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AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.
The Values Created by the Community Should Belong to the Community.

SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.
No Monopolization of the National Resources by Lawless Private Combinations More Powerful Than the People's Government.

THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.
Every Citizen to Contribute to the Support of the Government According to His Means, and Not According to His Necessities.

FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.
The Senate, Now Becoming the Private Property of Corporations and Bosses, to Be Made Truly Representative, and the State Legislatures to Be Redeemed from Recurring Scandals.

FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.
As the Duties of Citizenship Are Both General and Local, Every Government, General and Local, Should Do Its Share Toward Fitting Every Individual to Perform Them.

SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM.
All the Nation's Money to Be Issued by the Nation's Government, and Its Supply to Be Regulated by the People and Not by the Banks.

SEVENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.
Organizations Powerful Enough to Oppress the People Are No Longer "Infant Industries."

OUR EXPANDED FOURTH.

There never was such a Fourth of July as this in the history of our Republic. From Manila, in longitude 121 East, to San Juan, Porto Rico, in longitude 66 West; from Point Barrow, Alaska, in latitude 72, to Cebu, in latitude 10, the birthday of the American Union was celebrated under the American flag. It has always been the custom of Americans abroad to honor the Fourth of July, but this is the first time the celebrations under the jurisdiction of our own Government have extended over more than half the circuit of the globe.

It is noticeable that our newest citizens have been just as enthusiastic on this occasion as those whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower. Forty thousand Porto Ricans swarmed into San Juan to testify to their loyalty to the American idea. In Manila Americans, Spaniards and Filipinos joined in honoring the flag to which all alike had learned to pay allegiance, and they were assisted in their demonstration by foreigners of all nationalities.

As the American Republic has extended its boundaries, it has extended its ideas and its prestige still further. If there never was a Fourth of July so widely celebrated under our own flag, there never was one whose celebration abroad was so widespread and so impressive. From Hong Kong to Paris, from Stockholm to Melbourne, the men that rule the world have saluted the rising colors of the Republic of the Twentieth Century.

We have expanded, and we are going to keep on expanding.

AN INTERNATIONAL NUISANCE.

Anna Gould's ridiculous marmoset of a husband is in a state of sputtering indignation because the Prince of Monaco invited Dreyfus and his wife to visit him. He has written an insulting letter to the Prince denouncing him as "a protector of gambling houses," and warning him that he has no right to interfere in the Dreyfus case.

Fortunately nobody takes the absurd little jumping jack of a count seriously except himself and the misguided young American woman who has saved his family plate from the pawnshop, and regilded his doubtful title with Jay Gould's millions.

There should be some way to snuff out this international nuisance. In this prosaic country a term in jail as a disturber of the peace, a ride on a three-cornered rail, or a snug-fitting coat of tar and feathers would put an end to his antics. But they order things differently on the other side, and we shall probably have to bear the Castellane affliction until the Count gets to the end of his tether—which in this particular instance means the bottom of his wife's purse.

A CHANCE FOR CINDERELLA.

A few days ago the Journal printed the following pathetic letter from a good woman in its editorial columns, under the heading "A Modern Cinderella."

Editor of the New York Journal:

I saw an article in your paper of Tuesday headed: "Wanted, a child for adoption." I have a little girl, between ten and eleven years old, for whom I would like to find a good home. Her father is dead, and her stepfather seems to feel her terribly in the way. She is made a servant for two smaller children, yet nothing she does seems to give satisfaction to her stepfather. While she is a great help to me, and I hardly know what I should do without her, still I would be willing to let her go where she would be treated right. I would be deeply grateful to you if you would assist me in finding a home for her.

The fairy prince has come to the rescue of Cinderella in the shape of a New York business man, who generously offers to provide for the little girl whose "stepfather seems to feel her terribly in the way." Here is his letter, the name and address being withheld at his request:

Editor of the New York Journal:

Dear Sir—Seeing your editorial, "A Modern Cinderella," my wife wishes me to write you offering the subject of the article a good home, where she will be tenderly cared for and well brought up. Can you give us the address of the little girl so we can communicate with the mother and make arrangements?

The Journal has forwarded the address of the child's mother as requested. It is a very happy ending to a sad story.

MR. SAGE'S OVERSIGHT.

Mr. Russell Sage, with that frankness which is his chief charm, expresses himself with deep feeling on the subject of the gas war. He says:

The present situation among the local gas companies is unnecessary, and one that business men should not tolerate.

Of course it is "unnecessary" from Uncle Russell's standpoint. Why should sensible business men sell gas for 50 or 65 cents a thousand when by coming to an agreement they could advance prices to the old rate of $1.15? It is simply throwing money away.

