

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.

They Are American.

Here is a letter that goes to the bottom of our difficulties with our new possessions:

Editor of the New York Journal:

Are Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands a part of the United States or not? President McKinley in dealing with the question of Aguinaldo and his followers insists that they are, and that those fighting the United States are rebels, but when I want to ship merchandise to or from either of these islands or to mail a letter I find that President McKinley's Government insists that they are foreign countries and exacts foreign rates of tariff and postage. Will you kindly answer this letter editorially?

W. O. McDOWELL,
President Cuban-American League.

Mr. McDowell's bewilderment is natural. Either Porto Rico and the Philippines are part of the United States or they are not. If they are, why are we treating them commercially and in other ways as foreign countries? If they are not, what are our soldiers doing there, and what business have we to treat the Filipinos as rebels?

The truth is, both Porto Rico and the Philippines are parts of the United States. There is no provision in our constitutional system for the extension of American "sovereignty" over foreign territory which remains foreign while it is under our flag. England may have colonies, each with its own tariff against all the other colonies and against the mother country, because England has no constitution. There is nothing to hinder the establishment of one tariff for London and another for Liverpool, if Queen, Lords and Commons so desire. But no such elasticity is possible with us. Our constitution says that "all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." That includes Arizona, New Mexico, the District of Columbia and the Aleutian Islands, and it equally includes Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Of course we can make any sort of regulations we please for a foreign country of which we are in temporary military occupation, as in the case of Cuba, but Porto Rico and the Philippines are not in that position. They have been formally annexed to the United States, and they ought to begin to enjoy the benefit of American life. If General Otis, in occupying the palace of a Spanish Governor-General, had not been transformed into a Spanish official, enforcing Spanish taxes and regulations, we should probably not have found it necessary to send seventy thousand men and forty-five war ships to suppress our former allies.

HANNA'S FOOTPADS AT WORK.

The Finance Committee of the Ohio Republican State Executive Committee has put on its mask and gone out on the highway to sandbag Federal officials. It does not ask them to step up to the captain's office in a custom house or post office and settle to the extent of 2 per cent of their salaries, as used to be the case in the halcyon days of "My Dear Hubbell," but it makes its intentions none the less plain.

Many of the officials have imagined themselves protected against demands of this kind by the Civil Service laws. To show the fallacy of this idea, the treasurer of Mr. Hanna's Finance Committee sends each victim a copy of those parts of the laws bearing upon this subject, and points out the fact that there is nothing in them to prevent persons not in the employ of the Government from collecting "voluntary contributions" outside of Federal buildings. Mr. Hanna's treasurer accordingly concludes:

"On account, therefore, of the important bearing the result in Ohio this year will have upon the greater contest of 1900, and because of the fact that the defeat of his party in the President's home State would be heralded by the opposition as a rebuke to his Administration, we hope you will aid us in this contest by sending as liberal a contribution as you can afford."

Please send remittances or make checks payable to the undersigned, who will acknowledge the same. Very respectfully,
W. F. BURDELL, Treasurer.

Of course an official under the President would naturally wish to please his chief when the matter was thus pointedly brought to his attention. Perhaps some particularly zealous or timid public servants may send contributions not only as liberal as they can afford, but even a little more liberal than they can afford. They may think that they can come nearer to affording that than they can to losing their jobs.

"YELLOWNESS," DECENCY AND HONESTY.

At the meeting of the New York State Assembly of Mothers at Albany Mrs. Emilie D. Martin, the National Superintendent of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, said:

Unwise criticism has gone forth that the New York Journal is among the so-called yellow productions. It is due to the New York Journal to say that in its columns the truth is spoken in regard to the moral conditions of amusement in New York City.

Criticism should no longer be directed toward the New York Journal. It tells the truth. Let it be or she who would cast the first stone rise and create public sentiment upon the side of righteousness.

It is gratifying to receive such just appreciation from such a source. The commendation of one woman of this character more than compensates for the denunciations of all the more or less shady respectabilities whom we have been compelled to expose.

Mrs. Martin says that the Journal tells the truth, and she thinks that for that reason it should no longer be the object of criticism. Let us explain that it is precisely because it tells the truth that it is criticized. That is why it is called "yellow." For instance, while the Journal's attacks on stage indecency are a proof to the upright mind of the National Superintendent of the Women's Christian Temperance Union that the paper is not yellow, the managers, actors and actresses who produce salacious plays are calling it yellow with an enthusiasm never before equalled on that very account.

