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Weather Forecast for Wednesday.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—For Oklahoma and Indian Territory: Fair; variable winds.

For Nebraska: Fair; warmer; variable winds, becoming southerly.

For Missouri: Generally fair, preceded by thunder showers in eastern portion; probably slightly warmer in western portion; variable winds.

For Kansas: Generally fair; slightly warmer; variable winds, becoming southeasterly.

THE SITUATION AT MANILA.

Just now the question, what shall be done with the Philippines? is less urgent than the other problem, what shall be done with the Philippine insurgents?

One of the most remarkable situations in the history of warfare is that confronting Admiral Dewey and General Merritt at Manila. The latest news is anything but gratifying, each successive report tending to emphasize the grave responsibilities pressing on the American forces. The taking of Manila is of much less concern than the protection of the city and the prisoners after capitulation.

Manila is surrounded by a vast army of semi-savage natives who have declared for independence, and who have shown the most uncivilized instincts in their treatment of prisoners and in their propensities to wreak vengeance and to plunder. The blockade and the siege have reduced the garrison to the point where surrender is a necessity, and it is said that the city can be taken by the American forces without the cost of a life; but the attitude of the insurgents makes it almost imperative that surrender be delayed until General Merritt receives reinforcements sufficient to protect the lives and interests of the inhabitants against the rapacity of the horde under Aguinaldo.

It would seem that some understanding with the insurgents must be reached, or that the United States government must prepare itself for the possibility of having to fight the native army. If the terms of peace proposed by President McKinley should be accepted by Spain, and an immediate cessation of hostilities ensue, it would not be strange if the American and Spanish soldiers, now enemies, would become allies in the Philippines. This is all the more probable since the Philippine question, as far as the Spanish-American interests are concerned, is left open for future adjustment by the president's proposal.

Of this the world may be assured: The United States will not cease operations in the Philippines so long as there is imminent danger of a reign of anarchy in the islands, much less if there should be an actual outbreak against the Americans on the part of the insurgents.

Whatever may be the consensus of American opinion as to the future of these islands, a study of the present situation reveals the soundness of the president's policy in deferring the settlement of the Philippine question until it shall have been cleared of perplexities that are inimical to the interests of both countries concerned.

SENATOR JONES ON EXPANSION.

Senator Jones, chairman of the Democratic national committee, yesterday made public his views on the question of territorial expansion. He declared himself in favor of freeing Cuba, remaining silent on the question of Hawaii, and opposed strenuously the taking and holding of Porto Rico and the Philippine islands except as temporary security for the payment of a war indemnity. In the course of his remarks the senator gave the Democratic party a watchword by declaring that it should stand steadfast on "Jeffersonian principles" and vigorously oppose the territorial acquisitions "about to be consummated by the Republican party." He declares that when he voted in the senate to free Cuba and furnish the president with munitions of war he heard nothing about the policy of "imperialism," and the manner of his discourse leaves us under the impression that he feels himself buncoed in the Dewey victory at Manila and in the triumphal march of Miles across Porto Rican soil.

Senator Jones has an undoubted right to express his opinions on the policy of expansion. If he and the Democratic party desire to make a political issue of the annexation of Porto Rico they have a right to do that also. But neither Senator Jones nor the Democratic party has a right to violate truth and history by inventing doctrine and charging it up to Thomas Jefferson, one of the most admirable of our early-day statesmen. Jefferson was the first great American expansionist. Under his leadership the thirteen states of the Union annexed a territory many times greater than their own area. When timid people—the Senator Joneses of his day—were raising all sorts of objections to the purchase of Louisiana; when great constitutional lawyers were openly avowing the unconstitutionality of such a procedure; when congress itself was hostile to the measure and refused to give Jefferson latitude for the purchase of more than a port at the mouth of the Mississippi river—when these were the surroundings of the great president he was farsighted enough and bold enough to override all opposition and complete the territorial conquest which made possible the present greatness of our nation. We need not rely upon the speeches and papers of Jefferson for authority to call him an expansionist. Here stands a great and living act that must endure forever to confound the triflers with truth and history.

And Jefferson did not stop with the purchase of Louisiana. He knew that Spain never ceased to plot for the destruction of the American government, and he wished the Spanish power driven entirely from our land and seas. Joined with Adams, Calhoun and Clay, he insisted that Spain's power in and about the American continent should be completely broken, and he was outspokenly in favor of annexing both Cuba and Porto Rico. In 1825, in conjunction with these three, he inspired the formal note from the state department to our minister in Madrid which read as follows: "You will urge upon the government of Spain that if the war continues between Spain and the new republics, and those islands, Cuba and Porto Rico, should become the object and theater of it, their fortunes would have such a connection with the people of the United States that we could not be indifferent spectators." Jefferson died in 1826, and on the same day departed his friend and contemporary John Adams, but the cause they advocated, the expulsion of Spain from Cuba and Porto Rico, lived on after them, and is about to be consummated at the hands of a president whose term expires in the 100th year after Jefferson's exaltation to the same high place.

