Iron County Register.

BY ELI D AKE

IRONTON : : MISSOURI

YOU NEVER WILL BE MISSED.

You man of the majestic mien, all swollen
up with pride,
Who feels that none can estimate your
worth,
Who treads the streets with kingly air
and more than kingly pride,
As if you held a mortgage on the earth,
Come down for just a moment from your
rather dizzy height
And let this truth find lodgment in your
head:
This world was a pronounced success before you saw the light
And will move on just the same when
you are dead.

The man who wears the workman's garb,
placed in the scales with you,
Might send you spinning upward with the
beam;
In every manly virtue and in honesty that's
true
Be your superior, though grand you
seem;
Though you may look with proud disdain
down from your lofty height
On men who labor for their daily bread,
Remember that the world was here before
you saw the light,
And will never even miss you when
you're dead.

The Master who created you and placed
you here on earth
Gave life unto the man of labor, too;
And, though you may be favored with the
accident of birth,
He's fashioned in as perfect mold as
you.
Wrapped in your self-importance, you
should always keep in sight
The fact that though you toss a haughty
head,
This world was an assured success before
you saw the light,
And will move on just the same when
you are dead.

There'll be no aristocracy in heaven, you
will find,
If you should chance to make a landing
there;
And he to whose existence on the earth
you are so blind
Will be your equal in those realms so
fair.
Come down from off your pedestal and
show your manly worth,
From out of cloudland pull your kingly
head;
The powerful machinery of this revolving
earth
Will never slip a cog when you are dead.
—Denver Post.

TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

A Lover's Journey.

"WHAT can I do to convince you that I love you?"

For the fiftieth time, at least, Chillaye repeated this phrase to Mme. de Nymbe, who, skeptical and bored, replied:

"To begin with, don't tell me so again; really, my dear Chillaye, nothing is more monotonous and less new than your perpetual cooing."

"But you can't imagine how I love you! If you demanded my heart's blood, I would give it to the last drop, gladly."

"Don't be alarmed; I won't demand it!"

"Put me to the test—give a sign, a mere sign, and I'll follow you to the ends of the earth, on my knees."

"Really, now, would you?" asked Mme. de Nymbe, suddenly thoughtful.

"Wouldn't I!" cried Chillaye. "Indeed, I would!"

Berangere reflected an instant, then, looking fixedly at dazzled Chillaye:

"I take you up."

Seeing his stupefaction, she continued, laughing: "I don't quite demand that of you—you propose to follow me to the ends of the earth on your knees—I consent to your following me to Nice on horseback. It's not so far, nor so tiring."

"What! you intend—"

"Yes—you know I detest the railway, with its jolting, its smudges, the promiscuity, the hurried meals eaten at greasy tables, while waiters shout at your ear: 'Don't hurry, ladies and gentlemen, 15 minutes yet!' It is all odious and prevents my traveling."

"And so?"

"So, as I want to go to Nice, I've decided to go by horseback, by slow stages."

"But it will take at least a fortnight."

"Say three weeks—I'm in no hurry. Well, are you not delighted at the prospect?"

"Of course — certainly — but, you know, on horseback it is hard to talk. Why not by post carriage? Delightful, they say."

"Are you really naif enough to think I'd start out with you like that en tete-a-tete—like a wedding journey?"

"I'm sure I'd ask nothing better."

"Well, I do. You draw back—we won't say anything more about it."

"What makes you say I draw back? I'm simply so overjoyed, so overcome, that I can't find words—"

"That will do. I can guess them."

"When shall we start?"

"To-day is Tuesday; why not this day week?"

"I am entirely at your orders."

"Besides, before we start we will see each other again to talk the campaign over."

Kissing Mme. de Nymbe's taper fingers, Chillaye departed, like a conquering hero. Toasting himself at the register in the hall, he saw himself already in the flowers and sunshine of Nice. The cold outside air brought him up short; turning up his collar, he grumbled: "B-r-rr! it's freezing! What will it be on horseback? My hands and feet are always cold, even in July. Let's hope the weather will be decent. How will poor White Cat take the road, I wonder? She's not fit; I feed her too high, till she's ready to burst. I'm big and heavy and like broad horses, otherwise they look as if I were breaking their backs—and looks are everything in the Bois. Why do pretty women have such absurd notions?"

In spite of Chillaye's timid suggestion that two o'clock, after lunch, was a good hour to start, Mme. de Nymbe had fixed the time at sharp eight. White Cat stepped out coquettishly, not guessing what was ahead of her. The coupe, filled with luggage, was standing in the courtyard. Chillaye was penetrated by a soft emotion when he saw his valise standing among Mme. de Nymbe's bags and his rug tightly rolled around one of her numreous wraps.

