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THE CITIES AGAINST THE COUNTRY.

Mr. Charles B. Spahr's book on the "Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States," recently published in the Library of Economics and Politics, is full of suggestion to the student of public affairs, and raises points of interest even to the practical politician.

Dr. Spahr discards the theory that any natural law governs the distribution of wealth, holding that it "is under the direct control of laws for which the national conscience is responsible; and the distribution of wealth has become better or worse precisely as the national conscience has become directed to or directed from the laws controlling it."

Put briefly, his conclusions as to the distribution of wealth in the United States are these: First, Property—Less than half the families in the United States are propertyless, nevertheless seven-eighths of the families hold only one-eighth of the national wealth.

In view of the active discussion of the new sectionalism which attended and still follows the recent campaign, that part of Dr. Spahr's essay which bears upon the subject is of particular interest. He finds less reason to apprehend from existing economic conditions the development of hatred between sections than between classes.

That there is pinching poverty in the cities coupled with the great concentration of wealth there the author would not deny, but he quotes approvingly Bentham's maxim, "Wherever there is an aristocracy public sentiment is the child of that aristocracy."

It is worth while for publicists in the United States to consider whether it is well to develop a purely agrarian party in the United States—a party which would unquestionably be dominant in the affairs of the nation.

IS THIS MCKINLEY BILL NO. 2?

Within the past few days two of Major McKinley's bosom friends, Congressman Grosvenor and Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat, have given out evidently inspired information which should fill the great mass of the Republican party with alarm.

To begin with, according to inspired Prophet Grosvenor, chief of the Corps of Votation, Mr. McKinley and his friends intend to abolish ad valorem imposts, which have in the Wilson bill approximated to honesty, and to return to the old specific duty system, which enables the tariff robbers to levy "all the traffic will bear."

Then they are going to restore high taxes on wool, lumber, coal and the products of the farm; and information is nonchalantly given that the duties on "glass, tin, pottery, chemicals and some other products will be moved up a peg or two."

The proposition of certain Republicans at Washington to lay a heavy import duty on silver is so utterly ridiculous that it seems incredible any well informed person should take it seriously.

The proposition is ridiculous because a duty of a dollar an ounce on silver would not raise the price of the American product a penny.

The proposition is made only to give silver miners with a worthless concession. It interests no one but miners, because it affects silver only as a commodity.

Nobody expects the Republicans to do anything for silver unless they do it by means of an international monetary agreement. That is the one concession to the bimetallic sentiment to which their platform pledged them, and which they must make or be held to have repudiated their own doctrines.

WHERE DOES THE FAULT LIE?

The Rev. James G. Dittmars, of Brooklyn, is a clergyman who will fill a wider space as he grows older. To get an education he worked as a blacksmith's helper, as a field hand, cattle driver, woodchopper, railroad laborer, hod carrier, bookkeeper, school teacher, or at anything honest that would yield him money to pay his expenses as a student.

No thoughtful person, we think, could read Mr. Dittmars's communication in yesterday's Journal without being impressed by the admirable earnestness of the man, and moved to hope that one so true to the scientific method will find every encouragement in his work.

Mr. Dittmars went out clothed as a workman, without a cent in his pocket, in search of a job. He got one the first day to drive a watering cart, the regular driver having incapacitated himself with drink overnight.

And yet that question must be discussed, the fault laid at the proper door, and that fault remedied before we can have an end put to this horror of civilization—poverty. When a man starves himself and dies that his wife may eat and live, when a homeless woman with two infant children is lifted from the icy sidewalk perishing of hunger, when destitution pushes forever its gaunt victims before the public in a great, opulent city, the metropolis of a new and rich continent, the question of where the fault lies—what the cause is of suffering so awful and so often wholly unmerited—is the master question that confronts mankind.

Mr. Daniel Frohman, manager of the Lyceum Theatre, New York, is a posterous person who has no sense enough to be in charge of a respectable place of entertainment, but he has managed to render a distinct public service, notwithstanding.

There is too much honest criticism of the drama in this town. Yet Manager Frohman has made this complaint seriously, and in a way so extraordinary that neither his sincerity nor his thickness of skull can be questioned. Actually, the man the other night refused admission to his theatre to Alan Dale, who writes of the theatres for the Journal.