But the historical phase of the Jones manifesto is not of so much interest as its real purpose, namely, the forming and expressing of a campaign issue in the election of the coming congress. With all its financial and economic theories destroyed in the course of current events, with nothing in its previous platforms that may be made to do service again, helpless and hopeless in its thorough degeneracy, the Democratic party is groping blindly for a rock on which to stand. Right ahead is this congressional election for which a policy must be established and a platform builded. Jones has probably struck the keynote in declaring against the annexation of Porto Rico and the holding of any territorial rights in the Philippines. Democracy will probably be heard singing its little anti-annexation song in every congressional district in the land. The action of President McKinley in making the surrender of Porto Rico a condition necessary to peace with Spain, has already defined the attitude of the Republican party on such an issue. The party is ready to stand or fall on the record made by the president. It invites a contest before the American people on the gage of battle thrown down by Senator Jones, and will go forth in confidence of overwhelming victory.

BIGGER AND FASTER BATTLESHIPS.

Yesterday's dispatches announced that the question of plans and specifications for the three new battleships provided for in the naval programme had been reopened with a view to making the ships both larger and faster than was originally intended. There will be a good deal of satisfaction over this announcement, for if the present war has taught us any lessons at all it has taught us the advantage of speed combined with power.

In all the speculation concerning a possible meeting between our fleet and that under Admiral Cervera, prior to the latter's entrance into Santiago harbor, it was very generally admitted that the Spanish ships, or several of them at least, would have a decided advantage in point of speed, and that if the meeting took place in the open sea it was quite possible that several of the Spanish ships would escape simply through their superior traveling capacity. When the test came, in spite of the fact that the enemy had to come out of a blockaded harbor, the rapid Cristobal Colon almost made her escape, and probably would have given us the slip but for the exceptional speed developed by the Oregon when rapidity was most needed.

It is proposed to make the new ships larger than any now in the navy, giving them about 13,000 tons displacement, with a maximum speed of at least eighteen knots. Such an addition to the navy would vastly strengthen its fighting capacity, and under certain circumstances the additional strength and speed now contemplated might bring about an otherwise doubtful victory.

But the navy department does not need to rely wholly upon the lessons of the present war in urging these changes in plans. A measurement of foreign navies would suggest the great expediency of such improvements in our new ships of the first class. Great Britain has nine battleships of 14,900 tons each, with a speed of seventeen and one-half knots, and eight of almost equal tonnage making the same time, and is building three of 15,000 tons to have a speed of eighteen knots. France has seven ships of 10,000 tons or more, with capacities ranging from seventeen to eighteen knots. Italy has two, Germany three and Russia two battleships capable of making from seventeen and one-half to eighteen knots, and Russia is building two additional ships to have a rate of eighteen knots.

It is true that some of these foreign ships do not equal the American vessels in armor and armament, but it is also true that several of them surpass our first class fighters in one or the other of these particulars.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

The corn crop may now be regarded as saved. In fact, in some localities it is getting on swimmingly.

Madrid is delighted to find that Ambassador Cambon compelled the American diplomats to "maneuver."

Prosecutor Lowe is willing to do for personal revenge what he wholly omitted to do in fulfillment of his official oath.

Garcia's anxiety to have the Cuban government set up in business indicates that he has some gnawing political ambitions.

The announcement that a special session of congress will be necessary again recalls General Sherman's remark that "war is hell."

Mr. Croker is not regarded as one of the rough riders, but he has had some rough sledding with his horses over in England.

Hawaii will be inclined to look on Porto Rico with a patronizing air. Hawaii occupies the band wagon in the annexation procession.

The country is beginning to wonder how men who could fight as well as our naval commanders did can be so gabby about it afterward.

One of the invariable Reed rules in Maine is to renominate and re-elect the present speaker of the house as often as occasion comes 'round.

The Populists made a poor showing in Alabama. A party of calamity simply cannot do business with voters in a great Republican prosperity year.

Sagasta imagined there were two ways of stopping hostilities, but he has discovered there is only one. Merely talking peace doesn't silence the guns.

The statement that every colonel who went to Cuba has been killed or otherwise incapacitated may move the government to make a special draft on Kentucky.

In constructing new vessels the government has decided to improve on the battleships now in service. No change has been ordered in the gunnery of the seamen.

