NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

KEEP FAITH WITH THE CUBANS.

When the idea of a civil government for Cuba was first suggested it was generally understood to be advanced in good faith, as a step toward the early fulfilment of our promise of independence to the Cubans. But disquieting hints are coming from Washington. Yesterday a statement appeared, apparently inspired, purporting to give the views of the Administration. In this we were told:

To this end, the President has long desired to set up a government in Cuba that shall bear at least a general analogy to the civil government which it is **HOPED** the Cubans **MAY** be prepared to conduct by themselves **ONE** day.

And then the statement proceeded:

It is thus hoped, by degrees, to accustom the Cubans to the ideas and habits of permanent peace after an estrangement af about a generation. **IT MAY TAKE ANOTHER GENERATION TO DO THIS, OR IT MAY BE ACCOMPLISHED IN A SOMEWHAT LESS TIME, A GREAT DEAL DEPENDING ON THE SPIRIT IN WHICH THE ISLANDERS MEET THE PRESIDENT'S OVERTURES.**

And again there is the suggestion that the opposition to a civil government among the Cubans is due to a fear "that the period for which the supreme power will be kept out of the hands of Cubans may be **indefinitely prolonged, and all those who took part in the war and the war agitation may have passed away before the United States Government is ready to step aside entirely.**"

Any such betrayal of our solemn pledges as is hinted at here would cover the American name with infamy. If this is the meaning of civil government it is no wonder that the Cubans want none of it. But let them be reassured. The American people intend to keep their promises, and they will crush any Administration and any party that trifles with their honor. Let the Cubans be patient. Violence on their part would play into the hands of the enemies of their independence. It is the one thing that would give a reasonable excuse for the prolongation of American control. Let them keep the peace, work for the development of their country, and trust Congress and the American people. The pledge we have taken before the world will not be broken.

The New Republican Banking Trust.

The members of the Caucus Committee of the Republican House of Representatives, by putting their heads together and conferring seriously, have formulated a financial scheme for this country of an import so tremendous and malign that its evil effects can as yet only be outlined.

In short, the Republican party proposes to legislate into existence a consolidated and gigantic bank credit and money trust—a trust of trusts, to which the power of all other combinations and corporations will be as the power of a child to that of a giant.

They propose, in the first place, to impound all greenbacks by an amendment of the existing law.

They then propose to authorize all national banks, big or little, to issue and circulate bank notes up to the par value of the bonds deposited with the Government to secure such circulation, or even to the market value of such bonds.

In short, the bankers of this country will be given power to control entirely the volume of paper money through the volume of their bank credits.

Under this wonderful provision the bankers can give us money if they want to. They can retire their bank notes if they want to. They can feed the country until it is fat, and then squeeze it like a lemon, if they so desire.

It has been a standing claim on the part of the bankers, in fighting for the power which the Republican party proposes to give them, that it is their sole desire to "prevent undue restriction of the currency"

In other words, they want to prevent it by controlling it. We must put our faith in a syndicate of private individuals instead of in the Government we elect. An astounding proposition truly

What the national banks desire more than anything else is so to arrange the currency that they may be enabled to pull the strings and make it shrink or expand according to their operations and interests.

The voters of this country are well aware that upon the volume of the circulating medium all prices depend.

If the power of issue or retirement be vested in the banks, the whole general price range of commodities may be regulated by the banks.

In order that the foundations of our Government be not destroyed by aggregated wealth, it is necessary that the producing classes act upon the principle that the stability of prices is just and shall in no way be altered by or through a trust, and that the Government of the United States shall not make over its functions to a syndicate.

ANOTHER steamship from the plague stricken port of Santos is in the lower bay. There is no infected person on board, but how about the rats? How can the health authorities be certain of quarantining this disease when the lower order of animals can catch and spread it?

These ships from Santos, Oporto, Lorenco Marquez and other infected ports should not be allowed to dock or to land their cargoes at any port in this country.

An ounce of prevention is worth any quantity of fumigation.

IN SPEAKING of a subpoena for Mr. Platt in connection with the Ramapo scandal the lamented Mazet says: "I do not see how the result of the election connects Mr. Platt any more closely with the Ramapo deal than he was connected with it before election."