It was a bad play that Mr. Frohman offered the public, and as Alan Dale wrote about it, he, of course, said it was a bad play. That is why Alan Dale is worth reading. There is not another manager in the city, not a man who has anything to do with the theatres, who does not fully agree with Mr. Frohman that Alan Dale is an absolutely candid critic.

The Journal congratulates Alan Dale on the testimony which Manager Frohman has so ingeniously borne to his worth as a man and a critic, and we congratulate the readers of the Journal who patronize the theatres on their good fortune in having in their service a critic at once so discriminating, witty and inflexible as Alan Dale.

Mark Hanna is looking about the country with a view of picking up a job lot of United States Senators who will vote for legislation that will liquidate the claims of the campaign contributors.

All reports agree that Maceo was setting along very nicely until he placed himself in the hands of a physician. In the future the Cubans should reserve the physician for the canines.

Seven Ages of Man up to Date.

Then the Lover. Her father and mother generally sat upstairs in the evening, because she was apt to have callers, and old people were sort of in the way.

The young man who called oftenest strolled up the stairs, and following the directions she called after him, knocked at the first door to the left.

"All right, I hear you—Oh, come in," called a confused voice, suggestive of interrupted naps.

"I don't wish to disturb you," began the young man easily.

"Oh, that's all right. Glad to see you," answered her father, starting to rise, then nervously settling back again and dropping a newspaper to hide those abundant carpet slippers, which he would wear.

"It was you I wanted to have a little talk with," interrupted the young man.

"Yes? Well, that's good," with hasty cordiality. "Sit down. Oh, not that one; you'll find the leather chair more comfortable."

The young man changed to the sleepily hollow with a tolerant smile.

"It's about your daughter," he began. "I suppose you won't be surprised to know that we care for each other?"

Her father started up, regardless of his slippers.

"Well, I'll be—well, I'm—well, it is a surprise," he gasped. "You mean that you want to marry her?"

"To marry her," the other finished, pulling out a cigarette case. "Oh, you pardon me if I smoke? May I offer you? Well, we have decided to be married some time this Fall, and I thought it only due to you, as her father, to tell you myself."

"It was kind of you," said the daughter in-law-elect, "very thoughtful. Of course, I'm glad of anything that makes her happy, but, dear me, it will be hard to get her up. She has been a good daughter; that ought to mean a good wife."

"Oh, of course," said the other, a trifle impatiently.

Her father started to pace up and down, but the glow of the American Beauty roses on his feet sent him hastily back to his chair and newspaper.

"You'll take good care of her, won't you?" he said with some agitation. "You'll promise to be very kind to her?"

"My dear sir, I shouldn't marry her if I did not intend to treat her as my wife should be treated," said the happy lover with bored impatience.

"Oh, well, she might as well have it, you know," said her father, apologetically.

"It isn't much—I wish I could double it—but it might come in handy. Yes, I'd rather keep it up—unless you prefer to have me settle something on her. It's just the same to me, you know. Whatever you like."

"Ah, thank you. We will talk it over and let you know," said the young man.

"We shall take a house somewhere in this part of town, and shall hope to see you there very often."

"Thank you, thank you," said her father. "Perhaps you'll come home to dinner Sundays or something—like that. It would please her mother."

"I hardly think we can make any definite arrangement as yet," said the young man. "That sort of thing always settles itself."

"Well, you'll always be welcome," said her father. "Now, if you'll just wait till I go down and get a bottle of claret, we'll drink the health together."

"Oh, don't trouble. It is hardly worth while," said the accepted lover, laying down the end of his cigarette. "There is nothing else to talk over, I suppose?"

Her father appeared to be musing.

"How you young people do steal marches on us," he said with an air of reminiscence that brought the young man to his feet.

"They're all the same. I remember when her mother and I—"

"Was there anything you wanted to ask me?" suggested his future son-in-law with deferential courtesy.

"Oh, no, no; nothing at all. Wont her mother be surprised! How long have you two fascals been at it, anyway?"

"I beg your pardon?" murmured the young man.

"And you're been calling her for weeks without my guessing a thing. Were you in love with her all the time? Or 'smashed' I hear they call it now."

"Well, really, those things are rather intangible," said the young man, his hand on the knob. "I'll say good night now. Oh, and, by the way, we have your consent, I suppose."

"My—oh, certainly, my full consent," said her father.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Table listing various theatres and amusements such as Academy of Music, American Theatre, Broadway Theatre, etc.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

"You have been crying; you need not deny it," said the girl in the black velvet hat.