But has it not occurred to Mr. Sage that the people may have something to say on the subject of an increase of rates? Gas can be sold at a profit at 50 cents. That has been conclusively demonstrated. The consumers have been robbed long enough. They will not tolerate the formation of a gas trust, which will stop competition and make high rates certain.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF INDUSTRIES.

A recent editorial in the Journal mentioned a case in which the United States Government engaged in the coal mining business in Illinois. That was a case where the miners had become obstreperous and had to be disciplined.

It is worth observing that this is by no means the first time that our National Government has been called upon to conduct vast enterprises. It is, in fact, one of its most common experiences to be called upon to transact the business of bankrupt railroads through its courts. We think we may safely say that one-half of our entire railway system—which includes nearly one-half of the entire railroad mileage of the whole world—has at some time or other passed through the hands of our National Government.

That is to say, when a railroad becomes bankrupt it applies to the Government through its courts for relief. The Government appoints a receiver, who, under the instructions of the courts, carries on the business of the railroad until it becomes self-sustaining.

Here the question naturally suggests itself:

If the Government can successfully conduct the business of a bankrupt railroad company and bring it on its feet again, why cannot it carry on the business of railroads that are in good financial condition?

The objection is often heard that Governments cannot do business as well or as cheaply as private parties can. On its face this objection is absurd, since evidently the Government has at its service all the talent of the country. A Government position always gives dignity to its servants, and therefore is always preferred to a position under a private master.

But the objection is absolutely disposed of by our repeated experience that our Government actually has frequently carried on bankrupt railroads and other bankrupt enterprises to successful conclusions when so-called "private enterprise" has failed.

LEAVE IT TO GARRISON.

A recent editorial of the Journal upon some of the unpatriotic effusions of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, Jr., seem to have touched that gentleman's friends upon the raw. Mr. Walter Manning, of Boston, writes:

Your editorial on "The Degenerate Garrison" and his classification with such men as Robert Lincoln et al., is a contemptible piece of editorial work and a foul stigma upon a worthy man and an honored name. I very seldom have occasion to disagree with the Journal, believing, as I do, it is the best newspaper for news and editorially in the country, but I could not let such an attack upon so honorable a man pass without registering my feeble protest. You have bit off more than you can chew in this Philippine business, and you will find it out before long. * * * All honor to Garrison, and he is proving a noble son of a noble sire.

Mr. David Silver, of Tarrytown, exclaims:

I have read the Journal morning and afternoon for three years, and the first article which showed meanness of spirit was that of the 13th instant, entitled "The Degenerate Garrison." How you of all editors could write or permit such a vindictive, mean article passes my comprehension.

The impulse of the nation which prompted the war with Spain was noble; the conduct of that war and the treatment of our allies in Cuba and the Philippines would disgrace Russia, and will cause Americans to blush when liberty is mentioned.

The task of answering these protests, and of showing why Mr. Garrison was called a degenerate, can be intrusted to nobody more competent than Mr. Garrison himself. Let him speak:

AGUINALDO.

Thine, Aguinaldo, is the common fate
Of all who seek, in Freedom's holy cause,
Deliverance from foreign yokes and laws,
Against a foe of overwhelming weight.
Thou hast great compeers of an earlier date,
Toussaint, Bozzaris, Kosciusko, men
Misunderstood, maligned, defeated, then
Immortalized among the brave and great.
Take heart and comfort if thy soul be sad.
Not lost nor wasted thy heroic stand:
Thou hast unmasked a nation falsely clad
In altruistic garb, revealed a land
Blind to distinctions between good and bad,
And smiting Liberty with ruthless hand.

THE CAUSE OF THE BACHELOR APARTMENT.

Why the great bachelors' apartments which we see so often in our city? Have men and women ceased to fall in love, and is marriage going out of style?

Undoubtedly there is a perceptible decline in the proportion of marriages. This is especially true among the thoughtful and earnest—the very class which, for the future of the race, it is desirable should marry.

But the fault does not lie with nature. The normal, big-hearted man, healthy of mind and body, has the same longing as had his father and grandfather for a home of his own, a wife to love him and children to call him father. He wants dear ones to live for, to work for and to love. He well knows that "Not what we have, but what we share," makes the real joy of life.

The root of the trouble is economic. A home consists not alone of the happiness which transfigures it and makes of it the dearest spot on earth. Homes are in houses, and they cost money, either to purchase or to rent. Furniture must be bought and household supplies obtained and constantly replenished. As the years pass the growing family and its constantly increasing needs make heavier and heavier demands upon the pocketbook of its head. Everything then depends upon keeping the pocketbook supplied, and that is something that in these times of industrial depression no man can be sure of doing. Every day men are losing employment, and every time a man is thrown out of work a deadly blow is struck at an American home.

