

GLORIOUS FOURTH.



LITTLE Adolbert arose at four and crept downstairs to the big front door. And down the walk to the garden gate. And there he started to celebrate. With bursting crackers and roaring gun. He scared the neighbors, every one; And blew the slats of the picket fence. And came to breakfast with one black eye. And said: "Hooray, for the Fourth of July!"

He ate with hurry and frantic haste. For never a minute had he to waste. Then out again to the fray he sprang. And turned things loose with a mighty "bang!" He flazed and spluttered and boomed and crashed. While dishes rattled and windows smashed. And when, all gritty and sore and lame, Torn and tumbled, to lunch he came. On his swollen lips was the joyous cry: "Ain't I glad it's the Fourth of July!"

All that day, till the twilight's close, The powder-smoke from the garden rose. All day long, in the heat and dust Little Adolbert, "banged" and "bust." Till, just as the shadows began to creep, He blew himself in a senseless heap. Burnt and blistered and minus hair. They brought him in for the doctor's care. But, late that night, he was heard to sigh: "I wish every day was the Fourth of July!" —Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

A QUEER FOURTH OF JULY

It's going to be the meanest kind of a Fourth of July. No balloons on the common and no fireworks. They're not even going to ring the church bell—because that little old sexton, Sandy McVie, is too lazy, I suppose. Truman Bluford, generally known among his comrades as True Blue, was excitedly announcing this dismal news to Rob Tripp and Tenney Cole, in his father's store.

"There's no patriotism in Cherryfield. They've all forgotten how our fathers fought and bled," said Rob Tripp, who liked to read nothing but stories of battle, and meant to fight something when he grew up, if it were only Indians.

"What is the Fourth of July, without a racket?" said Tenney Cole, dejectedly. "I tell you, boys, something ought to be done!" said True.

That was what the boys liked about True. He was always ready to do something. Older people were inclined to think he was a little too ready to do mischief, but the boys were generally ready to follow where True led the way. "We might ring the church bell," said True.

That wasn't much to do, Rob thought; it sounded rather tame. Still, it would be fun to wake the stupid Cherryfield people out of the naps which they had no business to be having on Fourth of July morning, and startle the selectmen, who had decided that there should be no ringing of bells.

"How could we get into the church?" asked Tenney Cole, who was of a practical turn of mind. "Break in, of course," replied True, coolly. "You can't expect to have all that fun without—well, without hearing something about it afterward. We could break a window in the porch; and when we once got hold of the rope, wouldn't we make people think the bell was bewitched! They'd blame Sandy McVie for not being on the watch, too. It would be a good joke on the old rascal. He's got us into enough trouble by telling of us."

True's father was coming from the back part of the store, so the boys lowered their voices and walked quietly out at the door; while behind the counter, from the stooping posture in which he had been measuring for himself a gallon of molasses, arose Sandy McVie. He looked after the boys, with all the shrewd little wrinkles in his face drawing themselves up into hard knots.

"A good joke on the old rascal, eh?" he muttered. "There's never any knowing how a joke may turn out, my fine fellows! You're fixing a Fourth of July celebration for yourselves that'll be more than you bargained for, if I'm not mistaken."

The boys went on, all unconscious that Sandy McVie had been a listener to the conversation that was certainly not intended for his ears.

"It would be a good thing if we could get into the church without breaking a window," said Tenney Cole. "There's little Rose McVie now. Let's ask her where her father keeps the key."

"Hanging on a nail in the closet, under his coat," replied the little girl, on being questioned. "Couldn't you get it for us, Rosy, and not let anybody know it, if we gave you the greatest lot of candy you ever saw, and a bunch of torpedoes for to-morrow?"

Rosy was a very small person, with a very large appetite for candy, to say nothing of a strong desire to celebrate with the proper amount of noise the anniversary of her country's independence. Her eyes grew big and round at the alluring prospect, and she nodded emphatically her willingness to undertake the errand. So it was settled that she should bring them the key that night, after her father had hung his coat in the closet, so there would

be no danger that he would go there again and discover the absence of the key.

