

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER  
W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THE PARLIAMENT OF MAN.

Mr. Stead's remarkable special dispatch from The Hague, published in yesterday's Journal, opens a dizzying vista of possibilities. The present Peace Congress, if the hopes of the Czar can be realized, will not be an isolated affair. It will lead to a permanent legislative organization for the world. Every independent country in either hemisphere, great or small, will be represented in future congresses, at which subjects of general interest to mankind will be discussed and settled. A permanent arbitration tribunal will constitute the world's supreme court, and with the legislative and judicial departments thus organized it will need only an executive to constitute a complete government for the planet.

Tennyson spoke of "the Parliament of man, the federation of the world." The Parliament of man is meeting now at The Hague. The permanent federation of the world may follow.

Of course, the present organization is extremely rudimentary. So was the first Continental Congress of America. So is the beginning of anything. But the start has been made, and the development will come later.

The International Postal-Union began with a few members, and gradually grew until now it includes all the civilized and most of the partly civilized world. The broader organization dreamed of by the Czar could become a success if it started with only half a dozen nations. The others would join in time.

Tennyson saw "the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue" before the "battle flags were furled, in the Parliament of man, the federation of the world." Perhaps the federation of the world may come before science gives the nations any airy navies to grapple in the central blue.

to still an inquiet conscience or lull a restless brain into blank lethargy.

Is it really true that without gifts to astonish and petrify we are as naught, and must forego the pleasures of social life? Whence this mad rush, this demand for vaudeville in daily life? Is it due to the rush and strain of to-day? To the uncrystallized conditions of American living? To the whirl and din of improvements? To the press, the short story, the stage?

Hardly. Rather does it come from the fact that many of us are not modern enough, not adapted to the environment of things as they are as distinguished from things as they were, as they might, could, would or should be. Life is too fast for matter and too slow for spirit; and the non-imaginative mind is baffled and wounded by the whirl of rapid transit, the trill of the telephone bell, the manifold uses of electricity, the recent advances in chemistry, and all distinctly modern progress. It is disturbing and not picturesque. Let us forget. Therefore amuse me. Cultivate the parlor trick. Do something rather than be something. To laugh is the only joy, and oblivion the highest good.

Is there, then, no parlor trick worth knowing? Of a surety, yes, a divine one known as responsiveness, a subtle influence that unites its fortunate possessor equally to the modern universe at large and the narrower social circle. It is the most unselfish human attribute, bringing relief and inspiration to weary or sad hearts. Plus hospitality, responsiveness makes a

"Place where human souls may rest  
On their way, and be their best."

BOSTON  
WOMEN  
OPPOSE  
LYNCHING.

The women of Boston held an anti-lynching meeting on Saturday, over which a colored woman presided. Among the speakers was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. She wants the National Government to give the negroes military protection, and if it cannot do this, in her opinion "Americans might as well take down their flag and raise the black flag of piracy." The South was bitterly assailed by all the white and colored women that addressed the meeting.

A few hours after these indignant Boston women had adjourned Mrs. James Wood, a white woman, living near Rock Mart, Ga., shot and killed a negro who was trying to break into her home in the absence of her husband. In the isolated regions of the South it is not safe to leave women unprotected. The fearful lesson of the Hose tragedy had no terrors for this black brute, who, under cover of the night, sought to despoil the home of Mr. Wood.

It is unfortunate for the women of Boston that on the very day they were bewailing lynchings in the South a member of the race in whose defence they grew so eloquent was shot down while attempting to perpetrate a crime, the frequency of which has caused Southern mobs to vent their rage in hangings and burnings.

The race problem cannot be settled by the Northern people denouncing the Southern people for lawlessness. The situation will improve when the negro brute ceases to assault the women of the South—and not before. That is the Southern view, and in the light of the long record of terrible crimes charged against the Southern negro, it seems unanswerable.

ARE WE  
ENVIIOUS OF  
ASTOR?

Mr. William Waldorf Astor lays the flattering unction to his soured soul that the people of his native land are envious of his success. Will the man without a country kindly file a bill of particulars? We have searched the records pretty thoroughly without discovering any evidence of this "success," contemplation of which he alleges has driven his former-fellow-countrymen into a jealous frenzy.

