

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.

CURSES COMING TO ROOST.

The Boers are discovering that every wrong has to be paid for, sooner or later. Now that they are fighting an empire that outnumbers them more than a thousand to one, they find themselves menaced by the savages among whom they live, and whose hatred they have earned by a century of inhuman tyranny.

When the Dutch settlements were confined to Cape Colony the Boers were as cruel slave-holders as ever tormented an oppressed people. Their "Great Trek" that resulted in the formation of the present republics was largely a revolt against the emancipation policy of England. They have had repeated wars with the natives since, and are hated by all the black tribes.

If we recall the troubles our people endured in the French and Indian wars just before the Revolution we can begin to realize what the hostility of the native African races means to the Boers. The English settlers in America at the time of the last French and Indian war greatly outnumbered the French and Indians combined. There were about 1,000,000 English colonists, or eight times the total Boer population of both South African republics. There were only a few thousand French in Canada and Louisiana, and the Indians were scattered in small tribes, none of which could muster more than a few hundred warriors. Besides, the way was open for reinforcements from England, and there were many Indian tribes on the English side. Yet the whole frontier lived in hourly terror of savage raids, many towns and forts were abandoned, and a whole British and colonial army under Braddock was destroyed.

In South Africa the Transvaal Republic contains 60,000 Boers and over 600,000 natives. There are 70,000 Boers and 120,000 natives in the Orange Free State, and more blacks by the hundred thousand surround the Dutch republics on all sides. Instead of fighting in little war parties, like our Indians, the Basutos, Zulus and other South African natives have been accustomed to act in large, well-disciplined and formidable armies.

The British are trying to keep the blacks from taking part in the war, because, as they express it, if the savages once get started "hell will be let loose in South Africa." But it must be a painful reflection to such of the Boers as can think that this awful danger that hangs over them has been brought on them by their own selfish brutality, which has turned their black neighbors who ought to have been their friends into vindictive enemies wild for a chance of revenge.

CHICAGO'S WOMAN PATRIOT.

The stinging rebuke administered by a patriotic wife and mother to the mouthing Agulnaldists in Chicago was a right royal example of lofty patriotism.

"We have paid twenty millions for a tablet on which to write the epitaph of the Republic," said the reasonable speaker.

"Take down the flag," cried the woman patriot; "don't disgrace it further."

The spirit that spoke at Bunker Hill is still among our women. The turnip-hearted recreants who disgrace the flag have no right to make their arguments under it.

This woman, it is said, has a husband, a son and a brother fighting in the Philippines. With all the solicitude of a wife, mother and sister warring in her heart she hurled her denunciation at the heads of the enemies of national honor.

It was women such as this who made heroes of the Spartans, who loaded our muskets in the long Indian wars, who walked beside their husbands when the trail was blazed to Oregon, and whose heroism and patriotism ever shine brightest in times of national peril.

Thank God that in the mothers of our race the pure fire of patriotism is still undimmed.

MOTHERS IN CONFERENCE.

The New York State Assembly of Mothers now holding a three days' convention in Albany represents the thoughtful, earnest, progressive womanhood of this State. At this gathering will be discussed everything pertaining to the care and training of children from birth to maturity.

There's clubs were inaugurated a few days ago by Mrs. Theodore Weld Birney. The movement has had an extraordinary growth, and has interested the most prominent women of the country.

We are evidently outgrowing the idea that

"maternal instinct" is sufficient to transform an ignorant, inexperienced young woman into a wise and capable mother. Most of the raw recruits in the ranks of motherhood find that instinct is powerless to teach them how many petticoats the baby should wear, whose prepared food is best, or how to overcome obstinacy without cruelty.

We are no longer savages, guided only by instinct. Our civilization is the result of the accumulated knowledge of the past. Reason and enlightenment are necessary in every line of work.

We do not expect the instinct of home-building to enable an untaught man to erect a seven-story apartment house with all modern improvements.

Neither should we expect an untaught mother to give to her children the many-sided training required to fit them for the complex life of to-day.