"What a delicious intimacy this journey will bring about!" he exclaimed to himself, looking at his watch to see if he was on time. He was, but she was not. A message came asking him to wait a few moments. How altered the drawing room looked. No fire, no flowers, no tumbled cushions, no opened score on the piano, no bonbons, nothing! How often he had drawn up his big pouf before the bright hearth and listened to Berangere talk, half hidden and curled up in the dim brocade arms of her favorite chair! In spite of industrious pacing up and down, he was literally frozen when Mme. de Nymbe appeared at nine.

The sight of her in her riding-habit, pretty enough to eat, warmed him up a bit. Preoccupied as she was, she ran gayly down the stairs without discovering that he was blue. The maid got into the loaded coupe. The valet got up by the coachman, and the grooms led out the horses. Here was poor Chillaye's first discomfiture. He expected to give Mme. de Nymbe's little foot a bit of a squeeze as he assisted her to mount, but when he approached to perform the agreeable task, she said that only her old coachman knew her movement, and, putting her hand on the old fellow's shoulder, she was up like a bird.

"What an awful fog there is!" she exclaimed. "I hate it! don't you?"

"Still, perhaps it is better than cold."

"Yes, but I wanted sunshine, at least for our first day. What road shall we follow? I suppose you've traced our itinerary?"

"No, I haven't traced anything. But I suppose we go out by the Barrierre d'Italie."

"Where is that?"

"Oh, a long way off; near the Gobelins."

"But I haven't the faintest idea where the Gobelins are!"

"They're across the river."

"Where in the world are we? This fog is thick."

"I think we're near the Palais de l'Industrie. Be careful; you'll run into a tree!"

"Mon Dieu! how dangerous riding it is in such weather!"

"What if we should postpone starting till the day is more favorable?" timidly ventured Chillaye.

"Never! How easily you get discouraged! By the way, where shall we lunch?"

"Fifteen miles from Paris. We must not think of lunching before one or half-past."

"That's awfully late! Don't you know of any nice restaurant, near the Barrierre d'Italie?"

"No, I confess that quarter never attracted me; it never occurred to me to say: 'What if I should go and dine near the Barriere d'Italie?'"

"So, then, you never thought of planning our stages?"

"But—"

"I guessed as much! So I am having Baptiste, my old coachman, follow me on horseback. He'll show us the way and not make the mistakes you're guilty of, my dear Chillaye. We must not go out at all by the way of Barriere d'Italie."

"Well, but Nice is near Italy, and it seemed to me—but I—I'd far rather follow Baptiste and avoid responsibilities. And, positively, in this fog, it's lucky you've provided yourself with a better guide than I, or we'd either get lost or have to turn back."

Mme. de Nymbe called Batiste, who detached himself from the two grooms. "Batiste, we will take the road we agreed upon." Turning toward Chillaye: "Now, since you've nothing more serious to do, amuse me a little. What's the news, les petits potins?"

"Here goes," thought Chillaye: "now I'll have to sparkle the whole way."

"I'm all ears. Was Clotilde at the opera house last night?"

"Yes."

"With Du Ring?"

"I don't know. Perhaps he came after I left—I went away early, you know. I'm not used to getting up at daybreak, and if you remember you said 'eight o'clock sharp.'"

"Ah! you're emphasizing 'sharp' to make me understand that I was late. You're complaining of having to wait a few moments in the drawing-room—"

"I wouldn't complain if—"

"If?"

"If there had been any fire—but—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! It must have been forgotten in the hurry of my departure. Were you very cold?"

"Rather, thank you!"

At this instant White Cat, startled at an omnibus she had not made out in the fog, and not pulled up promptly enough by the stiffened hands of her rider, came down on all fours, and sprang up so wildly that Chillaye was a bit shaken.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Mme. de Nymbe, "you almost lost your seat!"

"Not at all," said Chillaye, annoyed.

"Yes, you did. I saw you. I hope you're not ill. Don't you think it's nice to go to Nice on horseback? Admit that if you'd been alone you'd have turned back already?"

"Ah ca! Certainly I would never have thought of riding to Nice by slow stages alone; but with you, what wouldn't I do? Dieu! How pretty you are this morning—fresh, rosy, rested—"

"Not like you then, for you look—"

"Ah! how do I look?" questioned Chillaye, nervously, fearing for his already contested prestige; "it's true I'm tired and—"

"You can rest to-night; go to bed at eight if you like."

"No, I don't like—I never can go to sleep early."