"I have, and I don't want to deny it," retorted the young woman in the tea gown; "I'm not so nervous as you are."

"They are not as nice when they are engaged to you as they are when they merely hope to be; I know that," gloomily replied the girl in the black velvet hat.

"You don't mean to say that?" "I don't mean to say anything until I find out what you have been crying about."

"Well, it's all Harold's fault." "Of course it is his fault; the only question is: What has he been doing now?"

"Well, I thought before we were married that he would give up his club as soon as he had a nice little home of his own, but it seems that the men just wont hear of his resignation."

"No, I don't suppose they will ever hear a word on the subject. It is about the club then?" "Of course it is. The first Tuesday after we got back from our wedding trip, I invited a lot of people he liked to dinner, knowing he would not leave them to go to the club. You see, I meant to get him gradually out of the habit of going. It was an awful bother to give a dinner without mamma, but I managed it somehow. To be sure, it was a little late."

"It must have been. I heard a man say that they didn't know, after they waited a while, whether it was to be dinner that night or breakfast the next morning. But Harold stayed at home?"

"Yes; but I found out the next day that the time of meeting had been changed from Tuesday to Wednesday evening—so all my trouble had been for naught."

"How perfectly maddening! And has he been going ever since?" "He has. And every time it is half an hour later when he returns. Why, I have calculated that in fourteen years!"

"Yes, but tell me why you have been crying to-day." "Well, last night was club night, and I decided upon a new line of action. Instead of trying to keep him at home, I kept looking at the clock and hurrying him off. A woman would have known at once that something was up—but men are so stupid. As soon as he was gone, I telephoned for Meta and Grace and Evelyn to come right over."

"But why not ask me to come too?" "Because, my dear, you are engaged to a member of Harold's club, and I don't think you have been engaged quite long enough to keep a secret from him. It doesn't matter now, that is why I am telling you. Well, they all came and I unfolded my plan to them; Evelyn was especially interested, because Harold used to pay her a good deal of attention before he married me."

"But what was your plan, anyhow?" "I set a perfectly lovely supper table with all of my best china, linen and silver—then we sat down and ate up everything eatable that was in the house. After that Evelyn smoked a cigarette and left the ashes and the stump in full view. She was awfully ill after it, too, but I don't know whether it was the cigarette or the wretched rarebit Meta made for us."

"I don't know, but Meta's rarebits are currently supposed to kill on sight. I understand now, you meant Harold to think that you had had an awfully jolly supper party in his absence?"

"Yes, and I meant to do it every Wednesday evening until he relented and gave up his club just like a husband in a novel."

"How awfully romantic! Do tell me all about it. As I am to be married so soon myself, I—"

"Well, the girls went home at about 12, and I had a hard time getting them off then, for they wanted to stay and see what Harold would do when he came. I went upstairs to bed, leaving the table just as it was, so he would see it when he went hunting for something to eat, as he always does as soon as he did he come."

"Yes, I hardly put out the lights and gotten into bed when I heard him come softly in. Presently I heard muffled voices and knew that he had brought a man or two home with him for a little supper. I knew then that my plan was a success, especially as there was not a crumb for them to eat. This made me so happy that I went peacefully off to sleep, in spite of the rarebit, and never knew a thing until Harold was shaking me to wake me up."

"You don't mean to say that he had the face to wake you up to cook supper for them?"

"No, dear. It—it was not Harold who came in earlier; he was horrid burglars, and they had carried off nearly all of my lovely wedding presents before he arrived."

"Well, I never," said the girl in the black velvet hat, "but, anyhow, it taught Harold a lesson!"

"It did nothing of the kind. You can't teach a man anything! He—he just said that it would never have happened if the silver had been securely locked up in the closet, as usual."

Some Related Admissions. [From the Evening Post.] A Bryanite was elected Mayor of Lynn, Mass., yesterday, much to the amazement of the Republicans, by a majority of 1,700.

He ran on the platform of unfilled Republican promises. Wages had not gone up; on the contrary, cut-downs had occurred in many of the shoe manufacturers. The logic was irresistible that called for voting down a party in power that had such a barren idea of prosperity as that.