That has been the case from the beginning. The capitalists who were trying to get millions of dollars' worth of perpetual franchises in Brooklyn before the new charter went into effect thought that the Journal was insufferably yellow because it blocked the steal. The last words of Eagan, as he sank beneath the waves of public contempt, were a shriek against "the yellow journal press, the knaves of so-called journalism." The schemers who planned the \$200,000,000 Ramapo raid on the city treasury thought it was the most reprehensible sort of yellow journalism that defeated their plot.

As to indecent stage performances, they must be driven out of New York. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is showing through the Evening Journal how the sort of things some of our managers are inflicting upon metropolitan audiences impress a good woman. Paris can offer few things worse, and whether the purveyors of vice consider its interference yellow or not, the Journal is resolved that the business shall stop.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President of the United States will have much to occupy his mind in the short interval before the opening of the Fifty-sixth Congress.

His annual message will require more than usual thought and circumspection. In many of its features he may pour forth his soul with the rhythm and fluency that pertain to a pater sonus.

He may dwell upon the general prosperity of the country, the increased crops, the blessings of peace and our increased importance in the eyes of the world.

All this will be easy.

When, however, he touches upon the Philippines he will begin to strike snags. Somewhere in the message there is sure to be a reference to the splendid victories of "our brave soldier boys." But something more will be needed. How will these suggestions do?

Explain the mastery tactics of Otis, and tell how much more glorious it is to take a town six times than once.

Dwell upon the lives sacrificed from day to day to uphold the general whom the soldiers affectionately call the Old Granny of Manila.

Tell of the suffering, ruin and starvation of peaceful inhabitants through the failure to occupy and hold seaports.

Describe the refusal of Otis to allow the army to fight effectively, and tell of the general futility of the war as now carried on.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

A RESOLUTION has been passed by the Board of Aldermen compelling the Lexington avenue road to designate by a proper sign the stopping place of each car. Before this resolution has time to get cold it should be amended to include every street car line in Greater New York. The cry of "car ahead" in a rain storm is not a pleasant one to hear.

REV. MR. SIMPSON claims that drunkenness in this country has increased 1,700 per cent in seventeen years, while drunkenness in Africa has increased only forty-five per cent. Statisticians have figured it out that an increase of 1,700 per cent means a drink every ten minutes in the day for every man, woman and child. Could any country ask for a greater evidence of prosperity than this?

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT says that he can rely upon the moral support of Maset if the latter is elected. This means, of course, the moral support of Tom Platt. Governor Roosevelt is progressing rapidly in his political morals.

THERE IS NOT A TOWN or city of any consequence in this country that is willing to let Dewey escape.

IF GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT is really in earnest in his warning to State employes not to interfere in party affairs he will turn his reluctant attention to Aldridge's canal clerks, ostensibly presided over by Colonel Partridge.

THE COTTON CROP in the South is the second largest in its history. The crops of corn and oats exceed those of many years. Of course, this has been brought about by Republican prosperity.

The Divorce Question Again.

Editor of the New York Journal:

"Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

God bless the women and God bless the Journal for giving them a chance to be heard on this important question.

The difficulty with the position of the clergy is their erroneous application of the Biblical quotation above. If "God is love," and if two persons are joined together in love, they will not seek divorce. The quotation undoubtedly has reference to the man or woman who would attempt to interfere with the love of loving husband and wife and divert love to another, thus mixing, adulterating and finally dissolving the love which bound the husband and wife together. When this is done divorce is necessary to relieve one or both from the hell they find themselves in, and organized society or the Church has no moral right to hold or bind them in such a condition, and to do so is a flagrant usurpation of the rights of the individual.

G. W. SMITH.

The Boer-British Trouble.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Many thanks for your enlightened editorials on the Boer-British controversy. The Boers are a narrow-minded, bigoted race. Despotism is rampant there, and the country is not worthy of the name republic. The gold mines have attracted immigrants, principally British, with a good sprinkling of Americans, just as the gold mines attracted immigration to California, Australia and elsewhere. In other words, it is the onward march of civilization.

While the Boer was planting potatoes over gold mines the Outlanders came in at the invitation of the Boer, and built up the country. The former have increased to such an extent that to-day they outnumber the Boers five or six to one. The latter have gradually raised the franchise from two to seventeen years.

The Outlanders are good enough to pay ninety per cent of the taxes, but not good enough to vote. Such a state of things would not be tolerated in any civilized country. The Boers have the sympathy of the European powers, not for love of the so-called liberty-loving Boers, but because of their jealous hatred of Great Britain. The Boer must either move with the times or get out. Yours respectfully,
W. H. B. LAYBORN,
No. 356 West Fifty-sixth street.