"Well, it's a pity, for I intend to retire every night directly after dinner."

"Allons," reflected Chillaye, more and more depressed; "this little expedition is not going to be very amusing, decidedly."

They rode into a wood.

"Where are we?" he asked. "I looked at a military map before starting, and I saw no wood on our road."

"It's the forest of—of Ville d'Avray—"

"How is that? Are we going to Nice by way of Ville d'Avray?"

"Don't worry; I tell you Baptiste knows the road. Don't you breathe quite a new air?"

"I can't breathe at all in this smothering fog."

"And then this wood is wilder than the Bois de Boulogne—what a different scent it has."

"It's not half so pretty as the Bois, and the scent is that of soot, just as in all fogs."

"Are you less cold trotting?"

"No, my hands and feet are icy."

"Why, have you got hands and feet like a fish?"

"You are unkind, madame! If you knew how ill at ease I am, perhaps you wouldn't chaff me."

"But, really, you know, you look prepared for cold, and brigands, too. Dieu me pardonne!" She pointed at a yellow leather case fastened to the saddle.

"I took that revolver along—"

"I'm not finding fault. An excellent idea, on the contrary. What's that other thing?"

"Some madeira and a cup."

"Another good notion, more practical than the revolver. I say! You're enormous! How much clothing have you got on?"

"But—"

"Speak up, be honest!"

"I've got on a vest, a thin one—and over that a warmer one; a hunting-vest—you know—one of those English concerns, knitted angora rabbit; then a coat and an overcoat."

"Only one overcoat?"

"Oh! I have got on another one, but it's very thin; besides, it's bitterly cold."

"And those boots, like barrels! Did some ancestor hand them down to you or did you have them made for some masked ball?"

"They're only fur-lined ones I've recently had made."

"Recently?"

"Yes—a week ago."

"To wear to Nice?"

"Yes."

Mme. de Nymbe burst into a laugh; Chillaye felt annoyed. "Positively," he said, sulkily, "as soon as one leaves Paris, the country becomes hideously monotonous; these paths we've been following for the last hour look all alike."

"Well, but we don't complain of riding daily on the same roads in the Bois?"

"Yes, but the Bois is quite a different matter to this, and far prettier."

Chillaye began to be in a horrible temper. Mme. de Nymbe's good humor was irritating. And he envied everything about her—her thick veil, the heavy, golden coils that protected her neck, even her position in the saddle, for he was getting a veritable cramp. The prospect of passing whole days together astride broad-flanked White Cat filled him with terror. Seeing old Baptiste forging ahead, turning to right and left without hesitation, crossing bridges, mounting slopes, Chillaye asked: "Has your coachman ridden to Nice before?"

"Not all the way, but he knows the beginning. Isn't the country growing pretty? Look at that little island. There's nothing near Paris as pretty."

"It's an island like another, it seems to me. The Grande Yatte is far prettier."

"Do you think so? The day is improving. The fog has not entirely cleared yet, but the sun can be felt through it."

"I should say so. It's given me an awful headache; it must be a sunstroke!"

"Why, sunstrokes drive people mad."

"That's about it, otherwise do you think I would jog to Nice by slow stages?"

"You certainly show no enthusiasm, my poor Chillaye."

"You didn't stipulate for enthusiasm—you must admit that when one is suffering from a sunstroke, one's mood—"

"Surely, you don't suppose a pale sun like that—"

"All the more dangerous, because one takes no precautions; I'm not used to the low hat I've got on. A tall hat heats the head less, because it is farther away from it."

"Yes, but it's nearer the sun, so that it amounts to the same thing."

"Now you're chaffing me."

"Not at all. But you're in such bad form that I'm inclined to give you back your word and go to Nice without you. Good-by. Hurry back to Paris!"

"Hurry? Why, we're three hours from Paris."

"Nevertheless, here we are at the Boulevard Maillot and the Garden of Acclimatation; in a quarter of an hour you can be at home. For the last two hours we have been riding in the Bois. When you said just now that the Grande Yatte was prettier than the island I wanted you to admire, we were passing the Grande Yatte."

"It is this cursed fog!"

"Perhaps. But admit that even in fine weather you would not have guessed where you are, for you only know a few allees in the Bois. Good-by, Chillaye, don't propose to anyone else to go to the ends of the earth with them—they might take you at your word!"

"And you—are you going to Nice?"

"I never thought of such a thing! I'm going back to lunch. Good appetite!"

And off she rode at a brisk trot.

