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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

THE ISSUE IS PLATT.

"The determination of Mr. Platt to send his party to the test of election handicapped by the charges against him which he will not answer has become a settled fact. He has now run away beyond return. * * * His persistent silence, under very definite charges that he is the paramount authority whom all the Republicans in Ramapo, honest figureheads or dishonest schemers, obey, leaves the pawns which he is seeking to place on the legislative chessboard somewhat at the mercy of the reputation of the player behind them."

It is not the Journal that says this. It is the principal organ of the Republican party, the New York Tribune. And it is the Tribune, too, which says:

Mr. Platt has frankly and unmistakably controlled the recent Legislatures. When a Republican voter in Chenango or Broome or New York faces an Assembly election it is really less important to him to know what the candidate in his district thinks about a proposed general law or plan of private financiers than what Mr. Platt thinks of these subjects. MR. PLATT IS HIS REAL CANDIDATE, AND MR. PLATT'S CHARACTER AND TRANSACTIONS ARE HIS REAL ISSUES.

That puts the case fairly and directly. The people of New York are to vote to-day upon the one issue of the dominance of Thomas C. Platt. Many people object to Richard Croker, but Croker is not the issue this year, notwithstanding the feeble attempt of the Mazet Committee to make him so. His position cannot be affected by to-day's elections, but that of Platt can.

Platt is the State boss, and his power rests entirely upon his control of the government at Albany in all its branches. It is that which enables him to levy contributions upon corporations, and to use the power of the State for the development of gold mines for himself and his partners, as in the Astoria Gas and the Ramapo matters. Deprive him of the Governorship or either house of the Legislature and his power in that direction is gone.

In other words, to-day's Assembly elections mean the dethronement of Platt or a renewal of his rule. That, as the Tribune justly observes, is the issue of the day.

Vote for New York.

When the voters of New York City go to the polls to-day they will naturally wish to vote for a party that stands for the interests of New York City.

The Republican party, under its Tioga boss, systematically exploits the metropolis for the benefit of outsiders. Tammany is a New York City organization, and it always thinks of the city first.

The present municipal government has given every child in New York a seat in school. It will give us rapid transit if Republican treachery does not defeat the amendment that is to make it possible. It would have given us a municipal gas plant if a Republican Legislature had granted permission. It blocked Platt's Ramapo deal, and its associates at Albany killed his Astoria gas job. It has given new small parks to the tenement districts, and is preparing to give more. It has encouraged the beneficent work of Mr. Straus in saving the lives of babies by the distribution of pure sterilized milk, in contrast with the malicious obstruction of the preceding administration. It has given personal freedom to New Yorkers whom the Roosevelt Police Board had kept under a state of martial law.

If New Yorkers desire good service, the way for them to get it is to encourage those who have been trying to give it to them.

Vote the Democratic local ticket to-day.

Figures for City Voters.

The State Commissioner of Excise has sent out a circular designed to show the beneficial effects of that triumph of Republican legislation, the Raines law. As this law furnishes one of the issues on which the people of New York will vote to-day, it may be well to see what Mr. Lyman's figures show about its benefits to this city.

The total amount received by the State from the Raines taxes in the year ending April 30, 1899, was \$3,873,512.07. Of this the counties included in Greater New York paid \$2,696,097.24, and all the other counties in the State combined paid \$1,177,414.83. Tioga County, the home of Senator Platt, paid \$4,409.66, and Ontario County, the home of Senator Raines, paid \$7,702.40.

The boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx alone paid \$1,797,536.45, or over 50 per cent more than the entire State outside of the city limits, although their population is only half as great. Mr. Raines makes us pay nearly a dollar into the State Treasury for every man, woman and child in New York—nearly five dollars for every family—while he lets off Mr. Platt's county of Tioga with less than 15 cents per head, and his own county of Ontario with between 15 and 16.

That is Republican government all over. It is the spoliation of one class for the benefit of another. Platt and Raines may find some advantage in circulating these figures in Tioga and Ontario, although even there we should think self-respecting people would feel a little ashamed of the implication that they wanted to put their hands into other people's pockets, but what do the voters of New York think of them?

Vote for Rapid Transit To-Day.

To every voter in this city, irrespective of party affiliations, we would like to give a word of advice.