Mr. Platt's criminal connection with the Ramapo scandal was certainly not lessened by the election. It is the connection itself that we should like to have Mr. Platt talk about on the witness stand. We fear, however, that a snap-shot of Mr. Mazet examining Mr. Platt is not among the possibilities.

Suppress the Vile Pictures.

The Evening Journal is creating as much havoc among the immoral picture resorts as it did in the Miller Swindling Syndicate. Its publication of a list of places in which children's minds are corrupted led to the immediate closing of a number of the worst of these dens, and bids fair to secure the suppression of the rest by the authorities.

It is revolting to think that thirteen girls' schools are within the immediate influence of the Bowery shows alone. And other traps of the same kind are baited in the vicinity of other schools in all parts of the city.

The purification of Coney Island was a matter of trivial importance compared with the eradication of these plague spots. People had to make a journey to get to Coney Island, and when they went there they knew what they could expect to see. But the immoral picture mills in the city do not have to be sought. They thrust themselves upon everybody's attention and waylay children on the way to school. Every day on which they are permitted to continue their foul work is a new disgrace to New York.

Money to Investigate Ramapo.

The Merchants' Association has already accomplished most substantial results in its warfare upon the Ramapo job. It has checked the attempt to rush the steal through the Board of Public Improvements and has induced the Board to delay action for three months to give opportunity for a thorough investigation. What it wants to do now is to make that investigation so exhaustive as to constitute the last word on the subject. There ought not to be room for a syllable of debate in this question after the Merchants' Association gets through with it.

To make an investigation of this kind costs money. It may take $30,000. What is that to $200,000,000? It is a trifle over two days' instalments of the tribute New York would have to pay to the Ramapo plotters for forty years if the scheme should go through.

This is not a case of "millions for defence but not one cent for tribute." It is a few cents for defence to save millions in tribute. The Merchants' Association should not have to ask twice for the trifle its work requires.

PLAIN TALK WITH THE PEOPLE.

To Help the Poor.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Is there not food for much thought in the alarming frequency of suicides of late years, and has any one arisen to even suggest a remedy?

Is not money donated daily in large sums for almost every scheme under the sun, but, alas! nothing for those weary of life, broken in health and spirits?

No collection of sweet, kindly women to aid, to soothe, to sympathize, but one by one fellow creatures die by inches, either of sorrow or starvation or of both.

Let us no longer "pass by on the other side," but reach out a helping hand. A. M. F.

Nov. 27.

There are many bands of noble women working in the slums, and there is room for many more. It would be hard indeed to find a practical preventive for suicide. Its nearest approach lies in the gradual and general amelioration of privation and distress through increased charitable facilities and a more widely reaching relief system.

Even then there would still remain the isolated cases and the incentives to suicide, of which charity is not aware until too late.

It is not always poverty and want that drive us over the brink. Love, grief, rage and disappointment have their victims, and these no charity can reach.

The Meaning of Currency Reform.

Editor of the New York Journal.

In a recent issue of your paper you suggested several planks for the next Democratic national platform, among the enumeration being the somewhat vague and indefinite plank "Currency Reform."

Will you have the kindness to state through the Journal precisely what is your definition of that term? W. J. LAWLOR.

Shenandoah, Pa.

Our idea of currency reform is the consolidation of our five kinds of paper money into one, the control of that one by the Government, with no interference from the banks, and the issue of a sufficient amount for the needs of business. The elasticity of this currency we would secure by making it interconvertible with bonds, bearing a low rate of interest, payable in coin. This is entirely independent of the question of the free coinage of silver. We could have currency reform with free coinage of both metals, and we could have it under our present system of free gold and limited silver coinage. In either case it would be a vast improvement over the same system without it.

Ex-Minister Barrett Praises Dewey.

Editor of the New York Journal:

It seems only just that some one of us who were closely associated with the Admiral in the far East should make some protest against the criticism of his personal or private acts, in the light of his wonderful record as the leading naval officer of the late war.