These things the unmarried man sees. He knows that, no matter what his position in the present, he has no assurance that in the future he will be able to earn even the necessaries of life for himself. Naturally he hesitates to assume the responsibility of other lives when the outlook is so uncertain. When he may not be able to provide for himself, he shrinks from undertaking the care of others.

There is no more serious phase of the industrial problem than this. That large numbers of our best citizens, industrious, earnest, thoughtful men, should deliberately violate their natures by remaining single, not from choice, but because the financial basis of their lives is insecure, is a menace to us as a nation. Society is built upon its homes and families, with marriage for its corner stone.

When we realize that industrious men, eager to work, cannot be sure of earning a living, and therefore do not marry, we are certainly facing a grave situation.

Sees an Era of Slavery.

New York City, June 30.

Editor New York Journal:

It is clear, at all events to the millions of workingmen, the best judges, that the greatest curse that can befall and afflict this country is when the creation of selfish trusts and monopolies gets a firm grip on the throats of the people.

The capitalists, monopolists and corporationists, who are a "unit" in themselves, although seemingly apart, are stealthily working now and have been for some time the thin end of the wedge, slowly but surely and inevitably.

You can then and afterward look out for a reign of imperialism, political-military despotism and slavery which the world never experienced before. It will then be good-by to the Republic and all its pride, pomp and vainglory. Shakespeare says:

'Tis gold which buys admittance, and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man killed and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man.
What can it do and undo?

Respectfully, A. JORDAN.
No. 286 East Forty-second street.

HANNALET, PRINCE OF $MARK, IN THE MODERN GRAVEYARD SCENE.

THE ENGAGED GIRL MADE A MISTAKE.

COST: HER PRIDE AND ONE LARGE DIAMOND

"HELENA doesn't seem very happy these days," observed the girl in the red hat; "what is the matter? Has she suddenly seen herself in a strange mirror, or is she trying to learn golf?"

"M'; neither, I believe," replied the girl in the pink shirt waist. "It is just a case of Harry, as usual, so far as I can see."

"But I heard they had made up their quarrel. So"——

"They have. It seems, however, that the reconciliation was more painful to her than the quarrel itself. Yes, it begins to look as if Helena must search elsewhere than a good, old-fashioned row with her lover for pleasure, poor girl!"

"Is it possible? But how about the man who was so nice to her when she visited Alvy's in Buffalo last Spring? Couldn't she make Harry jealous by"——

"H'm. I wouldn't ask Helena about that man just now, dear—that is, if there is any personal subject which you don't care to have opened. Between you and me, I think it is just as well that Harry and Helena are to be married in the Fall. Her temper has really become such that only a husband could endure it."

The girl in the red hat smiled. "It seems to me that you must have mentioned the Buffalo man to her recently yourself," she said.

"Well, yes, I did," sighed the girl in the pink shirt waist, "and I'll tell you all about her affairs right now, just to relieve my feelings a bit. Not that she knows anything unpleasant with which to remind me," she added, hastily.

"Of course not, dear. I never"——

"All right, then. I didn't know but that you might be one of those stupid people who are always thinking things. It is this way: Matters had recently gotten to the point where Helena and Harry had a little tiff every time they met."

"Pshaw! That is one stage of every engagement, dear. In love and measles there are always certain symptoms which"——

"M'hm; I know it. I've never been in love myself, but then one can usually diagnose the case of some one else better than one's own, anyway, so my opinion on the subject is as good as Juliet's, for that matter."

"Quite. So they had a daily tiff, had they? Was it that once called the engagement merely a rehearsal for matrimony?"

"Probably some widow, dear. Yes, and finally they went from tiffs to a desperate quarrel. While they were in the very midst of it the maid brought in a telegram for Helena. It was from the Buffalo man, and read:

"'Shall be in town to-morrow. Must see you alone. Matter of life and death.'

"Gracious! To think that any man could be so much in love with Helena! Still, one must be charitable. I never saw him; he may be the sort of a person at whom no one else would look."

"H'm. I don't know about that. But of course after she read that telegram Helena didn't care how mad Harry got, and said just as many mean things as she could think of on the spur of the moment."

"With the result"——

"With the result that Harry went home about

"He was held up by footpads. . . . They took the diamond she had returned from him."

midnight with that angelic diamond in his breast pocket. He was undecided whether to leave for the Klondike or the Philippines the next day!"

"I wish he had chosen the former. She'd have felt much worse if he had made a fortune and shared it with some one else than she would if he had died, a hero, on the field of battle."

