinking. Then, with a thrill of joy, Platt thought of Ellsworth. Instantly he called him back to life, had him nominated and elected and placed him at the head of the majority in the upper branch of the Legislature.

It was a magnificent stroke. Years had not only increased Ellsworth's stupidity, but they had added to it a stilted dignity and that blind disregard of public opinion that thrives so admirably in obscurity. What Ellsworth did for his master during the last three years is fairly well known.

He protected the Gas Trust, he was the bulwark of all schemes to add to the fatness of corporations, he tried to force through the bi-partisan rapid transit bill, he was one of the chief sponsors for the Raines liquor tax bill, he sought to throttle free speech, and most of all the evil things he did, he fought like a fury to enact into law the bill providing for the gagging of the press. That he failed to accomplish this was not his fault. He pushed it forward until Governor Black, fearful of the result, bade him cease. Then Ellsworth whined and wept. Almost upon his knees he begged for permission to pursue his attack against the freedom of the press, but Black was obdurate, and with a wailing cry of pain Ellsworth withdrew the bill.

It was understood that when Ellsworth was recreated, three years ago, his subserviency would secure for him political advancement this Fall. He hoped to be nominated for Governor; he was sure of the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor at least. Instead of this, so thankless are bosses, that he was again ordered to die. With brutal frankness it was explained to him that the people who believe in free thought and in free speech did not admire him and that, as he had wrought his own shroud, he had better make instant use of it.

Then came a pitiful scene. Ellsworth raved and wept and cried out that his only sin was in obeying the orders of his masters. He begged these masters to be good to him and to permit him to seek a vindication by returning him to the Senate. For a period Platt resisted these appeals, but tears affect Platt like fleas affect a woman. They make him uncomfortable and uncertain of his bearings, and so he yielded and told Ellsworth to go ahead and gather in the delegates.

His district consists of the counties of Niagara, Orleans and Genesee. He undertook to look after the delegates in the first county, where he lives. In the others he caused Irving L'Hommedieu and Archie D. Sanders to rise up as claimants for the place. This contention kept other candidates out of the field. At the end these two men were to give their votes to Ellsworth and he was to be nominated without a dissenting voice. What a vindication this would be!

Everything was progressing beautifully. The convention had been put back until this week to permit the scheme to ripen thoroughly. No man in the State was happier than Ellsworth. Last week, at the very moment when he was the happiest and had even begun to flatter himself that he knew a thing or two, he received a blow that transformed the smiling future into horror and despair.

L'Hommedieu and Sanders had discovered that their counties have no use for Ellsworth. To speak plainly, they regard him as an ass, who can't see anybody except Platt and who can't do anything unless Platt tells him to do it. In the heart of L'Hommedieu sprang up a hope that he might get the nomination for himself. If Sanders would join with him Ellsworth would be dead again.

What will Sanders do? Will Platt stand by his creature or will he sacrifice him? It is a very interesting situation. This week the convention will be held, and the result?—well, Ellsworth will probably be vindicated.

GEORGE W. BLAKE.

TROUBLE IN THE SANCTUM.

"Dramatic man's gone home, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Did any of you fellows see 'The Terrapin' yet?"

"No."

"Well, I'm stuck. I don't know whether he means to say she appeared finally in a robe de nuit or a robe de 'nit'."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FOOLHARDY.

First Criminal—So Bill, the cracksman, is in the toils at last.

Second Criminal—Yes, he escaped arrest so many times that he finally got foolhardy and rode his bicycle without a bell.—Detroit Journal.

CONNECTED.

"Is dis gemman Dewey reg-larly connected wif de navy depahtment?" asked one colored citizen.

"Course he is," replied the other. "De only way foh him to get disconnected is to cut de cable."—Detroit Free Press.

THE BEARER OF A CHARMED LIFE.

"There's a man who has had many a narrow escape from being shot."

"Indeed! Was he one of the rough riders who rushed up that hill at Caney?"

"No. He was an Adirondack guide for nearly three weeks."—Chicago News.

GOSSIP OF SOCIETY.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER REPEATS THE SMALL TALK OF THE 400.