This incident should serve as a solemn warning to the advance agent of prosperity and his party, of the impossible nature of the contract they have on their hands. They have undertaken to put everybody at work at good wages. It is an old trick of the politicians, of course, to promise better times with a change of administration. But the promise was never so explicit as this year. It was definite both as to parties and as to measures. "Have the Democrats made you rich?" asked McKinley. "Put us in power and we will do it. We will make a tariff that will set all the tall chimneys smoking and give every laborer work at high wages." Now that is a dangerous con-

A Moment with the Chappies.

Charity's white wings are more prevalent just now than those of Colonel Waring. Their rattle is heard wherever it is suspected that a dollar Waldorf and the Madsen pocket, and if a Chappie responded to every demand to help the poor this of the needy that, his best girl would have to go without her Christmas present.

But he doesn't. He believes that chappie's charity begins at the home of chappie's sweetheart, and so he gives the Deacyed Drummers, the Incurable Drunkards, the Vari-colored Crosses, the Unclaimed Babies and the Society of Superannuated Stage Stars what is known in charity circles as the "grand bazaree"—he just goes into their various fairs, looks around as long as he likes, and comes out without spending a cent.

Dudes are not always so dead easy as they look. And yet I am very emphatically of the opinion that the charity hold-ups now running in the Hotel Waldorf and the Madison Square Garden will relieve any chappie of his ducats who is so reckless as to venture into either place.

At the Waldorf we have such expert handlers of cash as Mrs. George C. Boldt, whose family was conspicuous in exclusive Philadelphia club circles long before her distinguished husband became famous as a connection (business) of the Astors.

With Mrs. Boldt are associated Mrs. Edwin Gould and other such pre-eminent social satellites, of whom it is a privilege to buy.

Down in the Garden society cuts no lace whatever. It's an all around go-as-you-please-and-get-what-you-can, and even that ubiquitous dispenser of taffy, Chaucery Dewey, couldn't make it anything else.

Of the two I rather prefer the atmosphere of the latter. It is less pretentious. A dollar spent in either, however, wont break a fellow and may help a beggar. Moreover, I am sure that chappie's sweetheart wont mind the absence of a violet or two from her Christmas bouquet when she reads this.

One of the very swell entertainments of the season will be the annual Christmas ball of the Junior class of Columbia University on Friday night.

The dance is in aid of the University Athletics, and will be held in Library Hall.

The committee is made up of John C. Williams, Jr., Johnston Livingston, Jr., C. Sidney Haight, William Bittle Symmes, Jr., Stuyvesant Fish Morris, Jr., Ernest Iselin, Robert Low Pierpont, William Henry Fearing, Jr., Orleans Longacre, Jr., Harold Newman Hall, William Rogers Westerfield and Darwin Shaw Hudson.

A well sounding list of names, with the rare Knickerbocker ring, and all for the glory of New York's own Columbia.

The list of patronesses, however, is even more imposing. It includes 105 of Gotham's most noted matrons and about all the old family names of New York. It is distinctly Manhattan and Columbian.

Mrs. John A. Lowery, who mixes shop with society by keeping a tea and crumpet restaurant on Fifth avenue, is evidently quite up to all the tricks of the trade.

She recently had my Boettian friend, "Man of Lesions," over from Brooklyn, filled him up with tea, invited him into "the sanctum of the kitchen," showed him her "sigs—lugs—closet," "butler's pantry," "three stoves" and "machinery in full operation," and got a half column reading notice in the next day's "News."

Such is the effect of tea on the "Man of Lesions."

But it was vastly clever of Mrs. Lowery. The advertisement would have been cheap at half the cost.

Close observers of the doings of the younger set are on the qui vive for an announcement of the engagement of Miss Katherine Duer and Mr. Reinhold Brooks.

The ground on which they base their expectations is the renewed attention of Mr. Brooks to Miss Duer.

The young gentleman was vastly devoted at Newport last Summer, and the old ladies who sit in corners and make matches had everything settled, so far as gossip could settle it.

A full game when the gay world returned to town for the Winter, and the match-makers were set agogging.

Now they are quite sure they are right, although Mr. Brooks's renewed attentions to Miss Duer are all that they know about the matter.

Nobody will dissent from the proposition, however, that the marriage of these two interesting young people would be eminently desirable. Owing to her beauty, the prominence of her family and the intimacy between herself and the Duchess of Marlborough, whose bridesmaid she was, Miss Duer is conspicuous in society.

Mr. Brooks's wealth, popularity and all-around good-fellowship entitle him to a bouquet, too, and I throw this one to him with no string attached.