The American people are in danger of subjecting themselves to the statement that they are even more mercurial than some of the European races when they indulge in unbridled criticism of the purely private and legitimate acts of their great hero. To us who are familiar with his devoted career from the time he assumed command of the Asiatic squadron, in January, 1898, until he sailed away from Manila in May, 1899, it would seem that his achievements and his unwavering, faithful, as well as successful, services to our Government should completely outweigh a petty family affair that does not concern the people at large, and that not a single discordant note should be heard over the land.

From my relations with the Admiral, first as United States Minister, and later as special war correspondent at Manila of the Journal, I can say that the American people, with all the praise they have showered upon him and all the honor they have done him, have not given him one jot or tittle more credit than he deserves.

Against a mere process of law in Washington let us put, first, his untiring efforts to prepare his fleet for battle while he was at Hong Kong and make his squadron practically invincible to any foe he might meet; second, his perfect and daring execution of his plan of battle, in the face of odds that were against him, if we remember, in addition to the size of the Spanish fleet, the batteries on land, both at Manila and Cavite, and the dangers of a strange harbor, 8,000 miles away from American shores; third, his mingled tact and firmness and his successful diplomacy repeatedly shown in conducting our affairs during the long, trying period in which he was the central figure at Manila; fourth, his flat refusal to come home to receive the plaudits of the American people in the hour of peril in the Philippines, and his determination to remain as long as his services were needed, in spite of danger to his health; and, fifth, his marvellous devotion to duty during a whole year in Manila Bay, when he unselfishly sent every other officer of his fleet to Hong Kong or elsewhere to recuperate or secure a needed change, and never left the harbor himself for as much as a whole day during nearly thirteen months' continuous devotion to duty in the tropics.

"Lest we forget" is indeed a motto which should be in the mind of every American now when thinking of Admiral Dewey. I am, yours truly,

JOHN BARRETT.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER WONDERS ABOUT ANCESTORS AND HETTY GREEN'S SON.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

SINCERE interest marks my mood. I have just heard that many of my dear friends are about to lend ancestral costumes to the forthcoming National Fashion Show. I have seen some of the names of the generous, and I can't help wondering where the costumes came from. Really I can't. Perhaps some of them are hired—the costumes, I mean. Once, when keenly interested in the subject, I looked up the ancestry of some of our most pretentious people. 'Pon my word, I was amazed. I promise you I'll never look again. One's paternal grandfather sold oysters, another's great-grandfather hawked tinware through the suburbs, a third owned descent from a butcher, and shoes and dry goods and mouse traps, horseflesh, clothes and cutlery figured largely in the accumulation of fortunes that now permit our great ones to shine before the world. I don't object to people being prominent and well placed at all, and their ancestry over here has nothing to do with it at all. But why drag in the ancestor? Let the dead past bury its dead.

E. H. R. Green.

I don't know young Mr. Hetty Green, the son of the financiere, but I've heard of him. Really, I wonder where his yacht originates. At the moment he is asserted to be causing parental uneasiness through the disappearance of this craft somewhere in the Gulf. In addition, young Mr. Green also happens to be aboard. Did his mamma present the yacht, I ask, or did he get it himself? I venture no suggestion. I have heard that he is an enterprising young railroad man, keen at his business and without extraordinary purpose in the matter of pleasures. His sister, in a way, resembles him and is not without her mother's discretion. I remember when Miss Leary tried to show her society. It was not a success, I fancy, for Miss Green seemed overwhelmed with the fear that some one would marry her for her money. I never could see why. I don't think she will be sad to see this, because the young woman prides herself on her acumen, and announces to all comers that it will take more than mere man to inveigle her. Her father, who long ago retired from view, must have wondered some before the end of years. Some of the old-time chappies tell me he was called "Spendthrift Green" out in Hong Kong. I don't know, but it sounds picturesque.

Miss Sylvia Green.