The Mothers' Club has a great and growing mission.

THE SPIRIT OF SUCCESS.

"We are in to lift that Cup yet," said Sir Thomas Lipton after the accident that cost him his second race and left him the necessity of capturing three straight to win. "I have been in tight places before and pulled out."

There spoke incarnate Success—the spirit that never acknowledges defeat while there is a shot in the locker. It is the spirit that carried Lipton from field work on a South Carolina rice plantation to an English knight-hood and the ownership of one of the great fortunes of the world—that changed him in a few years from a stoker on a coasting steamer to the commander of a private pleasure fleet of his own.

It is the spirit of Paul Jones—"I have not yet begun to fight." The man that has it is bound to succeed in life. You can't keep him down. He may not always get the particular thing he is after, simply because somebody else of the same sort may be after it, too, but he will get something else equally good.

There are no rewards in life for the "quitter." The man who lies down under his first failure and says that this is such a hard world that it won't give him a fair chance may count upon being a doormat for the rest of his life. Success comes to the man who goes after it, and keeps on going after it—who is not discouraged when his card is returned with the message "Not at home," but besieges the door until it is impossible to keep him out any longer.

Even the Lipton spirit will not achieve impossibilities. It will not enable a slower yacht to beat a faster one. But it will get all there is out of any given situation, and if the man who has it regards the America's Cup as the most desirable object in life it will come very near to giving it to him, sooner or later.

THE YEAR'S RACING.

The racing season of 1899 that is nearing its close has been remarkable for three things: the inferiority of the horses three years old and upward, the superiority of the two-year-olds, and the intermittent spasms of activity that have seized the Jockey Club stewards.

The stewards during the late Summer and Fall have been indefatigable in disciplining jockeys, and many of the lads are now enduring enforced vacations in consequence; but of the punishment of the rogues who make it worth while for jockeys to be dishonest nothing has been heard.

To call the season satisfactory would be to stretch a point. There has been scandal galore, and the officials by their actions have indorsed the idea that there was fire behind the smoke.

But the punishment of a few half-fledged boys, while the real culprits escape all penalties, has left the public not only more suspicious than ever, but constrained to believe that the men nominally in charge are not competent to fulfil the important duties confided to them under the law of the State.

AGAIN THE RAMAPO SNAKE BOBS UP.

The Ramapo snake has again popped up with one of its nine lives, and is now wriggling around the Westchester hills. After the refusal of the Board of Public Improvements to ratify the contract, foreclosure proceedings were instituted against certain bondholders of the Westchester com-

pany which furnishes water to the city in the annexed district. This move was made in the interest of the much killed Ramapo Company for the purpose of providing that company with tangible assets in the shape of 280 miles of water mains north of the Harlem River.

Opponents of this scheme in a petition to the courts asked that in place of foreclosure proceedings the New York and Westchester Water Company be adjudged bankrupt. The friends of the Ramapo scheme fought this view of the case with an application for an injunction in the State court.

Judge Brown quietly trampled on the snake by upholding an injunction restraining the sale or transfer of the property.

Thus the Ramapo Company has again come to grief. The question of the right of the company to exist will come up when the Journal's action is heard in the courts. When this occurs the water snake, whose sole mission was to swallow, will be killed for all time.

THE FIGHT STILL ON.

The Columbia yesterday again demonstrated her superiority to the Shamrock in a light breeze. Of course Sir Thomas Lipton expected that. The alterations he made in his yacht's trim were designed to help her in heavy weather. He knew she had no chance on such a day as yesterday, but he thought that there was a possibility of her accomplishing something in a hard blow and he was going to make the most of it.

Disappointing as it is to have an eighth failure, Americans will be glad that the cup was not won yesterday in a repetition of the first day's race. If there cannot be a race around a triangular course, it is to be hoped that we may have at least a piping breeze that will whistle through the rigging and send the yachts dancing through the white-caps. Then there will be a chance to test the Shamrock at her best.