As we understand Captain Bob Evans, if that Austrian ship hadn't appeared just when it did there would have gone up from the Iowa one of the blankety-blanked best prayers a ship's crew ever listened to.

The phraseology of the peace terms is of no consequence to this country, but it is highly important to Spain. The Spaniards would rather yield a dozen islands to a softly-worded requirement than give up an acre on a blunt demand.

While talking about "returning" the Philippines to Spain it might be as well to remember that we are not yet in possession of any one of the 800 or more islands, nor even of the city of Manila. We have simply sunk some Spanish ships.

KANSAS TOPICS.

"Are we expected to hug the Porto Ricans?" fiercely demands the Wichita Eagle. Perhaps not. But if those young ones in petticoats are as sweet as their pictures make them look they may expect to be hugged.

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Miss J. Abbie Clark, the well known Kansas violinist, was married at Junction City to Thomas Francis Hogan the other day. It is to be hoped in this case that matrimony isn't another name for hanging up the fiddle and the bow.

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Significant item from the Douglas Tribune: "Among the delegates in our Republican county convention were a number who went off with the silver Republicans two years ago. They came back of their own accord."

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On coming to her new job a Stockton hired girl told the mistress that the family she had last worked for were so mean they would send her to market in the evening to get meat for breakfast and then make her stay up all night and fan the meat to keep it from spoiling.

* * *

This is the artistic way in which one of the country correspondents of the Eureka Messenger states the situation: "With an electric spark, like a thief in the dark, 'twas done in the night by Spain. In a square open fight, in God's broad daylight, we made them remember the Maine."

* * *

When the Princess Eulalie was at the world's fair everybody got a mild type of the Spanish fever. A Wichita man couldn't think of any other souvenir of her visit and so he had the Spanish flag tatooed on his wrist. The Eagle says that ever since the opening of the war he has been trying to get rid of the ugly mark. He has succeeded in blotting out the colors, but still has the form of the flag.

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James H. Grimes, the railroad agent at Marysville, has been married eight years, but it was only last Friday when a little daughter came to bless the household. The local paper relates that Mr. Grimes at once set out a box of cigars at the depot and on the box was this sign: "Take one with Philippina Manila Schleyetta Dewetta Grimes."

* * *

The San Francisco Chronicle relates that the Twentieth Kansas has been engaged to give an exhibition regimental drill at the Mechanics' pavilion in aid of the Army and Navy Christian commission. This would seem to be pretty good evidence that the regiment is not only well drilled, but also that it has the courage of its convictions.

* * *

Here's another item from the San Francisco Chronicle: "Newspaper correspondents in the Kansas regiment who send to their home papers letters filled with complaints and exaggerations and in some cases attacks on their officers, received a warning yesterday when Colonel Funston called up Private Holmes, of Company M, and, on his acknowledgment of the authorship of a letter printed in the Kansas City Star, in which the surgeons of the regiment were criticised, ordered him to walk up and down in heavy marching order before the surgeons' quarters for three hours."

* * *

It isn't every man who has the privilege of writing his own wedding notice, as recently was done by Mr. F. A. McCarty, editor of the Humboldt Herald, as follows: "Mr. F. A. McCarty (that's us) and Miss Nannie Fisher (that's more of us) were united in marriage Wednesday, July 27, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the home of the bride's mother in this city. Rev. B. C. McQuesten, the beloved pastor of both the young people, performed the sacred ceremony. The ceremony was followed by a sumptuous repast, which we have only a faint recollection of. Some way, events seemed to crowd on each other then. And God has given us the best earthly thing within this gift. The joy in a sweet wife is too great to be described—too sacred to be spoken of. May that bright and happy face never be less bright and happy."

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According to a Wichita paper W. E. Stanley has one superstition. He believes that every pound over 140 pounds that he weighs on election day will be worth 1,000 majority to him. It came about in this way: When Mr. Stanley was nominated he weighed exactly 140 pounds. He was not in the best of health, and Mrs. Stanley was afraid of the trials of a campaign, but her husband said to her: "Every pound I gain from this time on will make me a thousand majority over Leedy, and every pound I lose he will have that much majority over me." Since that time Mr. Stanley has gained three pounds, and he expects to weigh 155 or 160 pounds before November.

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Of course, this is a bit of a joke on the part of the Republican candidate for governor, but now that the issue has publicly been made the state central committee will be derelict in its duty if it does not confine Mr. Stanley's diet strictly to things that will stick to his ribs.

