

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

- FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES. SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS. THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX. FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE. FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM. SIXTH—CURRENCY REFORM. SEVENTH—NO PROTECTION FOR OPPRESSIVE TRUSTS.

THE SOLDIERS ON OTIS.

When Grant's battered regiments marched home and disbanded the soldiers did not say that their general was a "grandma," whose mismanagement wrecked their campaign.

The loyal admiration of soldiers for the commanders who have led them to battle, whether successful or beaten, is one of the oldest and most constant phenomena of human nature. It kept Hannibal's army together in a hostile country for eighteen years; it made Antony's soldiers defend his honor longer than he did himself; it gave every Roman general with a spark of military merit a force ready at his call to back his pretensions to the imperial throne; it lavished itself upon the dark and unlovable Wallenstein; it made Cromwell dictator of England; it glossed over the infamies of Marlborough; it made heroes of Gates and McClellan and Banks. The simple performance of a commander's elementary duties in a half-way decent manner has been enough at all times to call it forth.

Is it not significant, then, that no trace of this feeling is to be found among the troops coming home from the Philippines—that every regiment, every company, every battery, whether from Oregon, Nebraska, Pennsylvania or Utah, tells the same story of the disgraceful incompetence of Otis? One of two things is true—either the General chosen by the Administration for the Philippine campaign in preference to Miles and Merritt is of entirely unique incapacity or the men who have been fighting under him have developed a type of soldierly human nature hitherto unknown in the world.

TWENTY-FIVE CENT THUNDER.

A Republican in Ohio has solved for us the mystery of the famous anti-Journal literary bureau editorial, which we have already traced through twenty-nine of our exchanges, and which is still thundering down the ages as the returns come in from "Ounalaska's shore" and those distant wastes "where rolls the Oregon."

Our correspondent sends us a proof slip of "ready-made editorials, kindly sent out by Mr. Guy E. Mitchell, under the head of the 'Republican Literary Bureau,' of room 6, Glover Building, Washington, D. C."

To Editor: Dear Sir—Please find below column of political paragraphs which I should be pleased to have you examine and see if a regular weekly service would not be useful to you.

I will supply you this matter at the nominal rate of twenty-five cents per week, with the explicit agreement not to furnish it to any other paper in your city.

As a sample of the wares in his literary shop Mr. Mitchell enclosed the celebrated editorial in which the Journal and the Cincinnati Enquirer are denounced for criticising the President's lack of a Philippine policy.

We do not agree with the uncharitable comment of our Ohio friend:

When one can obtain a whole column of brains for twenty-five cents, what sense is there in the country editor recklessly wasting the limited quantity of which he may be possessed?

The fact that some editors buy brains at twenty-five cents a week does not imply any lack of brains of their own. On the contrary their keenness for a bargain is a sign of a highly developed intelligence, at least in some directions.

The Journal thanks the Republican National Committee for the compliment of selecting it as the most dangerous enemy of the Hanna organization. But how unhappy the hated rivals of the Hartford Post, the Oswego Times, the York Dispatch and other well-known moulders of public opinion must be at learning that these journalistic giants are able to lay in their stocks of editorial thunder at twenty-five cents a week!

TWENTY-FOUR CARAT LITERATURE.

According to an article in the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, Rudyard Kipling gets the highest prices paid to any writer in the world. Mr. Kipling is paid for some of his stories at the rate of twenty cents a word.

That is a good deal, but there was once an American writer whose literary cargo was as diamonds to Mr. Kipling's gold. Mr. William Waldorf Astor served as United States Minister to Italy for three years. In that time he wrote three communications which were considered by our Government of sufficient importance to be published in the official volumes of Foreign Relations. The first of these, announcing the unavail-

ing of a tablet commemorating the sojourn in Rome of S. F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, occupied fifteen lines, including an enclosure. The second, enclosing a copy of a note expressing the gratitude of the Italian Government for the American expressions of sympathy with the sufferers from the earthquake at Ischia, comprised five lines. The third, announcing the refusal of the Italian Government to permit Father Valentine Lanciotti, a naturalized American citizen, to revisit Italy without being apprehended for evading military service, extended to eight lines.

Twenty-eight lines in three years average a trifle over nine lines a year. Mr. Astor's annual salary was \$12,500. Thus his literary efforts were paid for at the rate of nearly \$1,400 per line, or say \$100 a word.

Where is Kipling now?