On the ballots which you will look at to-day you will find an amendment to the Constitution providing for the separation of the county and city debts.

This amendment, if passed, will increase this city's debt limit to a point that will insure the building of the underground railroad.

Before you refuse to vote for this amendment you should think well upon the following things:

The underground road will be to our present method of transit what the trolley system is to the old-time horse cars.

It will enable you to travel from the City Hall to Harlem in twenty minutes instead of forty-five.

It will give you almost half an hour more at your home both morning and evening.

There will be no standing up and hanging to straps when you are tired.

It will enable your wives and children to find seats.

By the orders of Platt it is probable that the up-State Republicans will vote against it. They do not care a rush for our welfare, notwithstanding the fact that through the connivance of Platt we pay two-thirds of the State taxes.

Neither does Platt care a rap for the welfare of this city, so long as he can hold the up-State following from which he derives his power.

Every voter, therefore, should take upon himself the burden of personal responsibility and vote for the amendment that will give us rapid transit.

The heat of the campaign has incubated a dozen or more child orators on the East Side.

We are pleased to note that in the Thirtieth District a few nights ago a fine young patriot, thirteen years of age, called "Skinny," got up and dandied upon the canal frauds and iniquitous Republican officials.

He was followed by Margarita Baus, a twelve-year-old girl, who spoke feelingly upon the question of the Excise law.

Municipal patriotism appears to respect neither age, sex nor previous condition.

Thos. Platt and the Mazet Committee.

The Mazet Committee has finished its work. As every voter in this city is aware, the committee was formed by Thomas Platt as a personal revenge on the men who had thwarted an attempted theft of \$35,000,000 from this city.

The successful Republican canal steal had amounted to only \$9,000,000. It had been accomplished swimmingly. The balking of the Astoria Gas grab was therefore a blow between the eyes for Mr. Platt and his henchmen, and the Mazet episode resulted.

And what has the Mazet Committee found out? Absolutely nothing of consequence. There is probably not a voter in the city—Republican or Democrat—who knows what the evidence was.

Throughout its investigation the principal solicitude of the Mazet Committee has been to avoid involving Mr. Platt.

Platt is the self-acknowledged pivot upon which all Republican legislation revolves. The legislation which he has favored includes the canal steal of \$9,000,000, the Astoria Gas steal of \$35,000,000 and the Ramapo steal of \$200,000,000—three unfretted and damnable facts.

We have called the attention of Mr. Mazet repeatedly to these charges, but Mr. Platt has not been called to the stand. He has been allowed to remain unmolested.

Mr. Platt has established a monopoly of State legislation for private gain. All charges are passed up to him for approval. He dispenses favors and exemptions. He is the customs inspector of party thievery. The voters of this city will see well to it that he does not carry out his latest scheme for the balking of rapid transit.

The Call Loan Tax Law.

Editor of the New York Journal: The Government proposes to collect a war tax on call loans of twenty-five cents for each \$500 on amounts more than \$1,000. Those who are not interested in Wall Street can have no idea of the utter ruin this will bring to hundreds of brokers. This tax will amount to eighteen per cent a year, and no broker can afford to pay it. I would like to know who is responsible for this tax and why it is levied to such an absurd amount on call loans alone. BENJ. L. ORDWAY. Nov. 6.

This tax is a rather late interpretation by the Government of the War Revenue Tax Law. In any event, its justice will be a matter for the next Congress to settle.

If Congress upholds the interpretation, we venture to say that the banks will not close their doors by reason of it.

As in the case of all human taxation, the burden of it will ultimately fall upon the poor man.

The banker will refuse to bear it, and will require the broker to pay it. The broker will require his customer to stand it. The customer, in order to get even on the deal, will call upon his employees to suffer a reduction in wages.

It is the old, old story. Every evil load in the world of finance passes down from hand to hand until it rests on the shoulder of the laborer.

In this particular instance it is not likely that the Government will act without a thorough investigation.

Another Cuban Cable.

Editor of the New York Journal: What right has the Government of the United States to forbid the landing of a cable in Cuba? Are the cable people disobeying any law? Will the landing of such a cable be injurious to this country? For what reason does the Government forbid it? I ask for information merely because my cable bills to Cuba amount to many hundreds of dollars a year. L. J. B. Nov. 6.