I have examined at odd times some really unreasonable species of fads, and now rarely ever submit to amazement. But this business about young Walter A. Wyckoff—I call him young advisedly—stirs my soul to the depths. Mr. Wyckoff has endeavored to explain why he has taken to tramping for sport, but the explanation seems vague. Why any one should do it merely for the sake of seeing life is beyond my limited comprehension. Strikes me, there is full enough life on Fifth avenue, and beyond that, the Bowery. I hear, however, that it began in a wager—at J. Pierpont Morgan's dinner table, I believe. Mr. Wyckoff on that occasion announced his belief that one might start out in the world without a cent and succeed in any trade. Mr. Morgan had doubts. As a result Mr. Wyckoff started, departing the portals of society for an extended tour among the unwashed. He did what they did, learned much that they knew, and is now once more back to the confines of civilized life. Very pretty, of course, but I think he might have taken soap with him.

Mrs. Edmund Baylies

I see that my gossip about young Mr. Antonio Apache, the young man from the Bad Lands, has created commotion. Why, I wonder? No one really ought to wonder at anything society does nowadays. In all circumstances, the best thing to do is to blink and look interested. Personally, when I am led into the presence of parti-hued individualities, I merely go through the ordinary forms and confine my amazement to my inner thoughts. Particularly at the Drexelses, where many quaint occasions are the order. At any rate, I would far rather meet Antonio at the Drexelses than any of his relatives in an Arizona coulee. But, as far as being amazed, that is all rot. I have sat between a Himalayan swami and a colored pastor at five o'clock tea, and listened to a long-haired theosophist discuss "projected communications" with a Hungarian poet. So with me it never really matters.

I wonder whether there is any direct intimation in the chosing of the names for the Assembly. Strikes me, there is. Its lists have a ring of the day of McAllister, and the new ones are quite left out. For instance, I cannot find the name of Drexel anywhere. Why? Overhead appear the names of Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Gerry, Mrs. Sheldon—people of that stand, don't you know. Mrs. Baylies is with them, too. Somehow, the names are losing their familiar ring in the published lists of things doing. It is all the newcomer. Only two or three years ago I heard that Edmund Baylies purposed ascending to the throne of McAllister. But now one never hears of that, and as for the Assemblies, I fancy they are waning. Without new blood they cannot survive.

Harry Lehr.

Is there to be a combat a la outrance? Is Worthy Whitehouse to meet Harry Lehr in mortal combat? What is it? Why is it? I can murmur only interrogatives. But the truth be told, I hear that Worthy has emerged completely from retirement and is about to make a splendid effort to retrieve the laurels from the other's brow. In other words, it is a determined effort to oust Harry from his hold. I don't know whether this will include Harry's hold upon the crochet worsted and sample orders of his dear friends, because, so far as I know, Worthy has never taken to knitting and matching fabrics. But on with the dance. May the best one win—dinner at 8, dancing at 10, call ambulances at 12:30 sharp!

I should like to warn some of my dear new friends that it might be well to look out! I mean about George Keppel. It will be well for them if they make it entertaining for George. So far I haven't heard that his arrival has created a proper furor, and it's now high time something was done. Don't you know, dear ladies, that Mrs. Keppel is everything in London? Don't you know that she is on intimate terms with royalty, and that no American may succeed without her sanction? I warn all you new people to look out, and the best of you that can capture George Keppel should do so before it is too late. So step up and avoid the rush.

Mrs. Geo. Keppel.

I hear that there is a prodigious struggle among the matrons to obtain for their daughters cards to Mrs. Gallatin's Saturday night dances at the Metropolitan Club. I fancy it is worth while, because, with one's growing daughters safely within the pale of a class so discreetly exclusive, the hereafter may care for itself.

DINKELSPIEL TRIES TO PURIFY ENGLISH AT WEBER AND FIELDS'.

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ID makes der blood remain seated in my weins mit a chill ven I haf to listen py a man murdering der Enklish lankvich mit der vay he speaks id mit his voice.

To me id is vun uf der grandest sights imaginationable to see der Enklish lankvich running around der unionverse, pure und undefied.

I vas talking dis madder ofer der udder day mit President Hadley, uf der Yale Feetball College, und Villum Dean Howells und Chincey Depoo, und dey suggestioned to me dot I should begin a crusade against dem peoples vot use vords vich look like a porous plasterings und mean a boddle uf ketchup.