* * *

Speaking of diet, we are reminded that a boy never so quickly learns to appreciate his mother's cooking as when he goes off to war and lives on hardtack and bacon—a diet, by the way, which is calculated to superinduce a most marvelous appetite for the good things left behind—and in evidence of this we print the following letter written by Z. K. Miller, who is with the soldiers en route to Manila, to his mother in Pleasanton: "Crackety, but I would like to drop in on you just when everything was on the table ready to sit down to. I will tell you what I would want to see: Light bread, butter, cream, milk, chicken, mashed potatoes, peas, beans and (oh, my!) beets, onions, radishes, lettuce, blackberry or cherry pie, a good, deep custard, a cornstarch pudding and a fine cup of tea. But I must stop writing, for it makes me so hungry I could eat my penholder."

* * *

John Mauger, the Galena editor who recently was stricken with insanity, died at the Osawatomie insane asylum last week. Mauger persistently and constantly claimed the distinction of having been the first to exploit Grover Cleveland as a great national character, and, undoubtedly, he was the first editor to hoist the name of Cleveland for president at the head of his paper. This was about the time of Cleveland's election as governor of New York. The poor fellow always had his head full of great schemes. His strongest delusion was that he was possessed of great wealth, and when taken into custody for insanity it was because he was drawing (and in several instances cashing) checks on a mythical bank account.

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Speaking of soldier boy letters, there is a blushing little McPherson girl who has one she treasures above all her other possessions, for it was written during a lull in the Santiago battle by a young man who used his gunstock for a writing table. He had no paper, but close to his heart he carried a letter from the McPherson girl, and he found room along the margin and between the lines of this epistle to scribble quite a lengthy message. Then he tied the letter between two pieces of old pasteboard that he found in the trenches and addressed it to the young lady with this notation on the corner in place of a stamp: "Soldier letter to a friend."

* * *

The Wichita Eagle emits a great roar because Watson has not been dispatched to the Spanish coast. It says: "He should have gone the entire length of the Mediterranean, and clear down to the Bosphorus, and taken a turn through the Dardanelles. It would have been an object lesson of which Europe stands greatly in need." In a vague, impotent sort of way the Eagle certainly has indicated one of our great duties in the European situation, but its programme of carrying American terror into the byways of the Mediterranean is not half complete. Simply sailing along the ocean is not of itself sufficient to inspire the proper amount of dread. Commodore Watson should be made to stand at the prow of his flagship with a horse pistol in one hand and the American flag in the other and every time he passed a European fleet or a European capital he should shoot off the pistol and wave the flag and hump his back and shudder his voice and shout with great loudness: "Whoopee! Duru our bold souls, don't you see us coming! Bow down, kings, bow down! Whoopee! We are wolves, and this is our night to howl!"

* * *

The Oswego Independent gives an entertaining account of the origin of the story that Miss Lelia Cook was engaged to hero Hobson. Wiley Cook, ex-assistant state auditor of Kansas, at present bookkeeper for a firm at the Kansas City stock yards, is a cousin to Miss Cook, the heroine in the case. A short time since Wiley Cook's wife went to Oswego to attend a funeral and while in that town learned from some of her lady friends that Miss Lelia was engaged to Hobson. The Independent says that Miss Lelia had never intimated such a thing to anyone, but some of the gossips discovered that she had Hobson's picture draped in flags in her room and that on her table was Hobson's visiting card, and they knew further that Hobson had stood up with the young lady at her brother's wedding, and then they pieced all these things together and launched the story that an engagement existed between the two.

Mrs. Wiley Cook took this story back to her husband, in Kansas City, who, just at the time, was receiving a visit from a cousin who is editor of a paper in Indiana, and when this editor heard the tale he fixed it up in the form of a special telegram and sent it to the Chicago papers. The Independent says: "A visit to Miss Cook at Vinita found her very much annoyed and chagrined over the reports. She does not care for newspaper notoriety, and alternately laughed at the ridiculousness of the story and pouted when she thought of what Hobson might say when he heard of it."

* * *

A strange case is reported from Frankfort. A printer by the name of W. E. Colford has been working for a long time in the Bee office. Recently he was set upon and badly beaten by a footpad. He apparently got well and returned to his work, but complained that his head still hurt him a great deal. Last Wednesday he left the office and since his whereabouts have been unknown to his friends and family. However, when the editor came to read the proof of Colford's last day's type setting he found abundant evidence that the man's mind had become unbalanced. All through the articles set up were the words, "And I will follow him to hell." It is believed that Colford has gone off on an insane search for his unknown assailant.

MISSOURI POINTS.

In addition to an extensive equipment now in use, the new "Katy" shops at Sedalia are to be fitted up with $40,000 worth of new machinery.