The fog having cleared, the weather was radiant; swarms of riders, detained by the thick morning, were now coming to the Bois at the usual hour for leaving it. Chillaye, recovering from his stupefaction, rode slowly down the avenue, reflecting that he had been done. "Mme. de Nymbe is mad. She has cooled me off, and I am glad of it. She's pretty, of course—devilishly pretty—but she's far too original. Ah ca! What are all those simpletons staring at me for? Do I look like a man who has just been made a fool of? Do they read it in my face? Positively, Xaintrailles laughed as he passed me. What's wrong about me? Ah, sapristi! It's my ridiculous get-up; my boots, and my flask, and my hat, and the revolver—especially the revolver! Hang it all! What wouldn't I give to be rid of the revolver. Good enough! Here are the Flirts—and one of the little Rirfrays, and D'Oronge. I must get rid of it, at all cost."

And sidling up to the edge of the road, in spite of the efforts of those who wanted to keep to their right, he managed to fling the revolver into a bed of gilly-flowers. Just as he passed the Flirts and their escort, a policeman ran after him, brandishing the revolver.

"M'sieu, m'sieu! You have lost something!" — Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of "Gyp."

An Automatic Toe Clip.

An automatic toe clip has been designed which grips the foot as soon as pressure is applied by the ball of the foot, the pedal being balanced and having plates hinged at the front and rear which tilt down of their own weight, the foot throwing them up into position.

London School Children.

Of every 100 school children in London 65 leave school between their tenth and eleventh years.

BRYAN IN CHICAGO.

Talks Against Gold Standard, Trusts and Imperialism.

Urges Chicago Democrats to Stop Factional Strife and Unite—Radicals Kept from Bolting.

At the meeting of the national democratic committee at the Auditorium, Chicago, Thursday the 20th, William J. Bryan succeeded in restoring peace between the warring factions in the local democracy, and in response to a tumultuous demand addressed the meeting as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and Ladies and Gentlemen: I am not going to trespass long upon your time. [Cries of 'Louder' and laughter.] You have already listened for as long a time as you are accustomed to attend a meeting, and it would not be proper for me to enter at any great length upon any of the questions which are now before the public. I am somewhat embarrassed in speaking in Chicago, because the advocates of the Chicago platform are divided into two kinds, and it is not my business to employ the secret service to ascertain what democrats are firmest believers in the party's creed. All Chicago platform democrats 'look alike to me,' and my aim is not to drive out of the democratic party any professed believers in the Chicago platform, but to so impress upon all democrats the importance of the principles at stake that all local differences will be forgotten in the determination to carry this government back to the foundations laid by the fathers.

"When Lincoln was appealing to the people of the country in 1858 he gave utterance to a sentiment that must be the sentiment of every one who realizes the magnitude of the struggle in which we are engaged. After paying a tribute to the founders of the country and to the declaration of independence, he used these words:

"'I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for any man's success: it is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing; but do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity, the declaration of American independence.'

"So in this country to-day we find some discussing persons, some discussing whether this man or that man or some other man is the best representative of democratic doctrine. I appeal to you as Lincoln did, to drop every paltry thought about any man and think only of the principles enunciated by the democratic party in 1896, principles that carry us back to the landmarks of the constitution. We are interested first in writing a platform, and we want a platform that fits the democratic party, a platform written like the last platform, not by party bosses, but by the voters of the democratic party. When we get a platform that fits the democratic party it will be easy enough to find in state and nation candidates who fit the platform, but it is the principle above the man, and no man is fit to be a leader when he is wanted to lead who is not fit to be a follower when some one else is wanted to lead.

"In the brief time that I shall occupy your attention I desire to crowd into a few propositions an argument on three subjects. I need not tell you that the democratic platform of 1896 will be reaffirmed as the first plank of the democracy of 1900. Occasionally some one talks about getting off of that platform, but upon investigation it is generally found that the man who wants to get off of it was never, in fact, upon the platform. The people who made the fight and who by winning the fight saved the democratic party in 1896 are still firm in the faith, and there is only one plank in that platform of which I shall speak to-night, and that is the one plank toward which most of the criticism is directed.