The Thursday Evening Club, which is unostentatiously exclusive, will hold its first meeting to-morrow night at the house of Mrs. Whittridge.

George Vanderbilt had promised to entertain this club most lavishly this Winter, and the members had looked forward to something almost sensational, but the death of Mr. Vanderbilt's mother threw him into mourning and caused the abandonment of the entertainment.

The Thursday Evening Club, however, is not dependent upon the hospitality of any single member. Its meetings this season are full of promise.

To retain the graces of youth in old age is the secret of perennial popularity.

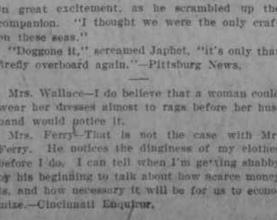
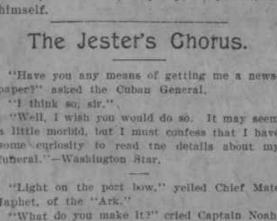
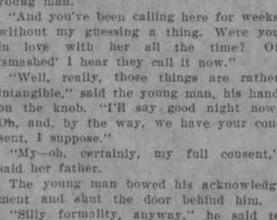
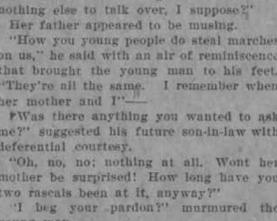
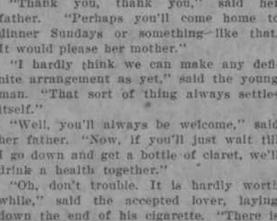
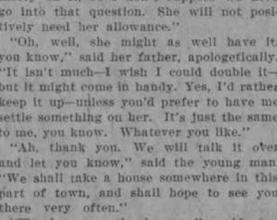
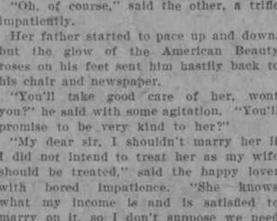
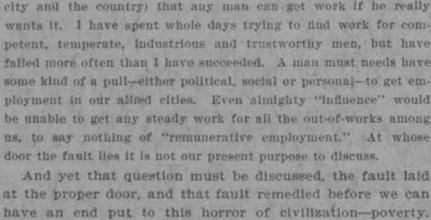
Mr. John Washington Ellis realizes this truth, and refuses to grow old in anything but years.

To watch him at the opera as he pays courtly attention to his guests, pretty little Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Harrison Dulles, of Philadelphia, is to see as fine an exhibition of old school gallantry as one could wish.

Peter Marie or Tom Cushing could not do better. I hear that Mr. Ellis's children—Ralph Ellis, M. F. H. of the Meadowbrook Hunt and Mrs. George Hoffman, whose son married Sibyl Sherman in Newport at the end of the season—do not approve so absolutely of these gallantries as the Madames Stevens and Dulles do.

But why not? Boys will be boys. OHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER. [Washington Star.]

Infraction on Hill. [Washington Star.] An Italian has invented an apparatus which enables him to remain under water for eight hours, but it may be an infraction on David B. Hill's patent.



The Jester's Chorus.

"Have you any means of getting me a newspaper?" asked the Cuban General. "Well, I wish you would do so. It may seem a little modest, but I must confess that I have some curiosity to read the details about my funeral."—Washington Star.

"Light on the port bow," yelled Chief Mate Japhet, of the "Ark." "What do you make it?" cried Captain Noah, with great excitement, as he scrambled up the companion. "I thought we were the only craft on these seas." "Doggone it," screamed Japhet, "it's only that 'treely overboard again.'"—Pittsburg News.

Mrs. Wallace—I do believe that a woman could walk bare-footed to the top of a mountain before her husband would notice it.

Mrs. Ferry—That is not the case with Mr. Ferry. He notices the dirtiness of my clothes before I do. I can tell when I'm getting shabby by his beginning to talk about how scarce money is, and how necessary it will be for us to economize.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WILLIAM SONNET.

Park Row, Dec. 15, 1896. P. S.—Does Mr. McClure employ only non-union writers? W. S.

A Plain Notice. [Detroit Tribune.] Mr. Cleveland's silence as to the wicked silver trust is a plain notice that Mr. Pullitzer will have to battle with it alone.

The Whole Thing.

[Washington Post.] Mr. Hanna will not be in going away with the inauguration, but Mr. Hanna believes in giving the whole performance.