And let us hope, too, that Sir Thomas Lipton's hearty acceptance of the Journal's suggestion that the whole series of five races be sailed out, as a test of merit on all points of sailing, regardless of the disposition of the Cup, may be emulated on the other side and lead to a conclusion so complete and decisive that not the smallest shadow of doubt can linger over this year's aquatic championship.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

"WHY, SENATOR," said President McKinley to Hanna at Cleveland; "I expected to see you wearing that suit of clothes with dollar marks on it." Hanna might have replied that the dollar-mark suit is in Daveport's cold storage closet ready for use. When Roosevelt goes to Ohio, the cartoonist will doubtless rig his spindle proportions in Hanna's clothes. Our Governor has already indorsed Hanna's principles.

CECIL RHODES is proving a success as a rough shod around Kimberley. His roughest riding is yet to come in case the Boers catch him and fence him in.

NOTHING DAUNTED by the experience of our army around Santiago, England has ordered 5,000,000 pounds of canned beef for use in South Africa. It is suspected that it is to be used as ammunition against the Boers.

PHILADELPHIA IS IN THE THROES of a "pure water plan" which is to cost \$12,000,000. This is mere child's play compared with our \$200,000,000 Ramapo plan.

UP RISES MR. ROBERT MAZET with the statement that he proposes to run for the Assembly "on his record." Mr. Mazet's record has neither the speed of an automobile nor the strength of a Roman chariot. There are prospects, therefore, that he will be left by the wayside.

Opposed to a Colonial System.

Editor of the New York Journal: Please accept our thanks for your editorial in this morning's Journal entitled "Are We American?" In a nutshell your conclusion is that it is the attempt of the United States to enforce a colonial system like that of Spain that has brought and is bringing us discredit in the new countries that have come under our flag. If you are correct, all that is necessary is for the American people to understand it and they will be heard from in no uncertain terms. Such an idea is abhorrent to the American mind and heart.

Let foreign rates of postage and a discriminating rate of tariff be attempted against any other part of the United States, and the people of the locality will at once be in revolution, and the rest of the people, in the place of sending armies to suppress and destroy them, will insist upon the impeachment of the Executive that started so unconstitutional an undertaking.

I am the strongest kind of an expansionist. I believe in the expansion of the democratic idea. I do not believe that this world is large enough—through these closing years of the nineteenth century—to continue part republican, part autocratic. The greatest crime against expanding democracy is for this great republic to fall from its high estate as the exponent of Jeffersonian democratic ideas and to enter the field as an enforcer of European imperialistic colonial ideas.

In the American press, including the New York Journal, I am sorry to say, has appeared of late, for the first time in our history, as a daily headline, "News from Our Colonies." This is an offense to every true American. No true republic will ever have a colony. In the future, as in the past, everything that comes under the flag must be on its way, sooner or later, to Statehood. Let the colonial idea disappear from the headlines, and in its place let us have "Expanding America," "Expanding Democracy," "The Growth of the Republic Idea." Cordially yours, W. O. McDOWELL, President Cuban-American League.

Personal Knowledge of the Boers.

Editor of the New York Journal: In the Montreal Star of October 11 I saw your editorial reply upon being asked to sign a petition in favor of the Transvaal Boers.

I would like to see that same article sent to every paper in the continent of America and Canada; also throughout the whole European world. I lived ten years, from 1880 to 1891, and travelled from Cape Town to Delagoa Bay on the east coast right through the Transvaal, and had many dealings with the so-called Dutch or Boers.

I can back every statement you make in that article, and can vouch that it is the best and truest definition of what the Boers are that I have ever seen. If the Star did not give it in full I wish you would try to look it up in your own paper and get it sent all over the world. If I could get it I would send it to the London Times and the Glasgow Herald and Scotsman.

Would you kindly try to send me a full copy of this article from the New York Journal, as I want to get it put in every paper in the two provinces. Yours truly, H. L. THOMPSON, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

STRANGE PARALLELISM IN THE LIVES OF DEWEY AND FARRAGUT.