"Go, Dinkey!" set Villum Dean Howells, biting his finker-nails mit his bosom full mit emotion, "go ouid, Dinky, und reformation der cidy uf der Greatness uf New York from dem vot sandbag der Enklish lankvich. Begin mit Vebber und Fields, Dinky! Go dare ad any hour uf der night or day und you vill hear der shrieks uf der vounded vords as dey fall from der lips uf dose mens! You vill hear der groans uf der mangled sentences, und der moans uf der dying grammar vill fill your heart mit a pityfulness. Perhabs you vill meet an adjective running ouid uf der place mit a hatchet sticking in ids topknot. You vill see pronouns looking like a safe had fell on dem, und werbs und adwerbs running around on crutches und yelling for der coroner. Id is a awfulness, Dinky, und id is eating ids vay into der heart uf der Enklish lankvich mit a sureness vich is a certainty. Vent ouid, Dinky, und crusade dem fellows into a reformation!"

Und I vented.

"Chentlemens," I set, ven I med ub mit Vebber und Fields, "I haf been appointmented a comicky to remonstrance mit you, uf you blease."

"Vot dit ve dit ven ve dit id?" set Vebber, vagging der viskers vich he vore on vun ent uf his chin.

"Vell," I set, "vot is der Enklish lankvich?"

"Id is a lot of vords inventioned for der purpose uf making dictionaries," set Fields, making a leedle Ha ha! in der sleef uf his Louey der Thairteenth costumings.

"If id is id," I set, "vy do you take id ouid uf der dictionaries und chump on id mit both feets? Vy do you step ub to der Enklish lankvich und hand id a varm choit in der solo appoplexus efery time vot you ged a chance? Der Enklish lankvich is older den vot you vas, und you should show a leedle respectfulness for ids gray hairs."

"Vas you a skindicate vich has yust bought ub der Enklish lankvich?" set Vebber, looking ad me mit a fierceness.

"Doan'd mind him," set Fields to Vebber; "he is yust a olt fellow vot has a rush of lankvich to der brain. Let him speak id ouid und id vill vear off."

"Chentlemens!" I set, "I vish to speak mit you in der name uf liderature und sklence, uf you blease. Der sitivation id is yust like dis: der var in der Transvaal und Vebber und Fields haf combinationed to make der Enklish lankvich look like a plate uf cold vegetable soup, und ve dink id is dime to call a halter. But I do nod vish to point der thumb uf scorn ad you unless you refusal to reformation."

"Chentlemens," I set, "uf you vill permission me I vill instruction you how to speak a sentence midoud pudding plack und plue spots on der Enklish lankvich."

"Vot id is you vas?" set Vebber; "are you vun uf dem defective officers?"

"Nod id!" set Fields; "he is vun uf dem liderary lighthouses!"

"Vell, led us blow ouid der liderary lighthouse!" set Vebber.

"Vait," set Fields; "led him make some more noises mit his voice und he may find a meaning for himself."

"Chentlemens," I set, "uf you will permission me I vill instruction you how to speak a sentence midould pudding plack und plue spots on der Enklish lankvich. Vot dit Chorge Vashington set ven he crossed der Delavare river to make der constitution uf der Union Sdades?"

"He wrote id on der vaters mit a ice-pick like dis: 'Ven in der course uf human eventfulness vun nation geds a svelled head annudder nation should turn der hose on id!' " set Vebber.

"You are ledding your knowledge show ids ignorance," set Fields to der leedle man. "Chorge Vashington ven he crossed der Delavare river he wrote id like dis: 'Ven in der course uf human eventfulness vun nation makes a monkey pitzness mit annudder nation den is der dime to sell confused beef to der guffernment und uddervise be a patrioticness!' "

"Vy, chentlemens!" I set, "you gif me an astonishment! Vy, you sbeak vot Vashington dit nod set yust like a knowledger from der college. Der report vot says you haf hurdles in your throats to chump ofer der lankvich must be a falseness, ain'd id?"

"Most undoubtingly!" set Vebber; "ve are two uf der best sentencers in der vorld."

"Vy," set Fields, "ve are so carefulness mit der lankvich ve yust nibble ad id ven ve use id!"

"Den my pardon is due to your apologizings!" I set. "I vill report der imacder to der udder liderary lighthouses, und you vill be reinstationed ad vunce. Led us forgif und forget each udder as soon as possible."