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The wife of Colonel J. West Goodwin, the veteran newspaper man, of Sedalia, advertises herself in the papers there as a Christian Science healer and instructor.

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"If there really is to be a world's congress of warships at Manila in the near future, it probably would be wise," intimates a cynical Springfield newspaper, "to have the editor of the Jefferson City Tribune inquire as to the hotel rates there and see to it that foreigners are not robbed through an exorbitant charge of $2.50 per day."

* * *

Springfield Democrats are all torn up over the methods and movements of the Mohawks, the new secret political order, in connection with the affairs of the party in Greene county. It is said the order has Greene county Democracy under its thumb, and signs, grips and pass words are all the go in the ranks of the dominant Bryanites.

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Little bonbon for the platform committee at the Springfield convention next week, from the Sedalia Democrat: Those who quote Jefferson in support of their proposition to throw away the results of the war should remember that the United States, under Jefferson, "meddled" in European affairs to the extent of opening the Mediterranean to the commerce of Christian nations.

* * *

His friends and fellow possessors of famous names in various sections of the country, particularly Georgia, will doubtless hear with genuine pleasure the report that the Hon. Boose Rupe, of Atchison county, is visible in his accustomed haunts once again, after a period of severe and protracted indisposition.

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By way of dispelling anxiety as to any scarcity of Republican congressional material in the Fourth district, it may be proper to say that Atchison county, through one of the Rock Port papers, owns up to the possession of six "possibilities," in the respective persons of Colonel L. B. Day, J. W. Peck, W. F. Rankin, A. E. Wyatt, M. McKillop and T. M. Bailey, with still more "timber in the woods" in case of an emergency.

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The Atchison County Journal throws the high lights on Worth county's nominal candidate for the Dockery successorship in to-day's convention, Editor Garver, of the Times, thus: "He is the 'hardest-shelled' Democrat we know, and the most unreasonable. He ought to have the nomination, for he is a good representative of the average Democrat of the Third congressional district of Missouri—blind in both eyes to everything not Democratic."

* * *

"The candidacy of Major Williams is giving 'Little Giant' Benton grave concern," says the independent and non-partisan Joplin Herald. "The administration is growing in favor and there is likely to be a Republican landslide next November in this district as far reaching in its effects as was the Popocratic slide of 1896. Under normal conditions the Fifteenth district is debatable ground, but in this campaign general conditions favor the Republicans. Another sixty days may find the Popocrats on the run."

* * *

The Higginsville Advance, in enthusiastically booming John Welborn, of Lafayette county, for the Republican congressional nomination in the Kansas City district, bases its advocacy of his claims on the following sound proposition: "Mr. Welborn is a man of ability. He is a man who has the respect of his fellow citizens and acquaintances wherever he is known. As a lawyer he has few superiors in this part of the state. He is a Republican from head to foot, and stands for Republicanism in its fullest sense 365 days in the year. He is a man of the people and would represent the people."

* * *

The Missouri boys at Chickamauga have become quite skeptical as to the probability of ever getting any further toward the front. One of the Carthage soldiers in a recent letter to a friend at home says: "We will not get out of here for at least two weeks, and when we do leave I would not be surprised if we should go toward Carthage. We have been pretty busy for some time fixing up this park. I have carried enough stone to fence every farm I ever saw. This ground is the worst imaginable. There seems to be three rocks to every clod of dirt. Now that we have finished the water works we may go into camp in some other national park."

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Henry Mulkey, son of George Mulkey, a well known miner of Smelter Hill, Joplin, is one of the wounded United States soldiers now in the hospital at Fort McPherson, Ga. He is a member of Company D, Twelfth infantry, which figured prominently in the battle of Santiago on July 3, and was one of those brave American soldiers who fell before the fire of the Spaniards. His right arm was fractured by a Mauser bullet, a hole was torn through his right side and he received a flesh wound in the thigh. His injuries were thought to be fatal at first and he was hurried from the front to the hospital, arriving at Atlanta on July 11. His folks have since received a letter stating that he is convalescent, and will be sent home as soon as he is able to travel.

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Three former Maryville boys of whom their old home is particularly proud, as the Review assures them, are Jim Duncan, Miles Saunders and Arch Edwards, the first of whom is now a well-to-do resident and city attorney of Carrollton, Ky.; the second, United States commissioner for Oklahoma, and the third one of the leading lawyers of Pueblo, Col. Each of the young men has practically carved out his own career, the Review says, but that of Saunders is perhaps the most notable, considering the start he had. His parents died when he was quite young and his portion of the estate was consumed before he was grown. He attended school with Duncan and Edwards until his funds were exhausted and he was compelled to go to work. "He took the first job offered and one day Arch and Jim found him, black as an African, the sweat streaming from his clothes, shoveling coal into the firebox of a stationary engine in Maryville. They talked with him awhile and then told Judge Ramsay and Uncle Bill Shelton about Miles and what he was doing, and the result was that Miles found himself in Ramsay's law office studying law. In eighteen months Miles was admitted to the bar, passing a brilliant examination. In two years more he was city attorney of Pueblo, and now his ability, integrity and usefulness are being felt all over this broad land."