That afternoon Sandy McVie and his son, a stout lad of 15, paid a visit to the church. Archie, the son, came out, looking very warm and tired. "Better have let them do it, and then make them smart for it, than to take all that trouble," he grumbled. "Or just give their fathers a hint of what they are up to."

"Since they are so fond of jokes, I'm willing they should have a bit of a one," said the sexton, rubbing his hands, gleefully. "They'll catch it fast enough for breaking the church window."

Rosy McVie stole out of the house that night after dark and delivered the church key into True's hands, receiving in return an amount of candy and torpedoes that had cost a large share of the boys' Fourth of July savings. But they were all satisfied that it was money well spent, for they had learned from sad experience that the results of breaking windows were never amusing.

It was about half-past four o'clock on the morning of the Fourth when the three boys unlocked the church door. It was very quiet for a Fourth of July morning. Now and then came the banging of a gun, the feeble popping of firecrackers and torpedoes, and the dismal shriek of a fish horn; but there were very few people astir.

"This stupid old town will get a waking up in a minute now. And people ought to thank us. It's a burning shame to have it so still. You may be sure they're making things lively over at Borrowsville by this time."

Borrowsville was a town on the other side of the river, where the boys meant to assist in the celebration after they had waked up Cherryfield.

"They won't thank us, you know," said Tenney Cole. "Boys never are appreciated."

"I don't expect it will be just exactly thanks that we shall get," said True, drily, as he turned the key in the lock behind them. "Anybody that's afraid had better back out now."

Nobody backed out. Six hands seized the bell rope. There was "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together."

But no sound followed. They looked at each other in silent amazement and tried it again. They could feel that the bell swung backward and forward; but it did not ring. What could be the reason?

"Somebody must have muffled it!" exclaimed Rob. "We'll go up and see what's the matter, anyway," said True.

A long, long flight of steep and narrow stairs led to the first landing in the church steeple. Beyond that was a ladder leading to the bell loft. There was a trap door which they pushed open, and all scrambled up to the loft.

"If here isn't a go! The tongue is gone from the bell!" cried True. "Now who do you suppose did that?"

"Rosy must have told on us. I just wish we hadn't given her all that candy," lamented Tenney.

The great bell hung there empty, powerless to arouse any Fourth of July enthusiasm, and looking as sad as if it realized its dumbness.

"I should just like to catch the fellow that did that," said Rob, flourishing his fist at an imaginary foe, as he did so, unfortunately striking the trap door with his elbow, and causing it to fall with a crash. It was somewhat dark in the loft, now that the trap door was closed, the only light coming from a little round window, like a porthole in a vessel, far above their heads.

"Lift up the door, Rob. We may as well go down. Whoever took that tongue out wouldn't leave it where we could find it, you may be sure," said True.

But when Rob tried to lift the door, lo and behold! it stuck fast. The iron ring which had once served as a handle was broken off, and there was no way by which they could get a sufficiently firm hold to pull with any considerable amount of strength. They tried to pry it open with their knives, but only succeeded in breaking them. And time was wearing away, and the Borrowsville celebration must be getting toward its liveliest.

"It's of no use to holler. Nobody could hear us," said Tenney, despairingly. "It's a pretty place to spend the Fourth in!" said Rob, with a groan. "How long do you suppose it will be before they miss us at home and come to look for us?"

here to look," replied True. "And my mother said I might stay all night with my cousins over at Borrowsville. She won't expect me home till to-morrow, and your folks will think you've stayed with me. Anyway, they'd never think we were up in the church steeple."

"But when she knows we're lost Rosy McVie will tell, if she hasn't already," said Tenney.

"She won't. She's too much afraid of her father to tell that she gave us the key," averred True.

"But he'll find out that the key is gone, and then he'll suspect that we are here," said Tenney, who was determined to look on the bright side.

"Next Sunday, maybe! We shall be starved to death before then!" said Rob, who was not proving himself as brave as his desire for fighting had led his comrades to suppose.

"Somebody must have got wind of what we meant to do, or the tongue wouldn't have been taken out of the bell," said Tenney; "and no one could mean enough to keep us here for long on the Fourth of July."