The Government of the United States has no legitimate excuse for preventing the landing of the cable. In the first place, it was prevented by Alger, with whom a legitimate excuse was never necessary.

In the second place, the landing of another cable would have broken a monopoly, and monopolies of all kinds are essentially Republican.

Third, it was prevented by Mr. Root, after consultation with Attorney-General Griggs, who is the greatest upholder of trusts and monopolies in the Cabinet—which is saying a great deal.

The Sinking of the Maine.

Editor of the New York Journal: Today's papers publish a story from Havana that the scoundrels who blew up the Maine are known, and "will soon be apprehended." The dispatch goes on to say that they will be hanged if convicted. Does not our victory over Spain go away with the question of the Maine? Much as we regret it, is it not time we dropped the subject? E. J. CASTRO. Nov. 6.

Mr. Castro is probably an American. He certainly has a Spanish name. No, it is not yet time that we dropped the Maine question. It is very important.

The Spanish have accused us of destroying our own war ship and killing our own sailors. We have accused the Spaniards of the same thing. If it is possible to ferret out the miscreants it should be done. If it is possible to bring them to justice it should be done.

Although our national honor is not questioned by any civilized nation, it would be a fine source of satisfaction to spring a kodak on the fiends who sank the Maine.

Regressional.

Tommy Atkins's little ways have inspired many lads That told about his ginger and his pluck; But that strikes me very strongly that they're handling Tommy wrongly. And that's perhaps what's petrified his luck.

It was bad enough for Austin to do stunts unfit for Boston; But when Kipling, who's been always Tommy's bard, Writes alleged attempt at verse—my own cannot be worse— Well, they certainly are treating Tommy hard. FRANCIS TREVELYAN.

Demands of Fashion.

"Fashion," quoth the womanly woman, "demands of a person that she have no heart!" The other woman sighed wearily.

"Ah, if that were only all!" she exclaimed with bitterness. "Why, some seasons fashion demands that a person have no hips, even!"

And that, forsooth, were a thing not always easily managed.—Detroit Journal.

LORD WOLSELEY URGES RADICAL REFORMS IN THE BRITISH ARMY

All Ranks Dress as Monkeys, He Says, and Are Incapable of Their Best Work.

By General Viscount Wolseley, K. P. (Copyright, by Harper Brothers. Published by Permission of the Publishers. From "The Armies of To-day.")

WE have lately done something to improve our style of soldiers' dress, but no men the up, as one says, in tightly fitting tunics, can do a satisfactory day's work during war. We dress our sailors for the work they have to do, but we still cling to a theatrical style of garment for the soldier. * * * Is there any one outside a lunatic asylum who would go on a walking tour, or about in the backwoods or the prairies, trussed and dressed as the British soldier is? This applies to all ranks, for I confess to a feeling that the dressed-up monkey on a barrel organ bears a strong resemblance to the British general in his meaningless cocked hat and feathers of the last century, and in his very expensive coat, besmeared both before and behind with gold lace. * * *

Until the days of Frederick the Great our men always stood on parade with their legs somewhat apart, as all ordinary human beings do when standing still. It was then we introduced the grotesque absurdity of standing with heels close together. A child can push over sideways the tallest soldier standing in this unnatural and constrained position. Until we go back to the ordinary habits of man as regards his natural movements, we shall never get so much out of the soldier as he is able and willing to give the nation. * * *

Military service has never been very popular with the English people. Even in America's robes, when Marlborough's victories gave glory and lustre



Lord Wolseley.

to our arms, recruits were obtained with much difficulty. The jails were often emptied to send the prisoners as soldiers to Spain or Flanders. * * * No one can have a higher opinion of our rank and file than I have. Varied recollections of their daring valor when greatly outnumbered, their uncomplaining endurance, unquestioning obedience and their devotion to Queen and country, endear

Recruits Are Nearly All Boys, Because Boys' Wages Are Paid—Other Criticisms.

them to me with the strongest ties. It is because of my regard and affection for them, as well as on public grounds, that I long to see all bad characters, and those who have no love for their trade, driven from the army.