The fashionable churches all opened yesterday. The pastors have been on their Summer jaunt, either in Europe or at the watering places. At resorts like Seabright Bar Harbor, and even Newport, some of the churches send out programmes with the name of the star preacher for the Sunday. Each week there is a new bill, and it is understood that the clergyman is paid and entertained or at least his expenses provided. Thus some dominies have a delightful Summer, going from watering place to watering place. Bishop Potter has returned from Newport and the choirs, which have also been farmed out during the Summer, are ready with new anthems. But the churches on the far East and West Side, of all denominations, and even the Salvation Army, have kept open all Summer.

The last idea is that it is not ultra smart or exclusive to dine or lunch in a public restaurant, unless a private room is engaged. It has been noticed that the public who are not in society delight to put on their good clothes and parade around the Waldorf, or go to Delmonico's, or Sherry's and mingle with the great New Yorkers. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who is determined that no one, unless his or her fortune is up in the millions, can even bathe in the same surf, has been discussing this question of restaurants. Neither Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Starr Miller nor Mrs. Pendleton has been seen in a restaurant for years. Mrs. Astor graced the opening of the Astoria last Winter, but she did not take a meal in the restaurant, or even in William Waldorf's palm garden. Whether the other members of the exclusives will follow these lines or not, it is a bit early to determine. Perhaps they may require Herr Boldt to put screens around them while they eat.

Should young Goelet die, millions of dollars' worth of property would be liable for taxation, and now that Uncle Robert and Uncle Elbridge T. Gerry have made themselves citizens of Newport to avoid taxation there is no reason why this young man should not do likewise and save himself and his mother and sister from contributing to the State coffers. The Gerrys and Goelets are never absolutely in entente cordiale with each other, and family relations have been broken up long ago by money differences. But the Goelet family is like the house of Astor. They may have all the differences in the world, but when it comes to the question of keeping their money to themselves the discordant factions are immediately united. Soon we shall be a city without millionaires, as the Goulds have become absentees, and William Waldorf Astor would, if he could; but there are some motives of policy which bind the houses of Astor together like the Siamese twins, and they cannot pull apart.

Why all this hullabaloo about Harold Baring? He is a very nice young Englishman, no doubt, but then he is not very wealthy, nor is he so near to Lord Revelstoke as it would be possible in case of a royal marriage to be of much advantage to his wife. This country and England are teeming with relatives of the Lornes and the Fifes, and the court takes no cognizance of them at all. In fact, when royalty marries from the ranks, she does exactly what the Grande Duchesse did with Fritz in Offenbach's opera. She lifts him to her rank, and cuts off his entire family and old associates. Only Fritz clung to his sweetheart, Wanda. Baring is a clean-looking young fellow, with a good figure and the usual air of a man who takes tubs and much outdoor exercise. Miss Churchill is a very pretty girl, who was utterly unknown in society until her beauty made a sensation at the tennis tournament at Newport, where she had come from Narragansett. She made her way, like Miss Mabel Wright, and her face was her fortune. Miss Wright is now, after a stormy matrimonial experience with Fernando Yznaga, the Countess Zichy. It had been better, perhaps, had Miss Churchill made an American match. But whenever an American girl marries an Englishman, the Anglomaniacs throw their hats up in the air and cry "Hurrah!"

And, after all, the Westchester Fair was not such a success. The crowd was rather slim, as there was nothing else to see but Tommy Maitland on his coach and Prescott Lawrence judging horses. There were few big vegetables, and the farmers seemed to take no interest whatever in making a display. It was only a horse show, and just the opposite from the Mineola affair a week ago, at which all the farmers were present and none of the "country residents." These two elements are like oil and water, and they will not mix. Year by year the Westchester "set" monopolize the fair and drive the others out. It is now only a dress parade for the nabobs and multi-millionaires of that part of the world.

Society thinks Smithers must have been a man of nerve to dare worry Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. That lady is a woman of nerve. She downed the great and only McAllister, and she has come out triumphant in many little disagreements with her dear women friends in society. Some one in describing her made an Irish bull by saying, "She hits with her tongue from the shoulder." This may be impossible in anatomy, but it describes the situation. This time Mrs. Fish showed what she could do with an axe, and leading the onslaught and breaking open the door of the butler's room she added to the glories of the Fish family, which is not afraid of anything.