"I would defend every plank assailed. But there are some who say that if we will just drop the money question that we will make it easy for those who left us to come back. The fight in 1896 was won on the money question. It was the money question expressed in a specific remedy that afforded us the means of distinguishing the believer in bimetallism from the believer in the gold standard. And if they tell you to-day that events have vindicated the gold standard you can answer them first, that when Mr. McKinley sent a commission all the way to Europe to get rid of the gold standard he admitted that we were right in 1896 when he said the gold standard was not satisfactory. Some of you may be so prejudiced that you cannot do justice to Mr. McKinley, but I am so fair-minded that I can give him credit for sincerity when he appointed three distinguished men and sent them all the way to Europe to cry out in every market place: 'Help, help the American people out of the hole that the gold standard put them into.' Not only can you point to the fact that the commission went to Europe as an evidence that the gold standard was not then satisfactory, but you can point to the failure of the commission to secure international aid as evidence that independent action is absolutely necessary to secure success. If they tell you that the discovery of gold in the Klondike and the importation of gold from abroad has given us more money and made better times, you can reply to them that when they say that they confess the truth of the quantitative theory of money, and you can add that if a little gold from the Klondike or a little gold from Europe is able to make a little better times, that if we would open the mints to the coinage of silver as well as gold and take the money out of our own mountains and have our own money now and at all times, we could have great deal better times and not depend on English gold or gold from the Klondike or from our exports. You can remind them that when we were discussing the silver question, and our ability to maintain the parity, they said that because of an increasing production of silver we could not keep the metals together. If that argument had weight when they made it, we can now say that an increasing production of gold makes it easier to keep the metals together than it used to be when they found fault with us. But this is an old question, and one about which we have talked many times.

"There is another question, half new and half old. The trust question that was in the campaign of 1896, enough to get all the trusts onto the other side, and yet not enough to make the people understand what the trust question means. And even now you will find people who say that the republican party is doing all that it can do. Why, the trust is so bad and so indefensible that even in Ohio, in a state convention controlled by Mr. Hanna, they had to adopt a resolution declaring trusts to be bad, and when that convention condemns the trusts, who in all the world will care defend the trusts? [Great applause.] The trust is bad because of the monopoly feature. When a few people control a product necessary to human existence, then those few control to a large extent the lives and the happiness of all who produce those articles, all who work in producing, and all who furnish the raw material used in its manufacture. And can we afford to build up in this nation a system by which a few shall transmit wealth from generation to generation, where the masses can only hope for a clerkship under some trust? And if they say that there is no way to stop the trust, that the republicans are doing all they can, remember that it is within the power of the president to appoint an attorney general who will enforce the law against trusts even if he has to go out of the republican party to get the attorney general. And if the law upon the statute books is insufficient, it is within the power of the attorney general to propose laws which are sufficient, and if the constitution stands in the way it is within the power of the attorney general to recommend an amendment to the constitution which will give to congress plenary power to deal with this subject. But the republican party is powerless to annihilate the trusts so long as the trusts furnish the money to keep the republican party in power—[applause]—so that the administration has it in its power to extinguish the trusts, if it so desires.

"When we come to the Philippine question again they say: 'What can the administration do?' There were two months between the signing of the treaty and the breaking out of hostilities—two months lacking six days—and when we asked them what they were going to do, they said they hadn't had time to decide what to do—not time to decide what to do. Why, there are but two sources of government, force and consent. Monarchies are founded upon force, republics upon consent. Our declaration of independence declares that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Is that doctrine true or is it false? If it is false, how long ought it to take us to decide what to do in the Philippines? We recognized the truth of that declaration when we went to war with Spain. We said the people of Cuba are and of right ought to be free. Why? Because they live near us? No. Because they are part Spanish? No. They were and of right ought to be free because they wanted to be free, and governments come up from the people.[Applause.] If they were and of right ought to be free, who can draw a line between them and the people of the Philippines? Where is the philosophy that entitles one to liberty and another to vassalage? You say you don't know what to do? [Applause.] If you find a pocketbook, and on it the name of the owner, do you have to count the money in the pocketbook before you know what to do with the pocketbook?

"If the doctrine set forth in the declaration of independence is sound, then we cannot rightfully acquire title by conquest. If the doctrine set forth in the declaration of independence is sound, we cannot rightfully purchase 8,000,000 of people at $2 apiece from an alien monarch, whose rebellious subjects we ourselves armed to fight against their monarch. There is a principle involved, and when the principle is once understood its application is not difficult and if the people of the Philippine islands are and of right ought to be free, then this nation should without one moment's delay announce to those people that we are there as friends and not as enemies to establish a government, which shall be their government and not our government when it is established. Not only ought we to do that now; we ought to have done it in the beginning, and if the promise made to Cuba had been made to the Filipinos not one drop of blood would have been shed in the Philippine islands. And we would be sending school teachers to Manila to teach them instead of soldiers to tell them that the declaration was a lie. The Filipinos came into our hands by accident of war, and, coming into our hands, they must be dealt with according to American principles and not according to European principles.