FREE TRADE WITH HAWAII.

We have considerable mail trade with the Hawaiian Islands through our San Francisco house. It seemed to us advisable, in order to further our interests, to send a representative there with samples. We were somewhat surprised, therefore, to learn that all commercial travellers are taxed the sum of \$500 for the privilege of going to the islands to solicit business. The text of the law, as quoted us, is as follows: "Commercial Travellers, Sec. 745. The annual license to solicit or order, or sell goods, wares or merchandise by sample, by any person representing any firm, house, company or corporation which does not hold a merchandise license, shall be five hundred dollars for the island of Oahu, and two hundred dollars for each other island of the republic, Oahu excepted."

Now, it seems hardly just that the law should be so prohibitive, especially in the case of an annexed possession under the American flag.

We think this matter which the Journal and Examiner could take up with profit, as we cannot be the only house interested.

We could expand to a considerable length on the advantages gained by a removal of this license, but our time, like yours, is limited, and you are able to reason the matter out without argument.

A tax of \$500 a year on commercial travellers is indefensible as a revenue measure, and now that Hawaii is a part of the United States, there is of course no use for it as a means of protection. Let us have free trade in our Pacific Islands for American firms and their representatives.

EDUCATION AND SUCCESS.

Mr. Collis P. Huntington some time ago gave his views on education, and lately he has added an explanation of these views. He has no use for higher education, holding that it breeds dislike for manual labor, and drives men into poorly paid positions, "where they do not have to soil their hands."

Mr. Huntington has evidently never heard of Voltaire, who was probably the best educated man of the last century, and yet who had such good practical ability that he died a very rich man.

There are numerous examples in history of finely educated men who have delighted in manual labor—not merely like Gladstone, who felled trees as a recreation, but as a regular employment. Let us simply instance the great astronomer, Galileo, who delighted in mechanics, and who constructed the first rude telescope; Tolstoy, who daily passes hours at the shoemaker's bench; Edison, who works more than half his time in overalls; indeed, all our great modern scientists do a great amount of manual labor, constantly "soil the hands" considerably, and have to do it in order to become authorities in physical science.

No, knowledge does not incapacitate men for manual labor, though, to be sure, it makes men averse to mere toil, to labor that gives no opportunity to rest and mental recreation.

Now, let us see what it is that is responsible for the present undoubted aversion of our youths for manual labor.

First, it is our Anglo-Saxon snobbery which deems the position of a mechanic and "dirty hands" undignified—we call it "Anglo-Saxon," because it started in England and has been imported into America, unfortunately.

Second, the fact that under the present capitalist system a mere mechanic, an artisan, has no longer much chance of advancement, while the smallest mercantile or clerical position may be the avenue to unlimited wealth—the end and aim of all young Americans of the present day.

Third, and mainly, it is our present educational institutions and educational systems. The commercial spirit pervades them all, from top to bottom, even our public schools. "Business" is set before the minds of our pupils as the great goal, the only one worthy of their efforts. We sadly need a new education, one that will train not alone the brains of our boys, but also their hands, one that will give them both mental and manual dexterity.

THE BROOKLYN EAGLE explains the slow progress of the Herald's limping transccontinental automobile by the assertion that the driver of the machine saw a cross-eyed man at the beginning of his journey. Somebody else suggests that there was still worse luck in starting with a cross-eyed automobile. But probably, when we get right down to facts, the real hoodoo was encountered when the tourists undertook their trip under the auspices of a cross-eyed newspaper.

NOT SO FIERCE AS IT LOOKS.



Uncle Sam—"Say, William, why don't you take that away and hire a live man?"

Secretary Root is making preparations to push the war in the Philippines by sending over troops and supplies sufficient to crush the rebellion in short order. Good for Root! Now that he has begun to do something he will probably carry it through. Alger and McKinley have given him the opportunity of a lifetime to make a reputation. But of course he knows that troops and supplies cannot carry on a war by themselves. Doubtless the announcement of Secretary Root's determination to smash Aguinaldo is a preliminary to the recall of Otis.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE DEWEY HOME.

Editor of the New York Journal: It is now but a brief twelvemonth since the United States were at war with Spain. Happily for them, not a long war, nor a war of many battles, but they were battles which seized the attention of the whole world, and still hold its admiration and respect. Manila Bay was, perhaps, the most glorious of them all.