* * *

Dr. J. M. Burnam, of the Missouri State university, was in Spain several years ago studying, relates a Columbia paper. He boarded in Madrid at a hotel where were also a number of students from South American countries. These resented calling the inhabitants of the United States "Los Americanos" or "The Americans." They said they were Americans while the citizens of the United States were "Yankees" or "North Americans." The South Americans were quite contemptuous in their comments upon this republic and even then found ready sympathy in the Spaniards. Both were quick to turn against the "Yankees" whenever possible. One day Dr. Burnam and his only American companion, a young physician from Ohio, concluded they would like a dish of American corn. They ransacked the Madrid markets and finally found some corn canned. Of course nothing better was to be had so they took this to their hotel and ordered it cooked for their next meal. The Spanish have a dish which is made out of an edible thistle. It is quite popular with them. On the table that evening with the corn was this thistle soup. It was passed around and the Ohio physician asked what it was. When told he remarked: "Thistle, oh, I see, donkey food. No, I do not care for any." The Spanish and their brethren from South America said nothing but only glowered at the impudent Yankee. The South Americans regarded the incident as an evidence of ill-feeling, not appreciating the witticism. A few minutes later the corn was passed around the table. The Spaniards looked at the dish, sniffed it and shook their heads. Finally it came to a black-mustached, fiery fellow from the Argentine Republic. "And what is this?" he inquired. "This is corn, American corn," was the reply. With an air of studied contempt the Argentine student said in Spanish: "No, I thank you, I will not take any. I think this"—emphasizing the word and glancing at the Ohio man—"I think this is donkey food!"

The Advance in Prices.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The following table gives the prices of certain articles quoted by the Omaha Herald, Bryan's organ, on July 10, 1896, the date of his nomination, and those quoted by the same paper on July 10, 1898, just two years later:

	July 10, 1896.	July 10, 1898.
Bar silver, New York	$ .68¾	$ .58¾
Beef steers	4.15	4.82½
Cows	3.00	4.15
Heifers	3.00	4.50
Calves	5.00	6.25
Bulls	2.90	3.60
Stags	2.90	4.00
Stockers and feeders	3.25	4.85
Hogs	3.15	3.85
Stock sheep	3.25	4.37½
Veal	.06½	.09
Cheese, Young American	.09½	.10½
Green hides, No. 1	.04	.07½
Green hides, No. 2	.03	.05
Dry hides	.09	.14
Sheep pelts, green	.40	.75
Tallow	.02½	.02⅝
Wool, unwashed, heavy	.07	.15
Wool, unwashed, light	.09	.15
Wool, tub washed	.18	.30
Wheat, N. Neb. and Dakota	.53	.70
Wheat, No. 3, by carload (new)	.50	.68
Rye	.30	.40
Flaxseed	.74	1.35
Flour, best patent, per 100 lbs	1.85	2.60
Flour, second best patent	1.70	2.30
Corn, car	.18	.28
Oats, car	.15	.27
Bran, per ton	8.00	9.00
Middlings	9.00	10.00
Chop	9.00	12.00
Linseed meal	17.00	24.00
Chicago markets—		
No. 2 red wheat	.56½	.75
No. 2 cash corn	.25½	.32½
No. 2 white oats	.18	.25½

It will be noticed that of all the commodities quoted silver is the only one which has fallen in price. The others have gone up from 15 to 100 per cent. What has become of the "law" Bryan and his organ used to lay so much stress on that silver and wheat and other agricultural products were so tied together that if the former fell in price the latter must fall, too? The market reports of the World-Herald contradict most impudently its editorials of 1896.

It is proper to ask what has become of the contention of the Bryanites that there could be no advance in prices unless free coinage at the fraudulent ratio of 16 to 1 was secured, and of the further contention that if the gold standard was retained there would be a steady decline in prices. The Bryanites chattered incessantly about the "appreciating gold dollar." They alleged that the prices of the farmer's products would fall and hence he would be less able to pay his taxes and clear off mortgages. Those statements won many a vote for the Bryan ticket.