Why should not the President indulge in the luxury of a little candor, for once?

SOME FAULTS OF OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Professor Charles I. Parker, of the Chicago High School, in a recent report, presents a strong argument in favor of radical changes in the educational system of our public schools.

He maintains that the system of "marks" and percentages now in vogue tend to make pupils dishonest.

It is a fact that cannot be controverted that a large proportion of school children will resort to almost any means to obtain the coveted "marks."

As examination day approaches the pupils, ambitious only in the matter of successfully passing the ordeal, exhaust themselves in a process of mental "stuffing"—a sort of transient inflation that will collapse like a toy balloon when the crisis is past.

As Professor Parker says: "There is no enduring education in the motive underlying the present course of study."

Pupils should be taught to think as well as to remember. It is well enough to know things relating to facts and figures. A knowledge of these will enable a scholar to pass examinations, but there can be no solid educational system where there is no inducement for the stimulation of ideas and the construction of theories.

The "stuffing system" should be abolished and sweeping changes inaugurated, whereby the dependence of the pupil upon the educational value of "marks" would be entirely eliminated.

A CARICATURE OF SPORT.

Mrs. Jane Lindsay has again outdone her rival on the wheel and is once more the woman champion.

To accomplish this she has, according to her own story, endured unimaginable torture, and reduced herself to the verge of insanity. Her physician states that she endangered her life.

Such riding is not sport. The Century Club showed good sense in refusing to countenance it. It is a pity Mrs. Lindsay's husband did not also discourage her folly.

Wheeling has done much for the improvement of women physically. In moderation it is an exhilarating, delightful and beneficial exercise, and a most enjoyable pastime. Carried to extremes it is very harmful.

No possible good can result from this craze for record-breaking at the risk of health. It is an idiotic perversion of sport which should be frowned upon by all sensible people, and especially by all true lovers of the wheel.

"THE DAIRY FARM" TRIES TO BE A PLAY. BUT ALAN DALE SAYS THAT'S ALL.

MISS ELEANOR MERRON, the "authoress" of "The Dairy Farm," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, is certainly unique. Most young women writing plays containing parts for themselves would either select the role of a "violet-eyed, languishing charmer, or a black wronged lady, victim of man's peridy. But Miss Merron, in a burst of wholesome, has other ideas. As Araminta Whitbeck she has one sweetly pretty comedy scene, in which she ties a string to the aching tooth of her lover and pulls it out. The lover cries, "Gosh! You've taken out the wrong one," or something equally idyllic and sentimental, and the beautiful girl rushes away. At another she calls a real apple in a real way, and she makes her fatal appearance, screaming with laughter, and muffled for the mumps. None of your high-falutin romance for Eleanor Merron. "I hope," she says, on Mr. Rosenquest's programme, "to make of every woman and child who see this play a friendly critic, and I believe every man will go away feeling benefited by the laugh of pure good humor with which he has punctuated the various scenes."

Perhaps, fair Eleanor, that thou dost believe too much. "The Dairy Farm" is a whole line of desirable comestibles—it is in fact a foodless meal, but oh! lady of the good intentions, gingerbread may be wholesome, and mince pie of the home-made brand inspiring, without, however, necessitating "the laugh of pure good nature." Pumpkin pie, mud puddings, arrowroot gruel, dandelion tea and pats of butter enter largely into this beautiful pastoral drama, but they do not stir you to better thoughts. They merely make you feel hungry. I should say that "The Dairy Farm" would be a good advertisement for the free lunch counter, or for any of those feeding resorts in the village of the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Of course "The Old Homestead" is responsible for Miss Merron's pardonable delusion that pure food makes pure drama, and that a few hayseeds are all that are necessary for good, wholesome enjoyment. But, my dear girl, if you will go and see the delightful pastoral illumined by Mr. Denman Thompson at the Academy of Music you will discover that it is the heart and not the stomach that is touched. Many people profess to be surprised at the phenomenal career of "The Old Homestead." I am not. It is perhaps the only play in town that I would sit through once a week without being bored. It is no idyll. It is elegant and amusing. It gives you real things, but it

colors them with poetry. A mud puddle may be realistic enough, but slapped upon a young man's face with a horse laugh it is scarcely entertaining. When you pull that poor boy's tooth with a string you may get a smile from the little gallery orchard who has been in a similar pickle, but you will not convulse the orchestra to any very animated extent. Give us real country life, if you will. We like it when it is not too tame, but give us something at the same time that lifts it up from its slough of deadly dulness, and then perhaps "every man will be benefited by the laugh of pure good humor with which he has punctuated the scenes."