It has seemed to many that to the man who guided our forces, George E. Dewey, some material evidence of the good will and appreciation of his countrymen is due, and to that end the "National Dewey Committee" was constituted to raise a fund wherewith to present to him a home as the most fitting testimonial of the gratitude of the American people.

The committee desire to hasten the work of collection and have, therefore, designated me as their representative to receive subscriptions and to promote the good work in New York City. I bespeak your good offices in this matter, feeling assured that, with the co-operation of the daily press, the cause cannot but prosper.

No time should be lost. In sixty days the Admiral will make this port; before that time the fund should reach such proportions as to place its success beyond cavil. The committee, therefore, most earnestly appeal to that patriotic liberality for which New Yorkers have ever been known to aid us.

Will you receive contributions and publish the amounts and names of the donors? The committee wish to publicly acknowledge every contribution, however small, and to each contributor will send a souvenir receipt. No more commendable project ever appealed to a generous public. Let us make it a success. I am very cordially yours, HAROLD C. HANSEN, No. 156 Broadway, August 3, 1899.

Creelman Will Survive.

[New Dakota (Ala.) Viewpoints.] The editor of the Chattanooga Times got his drinks milked when in one paragraph he defended the "round-robin" correspondents at Manila and in another called James Creelman an ugly name and General Otis a gentleman and a scholar. It is supposed that Creelman will be able to survive under it. Creelman has a reputation in journalism that can never be smothered by such as the Times.

DER VAR BEDWEEN DEWEY UND CHERMANY.

IT my wireless dillydandy I haf just overheard a conversation which took place between two of my old college chumps on der udder side of der vet vaters vich is rolling full mit skurf and brokers ofer der boozum uf der Atlantic Ocean, yct.

Vun uf dese old college chumps vas Mike Hanna, vich he representations der Administration ad der bresant moment on der udder side of der vetness. Der udder old college chump id vas Chames Cordon Pennett, vich he grinds interews mit Chorge Dewey to-day so dot he can keep his mind occupied mit denying dem day affer to-morrow.

"Vell, anyhow, Mike Hanna and Chames Cordon Pennett med ub mit each udder and Mike made his cheeks puff out mit indickation. "Chames Cordon," vy dit you dittet id? How could you dittet id? How dare you dittet id?"

"Vy dit I dittet vot?" set Chames Cordon, vishling for his yacht. "Vy dit you dittet vot you dit?" set Mike Hanna, gedding red, vite und plue mit anky patriotism. "Dit I do somedings vich I should nod haf dittet ven I dit id?" set Chames Cordon, vriding a check for sefen hundert million francs and hidding his cigaroot mit id. "Ja," set Mike, "you certainly dittet. Vot pitzeas bat you to sdard a var between Chorge Dewey und Chermany just ven Chorge is on his way home to attendance blinkwets und make spooches und eat plink teas und run around all day und sday ub all night und uddervise ged a much needed need? Vy doand you be a chentlemans und end dis gruel var vich you haf sdarded between Chorge und Chermany?"

STEPHEN CRANE ON GEN. OTIS.

London, July 22, 1899. THE American news printed in journals of London never fails to interest Americans in Europe, but if you will allow me to say so, it interests us principally as a matter of opinion. We commonly are obliged to sift every thing through a net composed of our own superior knowledge of our countrymen.

This is no hardship; I cite it simply in the way of suggesting, if I can, that international correspondence is the most difficult work which falls to the lot of the men of the public press. The Philippine Islands are at present absorbing a great deal of attention, and it is fair to say that no correspondent could possibly make head or tail out of the wonderful nonsense which reaches Washington, and, after being still further confused, is officially announced to the world. Having a few scraps of information at my command, I beg leave to place them at your disposal.

In the first place, I would like to contend for a moment that General Otis himself is largely responsible for the present lamentable conditions in the Philippines. Scarcely had Otis set his foot squarely on shore when he announced to the Government of the United States, and in the public press, that with 25,000 or 30,000 men he could put down the revolt in three weeks. Those of us who knew better were simply prostrated with dismay when we read this news. It defined an ignorance of the situation on the part of the American chief which would surely lead to all manner of fuss and trouble.

We—the knowing ones—thought we could see why Otis had made the statement. He was a soldier of the old school, and he thought the natives were soldiers of the old school. He had a vision of taking out his 25,000 or 30,000 men and meeting the native army drawn up in form and hammering the life out of it in one satisfactory day's work. We groaned at this preposterous idea, and it is a sorry, sorry pleasure to find, soon enough, that we groaned for good reason.