There is not a farmer in the United States who does not know that prices of breadstuffs and provisions have advanced greatly since Bryan was nominated, in spite of his prediction that they could not advance. The farmers of Nebraska have paid off mortgages amounting to many millions of dollars. So have the farmers of Kansas and other states. Bryan predicted that those mortgages could not be paid off if the gold standard was retained. Nevertheless, they have been paid off. If the farmers still believe that the gold dollar is "appreciating in value" they ought to have lost their fear of "appreciating" dollars when they get more of those dollars for their products than they did two years ago.

This argument that prices had fallen because silver had been demonetized and would keep on falling until the gold standard was given up was one great cause of the strength of Bryanism among the farmers—especially those Western farmers who had suffered the most from the decline in prices. That argument has been disproved by the inexorable logic of facts. Therefore the Bryanite stump speakers this fall will be unable to use much of the material they used in 1896. If they venture to talk of silver and wheat as rising and falling together they will be laughed at. If they assert that prices cannot advance under the gold standard every farmer will contradict them. What can those stumpers do except insinuate to the debtors in their audiences that free coinage means a debased legal tender coinage usable in the payment of gold standard debts? But there are not as many debtors to-day as there were two years ago. The good crops and the high prices paid for them in gold value money have wiped out much of the burdensome indebtedness of 1896.

A Blow at the Dog.

From the Chicago Record.

Ever since the bicycle, the trolley car and the automobile carriage made it apparent that mankind might yet be able to get along without horses some people who affect to be students of our social conditions have been finding out that the horse is a troublesome animal, that he gets in the way of pedestrians and clutters up the streets with his muddy hoofs. Hence they would have him banished to his native plains.

Now it appears not improbable that the promised fate of the horse may be shared by man's other faithful friend, the dog. After having been taxed and tagged and licensed in every large city in the country, after having paid $2 or more every year for the bare privilege of breathing an inferior quality of air and studying the signs in the parks which tell him that dogs are not admitted, the final step has been taken toward depriving him of his rights to life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness. Many of the people of the beautiful suburb of Park Ridge last week gave their approval to an ordinance which declared that a dog found guilty of walking on the street unaccompanied by his master shall be subject to a fine of from $1 to $25, payable by his owner. In default of payment presumably the dog will be arrested, tried and condemned to the pound.

It is not charged that the Park Ridge dog is worse than any other dog or that he is mad—although that ordinance is calculated to make him so—or that he does not behave with proper dignity in public. He is believed to have established a reputation for discernment in the matter of tramps and beggars. He is both ornamental and useful. Yet he is amenable to a fine simply for appearing on the street without his master; martial law has been declared against him.

The only reason must be, not that he is a wrongdoer, but that he is a dog. Park Ridge has declared against the species and very likely other towns will follow suit. The edict may be universal that the dogs have had their days and that now they shall not have even their nights. What Park Ridge seems to want is an automobile, pneumatic-tire dog, warranted not to bark, bite or steal chickens.

A Gauge of National Progress.

From the Philadelphia Press.

There is no such gauge of national progress as war. It tests the capacity of a people to the utmost, brings out all their resources and enables an exact measure of their strength and capabilities to be taken.

The present war with Spain is a measure of the growth of the nation in the thirty-three years which have passed since the close of the war for the Union. It took two years for the country to get ready to fight in the '60s. It was 1863 before we really began the contest. In 1898 we were fighting ten days after war was declared and the contest is likely to be finished in four months after it began. We had grown in strength and capacity to such a degree that a month's work counts now for as much as a year's work a generation back.

It is not only in material resources that the American people have grown. They have grown equally in quickness of intellect and largeness of mental grasp. It needed twenty-four months to educate the people to the probable results of the war for the Union. Even after Lincoln had issued his proclamation freeing the slaves a majority of Northern people were still hesitating. But in three months the people have grasped the scope of the war with Spain and are ready to decide on its results.

There are other ways in which the war has marked time for the American people. But as a test of their growth in material resources and mental grasp it has furnished abundant evidence.

A Tale of Terror.

The soldier bold on his pillow rolled
Like a log in a billowy sea,
And a close-reefed sheet beat a slow retreat
To his neck, but naught cared he.
The night was hot, but he knew it not,
Nor the sob of the dying wind
That clutched his hair as he sweltered there
With a nightmare on his mind.

Far, far away, by a tropic bay—
Bivouacked in a rank morass—
He lay in his dream by a brackish stream
Full of yellow fever and grass.
And a flood of rain soaked body and brain,
Till, wet to the very core,
He framed a curse that I won't rehearse,
Though it died in a mighty snore.

Then out of the gloom of the jungle—or room—
A traitorous Spaniard stole,
And, with a blade that a Turk had made,
Struck the sleeper to the soul.
At the deadly stroke the sleeper woke
With a shriek of wild despair
And clasped his side, but the dream had lied—
A mosquito feasted there.