Miss Merron's ideas of pastoral humor are decidedly quaint. The old man who comes in and tells you that they grazed him all over with skunk's fat, the odor of which always comes out in the heat, may be true to hayseed life, but it is the sort of truth that doesn't go on the stage. The stage is a very peculiar affair. It has to be coated before it will condense to lend itself to the drab trivialities of every day life. We can stay at home if we want to get unadulterated truth. Don't you believe it, dear girl, when they tell you that successful pastorals like "The Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres" are successful merely because they are slavishly adherent to real life.

"The Dairy Farm" tries hard to be a play at times. It has a mortgage on the dear old farm, and when you are not getting treated to pats of butter and dandelion tea, you hear a nasty, greedy old reprobate discussing that mortgage which he holds over the head of the poor squire. And as Miss Merron is so strictly particular about the truth of her pictures—vide her programme—I should like to ask her if she has ever heard any living being—away from the footlights—exclaim "Out into the night!" as he ordered somebody to leave his hearth. Consistency is a jewel, and if people insist upon making pumpkin pie and mud puddings on the stage they must be careful not to exclaim, "Out into the night!" They must remark "Get on!" "Skeddaddie!" or, better still, "Leave this house!" Such phrases as "Out into the night," "Let me pass," and "Unhand me, sir!" (Miss Merron does not use the last two) belong exclusively to the real, unreal drama, and in "a pure, sweet story of everyday life in a country town" they are out of place.

The best feature of "The Dairy Farm" was the comic ditty sung and danced by Hanna Lize; the worst features were the maudlin, penny-dreadful

sentiment contained in the gift of "me poor wife's purse" to the girl who wanted to plant things on "me mother's grave." It is all very well to be wholesome, but one must be amusing as well. Porridge is wholesome, but who would care for it in abnormal doses at an evening party, when good people try to forget their sordid, everyday lives?

Miss Merron, like another great person—the only Zangwill—is too anxious to explain her good intentions. Playwrights should be silent. They should pull the strings, and the puppets should do the jigging. Mr. Zangwill's ecstatic poem on his "Ghetto children" did not help his play, any more than Miss Merron's little programme speech will aid her "Dairy Farm." Playwrights mean well, otherwise they wouldn't present their plays.

"The Dairy Farm" is nearly acted, and Mr. James H. Wallace "presents" it. If you don't know why managers insist upon "presenting" things, they must have fearfully generous hearts. Jean Clara Walters is the lady who declines to take her hands out of the butter. She is realistic enough, and probably few could play the part better. Charles Hallock is the plump hero who falls in love with "the workhouse girl" and goes out into the night with her. Mr. Hallock seems to be a little above this hayseed sort of drama. He is a very earnest and industrious person. Grace Hopkins was the "workhouse girl" with much pathos and a maroon dress. Miss Hopkins seemed to feel the utter sadness of the role, and was duly melancholy and oppressed. Miss Katharine Carlisle played the silly part of a Malapropian young woman in hoop skirts, and made everybody else look like thirty cents. The proud "authoress" herself, as Minty, who laughed incessantly, ate an apple and pulled out a tooth, was in very good spirits, and evidently had a most enjoyable time looking at the dairy play unfolding itself, and "impersonating" one of the hayseeds with her own fair talents. Arthur C. Saunders and J. H. Hollingshead played the bogy-men of the piece, and neither made butter nor dabbled in pie. Such luxuries are for virtue only. The villains, however, seemed to be more human than the good folks. Miss Nelly Russell as Hanna Lize was the only member of the cast with a sense of humor. The "colored folks" were as tiresome as their white contemporaries. "Dairy Farm" as a "romance of Sleepy Hollow" is certainly sleepy, but with so much food in it it can scarcely be said to be hollow. ALAN DALE.

DINKELSPIEL MEETS MR. ISELIN AND CHATS ABOUT THE YACHT RACES.

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I HAF just holded a shord conversationings mit my old college chump, Alfofer Iselin, rich he is der chentleman vut is sidding on der bow-sprit of der Columbia, vinting der racings mit vum hant and keebing der ceases in his trousers-legs mit der udder.