When the Cubans were insurgent to Spain, the Spanish generals announced victories every day for three long years, and about once a month they declared that the spine of the insurrection was broken. The victories were victories in one way. The Spanish advanced—150 rounds per man; the insurgents retired—sometimes as many as ten rounds per man. The Spanish burned a camp of palm-bark huts which had been built in about twenty minutes. The Spanish returned to their garrison victorious; the insurgents returned to the scene of the victory, and built another village in another twenty minutes.

There was about one insurgent to every six Spanish soldiers in Cuba, and the insurgents never, never allowed the Spaniards to clinch with them until the odds were emphatically in favor of the men under the lone star flag. If they could raid suddenly down from the mountains in strong force upon some unfortunate isolated detachment and tear it to pieces, they did it. When the angry Spaniards afterward swarmed to the region and called upon their enemies to come out and fight fair, the only reply would be, probably, a shot from some Cuban scout who had found a chance to pot down at them from a position absolutely safe.

This is not poetic war; but men do not go to

war to be picturesque, I hope. They play to win. When fanatics rush blindly upon machine guns and magazine rifles, it is all very grand and imposing, and attracts the admiration of brave enemies; but I cannot but think that the reason the Khalifa fought a campaign was that he wanted to win it.

The Spaniards had no foolish scruples against learning from the Cubans and then using their experience against the Americans in Santiago campaign. Every informed person was struck by the fact that Americans were now playing a Spanish part, and the Spaniards were virtually Cubans. They bushwhacked us magnificently. After a serious skirmish, with loss of some eighty men to us, I have heard soldiers say: "I didn't catch sight of a single Spaniard; not one."

When war came the regular United States regiments heaved a sigh of relief, and said: "Well, the (Red) Indians have been bushwhacking us all our lives, and we're been bushwhacking Indians; now, thank heaven, we've got an enemy that will come out and fight."

But the Spaniards were no greater fools than the Red Indians or the Cuban insurgents, or—the Philippines. On only one occasion did the Americans get what the men called a "square crack" at the enemy. A battalion of the Twenty-second United States Infantry was sent to a hill in the rear of El Caney, and when what was left of the garrison broke in the direction of Santiago this battalion found itself in a position to take the retreat at fair ranges and in a good light. No man passed that way so Santiago. Most of them fell—in heaps—the others surrendered. The men of the Twenty-second, using a Red Indian phrase, called it "a big killing." But it was the only time the Americans got a "square crack" in open ground.

The policy of the Filipino, with his inferior army, is naturally and quite correctly one of elusion and concealment. It is the business of his "republic" to have a government which can be packed on a native pony. He should develop no philosophy understood; one man conspicuously did not—General Otis, who naturally, then, is kept in command at Manila.

When Major-General Lawton arrived at Manila in a subordinate capacity, he is understood to have remarked that 100,000 men would be a proper number for the occupation of the island. Lawton is one of the best soldiers in the American Army. There is some mystery about Lawton being sent to Manila. Manila is usually understood to be a repository for obsolete ideas in the minds of very respectable old gentlemen.

In the meantime a ray of light has shone through this humiliating fog. We have developed some very gratifying volunteers—and at one time it seemed impossible. The American volunteer was at one time the despair of every man whose cold distinction between a good soldier and a mere brave, high-minded youth.

In conclusion I wish to suggest that the situation in the Philippines is the result of an obstinate effort on the part of General Otis to make his first silly and ignorant prophecy turn out to be true. With the mind of a politician who fears a popular outburst he dares not admit that he was absurdly wrong. He would rather take towns and leave them again, and—censor the news dispatches.—Stephen Crane in London Chronicle.

HANNA WANTS BENEVOLENCE TO STOP IT.



"Oxcoos me, Mike," set Chames Gordon, "dare is no monkey pitzeas in der var vich vun uf my dillydandys inventioned between Chorge und Chermany."

"Vell," set Mike, "I representation der Administration on dis side of der vetness, und I vant you to leaf Emberor Villum und his leedle brother Heiney alone. Ve are all hart ad vork in der Union Sdades making stuffed chiggen und triumphal arches und plingns und lopest-salat und flag raisings und hotel-rates raisings und udder hollow nofetlies to welcome Chorge home mit, so you just led him alone and keel your dillydandy reborters locked up in der woodshed, uf you please."