"They say that if we were to give those people their independence other nations of Europe would laugh at us. Are we afraid to be laughed at? Why, more than a hundred years ago, when there were but three millions of people in this country, our forefathers dared to give to the world a declaration at which the people of the old world laughed, but for which our people fought. When the framers of the declaration of independence wrote among the self-evident truths that all men are created equal, endowed with inalienable rights, that governments are instituted among men to secure these rights, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, the people of the old world laughed. But they didn't laugh long, because our forefathers maintained their declaration, and for more than a century this republic has been the most potent factor in all the world in influencing the destiny of the human race. [Applause.] Shall we be ashamed to admit now that we believe in the declaration of independence? I repeat that we must deal with these people according to American principles. They desire their independence. Let us say to them, as we said to Cuba, stand up, be free, and then to all the world say hands off, and let every republic live.

"Tell me that we don't know what to do? All we have to do is to read our nation's history, to watch the nation as it traveled the pathway to lead from the little name of might to the lofty name of right, and then you can tell what this nation must do if it is true to its past. You have in your city a poet who has written the best poem on the Philippine question. Dr. Taylor has crowded into a single verse more philosophy as well as poetry, more philosophy than you will find in a whole speech on the side of imperialism, and if he never does anything else he has done enough in that writing of this one poem to give him a claim to the consideration of his fellow men. This nation has not wasted its substance in riotous living. This nation is not ready to turn back and with trembling voice ask to be classed among the hired servants of royalty. This nation has not sinned against heaven, and God grant that the crowned heads of the old world may never have occasion to kill the fatted calf to celebrate the return of this republic from independence back to the creed of Cain. What should the democratic party do? Why, there is but one thing it can do. Sometimes I hear the people say if the party is not careful about this question of imperialism it is going to lose votes. My friends, when the declaration of independence is repealed there will never more be a democratic party in this country or a need for one. Our faith is built upon it, and we cannot turn our backs upon the teachings of the fathers. Every wrong to be righted finds its inspiration in that document. We cannot ask for a single reform without showing that all we ask conforms to the principles of the declaration of independence. And so the democratic party must be true to the foundation principles of this government. It believes in the independence of the individual in industrial life, and says to the trust: 'You shall not crush up the life of the struggling manhood of this country.' It believes in the independence of the financial world, and says to the foreign financier: 'You cannot make the policy for 70,000,000 of American citizens.' It believes in the doctrine of liberty and independence everywhere, and when we plead for the right of people to govern themselves, although they differ from us in color and in race and in history, we are pleading for them. We are pleading for the safety of our own institutions. Lincoln said that the safety of this nation was not in its army or its navy, but in the spirit of liberty, in the spirit that prizes liberty as the heritage of all men in all lands everywhere, and he said that if we destroy this spirit of liberty we plant the seeds of despotism at our own doors.

"You ask me why the democratic party believes in giving independence to the Filipinos. I reply, because we cannot destroy self-government in the orient without endangering self-government in the United States. It is not for the Filipinos that we plead. It is for 70,000,000 of people, the greatest in the world, and yet a people not great enough to do harm to the humblest people in all the world. We are preparing for the campaign of 1900. The national committee met to-day and prepared for its work. We are going out to fight. You ask me whether we are going to win. I tell you I believe we ought to win, and there is no way upon which you can predict success except to deserve success. [Applause.] We are not going to ask: 'Is this thing popular?' or 'Is the other thing popular?' We are going to ask: 'Is this thing right?' And if this thing is right, the democratic party would rather go down as the champion of the right than to win as the champion of the wrong.

"Don't be afraid of defeat. I can speak from experience, and having met face to face a large number of those who were kind enough and generous enough to give me their support in 1896, I can say to you without flattery that, having seen them, I would rather go down with them to eternal defeat than be president and have to ask England what to do for my country."

——Mr. McKinley is the weakest of American presidents since James Buchanan. Avoidance of responsibility, timidity, the complete domination of politics and an opportunism that has made anything like a definite policy impossible have thus far been the marks of William McKinley's administration. Whether or not the people like this sort of administration will be seen next year, but it is entirely safe to say that without the aid of the patriotic impulse which has been aroused by the war Mr. McKinley would have found himself not only the weakest, but the most unpopular of presidents.—Rochester Herald.

——If the republicans think they can do nothing by legislation or by enforcement of present laws to curb the power of the trusts, very well. Then let them turn over the government to a party which does have some hope of acomplishing something by such means. Something has got to be done, that is sure. The lassiez faire policy will never do for such a problem as this.—Buffalo News.

WELL WITH THE DEMOCRACY.

The Situation in Georgia Is Typical of That in All Democratic States.