Mr. Astor was a failure as a politician. He could not even buy his way into Congress. When appointed to office he was more noted for his dinners than for any talent as a diplomat. He plunged into literature and wrote a feeble book, which nobody read. He next bought several London newspapers, and very sensibly hired some clever men to edit them.

If Willie Waldorf continues to achieve "success" at this spectacular gait he will have to apply for an injunction to prevent that envious feeling from carrying its contagion to his new-found friends.

WHAT ABOUT  
THE  
LOSERS?

The average Spanish editor, in whatever part of the globe you may find him, is a great long-distance fighter. He absolutely refuses to be whipped—provided he is far enough from the scene of hostilities not to run any risk. Here is the valiant editor of the Correo de Espana, of the City of Mexico, passing judgment on the fighting qualities of the American soldiers:

The United States will be obliged to sustain in Cuba a long and costly and barren war, such as they are waging in the Philippines. We may be told that now the Cubans will have no one to furnish them with arms and ammunition, but they will find some one. The Yankees, without being good soldiers, may be able to beat them easily. Who doubts it? But will the insurgents allow themselves to be beaten? Will they not follow the system of firing their pursuers and not allow them from places of safety, and will not the Yankees feel the effects of the climate and suffer more even than did the Spanish soldiers?

The Yankees may not be good soldiers, but if they are really as poor as the Spanish editor professes to believe, where does this condemnation leave the Spanish soldiers and sailors, whom we whipped out of their boots on land and sea?

On the Inside.

Full of the enthusiasm of youth, he started out to see the world. But his cash gave out and he had to hunt for work. The only opening he could find was a coal mine. So he who started out to see the world gave it up. And he started in to see it.—Chicago Tribune.

DEAD BROKE!



UNCLE WILLIAM—Tom, aint you afraid to curry him below the knees?  
EASY TOM—Oh, he's broke above and below the knees.

HOW TO SPEND \$100,000,000.

SUGGESTIONS BASED ON MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFTS.

PROPOS of Mr. Carnegie's announced intention to devote the bulk of his fortune to the general good, the Journal has been publishing an interesting discussion of the question how \$100,000,000 could be so spent as to produce the best results for humanity. Here are a few suggestions on that point:

Even \$100,000,000 would go a very little way in itself toward transforming the condition of the race. Hence it should be so used as to attract imitation, so that its force may be multiplied. Mr. Rockefeller shows good business judgment in making his gifts to universities conditional upon success in raising larger amounts from other sources. This he makes every dollar he gives do the work of two or three.

I believe that there are thousands of millions of dollars available for philanthropic uses as soon as the right way to spend the money has been made clear. Millionaires are not all selfish, but many who would willingly devote their fortunes to the good of others are deterred by the fact that money seems to grow in proportion to the efforts to relieve it.

Let us use our \$100,000,000, then, in an effort to produce results that shall compel imitation, so that we may tap the vast funds that are waiting for nothing but clear knowledge to be applied to the common benefit.

Since the bulk of the population will soon be living in cities, and since the problem of poverty is essentially a city problem, we will spend our \$100,000,000 on the improvement of city life. We will take a section of New York and endeavor to turn it into a model city.

For \$10,000,000 we can buy twenty blocks in the tenement districts—a solid tract five blocks long and four blocks wide. We obtain permission from the city authorities to improve the streets within this space on our own plans, and at our own expense. Twelve blocks we devote to model tenement houses, one to a block, at a cost of a million dollars each. Each of these houses is eight stories high, fireproof and provided with electric elevators, laundries in the basement, clothes-drying spaces under cover and others for good weather on the roof, two or three well-equipped common kitchens for families that do not wish to do their cooking in their own apartments, and arrangements for furnishing meals at low prices for families that can do no cooking at all. The central court of each block is a little park, about 100 by 80 feet, laid out with grass plots, fountains, flower beds, swings, horizontal bars, trees, seats and other attractions, and free for the children of the block to play in and for their elders to resort to for rest and gossip. On the roof is another playground, so walled in as to insure perfect safety, and partly under shelter for rough weather. Each block will

accommodate in perfect comfort 1,500 people, and by reducing the size of the apartments to a point still much above the usual tenement standard, it would easily hold 3,000.