* * * The few who joined a regiment during the year could be easily hidden away in the rear rank until they had "filled out" and grew to be men. We cannot do this now, for every corps requires from three to four times as many recruits as formerly, and the consequence is battalions at home are so drained annually to supply trained soldiers to the foreign battalions of their own regiments that they consist almost entirely of young striplings.

* * * Our present system of army reserve is not satisfactory. The men are never called out for training, nor are they ever inspected to see that they are fit for work, or even in the country. To drill them for a fortnight every two years would cost money, so it must not be thought of. This is on a business par with the man who bought an expensive engine to protect his house from fire, but who would not pay the few shillings annually for the oil which was necessary to keep it in working order.

* * * There never was a more cruel nor more shortsighted or a more unbusiness-like policy than that of sending immature youths to do the work of men soldiers in India and in other very hot countries.

* * * If now we would only offer as pay and rations what the United States soldiers receive, we should obtain all the recruits we want, a far larger number of eligible men would seek to enlist. Such a proposition would, of course, shock the regular treasury officials. * * * At present we only offer boys' wages, so, as a rule, we only obtain boy recruits.

MODEST PAINTINGS OF BARBIZON. BERNH WALL'S COLLECTION TO BE SOLD.

CONFESS that there is no love without selfishness and egotism in the love of a painted canvas as other lovers. Bernh Wall's collection of paintings, exhibited in the Fifth Avenue Auction Rooms, was formed without provision of the day when Chevreul was to reveal mysteries of colors and Monet to learn from him the science of not blending them into black. Mr. Wall's collection is of the Barbizon school simply.

He was one of the interesting art lovers that did not make their joy and their pride of displaying masterpieces against museums and palaces. They had a naive happiness in acquiring the disdained curiosities that were treasured in the rooms of experts. They were glad when they had found a Daubigny of the first manner, a Corot that did not reflect the transparency of trees, a Delacroix timid and vague.

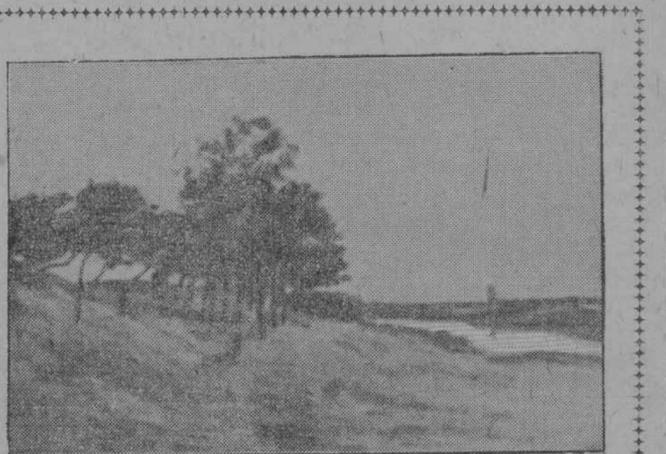
They let the superb and the powerful gather the works that were glorious. Here is a "Study of Birch Trees," attached to their trunks variegated as Indian totems and indifferent to their foliage that the sun silvers; a "Bird's Eye View" of melancholy fields; a "Landscape" with feathery branches and white flowers of a thin tree at the right, dark green foliage of a large tree at the left, and a ribbon of yellow in the background. They are works of Corot.

Another, "In the Forest," has tall, thin trunks of trees and foliage that the sun in a coppery sky reddens. Another, "Harvest Time," has a band of wheat, a line of green trees, a band of hills yellow as wheat. Another, "Morning," bathes in a vague pink dawn, feathery trees, a cow, a woman at work, a man on horseback.

He was, when he painted them, doubtless the Corot that recited the poems of Theocritus and for whom M. De Cayrol seemed to have unpacked antique bronzes, Greek marbles and vases which he believed were Egyptian. But the symbolism of nymphs and fauns was not yet in the painter's work, clarifying it with lyrics. A clever painter said yesterday: "I prefer the Corot that this exhibit presents rather than the Corot that is exhibited now."

He was a humbler Corot. The paintings were in a warehouse under a bank's mortgage. That darkens everything. "Pasture," by Charles Francois Daubigny, was No. 14 of the catalogue of his studio's sale, and bears in the imprint of a red stamp, the mark of that origin. It is a green, undulating plain, where cows, white and brown, graze, a slender tree dotted with white flowers is in relief on a clear sky.