Congressman James M. Griggs, of Georgia, while in Washington was asked to contribute something to the Post's bureau of political information. This the Georgia congressman very readily consented to do, and in terms brief and terse, and yet admirably clear, he proceeded to set forth the political situation in Georgia, which, making due allowance for local conditions, is the situation in all the naturally democratic states. Congressman Griggs informed the Post's reporter that Mr. Bryan will have a solid delegation from Georgia at the next national convention; that the distinguished democratic leader is as popular in Georgia in 1899 as he was in 1896, and that he is held in the same high esteem all over the south; that there is small likelihood of the presentation of any other name to the convention, and that the Chicago platform will be reaffirmed and additional planks condemnatory of trusts added. To this the Georgia congressman added the statement that, while it is entirely too soon to make any predictions as to the result of the next presidential struggle, he does not regard the prospect as adverse to the democratic party. "On the contrary," he declared, "there is good ground for believing that the party will succeed. With a leader like Bryan, and confident of being on the right side of all the great questions of the day, with sixteen to one the leading issue, the democracy was never in better shape to prosecute a vigorous campaign." Now, that is the kind of talk we like to see democrats indulge in, says the Atlanta Constitution. It has the right ring, and, moreover, has the advantage of being true. There are a few pessimistic democrats to be found willing enough to take off their coats and get down to business whenever they are called on, but are temporarily overawed by the braying of brass bands and the successes of the money power, as shown in the formation of trusts. To doubt the success of democratic doctrines is to doubt the capacity of the people to govern themselves. They may, at some time or other, reach the point where they will succumb to the power and influence of money combinations. This is possible, but not probable; and until this surrender is definitely and formally made the democratic party, representing the true interests of the people, will always have a good prospect of success. We agree with Congressman Griggs that there is no good ground for believing that the party will succeed in the next campaign. It cannot be possible that the aggressive movements in the direction of centralization—movements which embody all the most vicious forms of attacks on the people's interests—are to go unrebuked. It cannot be possible that the voters are to permit themselves to be misled into following false leaders and indorsing false issues. Mr. Bryan, in his speech at the banquet given in his honor by Atlanta democrats, declared the truth when he said that the democratic party is nearer the principles of Thomas Jefferson to-day than it has been since its organization. And he uttered another great truth when he said that the Chicago platform is the platform of the voters, and not of the leaders. We are willing to admit that the campaign of next year will put the principles of Thomas Jefferson to the test of their popularity in this country. We have, as it were, reached another crisis in the history of this government, and the people are to be called on to choose between the principles of democracy and the doctrines on which a centralized plutocratic government is based. The issues are to be more clearly defined in 1900 than they were in 1896, and the voter who can be deceived as to his duty toward himself and his neighbors does not deserve to enjoy the blessings of democratic government. We have had such crises in our history before, as all students know, but at the proper time, at the appointed moment, the people have always given a verdict in their own favor, and against the allied and plutocratic interests of the money power.

POINTS AND OPINIONS.

——Mr. Hanna says that no man need go hungry in the United States. He probably has reference to the nourishment derived from licking revenue stamps. It is our chief diet nowadays. —Columbus Press-Post.

——The St. Louis newspapers are worrying themselves unnecessarily over a new name for the United States. What is really needed is a restoration of democratic principles as applied to the affairs of government.—Atlanta Constitution.

——The republican party is beginning a defense of trusts all along the line. The explanation is easy. It will not be long before contributions will be wanted for another campaign and the usual source of supply must be preserved.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

——At its next session congress will be face to face with the grave problem of vast expenses and short revenues, together with the causes which produced these conditions. The matter will be, as it should be, probed to the bottom, and from the resulting discussion the country must get a clearer view of the administration purposes than it has yet been possible to obtain.—Denver Post.

——It may be taken for granted that if there is any way by which the administration can get rid of Alger before the opening of the presidential campaign of 1900 the opportunity will be gladly seized. The secretary of war is a heavy load for Maj. McKinley to carry, and the shortcomings of Algerism have done more to injure the administration in the eyes of the people than any other one factor, save that, perhaps, of Hannaism.—St. Louis Republic.

——The next congress will be confronted with the task of patching up the Dingley tariff law, of fastening the odious stamp tax more securely upon the people, of avoiding any attack on the trusts while formulating some sort of law that will delude the people and of swallowing with a good grace all plans outlined by a coterie of selfish politicians, who control the administration body, boots and breeches. The next congress will have to strut the stage and mouth the words offered by tricksters and intimidators, all the while pretending to be the great law-making body of the greatest republic on the earth.—Omaha World-Herald.