Even to "Breakfast Before the Battle" Is the Coincidence to Be Noted.



Admiral Dewey. (Copyright, 1899, by the New York Journal and Advertiser.)

PARTY leaders who, in the face of discouragements, are urging upon Admiral Dewey the acceptance of a nomination for President, have perhaps not conned him thoroughly enough, nor read their naval histories with sufficient zeal, to know that the shade of Farragut protects McKinley in his quest of a second candidacy.

The standard of the Admiralty, established by Farragut in war and peace, has made the abandonment of that highest of naval honors for the doubtful boon of a Presidential nomination a distinct retrogradation in rank. That is part of the naval credo. Were it not so there is great likelihood that the stamping tour of the President would be more useless than it is.

The life of Farragut and the code which he founded have been to a very evident extent George Dewey's "Guides to Conduct," and there is small reason left to doubt that he will continue to put away the Presidency, and not lay down until death compels it the dignity of his present station.

In Montpelier a few days ago Charles Dewey, eldest brother of the Admiral, talked of this. The quiet town had just freed itself of the 50,000 Vermonters who had come to honor Dewey. The last train load of them was passing out from the station when we walked along the elm-shaded street to the Dewey home.

"No," said Mr. Dewey, in answer to questions, "I am sure my brother has not given to any one any reason to believe or to hope that he will accept a nomination. I do not think, either, that his resolution not to do so has been in any wise shaken by the cordiality of the welcome which the country has accorded him."

"But why is he so averse to accepting office, if it is the wish of the people that he should serve?"

After a moment's meditation he answered: "I learned only a short time ago, and I believe it was from my brother himself, a thing which seems not to have been generally known hitherto: that a nomination to the Presidency was offered to Farragut, and that he hesitatingly refused it. My brother loved and admired Admiral Farragut, and reveres his memory. I have often heard him speak of Farragut with great feeling as 'that noble old man.' In many respects there is similarity in the lives of the two men, and I believe the fact that Farragut said 'no' to a nomination has had more influence than anything else in forming George's determination."

"Considering the nature of his position, which is the highest attainable along the lines which he chose for his life labor, there is great doubt if it would be the wiser part for him to step aside from it in the direction of the Presidency. I know that the counsel of his nearest and most trusted friends has been against his doing it, and I am quite sure his position in the matter is constantly being strengthened rather than otherwise."

"It is urged that the army has furnished a President, but there is a question whether or not General Grant added to his fame by accepting the Presidency. Certainly Farragut did not diminish his by resting content with the highest post of honor in the navy."

How perfect a means of insight into the personal character and career of Dewey this statement affords and how clearly the example of Farragut—born landsman like himself—has dominated Dewey in all situations, and especially the present one, may readily be learned by perusal of the biographies of Farragut, one by his son, the other by Captain Mahan. It would seem, to one having knowledge of Dewey, as if he had led his life



Admiral Farragut. (Copyright, 1899, by the New York Journal and Advertiser.)

in the navy with a Farragut manual continually at hand, shaping his course and moulding his character with its aid. Having won his early honors in the civil war, Dewey, as Farragut before him had done, pursued quietly the slow routine of naval promotion, expecting from seniority alone the advance which at last, and unanticipated, came to him in victorious battle.

The orders which projected the two men into action were similar. The mandate sent to Dewey is fresh in mind; of the other, and the manner in which it was executed, Captain Mahan says: "As Grant was ordered to take Vicksburg, so Farragut ordered to blockade the Red River, and as Grant did not notify the Commander-in-Chief of his final great resolve to cut loose from his base until it was too late to stop him, so did Farragut keep within his breast a resolve upon which he feared an interdict."

Dewey, for his part, cut the cable in Manila Bay, shutting off thereby orders from Washington, and took care not to find the end of it until his work was done. "Any man who is prepared for defeat," said Farragut, "would be half defeated before he commenced. Everything has a weak spot, and the first thing I try to do is to find out where it is and pitch into it with the biggest shell or shot that I have, and repeat the dose until it operates." That was the plan which Dewey followed.

