

Rank(in) Gold Bug Argument.

If there is any more ignorance in one part of the plutocratic outfit than another it is found in their daily press. Next in density come the business men who fancy because they read the News Tribune and republican campaign documents of like kidney, that they are posted on "feenaunce." Only a little behind come the republican stumpers, though these fellows have studied the art of dissimulation until it is hard to tell whether their misrepresentations and "crooked" logic are the result of ignorance or intentional deception. They can construct an argument just as logically as anybody, and then at the critical point in the evidence, with an innocence staggering to one's faith in humanity, contradict, misstate or leave out the fact most vital to the right conclusion. If artistic lying requires more ability than truth-telling, these fellows are surely earning monster salaries. Whether they are getting them or not is another thing. From the nature of things liars can't organize to keep up wages. And then there are so many fools ready to do for nothing what plutocracy would be willing to pay them for with big salaries. We suspect the amateurs are ruining the business.

This reminds us of the fake molder orator, Rankin. He dwelt forcibly on the fact that up to '73 only a little more than \$8,000,000 in silver were coined by the United States mints, and threfrom drew the conclusion that silver never was a factor to speak of in our finances. He conveniently forgot the silver of foreign coinage, made legal tender by Uncle Sam, the circulation of which amounted to many times the total coinage by our own mints.

But ex-workingman Rankin was out of date. He retailed many such stories as the one about the silver dollar made from 53 cents' worth of silver, that to the mine owner was always worth 100 cents, but straightway fell to 53 cents again as soon as it had fallen into the hands of the workingman. That yarn a long time ago did very well for gold bug fledglings up here to practice on; it may yet be all right down east; but its whiskers have

grown so long everybody at the head of the lakes is "on" to it.

Rank Rankin argued that the gold dollar had not increased in value because it contains now, as heretofore only 100 cents. By a parity of argument the Mexican dollar has not depreciated for it still contains 100 cents. Oh, Logic, Logic! What asses' ears thy robes envelop!

Rankin's claim to the title, "Molder Orator" has been disputed. There's no question, though, about his reputation and argument both being "moldy."

A cent is the 100dth part of a dollar. Now let the "moldy" orator, who evidently never has grasped a rational conception of a measure of value, take a piece of elastic a foot long and with a standard measure of length mark it off into inches. By stretching the elastic now he can vary its length from 12 to, let us say, 24 inches. The stretching process, it is true, does not increase the number of divisions into which the elastic's length has been divided. Yet, each of these divisions, measured by a correct standard, at one time may be one inch long and at another two. Would not the man either be an imbecile or a liar who would say that, because the number of divisions into which it was marked had not been increased, the rubber was no longer stretched to 24 inches than at 12? What shall we say then of the man who argues that because the dollar always equals 100 cents—that is, 100 per cent of itself—that its value, therefore, never varies?

Ex-workingman Rankin got red-headed at a supposition that Uncle Sam is going to make somebody givesomebody else one dollar's worth of goods for 53 cents. Uncle Sam can, for he has, taken less than 1 cent's worth of paper and ink, and by the addition of a little authority, made a document that everybody to whom anybody else owed a debt, had to take, if offered, in satisfaction of that debt to the amount of \$1; and straightway such combination of paper, ink and LAW became worth \$1 anywhere in the world that Uncle Sam's nephews and neices chose to do business. And if the old gentleman can do that with one cent's

worth of paper and ink, he can do the same by the addition of the same law to 53 cents' worth of silver. And when our uncle announces his willingness to add free of cost enough law to 412½ grains of silver (now worth 53 cents) to make it pay just as much debt as a dollar's worth of gold, that amount of silver will no longer remain at the value of 53 cents, but will jump instanter to the value of 100 cents. Then there will not be any 53 cent dollar, and in all the country there won't be a gold bug but what will be just as anxious to exchange for that 100 cent silver dollar 100 cents' worth of anything he may happen to have for sale as he is now to exchange it for 100 cents' worth of gold.

Hint from Jim Hill.

The Great Northern railroad is turning its shops into republican club rooms. The following is clipped from the St. Paul Globe. Of course, under the circumstances, the employes understand that a vote for Bryan, if found out, means their discharge. And, what is a good sign for the future of "Washington's Republic," a good many of them will prefer their manhood to their position:

"A sound money meeting was held at the Great Northern shops yesterday afternoon between 5 and 6 o'clock, about 200 employes of the shops being present. The meeting was addressed by ex-Attorney General Clapp and Judge Flandrau."

Mystery.

The chief of police shook his head gloomily.

"No tidings," he muttered.

The detectives prepared for another long hunt.

"These mysterious disappearances are the most baffling things we have to deal with," continued the chief.

"What disappearance are you talking of?" asked the magistrate.

"The disappearance of the tariff question. A broken hearted gentleman comes in every day to make inquiries. His name's McKinley."—*Twentieth Century.*

Hoke Smith has come down off the fence, and will make four speeches for Bryan.