M'KINLEY'S CLAIMS.

Upon What the President Will Base His Hopes for Renomination.

At the national treasury department the excess of exports over imports of merchandise during the last fiscal year is placed at $530,366,037.

The excess was $85,066,639 less than for the fiscal year 1898. The decrease in the excess was due chiefly to increase in imports, since the value of merchandise exports was only $4,038,905 less last year than the year before. The value of merchandise exports in June was $96,824,145, while the value of merchandise imports was $61,686,208, giving $35,137,937 as the excess of exports for the month.

Worshipers of the protection fetich tell us that "it is on those figures, with an intervening successful war, that President McKinley will base his claims for renomination and election for a second term."

For what in connection with the successful war will he claim credit? It is notorious that up to the last moment he did all he could, or pretended to be doing all he could, to prevent the war. If he did anything to promote it he did it secretly while pretending to be using every effort to avert war. Does he now admit that he was Janus-faced and does he give that as a reason why he should have a second term?

As for the prosecution of the successful war, to how much credit is he entitled. It was he who made Alger secretary of war and kept him in the cabinet, although the war was not much more than a week old before it became evident to every unbiased and intelligent American that he was unfit for the position he held. If he has ever done anything to make the most of the services of such officers of the army and navy as Miles and Schley the fact is not known to the public. Is it for this that he deserves a second term?

While the successful war was in progress and while the peace negotiations were going forward he took such military measures and made such decisions with respect to terms as involved the country in a second war which has not yet proved successful. This second war might easily have been avoided had he taken other measures and formed other decisions which were perfectly obvious to every rational man. Not only was this second war wholly unnecessary, but it has involved the country in enormous sacrifices of life and treasure, and the president has taken no adequate steps to carry it quickly to success, although congress has placed ample resources at his disposal. Is it for this that he deserves a second term?

Mr. McKinley's claims on account of the "balance of trade" have even a less solid foundation. Indeed, they are simply preposterous. Did he cause the famines in India and Russia? Did he produce the climatic conditions under which crops were short in nearly every cereal-growing country except our own? If the world is really indebted to him for short crops, high prices and famine, is that a reason why a humane people should wish to make him president for a second term?

The very obvious truth is that Mr. McKinley and his policy have had no more to do with the excess of exports over imports of merchandise than they have had to do with the tides or the spots on the sun. When a republican horn tooter tells the American people that Mr. McKinley will base his claims for nomination and election for a second term upon the custom house returns of our foreign trade he does not pay a high compliment to the intelligence of either McKinley or the people. —Chicago Chronicle.

AN ENORMOUS DEFICIT.

Present Indications Are That Another Bond Issue Will Be Necessary.

In spite of the best financiering of the shrewdest manipulators the deficit for the year just closed reaches nearly $90,000,000. This in spite of the remarkable flood of imports which has caused the custom house receipts to increase greatly. This showing is nearly $25,000,000 better than was expected by Secretary Gage six months ago. Secretary Gage's estimates of receipts for the next fiscal year were considerably higher than his estimates of receipts for the year just closed. He counted on $195,000,000 from customs and $270,000,000 from internal revenue for the present year, and on $205,000,000 from customs and $285,000,000 from internal revenue next year. It will be seen that if the customs receipts only do as well next year as they have done this year they will come up to his estimates, while the internal revenue receipts will have to increase $12,500,000 to equal his prediction. Both of these items depend so largely upon the business condition of the country that it is impossible to predict how the final account will stand.

The only hopeful source of decrease is in the pension account, while the expenses for war will mount higher and higher. The deficit for this year eats so heavily into the bond issue that another year cannot go by without another issue. While we contemplate with regret the enormous deficit, we are reminded of the fact that the republicans ascribed all industrial ills to the deficit a few years ago.—Utica Observer.

Curtailing Free Speech.

This military weapon against free speech seems to be very much liked by President McKinley in the colonies, especially in the Philippines, where nothing in the nature of current events is allowed publicity there or in the United States. The Atkinson affair shows that the Washington government would not hesitate to employ Gen. Wood's methods in this country if it dared. In fact, not a few organs of the administration urge the president to put a stop to newspaper criticisms on his foreign policy on the ground that they give aid and comfort to the nation's enemies.

It is but a short step from a Santiago or Manila newspaper office to a newspaper office in the United States, and there is no doubt at all that the administration would like to take that step. It does not need a very close observer of current events to see that the president and those machines are taking advantage of every opportunitl to centralize the political power of the country in the white house. They seem to have reached the lese majeste stage of the game already.—Kansas City Times.