"Sunset," by the same artist, gives a fringe of copper to clouds and joy to a landscape in grave lines; a charcoal drawing of "Fishing Boats" has the excellence of a scene sketched impulsively. A "Landscape," by Eugene Boudin, has a blue sky under which light white clouds fly like draperies, a hill, delicate shrubs. "Off Havre," by Boudin, is blue, calm, exquisite, with sails of vessels all spread. "Boats on the Shore," by Louis Latouche, enveloped in a sym-



"Sunset"—By C. F. Daubigny.

phony of green colors the water, the sky and boats on the sand. His "Shore View" is an impression of boats, beach and water in the blue air. The sails of "Boats on the River" are red in the sun. "Borders of the Seine" is a view of plains, shrubs, woods in a marsh, windmills, cattle, well composed. All these are well finished pictures.

They have proportion, they have measure, and these things are worthy of praise. August Gauthier's "Rhearsal" presents nuns with their white coifs in a convent, under the light of a stained glass window, seated on benches, singing to a sister superior who holds a page of music on her lap. Diaz's "Still Life" is a vase of roses and a pink shell on a table. "In the Studio," by the same artist, presents a tall, graceful woman holding a child by the hand and a painter at an easel, in the enamelled colors of Diaz. "Moorish Ruins," black under a red sky, with a spot of red in the pink of a man walking on a darkened road, is De Camp's picture.

Fronchouille's represents in the brick-colored masonry of a bridge, covered with willow leaves and groups of indolent men in gowns, an "Algerian Court." Of George Michel, one two Autumn landscapes—one yellow as sulphur under a smoky sky, the other brown and yellow, with trees of brown leaves on two sides of a road under a misty black

sky. There are two landscapes by Courbet—trees, rocks, a spring, a path in a forest, that are dark, sad and tormented and seem to say, "Thank you, Mr. Courbet, you are the only one who would delight to paint us."

The work of Rousseau is a "Mountain Study," pale green; that of Jules Dupre, a "Watering Place," a pool with a tall, slight tree and huts standing a plain; that of Troyon is of two cows, one standing, the other crouching, and a windmill in a blue sky. Lange's "Boat Diggers" have the grace of a weariness of work that Millet gave to his figures of peasants. There is a charcoal drawing by Millet of "Feeding the Chickens," a pose and a gesture hardly sketched.

A realistic picture by Thomas Robinson is of two big, patient, tired oxen harnessed to a cart. A charcoal drawing by Alexander Bida, painter of the graces of fashion in the time of Louis Philippe, represents two Turks at a table playing at a chess board. Inahey's "Tetrarchy Canal" is dimly lit and pale. Delacroix's "A Solid Square" represents soldiers of Napoleon in the heroic attitude of Verne's lithographs.

The collection is to be sold on Thursday evening. It should sell well. Art collectors are like other men. Those who are interesting to us are no the skillful and the learned, but the humble and the candid. HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

ORLEANS-GOELET WEDDING STORY. RIDICULED BY CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE stepphase will have the very best of weather-ideal, in fact, I have never known it more favoring on Long Island. The island is lying with Tuxedo in gayety. The hunt breakfast at Sands Point on Saturday lasted until nearly dark. It was the contribution of Bourke Cockran to the hunt. His house at Sands Point, with its addition, is a very beautiful place now, and the affair was elaborate in the extreme. These days one speaks of Bourke as a fixture in society. How odd from a few years ago, when he was a travelling school teacher in Westchester, and never knew any of the "quality." I like to see a man rise, but I fear society has somewhat turned Bourke's head. He is very busy these days, and he is as conspicuous as every great function as Chauncey Depew. I hear he has turned out a coat-of-arms and liveries.

Of course, all the great lights of Newport were around the Cockran board. Mrs. Ludenburgh, Mrs. Jimmie Kernechan and Mrs. Burke Roche were among the very fashionable women present. Mrs. Roche does not belong to the hunting set, but Cockran is a special protegee of hers and her sister, Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, both of whom go in for intellect.