—Chicago Record.

Program—Programme.

Victor Smith, in New York Press.

"Eric" writes from Whitehall, N. Y.: "Will you please give the proper pronunciation of the word 'program,' or 'programme'? Heretofore it has been customary to pronounce the last syllable distinctly, with the sound of 'a' prominent; lately some people pronounce it as if it were spelled with a 'u'. What is your opinion of that?"

If you pronounce it "proag-rum," as some persons do, the man who makes it will be called a "proag-rumer," all the accent on the first syllable. Now, the latter is a "programmer," because he makes "programmes." Nobody thought of pronouncing it "proag-rum" until Carlyle's abbreviated way of spelling it came into a certain vogue. "Program" was an unrecognized word in our early dictionaries, and I am sorry to see the Century giving it the preference over "programme," which is etymologically correct. The same self-styled philologists who affect "program" attempted to foist upon us "de-cor-a-tive" for "dec-o-ra-tive."

That Stamp Tax Again.

From the Chicago News.

"Say," said the bookkeeper, addressing the cashier, and winking knowingly at the office boy, "do you know anything about this new stamp tax?"

"Sure," replied the cashier; "what do you want to know?"

"Suppose," continued the bookkeeper, "that I wanted to express my opinion; would I have to stamp the express receipt?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the cashier. "But if you will allow me, I would suggest that you forward your opinion by mail."

"And why by mail?" asked the autocrat of the ledger.

"Because," replied the cashier, "as they have no weight, it would be much cheaper."

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No!—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain,—

These constitute a state:
And sovereign law, that state's collected will;
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

—Sir William Jones.

MY MOTHER.

Some one I love comes back to me
With every gentle face I see—
Beneath each wave of soft gray hair
I see my own dear mother there.
With every kindly glance and word
It seems as if I must have heard
Her speak, and felt her tender gaze
With all the love of olden days.
Then I am moved to take her hand,
And tell her now I understand
How tired she grew beneath the strain
Of feeling every loved one's pain;
No further burdens could she bear.
The promise of that land more fair
Alone could tempt her from her child;
And now if I could keep her here,
No sacrifice would be too dear.
No tempered winds for her too mild;
Then I would smooth and kiss her face
And by her side take my old place
And sob my years and cares away.
I think if I could feel her touch
Once more, it would not matter much
How sunny or how dark the day;
The tears I have so long repressed
Would lose their ache upon her breast.

I love each mother that I see
That brings my own so near to me;
For though I never more may frame
Upon my lips that hallowed name
To any one who will draw me near
And answer me with warm caress—
As long as there are mothers here,
No child can be quite motherless.

—Mary Augusta Mason.

"WHEN THE STRONG WINDS BLOW."

It is good to be alive when the strong winds blow,
The strong, sweet winds blowing straightly off the sea;
Great sea, green sea, with swinging ebb and flow—
It is good to be alive and see the waves roll free!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

OF CURRENT INTEREST.

In his chatty book called "Yesterdays in the Philippines," Thomas Earle Stevens tells a good story at the expense of a party of missionaries who were on board the steamer from San Francisco. The clergyman obtained permission to hold Sunday services in the saloon, and on Saturday evening the passengers read the following notice, conspicuously displayed in the dining room:

> Service in the Saloon,
>
> SUNDAY, 10 A. M.
>
> Rev. X. Y. Z. Smith, of Wangkiang, China, will speak on mission work on the Upper Yangtse.
>
> All are invited.

But they counted without their host. The captain had never schooled himself to look on missionaries with favor, and he accordingly made arrangements to cross the meridian where the circle of time changes and a day is dropped early on Sunday morning. He calculated to a nicety, and as the passengers came down to Sabbath breakfast they saw posted below the other notice, in big letters, the significant words:

> SUNDAY, NOV. 29TH.
>
> SHIP CROSSES 180TH MERIDIAN, 9:30 A. M.
>
> AFTER WHICH IT WILL BE MONDAY.

Gentle tap from "Tip," of the New York Press: Commodore Schley says of the gallant commander of the Pride of the Pacific: "21. I cannot close this report without mentioning in high terms of praise the splendid conduct and support of Captain C. E. Clark, of the Oregon. Her speed was wonderful and her accurate fire splendidly destructive." Though this may leave us in doubt as to the gender of Captain Clark, there is no discount on "her" abilities as a commander and a fighter. Besides, what is grammar between the captains of our ships and the generals of our armies? Battles are not won with the structure of the English language. Lindley Murray and Cobbett have nothing to do with war.