"Sandy McVie is mean enough for anything," declared Rob; "and perhaps they have only taken the tongue out to repair it, or something of that kind."

Sandy McVie meanwhile arose at five o'clock and took a walk around the church. There was no broken window. "So they gave it up, the young rascals, and have probably gone over to Borrowsville to do their celebrating," said the sexton to himself, and felt a disappointment that he should be denied the grim satisfaction of bringing the young rascals to justice. "Well, Cherryfield will be the quieter for their being out of it to-day," he added, to console himself.

If not exactly out of Cherryfield, they were certainly too far above it to interfere with its quiet. A faint echo of distant Fourth of July noises came tantalizingly to their ears now and then. The minutes dragged along heavily. They had no means of telling time, and an hour seemed like a day; but night finally came, the dimness deepened to utter darkness, and stretched upon the floor they all fell asleep. Being boys, they could sleep, although the floor was

hard and keen gnawings reminded them that they had gone breakfastless, dinnerless and supperless.

When True awakened, a little shaft of sunlight shone through the small window, away up in the dimness of the steeple. It danced upon the cobwebs that covered the dusty beams until they looked as if made of gold thread. A great, long-legged spider was dragging a hapless fly into his web. The spider's web had been partially torn away, and the dust had been brushed from the beams in the corner near it. There was a little scaffold in the corner covered with shavings and chips, evidently left there when the last repairing was done. But somebody had been up in that corner lately. How otherwise could the dust have been brushed away and the spider's web broken? True wondered wildly what anybody could have been there for, and then a sudden thought struck him that sent the blood rushing to his head, and made him for a moment feel faint and dizzy. In another moment he was climbing up those beams nimbly as only a squirrel or a boy could climb. He put his hand under the heap of shavings and chips, and it touched something very hard and cold. He dashed off the chips and shavings with which it was covered, and disclosed the bell tongue.

True wanted to shout for joy, but he knew that he needed all his strength just now, and restrained himself. He could not have lifted the bell tongue, even if he had not been obliged to cling to a beam with one hand, but he could draw it along to the edge of the scaffolding, and then with one mighty effort, he pushed it off. It came to the floor with a crash that seemed as if it might arouse all Cherryfield, and certainly did effectually arouse the two sleeping boys, who sprang to their feet. Rob with a vague impression that it was the report of a cannon, and that his time had now come to fight something. It was a happy moment when they realized that the bell tongue was found, though Tenney did grumble that they "ought to have been smart enough to find it yesterday." True thought that if he hadn't been awake when that sunbeam struck the corner, they never would have found it, for who would have thought that anybody would carry it away up there to hide it?

It was no small undertaking to replace the tongue in the bell, but, after

much lifting and struggling, it was done, however. Then they all pulled with a will, and a clang that almost deafened them came from the bell. Sleeping Cherryfield was aroused in a very few minutes, and asked, in amazement, what was the matter. The new fire engine was taken out with a rush and clamor. But where was the bell? People ran wildly about and nobody seemed to know. The most mystified man was old Sandy McVie, who ran out of the house in a maze of bewilderment, and declared that the bell was bewitched. How else could it ring without a tongue? And how could any human being get into the church when the door was securely locked, and no window broken, as anybody could see?

And still the bell rang wildly and clamorously, as such a sober-minded old church bell was never known to ring before. The spirit of half a dozen Fourth of July seers to possess it. People on the outskirts of the town began to think that the selectmen had repented of not celebrating the Fourth, and were making amends by celebrating the 5th, and they came hurriedly driving into the village to see what was the matter.

At length somebody more courageous than Sandy McVie insisted upon going into the church to investigate, and Sandy went to get the key. The discovery that it was gone put a new face upon the matter, and Sandy's suspicions reverted to the boys whose plans he had overheard, and he volunteered to break open a window and lead the search.

Rosy McVie at that time was pulling the bedclothes over her head, and wondering what would become of her, and resolving never again to touch a key or anything else that she had no right to, for all the candy in the world. Candy was good, but oh, how bad was the terror she was suffering now! And Rosy is not likely to forget her resolve, although she was never found out. The boys agreed that they would "never be so mean as to tell on a girl, anyway," and they were always supposed to have stolen the key from Sandy McVie's closet themselves.