It has been a foremost feature in the engagement of Manila Bay that when the job was partly finished Dewey withdrew his ships and sent his crews to breakfast before going on with the work. That seemed like a phenomenal thing to do, but the biographies show that even in that from the hero of Manila was living true to the type of man who was America's first Admiral and following to the letter the example of Farragut at Mobile. Listen to Captain Mahan again: "The Admiral had come down from his post in the main rigging and was standing on the poop when Captain Drayton came up to him and said, 'What we have done has been well done, sir; but it all counts for nothing so long as the Tennessee is there under the guns at Fort Morgan.' 'I know it,' answered Farragut, 'and as soon as the people have had their breakfast I'm going for her.'"

Coming home, worn out from his long duty in the South, Farragut, like Dewey, was met by a committee of city officials at the Narrows, and

Their Views on the Presidency Alike—Each Glad to Be Only an Admiral.

crowds cheered him when he landed at the Battery. A committee of rich Manhattaners presented fifty thousand dollars to him and asked him to become a resident of New York. A reception was held for him at the Custom House.

On the tour through New England he was greeted with the same acclamations that Boston and other Yankee towns gave to Dewey. Congress created for him the rank of Vice-Admiral, then of Admiral, and with his honors thick upon him he was sent to the command of the European station. Before he sailed President and Cabinet attended a reception on board the flagship Franklin. Times have changed since then.

In Europe he was welcomed as Dewey has been. In Paris he dined with the Emperor. In the Mediterranean ports—Malta, Trieste, Gibraltar and the rest—he was feted. The Queen received him; the Pope blessed him.

Here are quotations from his letters, which might have been penned by George Dewey's own hand:

"Of course, you see how the papers are puffing me; but I am like Brownell's old cow, 'All I want is to be let alone,' so live in peace (if I survive this war) with my family."

"Don't believe that I can be spoiled by adulation. Thank God, I am able to resist that temptation, if no other."

"I am greatly obliged to my friends, but am thankful that I have no ambition for anything but what I am—an Admiral."

"Of course, I desire a good name as such. I have worked hard for three years, have been in eleven fights and am willing to fight eleven more, if necessary. But when I go home I desire peace and comfort."

Farragut's supreme enunciation of the belief that America has in its gift no honor greater than the rank of Admiral is thus presented in the biography by his son: "Prominent Democrats urged Farragut in 1868 to allow his name to be placed before their convention as a nominee for the Presidency. They inclined to the belief that a man of liberal, national and patriotic views, who is not regarded as a partisan Democrat, whose public career has been at once loyal and heroic, whose name is the signal for unbounded respect and acclaim, would be borne to the White House with enthusiasm."

"But their appeal was in vain. He had no political aspirations, and felt that he would never give satisfaction as a politician. He wrote to a correspondent: 'I hasten to assure you that I never for a moment entertained the idea of entering the arena of life, even were I certain of receiving the election to the Presidency. My entire life has been spent in the navy; by a steady perseverance and devotion to it I have been favored with success in my profession, and to risk that reputation by entering a new career at my advanced age, and that career one of which I have little or no knowledge, is more than any one has any right to expect of me.'"

"I therefore beg that you will tender to those gentlemen who may think with yourself of proposing my name as a candidate my thanks for this great compliment, but I am FIXED in my determination not to serve under any conditions or circumstances."

In summing up the lessons of his father's career Loval Farragut said: "The moral of his life is that success is not an accident."

"To such a man fame, if it come, is but an episode." May not the same thing be written of George Dewey? JOHN KIMBERLY MUMFORD.

KOSTER & BIAL'S REDIVIVUS. NEW LIFE INFUSED BY WILLIAM A. BRADY.