"Naturally. As for Helena, she laid out her best organdie to air before she went to bed to sleep like—well, like Napoleon before the battle of something or other."

"Yes. And did the man from Buffalo really come the next day? It seems almost too good to be true."

"Oh, yes; he came. I happened in just as he was due, and she loaned me her purple waist to copy on the first asking, so anxious was she to be rid of me."

"And you fled?"

"I did. She might have changed her mind about the waist. Besides, it is a waste of time to smile at the man who is newly in love with some one else."

"Most true. But you are sure that he actually came? And the result?"

"Oh, yes; he came. The result was that Helena sent Harry a note saying that it was useless for another to try to win her; that she could never love any one else, not if she lived to be thirty!"

"Humph! Then the Buffalo man?"

"Was wildly in love with Alys, dear. She was jealous of his attentions to Helena while she was visiting her and refused to smile upon him. He came to beg Helena to explain to Alys that all those long, quiet talks had been about herself alone!"

"Oh, goodness me! And yet they call man a reasonable being!"

"Some people do, dear. I doubt if Helena does just now. Of course she had to agree with everything he said and was obliged to promise that she would explain to Alys."

"Of course. Well, I only hope it will never be in her power to do Alys a real mean trick; that is all."

"M'hm! So do I. But"——

"Did Harry accept her peace overtures?"

"Oh, yes! He came over in the evening. He was still trying to decide between the extreme heat of the Philippines and the extreme cold of the Klondike—he always did like a moderate climate."

"But he told her that he had decided on the Philippines, didn't he?"

"Of course he did. If he had said the Klondike she'd have held him to it, promising to await his return."

"Naturally. Then, I suppose, she is happy, after all."

"Not quite, dear. The fact is that he was held up by footpads on his way home the evening before. They took the diamond she had returned from him, and now Harry says it was all her own fault, anyhow, and has replaced the diamond with a mean little turquoise! And Helena is not in a position to quarrel with him because of it!"

ELISA ARMSTRONG.

HOW INVENTIONS SHIFT POPULATION.

PROF. PARSONS'S IDEAS OF THE FUTURE.

PROFESSOR FRANK PARSONS spoke at the National, Social and Political Conference in Buffalo on the "Problem of the City." He said:

"In 1790 only one-thirtieth of the people of the United States lived in cities; in 1890 about one-third of our population lived in cities of 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants; that is, we must multiply the ratio of 1790 by ten in order to get the ratio of 1890. An equal movement for another hundred years would make the city population of 1990 three times as large as the total population of the country. The growth of cities will probably stop short of that prediction, but the stampede from the country promises to continue in the next decade, at least, with undiminished and probably accelerated vigor.

"Automobile-motor bicycles and, perhaps, flying machines, with papier-mache, liquid air engines, will make it easy to travel fifty or sixty miles an hour in your own conveyance. No respectable family will be without its automobile, flying machine and motor bicycle. They will be as thick as mosquitoes on the Jersey coast. Splendid roads of asphalt or devitrified glass will be built from ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the Gulf. The country will be covered with a magnificent network of highways made of malleable glass, broad and smooth, and lined with beautiful trees. The farmer will live in the city, or near it, and go to his fields every morning and back at night to his home on his automobile or liquid air bicycle.

"Invention is building the cities in another way. Modern machinery enables four men to plant, raise, harvest, mill and deliver to the bakers flour enough to feed 1,000 men for one year, and the end is not yet. Electricity is coming to the farmer's help. It is found that electrifying the seeds will increase the yield 50 per cent, electrifying the atmosphere will increase the crop 70 per cent, electrifying the ground will increase the product 300 per cent. Why not electrify all these, and why not electrify the hired man and the hired girl?

"If we get this system into general use, and electrify the seeds, the ground and the atmosphere, and then go further and electrify the hired man and the hired girl—by giving every youth a thorough practical education and making every worker a partner in the business—if we do all this, along with the improvement in transportation, the time will come when one-one-hundredth of the people will do the entire agricultural work of the country. Even they will enjoy the advantages of city life, so that the entire population will be practically urban."

A Defensive Measure.

"Marietta, you had better write your aunt Jane that we are coming out there on the Fourth."

"Why?"

"If you don't she will be writing us that she is coming here."—Chicago Record.

Good Advice.

"Shall I speak to your father?" he asked after she had made the usual promise.

"You may if you wish," she replied, "but if you want the matter settled I would advise you to see mamma."—Chicago Post.

A Painful Contrast.

"What an intelligent looking dog that is of young Appleby's."

"Yes. It's funny young Appleby doesn't see the contrast."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.