When they heard the footsteps of their rescuers the boys ceased to ring the bell. It was easy enough to open the trapdoor from beneath. While the boys were wondering anxiously whether it ever could be opened, Sandy McVie's head popped up out of it like a Jack-in-the-box. Rob's father came next, and Rob—who meant to fight Indians—threw his arms around his neck and cried, Rob's father had suffered some anxiety about him, but thought he had stayed at Borrowsville with True.

Everybody agreed that the boys had been sufficiently punished by their imprisonment and the loss of their Fourth of July fun. Given Sandy McVie said "he guessed they wouldn't be apt to do it again." But he may have been somewhat mistaken by the complaints which True paid him on his skill in hiding the bell tongue.

The boys didn't care to say much about their adventure. They felt as if by the trick they had tried to play had been turned upon themselves. When True's Borrowsville cousins asked him what kind of a Fourth he had had, he replied, carelessly: "Oh, a sky-high one!"

Which was certainly truer than the cousins, who had their own opinion of Cherryfield celebrations, believed.

But those three boys will never ring another church bell without leaving—Sophie Swett, in Golden Days.

Independence Day.
Fling out the flag, the starry flag,
The banner of the free!
The symbol of the land we love,
The land of Liberty!
Our fathers with their willing blood
Baptized that banner gay,
So let it stream, its stars a gleam,
On Independence day!

From brave New England's rugged shore
Washed by Atlantic's pebbly strands
To western lands whose pebbly strands
The fair Pacific lavas—
From Minnesota's swamps and swales
To southern hummocks gay,
Fling out afar the stripes and stars
On Independence day!

Fling out the flag, the dear old flag,
The flag our grandfathers won!
The emblem of the land we love,
The land of Washington!
The blood of heroes thrills our hearts
And bids us haste away
To consecrate with fitting state
Our Independence day!
—Helen W. Clark, in N. Y. Ledger.

Why He Is Happy.

Why does the kid look proud and smug,
As to the woods he retreats?
Because since early dawn he's been
Responsible for eighteen fires.
—Golden Days.

The Night Before the Fourth.
He sleeps like with swearing tongue
Because the old church bell is rung
By some mischievous elf.
Nor thinks he of that olden time
When, just as midnight's stroke would chime,
Adown the lightning-rod he'd climb
To ring that bell himself.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Taking His Revenge.
Ruffery—An' wuz it th' Chinese
that invited forerackers?
Wun Lung (proudly)—Lessir!
Ruffery (smiling heavily)—Thin
take that, yer Mongolian brute! Oi sot
down on a lighted bunch av thim yisterday.—Golden Days.

The Philippines Are Costly.
The war in the Philippines has cost a heavy loss in killed and wounded, saying nothing of sickness. There have been dispatched to the islands from first to last over 40,000 troops, men and officers, and so far not over 1,000 of these have returned to this country. The cost of the military occupation is estimated at \$3,000,000 a month, and in a year will nearly equal the entire interest charge of the United States debt. The net result is that we control just the small amount of territory on which our troops stand, and yesterday a severe engagement by our military and naval forces was brought on by an insurgent "threatened attack in strong force on Manila." The facts are unpleasant, but it is wiser to face them boldly and shape future action accordingly than to be lulled into a false security by optimistic and "edited" official dispatches.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HANNA AND HARMONY.
A Republican Organ Grinds Out a Wall of Woe Over the Ohio Situation.

The republican press is generally agreed that Hanna and Harmony were copartners in the management of the Ohio republican convention.

If this be true, the junior partner in the firm has a clear case for damages against the Chicago Times-Herald, a "McKinley-Hanna organ of the inner circle, which overlooks Harmony's interests altogether, and proceeds to rub salt into the open wounds of Senator Foraker.

According to the Times-Herald there is no republican harmony in Ohio. It goes further, and declares that "there will be no real harmony in Ohio politics, no national confidence in the utterances of its republican conventions, so long as Judas Benedict Foraker retains his place in republican councils there. He has been paid off. Let him be retired for good."