"I am delighfulness to see you!" set Alfofer, ven I vent ub der port vine side of der wessel. "Ve hat to valt a long dime for der vind to change from a calmness, bud ven id dit ve mate a monkey piltaness mit der Shlimrock, stud id?"

"Ja," I set; "und I dink Sir Tummus Lipton should nod be so selfishness should dis madder, too, also."

"Py Chove!" set Alfofer, sending his walet after der four-ounces gluffs so vot he could box der compass: "I doand't dink Sir Tummus has been selfishness, by Chove I doand't! Ven dit Sir Tummus make a seidish, py Chove?"

"Vell," I set, "Sir Tummus und Lort Beers-four und der Doek of Arkle und der Earl of Mackintosh und all der udder Irishers vot are offer here to spend a cubbie of years ad der races der got lonesomeness, und Sir Tummus vent und importationed a lod of London fog so vot dey would nod be homesickness. Ah'd dot a selfishness?"

"Dot only goes to proof," set Alfofer, "dot Sir Tummus is a true son of Great Britain, Vales, Ireclan, Scotland, India und der Transvaal of dey haf any luck. Now just oxcoss me for a momentary, of you please. I want to vent und tolt der Captain dot a green light means der starboard end of der wessel und a red light means der port vine end. Ebery dime vot I dink of anydings important about sailing der wessel I haf to tolt der Captain. Id gif me a great deal of trouble because I know so tam much, py Chove!"

Den Alfofer vent ub to der Captain und he tolt him all about der chibboom tobsall und der main gaff mizeenmast und a lod of information vich der Captain dit nod know because he nefest tolt his tunch ad der Valduff-Astoria.

After a vile Alfofer came back py me und ve resumptioned our conversationings.

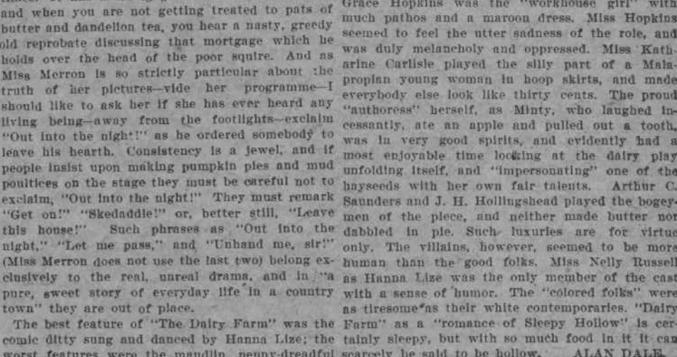
"I am fery much vorried about der spanker," set Alfofer; "id doand't seem to fit fery vell."

"Vot is der madder mit der spanker, Alfofer?" I set. "Haf der children kids outgrowed der spanker or is id vore ould from too much eggs-celence?"

"Py Chove!" set Alfofer, "dot is nod der kind of a spanker vot I reference to. Id is der Columbia's spanker. Some jantippers dey speak about id as der spinnaker, bud ven you vas an old sea-dok like me and haf cruised around der troubled waters of Fith Afenoo id is bedder to say spanker. Oxcoss me just a momentary, of you please! Captain! Captain! Send a cubbie of fairst class navigators to man der pumps, of you please!"

Den a cubbie of sailors der rushed oult to der pump in der backyard of der Columbia und dare vas great excrementions.

"Vot is der madder, Atmiral?" set der Captain to Alfofer. "Is she leaking?"



"Ve Haf Been Vaiting a Long Dime for der Vind to Change from a Calmness, Ain'd Id!"

"Py Chove, Captain!" set Alfofer, "I am a sailor, says der dinner is rotty, und urtherwise making preparations to safe der Cup. I dink I vill safe id. Yesterday der captain vas able to take a double reef in der mainsail midond't redding his feet tangled ub in der gaff tobsall halyards, und I feel much encouragedment, py Chove!"

Yust den der captain came ub und saluted.

"I dink, Atmiral," set der captain, "der fairst dime der vind is oult gelding a leedle fresh air ve vill pud der Columbia on der starboard tack, vot you dinks?"

"Dumervetter und py Chove!" set Alfofer, "vy vill you nod recollection dot I am a thoughtful commander? Vy? Id is nod necessary to pud her on der starboard tack. Only cheap peeples use dem kind of tacks. I vant Columbia to haf der best tacks der market affords, und I haf ordered a barrel of hard tacks from Delmoncos. Pud her on dem tacks ven dey arrive, of you please!"