THE energetic William A. Brady, who produces plays, acts in them himself, and is an adept at managing even the unmanageable, is engaged in the heroic task of peeling the gloom from the dark little establishment in Thirty-fourth street known as Koster & Bial's. Mr. Brady's services were badly needed. During the Dewey celebration, when I visited the house, my countenance stepped in tears rather than ink, refused to write. This week I have been there again, with less melancholy results. The gloom is gradually disappearing, and within a few weeks we may again find in this good old haunt—New York's first effort at devilishness—a solace for the weary.

The new programme has many hopeful symptoms in it, and the fact that there are no "sensations" in it is itself inspiring. For you can't keep up incessant sensation. New York has been spoiled by the insensate competition that was waged between the late Messrs. Koster and Bial and Mr. Hammerstein, all bidding for million dollar attractions that were not worth a million cents. The supply of Chavellers, De Merodes, Guilberts and Orosos speedily gave out, and New York found it difficult to settle down to hard tack. But a good steady diet of clever variety is all that any house needs, and Mr. Brady is on the right track. He can always fill his bill, and if he can't—well, I shouldn't be surprised to see him tackling the giddy trapeze or splurging through a festive dialect himself. He may yet make his debut as a toe dancer, or move us to tears by comic songs.

The best feature of Koster & Bial's this week is easily Bedini and Arthur, comic jugglers, who are not too humorously comic. Both are very clever gentlemen, and the one who wears the white duck suit has all the savvy and aplomb of a Cinque-vall, with a great deal of his personal magnetism. Even the juggler needs a little magnetism to cheer him on his road, and Bedini—so is it Arthur?—helps himself along very neatly. We are all of us children when we get into a vaudeville house, and we laugh at the rehearsed antics of the jugglers—when they are good—as heartily as though we didn't know that they were rehearsed.

Another pleasing "turn" is contributed by Miss Blanche Ring. "The singing soubrette." Miss Ring also steps herself in magnetism and gives utterance to her own songs with all the juvenility of a May Irwin. Miss Ring's smiles are convincing, although they are probably made to order and bought by the gross. She is another instance of

what I said when I referred to Miss Kitty Mitchell, at Proctor's, that it is possible to be refined and entertaining, and that it is not necessary to resort to the practices of La Fongere. Miss Ring manages to get over the footlights—metaphorically, I mean—and that is a great deal.

I felt sorry for poor Bobby Gaylor, but methinks if I were a vaudeville performer that I could gauge the temperature of the audience. Mr. Gaylor was quite the reverse. I have ever heard—barring none—and I am quite sure that he deserved theisses that he got. But it is always pitiful to listen to such demonstrations of disapproval, which I always thought were foreign to American ideas. In London they are very usual, and not particularly suggestive, except of the rowdiness of an ill-behaved crowd. But in New York they are rare, and they must mean a great deal. It is a funny thing that New Yorkers don't hiss indecency or vulgarity, but merely dullness. They hate to be bored. They don't like to think that they are being "done." What Mr. Gaylor's "turn" meant I shall never know. He seemed to be attempting futile jokes in Irish dialect, and he kept them up with such pertinacity that the audience rebelled. By all of which you will see that the poor critics who are condemned for telling the truth are less cruel than an audience when that audience discovers it for itself.

The Bicycle Polo Team, including Messrs. Hazleton, Hannigan, Brady and Murphy, is rather a happy idea. It made the audience feel sporty and passed away a quarter of an hour in rather a novel way. The Bicycle Brady, I hasten to say, was not the managerial Brady of the establishment, although I firmly believed when I read the programme that Mr. William A. was about to enter the arena. It wouldn't have surprised me in the least to see him butting a polo ball with a rubber tire.

La Sylphe is the dancer of this Koster & Bial occasion, but dancing nowadays seems to have resolved itself into acrobatic contortions. Miss Sylphe is a sort of boneless sardine, wriggling around the stage to slow music. What is the reason that dancing has been so completely punished of late? I believe that if Mr. Brady will give us some good "old-fashioned" dancing he would be rewarded by the thanks of a grateful community. The airy fairy beauty who used to flit across our stage, light as thistle-down, intangible as a mist, is a thing of the past. Nowadays we get muscular

young women, with flexible backbones and reversible necks, who substitute for what was once an art the manoeuvres of a silptry col. Let us have some dancers, O William A. Brady, and on your shoulders will rest the responsibility of giving back to us what has been lost for so long.