One block we devote to a hotel for those individuals and families that do not wish to do housekeeping of any kind. It has single rooms and suites, all at very moderate prices; its dining room is run on something like the Mills scale of rates; it has comfortable sitting rooms, billiard rooms, reading rooms and play rooms, open to all the guests, and it costs \$1,500,000. It accommodates two thousand people.

At 1,500 people to each block of tenements and 2,000 in the hotel, we have 20,000 inhabitants in our model city. We devote one more block to a clubhouse for them, costing \$1,000,000. It has every advantage belonging to the clubs of the rich except superfluous luxury. It is artistically decorated, with great airy rooms, comfortably and handsomely furnished, with nothing of the squalor usually considered appropriate to workmen's clubs. It has a gymnasium, with men's and women's swimming pools, and an abundance of baths of all kinds, a well stocked library, reading rooms, recreation rooms, smoking and billiard rooms, music rooms, play rooms, and a picture gallery, all open to both sexes. Every folder within the district, man, woman or child, is, by the fact of residence, a member of the club.

That accounts for fourteen of the twenty blocks. The fifteenth we turn into a park, with a music stand, on which a band plays every afternoon and evening in the summer. The sixteenth is given up to a co-operative store, in which all the residents of the district can buy anything they want, from a box of matches to a coffin, at the lowest prices and share the profits.

The four remaining blocks we give to establishments in which the people of the settlement earn their living. We make it a cardinal rule that there are to be no paupers in our city, no beggars and no charity, except in case of sickness or of children deprived of their parents. Every person living in our blocks or in our hotel is to be entitled to an opportunity to work, and he must take advantage of it or leave our settlement.

On the four working blocks we have four buildings, worth \$1,500,000 each. Half of one of them is devoted to a technical school, in which the work of the public schools is supplemented for the benefit of those who have to support themselves in trades. All the rest of the space is given up to manufactures. There will probably

be about 6,000 breadwinners among our 20,000 inhabitants, and these can be employed in the three and one-half manufacturing blocks at the rate of less than 2,000 to the block. All kinds of manufactures can be undertaken, from those suitable for women and girls, to those that require robust men. There can be a variety of work in each block, but there will be one central power plant for the whole, running the machinery in all of the light, airy rooms by means of electricity. In one of these blocks the experiment of co-operative production may be tested. Another may be run on the profit-sharing plan and the third or the wage system, and the results of the three methods may be compared.

Our whole group of buildings will be treated on one artistic, harmonious plan, which will make this piece of the tenement district more beautiful, dignified and attractive than any region of equal extent in the wealthy quarters of the city. The streets will be paved with asphalt and the sidewalks converted into long, covered arcades, so that the weather will never interfere with the comfort of walking. Trees and grass plots will blue the roadways.

On this creation of a model city for twenty thousand working people we have arranged to spend:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Cost. Includes 12 blocks of dwellings (\$10,000,000), 100,000 for club, 100,000 for park, 1,500,000 for store, 6,000,000 for four factory blocks, 1,000,000 for street improvements.

Total \$33,100,000. We can set aside nearly \$7,000,000 for a working capital to keep the enterprise going until it becomes self-supporting and still keep the total expenditures within \$40,000,000.

The rest of the \$100,000,000 may be applied to extending this undertaking—making a city of 50,000 inhabitants instead of one of 20,000—or it may be laid out in part in the creation of a similar model in the suburbs, with the changes which such a situation would involve—separate dwellings instead of tenements, larger parks, home gardens and the like. Numerous social experiments could be tested in such a place. For instance, a part of it could be managed on the single tax plan, the community receiving all the ground rents and assuming all the State and county taxes on improvements and personal property. Skillfully applied, \$100,000,000 could create a social laboratory, from which would emerge definite results that would be a guide to all other philanthropists and to those who have not yet become philanthropists simply because they do not know how.

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

WORRIES OF THE ENGAGED ONE. SHE SPECULATES AS TO A WEDDING GIFT.

"OH, DEAR, I am so tired!" wailed the girl in the gray gown. "I had no idea that merely being engaged was such a serious matter. If I had known that it was!"