"Vot a sailor! vot a sailor!" set der captain, und den he valked down to der afternoon part of der wessel und looked overboard ad der rater a long, long dime.

Den Alfofer und me ve discussioned der vedder und der outlook for der society season dis Vinter, und ve haf a luffly dime.

Den I shook hants mit him und he vent to tolt der captain deg get a cubbie of bootchacks to throw ad der catheads und perhaps dot could be a mascot, und ve separationed.

DIEDRICH DINKELSPIEL.

DULL WINTER SOCIALLY JUST AHEAD. SO CHOLLY KNICKER-BOCKER FIGURES IT.

PIERPONT MORGAN has been paying a short visit down on Long Island to the Markoes.

Mrs. Markoe was Mrs. Wetmore, and she has been suing her first husband, Wetmore, for some time for alimony. She was a belle in New York at one time and a very nice little woman, and every one was glad when she eventually married Markoe.

Pierpont Morgan does not seem to take very much active interest in the cup races, and although the little sport of this week awakened interest, I do not think that people are, as a rule, clamorous for much of it. It has grown tiresome.

The Baltusrol tournament is the one thing for this week in which there has been more general interest. It is an open tournament, and every girl woman in the land wants to be there.

The luck of Beatrix Hoyt having changed, the Underhill girl and Mrs. Caleb Fox are regarded somewhat in the light of curiosities.

"Town is filling up very slowly. There are a good many people at Newport, and very few at the Hot Springs this Autumn. Mrs. Burke Roche is in Boston. The Potter Palmers will pass some little time at Chicago and close their house next week at Newport. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt being in deep mourning, one sees her only at Newport, when she drives out each afternoon Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has been in town, and Charlie Geirichs and his wife are settled here for the season."

The Townsend Burdens are making a very long stay at Newport. Mrs. Burden will live her same box, right in the Thirty-ninth street corner, this Winter, and as her youngest daughter is coming out, this spot will be quite a rendezvous for the young people.

There is a bit of Winter air about town when one sees Holbrooke Curtis, official sprayer to the Metropolitan, again in town. Jimmie Breese, another of the great Southampton lights, will take rooms with his wife at a hotel this Winter, and will go South very early in the Spring. The wealthy Clarks will be in Washington, and perhaps the very pretty heiress, Miss Crocker, will make her debut under the auspices of Mrs. Ogden Mills; but it is very doubtful if Mrs. Mills will remain in this country throughout the Autumn.

People are flocking to Europe, and there is every chance for a dull season. This is just the kind of season, however, when there is not much going on, only teas and opera and little dinners, that there is sure to be some big scandal.

The ball at Tuxedo this year will be a great affair. They have been playing golf very quietly out there, have been dancing in the evenings, and have kept severely to themselves. The States Islanders have been consoled for the shabby treatment of the English cricket team by a very good week of polo, and you know the Meadowbrook story.

But to go back to Tuxedo, the preparations have been quite "extensive," as advertisements would read, for the hallowe'en festival, and all the rooms have been taken at the club. There is no place, however, that is more dreary than Tuxedo in the fellow who is not "in it." It is a wonderfully close corporation, and there is more than a pinch of snobism in its composition.

This dance and the one up near White Plains at the little club there among the Westchester hills, which is very smart, and which seldom gets into Monarch Fire Appliance Company, Exposition

print, are the only events for the future. The town is stagnation itself. The country is divine and every one has a house party.

In the suburbs of Philadelphia they are beginning to feed Bob Cassatt and little Miss Fell in preparation for their wedding in December. There are to be some twenty dinners in all, and I have no doubt that the happy pair will feel a little like Strathourg pie before the series is half given.

With nobody in town and every one scattered to the four winds, life is dreary enough. It is duller just at this minute than in midsummer. Even the men who are here are wearing their old clothes.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Against the Boers.

Editor of the New York Journal:

I wish to add my name to those who endorse your position in the Boer matter. There is nothing about them that any American would admire. Were they convinced that no outside assistance would be given them they would subside at once. They will gain more benefits by being well whipped than by any other process.

J. W. HUBBARD,
Supt. Loomis & Hart Mfg. Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"Let Us Mind Our Own Business."

Editor of the New York Journal:

I am an old New Yorker, and an heart and soul with you in your editorial referring to the Boer trouble entitled "Let Us Mind Our Own Business." Every word of it is "true as gospel." In that way you will lead us (all mankind) out of the wilderness. Keep on in your good work and we of America will bless you for it. Respectfully,
J. W. HUBBALL.