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The Chicago McKinley organ furthermore declares that nothing but make-believe harmony, "for the sake of self-preservation, has compelled Joseph B. Foraker to sheathe his political dagger in his own coat-tail, swallow his envy and malice, and stand upon an Ohio platform renewing pledges of loyalty to the party he has so often sought to betray." According to the Times-Herald, "it would require a page to rehearse the flagrant breaches of party loyalty and personal good faith" of which Foraker has been guilty; Foraker's conduct in the Ohio convention "has once more proved that the leopard cannot change his spots"—that "conspiracy and treachery are so ingrained in the man that nothing can eradicate them from his acts." Finally, he is told that "when whipped into line, he kicks the lash, but as he does so, plots new treachery."

Political rumor has it that Hanna, Harmony & Co. have already selected Gen. Grosvenor, the foremost administration cuckoo, to be Foraker's successor in the United States senate in 1903; a rumor which would seem to be well authenticated by the above-quoted comments of "the original McKinley organ of the west."

Doubtless Senator Foraker will lie awake nights, consulting with Bushnell, Kurtz and McKisson as to ways and means to elect Nash governor, and thereby strengthen the hold of Hanna, Harmony & Co. upon the Ohio republican machinery.—Albany Argus.

HANNA'S TALK OF SPIES.
The Republican Boss Makes a Defense of the Administration Which Arouses Suspicion.

"We commend the president for the judicious modifications of the civil service rules, recently promulgated," says Mark Hanna in his Ohio platform.

In an interview for publication Mr. Hanna stands by the platform and the order. He attempts to justify the latter by saying that when President Cleveland was about to go out he issued an order which had the effect of giving permanent jobs to a lot of democrats in positions where they could act as "spies" upon the republican administration. He says that the present republican administration is responsible to the people for its conduct of public affairs, and it cannot justly be held responsible if it is surrounded by "democratic spies." Therefore, the president is to be commended for his "judicious" order.

Of course Mr. Hanna does not expect any intelligent man to accept this statement as a sufficient justification for turning over 10,000 places in the public service to spoilsmen. An administration has no business to have any secrets in any branches of the service affected by this order. If there is any use for the services of spies then it is because something is wrong which ought to be exposed. If anything is wrong the presence of men in the service who will expose it is for the public good.

Mr. Hanna's talk about spies implies that things are done which ought not to be done. It implies that there are things which the party bosses wish to keep secret when there should be no secrets and everything should be open to the public. It implies a purpose on the part of the republican bosses to convert the public service into a party machine—to pervert and degrade it to the accomplishment of merely party ends.

Any spying which will tend to prevent such degradation of the public service is a very desirable thing. But Mr. Hanna and his fellow bosses are not worried about spies. We hear nothing about spies in the British civil service, where the merit system is more extended and more rigorously applied than it ever has been here. The simple truth is that the spoilsmen want the spoils, and their talk about spies is the best excuse they can think of for seizing what they want.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Philippines Are Costly.
The war in the Philippines has cost a heavy loss in killed and wounded, saying nothing of sickness. There have been dispatched to the islands from first to last over 40,000 troops, men and officers, and so far not over 1,000 of these have returned to this country. The cost of the military occupation is estimated at \$3,000,000 a month, and in a year will nearly equal the entire interest charge of the United States debt. The net result is that we control just the small amount of territory on which our troops stand, and yesterday a severe engagement by our military and naval forces was brought on by an insurgent "threatened attack in strong force on Manila." The facts are unpleasant, but it is wiser to face them boldly and shape future action accordingly than to be lulled into a false security by optimistic and "edited" official dispatches.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HAVEMEYER AND TRUSTS.
The Sugar Magnate Takes a Shy at Protection—Every Trust Save His Own.

H. O. Havemeyer's arraignment of the trusts and his condemnation of discriminating tariff laws will meet with cordial approval by the masses who have been plundered by both these agencies and robbed in the name of "enterprise" and law. But his view is too circumscribed when he says:

"I repeat that all this agitation against trusts is merely the business machinery employed to take from the public what the government in its tariff laws says it is proper and suitable they should have. It is the government, through its tariff laws, which plunders the people, and the trusts, etc., are merely the machinery for doing it."