"You would have eloped, eh?" said the girl with the eyeglasses. "M. I don't know about that, though it would be romantic, but—" "There would be no presents. Yes, I never dreamed of going such lengths as that. What I was about to say was that I should have prepared myself for it by spending a few weeks in a sanitarium just before the announcement was made. You have no idea how careful I have to be of other people's feelings these days! The tact of a candidate for office is nothing to that which an engaged girl must display. Of course the experience I have gained will be useful in my future dealings with George's people, but it is rather hard on me now. Why, every girl I know, save the ones who are to assist at the wedding, has tried to pick a quarrel with me!"

"H'm," said the girl with the eyeglasses, wearily. "I doubt if they were all in love with George."

"Of course they weren't. None of them knew of his wealthy uncle until it was too late. Oh, no; they want to quarrel with me now and so escape giving me a wedding present. Then they would all make up with me in time to enjoy my At Homes and dinner parties."

I presently accepted most effusively, because I had not the slightest intention of going."

"But why not?" "Oh, I forgot that you were out of town last winter. Everybody else knows that Claire's brother was very attentive to me then. Well, Claire actually had the impertinence to tell the DOUBTS FOR THE PRESENT."



"Do You Know Ethel? Wouldn't Depend Too Much on it," She Said.

thought it funny I was madder yet. I had no relief for my feelings, either. Somehow I did not care to tell George about it, and I couldn't afford the luxury of telling Claire my opinion of her, because I knew that it would hurt her more to buy me a handsome wedding present than it would listen to anything I could say."

"True dear. Still, Marie?" "Was a sort of a safety valve! Yes, I know, and I comforted myself a little by telling her just how I meant to get even with Claire. I read her the note I had carefully prepared to send just at the luncheon hour, and she agreed that it was perfect—George himself could not have admired it more. It said that I was distressed that I was ill in bed with a frightful headache. That I had tried twice to get up and dress, but had almost fainted, and was obliged finally to give it up, and—"

"I know just what you said, my dear. Claire read it aloud to us just before we went out to the table."

"Oh, did she? And what did she say about it? Of course she knows I didn't want to come, but she can't get a scrap of proof. I do wonder just what her present will be?" "M' what she said was: 'Oh, I do wish I could have known this yesterday, so I could have invited some one to fill her place at the table.' Then Marie spoke up—"

"Oh, yes, do tell me what she said? She must have longed to make one of her horrid speeches and—"

"She did. She said: 'Oh, Claire, I'm awfully sorry, but you know how thoughtless I always am! I knew all about Ethel's sudden indisposition yesterday morning and never once thought to tell you of it.' And, do you know, Ethel, I wouldn't depend too much on a handsome wedding present from Claire if I were you!"

THE GREAT  
SUNDAY  
JOURNAL.

In quality and variety, in vigor and originality, in the number of subjects treated, and in the scope and freshness of its news, the Sunday Journal of yesterday surpassed all its contemporaries.

Its special cable from Mr. Stead describing the Peace Congress, was a valuable contribution. That the Journal is the only American paper represented at the conference is due to the recognition in Europe of its international character and influence.

Mrs. Maybrick's interview with a Journal correspondent comes as a voice from the tomb. She has been immured in prison for seven years, and this is the only statement she has been permitted to make.

Agnes ago a glacier ploughed its way over Greater New York. That was a striking picture in the Sunday Journal showing what happened when the giant ice man played fantastic tricks with this particular locality.

Yachtsmen must have found the comparative figures of the contestants for America's Cup exceedingly interesting. That they were exclusively printed in the Journal is only part of this paper's plan to print all the news about the great international yacht race first. Using a ray of light to telephone over is a remarkable thing. When one can send a beam of artificial light across the ocean and whisper a message to London, Marconi's wireless telegraph will be as antiquated as the telephone. Of course you read about it in the Sunday Journal.

In the editorial section Senator Ingalls discussed Dewey's home coming and a number of other subjects in his vigorous fashion. John P. Holland, inventor of the submarine torpedo boat, told how a half dozen of his boats could destroy the protection of any harbor on the English coast. Bishop Littlejohn described the assault of science against the church. Miss Maude Adams, over her signature, explained to ambitious young women how to succeed on the stage.