Polk and Kollins, "the world's greatest banjo-ists," contribute one of those harmless features that are placed at the beginning of the programme and are warranted not to disturb your dinner's digestion. They are clever enough in their way, and they get as much from the banjo as that much abused instrument of torture can ever hope to give forth.

Miss Alexandra Dagniar, a massive lady, constructed on the mammoth lines of the Oceanic, and—like that vessel—warranted to get in with all weathers, rather than to break records, is for the eye rather than the ear. Miss Dagniar literally fills the stage with her Danish beauty, which almost bubbles over into the orchestra. Her songs will not be whistled in the highways and byways of the city, but her colossal lines are worth looking at. I should like to see her play Juliet with little Mr. Ed Laut as Romeo. This feature, introduced into the forthcoming burlesque at this house, would, I should say, be tumultuously received.

The De Conroy brothers are a couple of pink gentlemen, of the approved acrobatic calibre, who smile and smile, and twist each other around. Like the good old circus acrobats, the De Conroys kiss their hands at the audience in complacent self-congratulation at the end of each feat, and seem to say, like little Jack Horner, "What a good boy am I!"

Of Mr. Laut I spoke the other day. He is an excellent entertainer, able to sing and able to dance, and entering a personality that predisposes to his favor. The variety singer is getting to be as rare as the dancer, but it was a nice "turn" and one of those days it will come back again. A good, catchy song is a jewel in its way, and it stays with you when the visions of acrobats and spectacular beauties have faded away.

At any rate, Koster & Bial's seems to be arising from its desolation and girding up its loins anew. There is no house in this city to which the young New Yorker would sooner go, because it has been drilled into his head that it is the correct place in which to lounge away an evening. ALAN DALE.

EDITORIALS FROM THE PEOPLE WRITTEN TO THE JOURNAL

He Knows the Boers. Editor of the New York Journal: I am a constant reader of the New York Journal, and I must confess that you bring forward convincing facts referring to the Transvaal crisis. The news is not exaggerated. I wish to explain from personal experience with the Boers. I have been in all parts of South Africa—Cape Colony, Natal Colony, British Bechuanaland, Zululand, Orange Free State and the Transvaal. I was in South Africa ten years, and I am fully acquainted with their habits, of which none are to their credit. They are lazy, and are always finding fault with their servants, whom they class as dogs. My statement is reliable. They only want to loll about with a pipe in their mouths and be members of Parliament, Utilitarians and the

money, but have no voice. Hence the trouble. I served two years in British Bechuanaland against the Boers in 1884, 1885 and 1886, so that I understand them thoroughly, and as for fighters and wonderful marksmen, they will never fight unless behind a rock. Then they want to be ten to one before they will attack. The Majuba Hill tragedy is no doubt remembered—2,000 Boers engaged 400 British; Dr. Jameson's raid a short time ago—3,000 Boers in ambush against 900 chartered forces, and, as your excellent paper states now, a small party of British troops at Mafeking, numbering 600, are besieged by 5,000 Boers and all communication cut off. This is the reason that the Boers are splendid fighters and described to be the best marksmen in the world. The Boers have never been known to have had a light in open battle or equal terms. G. W. F., Fall River, Mass.

Bourke Cockran on the Wrong Side. Editor of the New York Journal: It seems a pity that a bright intellect like Mr. Cockran's should espouse the wrong side in this unfortunate dispute between enlightened England and medieval Transvaal. Having spent five years in South Africa and learned of the intolerable rule of Transvaal, to which the term republic is a misnomer, I can assure Mr. Cockran that had he been in possession of the facts of the case his support would have gone over to England, which is fighting against oppression of the Uitlanders instead of advocating the cause of an autocratic oligarchy which he is now pleased to call "a sister republic." S. A. EDELMAN, No. 284 Madison street.