"My dillydandy reborters dey vas all ofer der vord," set Chames Cordon mit tignity. "Vell," set Mike, "uf dey keeb on making riskidickulous foolishness mit Chorge some uf dem vill be all ofer der biance."

"Bail!" set Chames Cordon. "Bab, also!" set Mike. "Vy doand you vent home und heb Ruzze mit dot vitezash brush? You vas too fatness und stouid, und uf dare is anydings vich ve despisal in France id it a fat mans. Vent avay, Mike, vent avay! A bas Mike! A bas der stouidness!" "Vell, all my fatness id is nod in my head," set Mike. "Pouf!" set Chames Cordon. "Pouf a eubble uf dimes to you!" set Mike. "A bas in Mike!" set Chames Cordon. "Come ofer home to der Union Sdades und pud me outd," set Mike.

"Der Union Sdades!" set Chames Cordon, hugging a leedle gikkle in his sleef. "Vare is der Union Sdades? Id seems to me I haf heard of dot biance somevare! Vot is der cabulid uf der Union Sdades?"

"Money," set Mike, und den he made chugglings mit der double chiv vich id is underneath his face. "Tud, tud!" set Chames Cordon. "Vell," set Mike, "I vill nod disturbance you any longer, Chames. Vent ahead mit your dillydandy reborters und carry on dis var between Chorge Dewey und Chermany uf you vant to, bud id is my opinion der gate receivings vill nod amount to much."

"I vill continuation to make ub vars und udder modern imprevements mit my dillydandy reborters midoud nod hints from you, Mike," set Chames Cordon. "Und hereafter ven my dillydandys interfew Chorge ven he is nod looging led him be chooful und glad dot ve haf dime to spend mit him—ingradeful man vot he is." Und den Mike Hanna just shoog his had at Chames Cordon und vent of down der Rooey Bologna, und Chames Cordon called a cab vich drofe him across der sdreet to his naughtymobile vagon. Und den his naughtymobile vagon drofe him down to his air-shub und der air-shub took him outd to his yacht und den der vireless strobbed vorking. DIEDRICH DINKELSPIEL, Per George V. Hobart.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE ON TOPICS OF CURRENT INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE.

A National Eight-Hour Law. Editor of the New York Journal: I am an admirer of the Journal in its earnest efforts to right the wrongs of the common people. The seven planks of your platform are grand. Nevertheless, I would like to see you add another, namely: A Federal law limiting the hours of labor in all businesses so as to create a sufficient demand to absorb all the surplus unemployed. An eight-hour law can be made constitutional by the Federal Government. It can take the form of tax or license. Any business can be taxed legally for the support of government. Any business liable to be conducted against public policy and the general good may be regulated by license. Let the people, through the Government, decide the legal labor hours. Then give a license at a very steep price to those who apply to work their help beyond the national economic limit, on proof shown of special process of work necessitating it. If the cost of license be high enough and the other con-

ditions discouraging, the employer will probably plan some way of doing his work within statutory limits, or throw the increased cost on his customers, who ought to pay well for such services. The unemployed, not the employed, fix the wages and conditions of labor of all kinds. Demand an eight-hour law, a six-hour law or any other hour that will call all surplus men to work. Let there be no surplus of men or women or children who must labor for a living. Then and not till then will wages go up and stay up. ROBERT J. KING, No. 912 Sixth avenue, New York.

President of Typographical Union on Dewey Fireworks. Editor New York Journal: Being a member of the Dewey Naval Parade Committee, I at its last meeting offered as a recommendation to the Fireworks and Display Committee, that on the night of the day of the naval parade the battle of Manila might be portrayed in fireworks at a point in the Hudson River opposite Mount Tom (Eighty-seventh to Eighty-ninth street). The programme as laid down by the Plan and Scope Committee offers nothing new, and while the suggestion I make will cost a great deal of money—the people's money—it strikes me that almost one-third of the appropriation should be spent upon this magnificent display in fireworks. It could be seen by every one in Greater New York who had the curiosity, and it would, I am sure, prove to be the greatest thing done in that line in this country. I am told by the "U. N. X. L. D." and "Jubilee" Fireworks companies that it would cost about \$40,000—a very large amount, no doubt, but the people have seen naval parades and military parades before. The Evening Journal of July 20 noticed my project, but as yet I have not heard from the Fireworks and Display Committee. JAMES P. FARRELL.