"Der sameness to you also!" set Vebber.

"Und der nexd dime vot der Enklish lankvich comes home mit ids ribs dislocationed please recollection dot ve are blamecability," set Fields.

"Consideration dot id is dittet!" I set, und den ve separationed.

D. DINKELSPIEL,
per George V. Hobart.

MARSHAL OF NAPOLEON INSANE. LAST LETTER OF JUNOT REVEALED.

JUNOT, Napoleon's marshal, Duke of Abrantes, died insane. It was a state secret, then the subject of whispered gossip in the imperial court, then a hushed rumor. Since 1813 the philosophers have had in France graver themes than this. Here is a revelation about Junot.

Roberti is to make it in the "Souvenirs et Memoires" that Lucien Gougy publishes in Paris every month, in platonic love of historical studies. Roberti found the documents in the library of the King at Milan. They were there unknown, and a reference to them has never been made before this.

One is from Prince Eugene to the Emperor, saying: "The Governor of Illyria suddenly quitted Gorizia to go probably to Venice. He was, on his way, in a fury so violent that the persons who escorted him had to stop. They had to deprive him of his weapons, for he used them against those who gave him the slightest cause of complaint. He seemed to be a little calmer yesterday but he has not regained his reason."

Another document is the following letter, written at Spreziano by the Duke of Abrantes to Napoleon I., July 7, 1813: "If I dared propose to Your Imperial Highness to take breakfast with me to-morrow at noon, I would pray you to start with your entire household, guns and dogs, to hunt quail until 10. We may find partridge, hare, fox and deer. I will take care to select a good place for you.

"I have the honor to be, with the most profound respect, Monseigneur, your very humble, very obedient servant and friend for sixteen years—as well at Palmanon, where I have your physician, as at San Stefano, where we had guns, and where you and I fought together for the first time. You were very young then. Now you are a very great general, and you can invite us to a share in your glory. But it is not of war that we must talk to-day. I think only of peace, and I have an immense project. I am sure that it will succeed in the collaboration of all the sovereigns of earth, of whom Napoleon shall be the chief.

"I appoint you, of my private authority, King from the Adiga to the Cattaro. I give you all that the Turks possess in Bosnia, in Herzegovina and elsewhere. I give you an island in the Adriatic, one in the Black Sea, one in the Red Sea, one in the Mediterranean, one in the Indus. I give you shares in mines of gold, silver and diamonds, that I distribute as follows:

"To His Majesty, the great Napoleon, 4; to His Imperial Highness, the Viceroy—I make him Emperor, if Napoleon desires—2; to the Prince of Neuchatel—I make him Austrian Emperor—½; to the Austrian Emperor, whom the Emperor will appoint King of Spain, ½; to the other kings that Napoleon will appoint, ½ each; to the English, ½, and to me, ½. I shall be Governor of Brazil, of Portugal, of one-half of North America—the English may have the other half—and India.

"I shall govern China also, if Napoleon so orders. We shall take everything. We shall be crowned among 10,000,000 soldiers, all friendly, at Pekin. All this is to be achieved within ten years. I will tell you the details of the plan when you arrive."

Junot died twenty-two days after he had written this letter. The Emperor never read it. It remained in the archives at Milan.

Lucien Gougy, the publisher of "Souvenirs et Memoires," is a captivating figure in the Parisian world of book lovers. He sells old and new books that are scarce to the bibliomaniacs. He tells tales to the literary men that gather in a rear room of his shop on the Quai de Conti every day. His mind is a magic lantern of title pages. Mention any scarce old book to him—the "Speculum Mundi" the "Hypherotomachia," the "Boke of St. Albans"—he will tell you its date and the leaves from certain copies that are missing and the width of the margin.

He knows the private libraries of the most famous bookworms in France and England and the books that they lack. In his shop one hears the habitual visitors greet one another in all the titles of the "Annuaire Militaire" and of the "Annuaire de la Noblesse." He works incessantly in Paris.

When he is very tired of his work he sails for New York from Havre on Saturday, arrives here in a week, and returns home three days later, by way of England, rested and anxious to work again uninterruptedly for a season.

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.