Every one is laughing over the absurd story of the possible marriage of May Goelet to Prince Henri d'Orleans. In the first place, the Orleans family are the richest of all the royal families, and are not looking after money; in the second place, they, of all branches of royal houses abroad, are most particular regarding their marriages, and the ancient prohibition still remains for them that they cannot marry outside of their rank. Miss Goelet would be only a morganatic wife, and that position is one which no American woman would take, and especially a girl such as May Goelet, with all her chances of marrying whom she pleases. It seems that the entire story is made up from the statement that the Goelets think of being in Paris this winter.

One of the most amusing assertions in the tale is that Princess d'Orleans May Goelet would outrank the Countess of Castellane, now a leader in the Faubourg St. Germain. When was the Countess a leader? Her husband does not even

belong to a smart Paris club. His family on his mother's side is excellent, but he has never been received with open arms in the Faubourg, and his wife has not the position of a grande dame in Paris. Society which meets at her house is very mixed. In the meantime the Prince Henri goes about a great deal with the Americans in the colony.

I am ashamed to say that my country people over there love a lord even more than the average Briton, and, as you know by the token of the fuss with which Knickerbocker was greeted on this side, there is a particular weakness here for Princesses. It fortunately exists only in the fashionable set, and other Americans are still patriotic.

The Goelet's may remain in Paris, because Mrs. Goelet's sister, Mrs. Michael Herbert, is there with her husband, and Mrs. Austin Lee is another very intimate friend. Mrs. Austin Lee has recently joined the Roman Catholic Church, and Mrs. Goelet had some leanings herself in that direction. Indeed, it was reported a few years ago that she had embraced that faith. Mrs. Austin Lee has the entrée to the very best French society, but she has had a little setback by her trip in the Wallhalla two years ago with the Countess de Castellane. She took the role of social promoter, but she had to give it up. Very fashionable Paris will not take kindly to the Castellanes.

The subscriptions to the American hospital ship are coming in fast, but the list of names is peculiar. Some American women insist that as Americans they should not subscribe to the relief of a war between the British and the Boers. Mrs. Olie Belmont has taken that stand in this country and she is followed by the majority of women prominent in society. Abroad, so far, the Bradley Martins have subscribed and Willie Vanderbilt and August Belmont have hastened to add their names to the roll. Reggie Ward, of course, who has made much money out of copper and speculation in England, is down for a good amount, while Mrs. Joe Chamberlain, whose husband is more or less responsible for the situation, gives a very small subscription. The Pierpont Morgans and the Anthony Drexels and Willie Astor and

William R. Grace are about the largest subscribers, with Seward Webb as a good second. The list is a study.

There is much fun promised at the Strollers on Thursday, but I am sorry they have abandoned their clubhouse for the Astoria. Although the club quarters are cramped they are unique, the decorations are artistic and there is a flavor of Bohemia about the place which gives to society half the charm of one of those afternoons. It is an English idea, this mingling of the stage and society, and so far it has not taken very well in this country. The last tea of the Strollers, however, was a great success. I have no doubt that this will be amusing, but you will find more society than the stage, because actresses as a rule hate to be asked to pour tea to be stared at. The Duke of Manchester, should he arrive, will be in all his glory, and Yarmouth will also be quite in evidence.

A newspaper which boasts of the accuracy of its news and information has since the death of its venerable proprietor made many slips. Yesterday, in an answer to a correspondent, it spoke of Oliver Iselin being a Roman Catholic and his father also as being of that faith. Mrs. Adrian Iselin, who was Miss O'Donnell, of Baltimore, was a Roman Catholic. Her daughters are of that religion and so are two of her sons. Oliver and Willie Iselin are not Roman Catholics, and neither is Adrian Iselin, Sr. He is a Swiss Protestant. The family have all—as is the custom in Swiss and German families in certain districts—scriptural names, but they are not of the Jewish persuasion, as intimated by the person who asked the question. By the way, Miss Iselin, the oldest daughter of Oliver Iselin, makes her debut this winter. Oliver Iselin married twice, his first wife being Miss Garner. A dance will be given at Delmonico's for Miss Iselin during the holidays.

Appeal to Patriotism.

"I don't know about these shoes. They seem to feel all right, but I have never worn 'em." "These are not No. 4, ma'am. They are our expansion No. 3 size." "I'll take them."—Chicago Tribune.