General Joseph Wheeler, the bravest of soldiers and the truest of patriots, reviewed the career of Senator John T. Morgan, whose ability as a statesman and fidelity to Democracy make him a Presidential possibility.

Alan Dale's cable, giving all the London dramatic talk; two sparkling pages of gossip from the capitals of Europe; four pages of original humor; a section devoted to household affairs; a cartoon by Davenport; Cholly Knickerbocker's society chatter from the finer circles; sporting, fashion and puzzle pages, and a piece of music thrown in for good count, are only a few of the countless bright and clever things that made yesterday's Journal stand without a rival.

THE  
DELIGHT  
OF EAGAN.

General Charles P. Eagan has arrived at Honolulu, not in the least depressed by his recent experience, but on the contrary buoyant, cheerful, even exuberant. In an interview he says:

"I am still Commissary-General of the United States Army. Matters are coming out to my entire satisfaction. The truth is mighty and will prevail, especially in the United States."

The truth is certainly mighty, and it has prevailed in the case of Charles P. Eagan. He has been convicted of being an unprincipled blackguard. His conduct of the Commissary Department has been universally condemned. The court of inquiry dropped the whitewash brush for a moment to rebuke him, and the Royal Legion has dismissed him for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. Things are surely coming Eagan's way.

That he is "still Commissary-General of the army" is true, to the scandal of the service he has disgraced, and to the discredit of President McKinley, who has given him a three years' leave of absence on full pay.

ATHEISM  
AND  
IMMORALITY.

A Danish author, Edward Brandes, has been indicted in Copenhagen for publishing an alleged immoral book, called "The Young Blood."

We must be careful to distinguish this author from his brother, Dr. George Brandes. The latter, though a Jew, is one of the most respected and influential writers in all Europe—and when a Jew there obtains such appreciation we may be sure that he has merits. He has written a number of notable novels, and in particular essays, which have been translated into English, French and German, and are pretty well known in America also.

His brother must be quite a different sort of man. He was elected some years ago to the lower chamber of the Danish Legislature. When asked to take the oath he refused to swear by the Bible and launched into a tirade in favor of atheism.

Now a dogmatic atheist is a nuisance. Please observe that we draw a sharp distinction between a dogmatic atheist and an agnostic. The latter says in regard to the great mysteries of the universe, "I do not know." This is an honest and respectable attitude to take. But the former says, "There is no God and immortality, and every one who affirms the contrary is a fool." That man offends common sense and decency. It is the atheist who is the fool, affirming something for which he has not a particle of evidence.

It is very likely that the book of Edward Brandes, the dogmatic atheist, is of an immoral nature. It is charged that it tends in undisguised fashion to encourage the pet vices of modern days.

That surely is the natural effect of such a philosophy.

If, when we die, we disappear into nothingness, what is there to restrain us from indulging in all the vices and immoralities of this life that are within our reach, and which we fancy will bring us temporary satisfaction? The Church unquestionably is still doing society an immense service by restraining an innumerable horde of ruffians from indulging their vile passions and desires.

There cannot be a doubt that in the so-called "Ages of Faith" multitudes were restrained from doing evil by fear of hell-fire. Those ages were probably among the happiest mankind has yet experienced, precisely on account of their faith.

Now for any dogmatic atheist to go to work trying to destroy that faith when he does not know a particle more on the subject than any other man, is simply devilish conceit.

THE  
PARLOR  
TRICK.

A journal devoted to the interests of society, in its narrow meaning, announces with dogmatic brevity that no one can hope to be a social success who does not cultivate the parlor trick. "Any novelty will do, anything unusual," it states with solemn wisdom, "but one must learn the newest things, the latest tricks, show some capacity to amuse, some special gift to banish boredom and kill time entertainingly." Otherwise, we are told, it is hopeless to expect to establish a clear title to a name and place in the little world of society.

Here's a state of things! Time was when men and women found a welcome because they had new ideas, fresh views, or a graceful and charming way of expressing old ones; because they were themselves, in fact, bringing and giving generously of their own personality and power. This meant rest, recreation, relaxation, the communion of spirits and the companionship of good hearts. Our friends in the good old days were not used as anodynes and nervines, as mountebanks