Some trusts, like the Standard Oil and railroad combines, exist independently of tariff laws, and their destruction calls for remedial legislation along other lines than the tariff. The interstate commerce laws, if enforced, would afford partial but quite substantial relief. But the republican party is bound in chains of adamant to the wheels of plutocracy, and therefore the attorney general of the United States has been instructed by his superiors not to act to the financial loss of those corruptive, destructive aggregations of capital which dominated and caused the election of his political master.

Very selfishly, but illogically, Mr. Havemeyer pleads for an increased tariff duty on refined sugar. He says:

"The rate of protection on sugar is an eighth of a cent per pound, which is about three and one-half per cent, ad valorem. * * * The least it should have is eight per cent. * * * The sugar refining industry of this country, no matter what form its organization is entitled to adequate protection, if any industry is. There are at least 100,000 people dependent on it."

Yes, and there are over 75,000,000 people compelled by government robbery to swell the enormous profits of the sugar trust. One-eighth of a cent per pound seems to be a trifling matter, but when it is considered that the output of the sugar trust is approximately 10,000,000 pounds daily, we find that the people are robbed by this same one-eighth of a cent per pound of over \$12,000 every day in the year.

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It is surprisingly refreshing to be informed that the trusts are under no obligation to the states which created them, but, on the contrary, the states are the beneficiaries of the condensing trusts!

After informing an anxious world that trusts are the logical results of discriminative laws, Mr. Havemeyer gravely says:

"In these days there are two forms, and two only, of monopoly. One, that which results from a patent and copyrights. It is universally recognized that this is in the interest, not against the interest of the public. The other, that which comes from unfair tariff discrimination. * * * Tariff for the purpose of equalizing against foreign bounties * * * does not need to be justified."

Oh, no! Tariff that favors the sugar trust is beneficial, but all other kinds are robbery, according to Mr. Havemeyer.

Is it not about time that the people were done with "expert" testimony by those who confess they are plunderers and robbers? H. O. Havemeyer stands before the world to-day self-convicted of conducting a legalized robbery and plundering machine—a trust. His parting advice is for the farmers to organize a trust for their own protection. With his assertions that there are trusts and there are not trusts, Mr. Havemeyer has shown how trusts blind those who conduct them and sweep them and their away. Let the people come by their own.—Chicago Democrat.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.
—McKinley is about as good a man for the democrats to defeat as the republicans can put up.—St. Louis Republic.

—If the president can mention the name of a republican who will have to walk the plank under his civil service order the country would like to have him do it.—Kansas City Times.

—The intention of the republican members of the finance committee to hold their conference in New York behind closed doors is only another suggestion of how little there will be for the public in the entire currency reform programme of the administration.—Detroit Free Press.

—The Kansas City Journal is borrowing trouble "if anything bad happens to this country while Mark Hanna is in Europe." Doubtless, however, Mark has left full instruction covering all contingencies likely to arise. Besides, "God reigns, and the republican party still lives."—Albany Argus.

—It is questionable whether the spoilsmen over the destruction of the civil service system or the protestations of republican hypocrites that the system has really been strengthened by breaking it to pieces. You cannot find a republican "hustler" who is not immensely pleased with the order, but they do not make much more showing than men like Secretary Gage who continue to assert that there has been "no letting down of the bars."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

—The president himself must by this time see that an imperial policy is a horrible mistake. He must realize that war for the adjudication of an unwilling people, to drag into the United States a population unfitted for any of the duties of citizenship under a highly organized government, has no logical justification. The president knows, for he so declared in his Boston speech, that imperial conquest is "contrary to the spirit of American institutions." Knowing that, why does he not resign the American army from the perils of a hostile climate by ordering a cessation of the slaughter of a people who ask for nothing more than an opportunity to administer their own affairs?—Pittsburgh Dispatch.



SANDY McVIE HAD BEEN A LISTENER.



Why He Is Happy.