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Weather Forecast for Thursday. WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—For Oklahoma and Indian Territory: Fair; northerly winds.

POPULISTS AND THE OLD SOLDIERS. No less than half a dozen Populist county conventions in Kansas and at least one Democratic convention—that of Coffey county—have adopted a resolution reading as follows: "We denounce the unjust ruling of the United States pension commissioner to drop from the pension rolls those old soldiers who, actuated by patriotism, have enlisted in the present war with Spain."

It will be remembered that three or four of the Kansas military companies elected civil war veterans for their captains. Leedy had nothing at all to do with this. When the United States pensioning officer came to swear in the troops he declined to receive these veterans on the ground that they were drawing pensions for serious disabilities and therefore were not fit for the hardships of a Cuban campaign.

When viewed comparatively, the showing is as remarkable as when we contemplate its positive virtues. It has the dash of Spanish bullfighting, without its cruelty and post mortem suggestions. It has all the good points of cricket, but is sharper and more decisive. Cricket, like the typical English joke, often ends in a draw. The American game possesses the activity of the French duel, but is equally harmless, and far more dramatic. It is as sociable as the Welsh steddofod, and even noisier. It is as athletic as the turning of the Germans, but does not tend to produce that dizzy feeling so apparent after contact with German games, schnapps, and cosmic philosophy.

Baseball, in short, is the palladium of our liberties, to be guarded as we guard the constitution. It is the foe of Bryanism, pessimism, dyspepsia and the bacillus tuberculosis. Everybody yell!

There is a feeling of despondency in the Democratic congressional committee at Washington, owing to the inability of that body to find an "issue" for the fall campaign. All the old familiar issues are as dead as so many doornails and, of course, utterly useless as slogans wherewith to rally the faithful; nor can Democratic ingenuity galvanize them into even a semblance of life. Hence the gloom.

The first thing that sent the cold chills down the committee's spine was the splendid spectacle of the plain people, the down-trodden, concerning whom lachrymose Democratic orators were so deeply concerned, snapping up \$200,000,000 worth of war bonds before the plutocrats could get a smell of them. These "seeds" and "industrial slaves" of Bourbon spellbinders shook \$1,300,000,000 in Uncle Sam's face in their eager desire to become bondholders themselves.

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general reading public. The lecture, the essay or the more extended treatise on so remote a topic commanded but a limited hearing. It was the evidence of a popular misconception of ancient Egyptian civilization, and a realization of the ineffectiveness of customary channels as a means to express to a large public his high convictions upon that civilization, that led the scholar to become a novelist. This somewhat remarkable departure was successful to an unexpected degree. It resulted in a series of stories that have been widely read and have done more than any other medium to diffuse a general knowledge of ancient Egypt. They are written in a highly poetic style, and yet are surprisingly faithful to the requirements of character treatment, and they invariably possess the great worth of historical accuracy, being based upon most searching study of the life they depict.

Thus the German scholar, who almost accidentally turned his attention to fiction, will live as a novelist rather than as an antiquarian. He has the unique distinction of being an archaeological romancer—one who served the ordinary purpose of fiction writers of the highest order and at the same time bestowed a lasting benefit upon mankind by furnishing, incidentally but attractively, a great deal of information upon the remote but important subject of early civilization.

IN PRAISE OF BASEBALL. Now is the season when the baseball fan plants himself on the bleachers and yells himself black in the face for the home team, and then makes his way home with smarting eyes and his larynx done up in a sling. It has been thought by certain superficial reasoners that the war interest would detract from the intensity of the baseball fever, but they are now disillusioned. It is just coming to be realized how truly national our national game is.

Baseball is the product of "flamboyant Yankeeism." It has many and subtle affinities with the genius of our commonwealth. It is in the world of sports the exponent of essential Americanism. It is an outdoor game; player and spectator look on green turf and breathe the free air of heaven. It is an active game, and helps to form those healthy physical ideals, the lack of which is ruining the manhood of France. It is a co-operative game, training men in the art of swift and vigorous concerted action. It is a co-educational game, attracting the fair sex, and uniting man and maiden in the tie of a common enthusiasm. And last, it is a game essentially fair, a training school of justice and fair play.

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From the evidence which is now about all in it is apparent that there was serious mismanagement in the care of the sick soldiers in Cuba, but that nobody was responsible for it. Missourians have to be "showed," but the Republican party has shown them so clearly that cheap money is not necessary to prosperity that they no longer hanker after the 30-cent dollar.

The Missouri Democracy has no conscience or self-respect to speak of, but yet it is not sufficiently hardened to endorse the Stephens administration without blushing violently. Mr. Hand declares that the one thing to be considered is the prosperity of the people. Coming from such a source this is a very handsome compliment, and the Republican party appreciates it accordingly.

No matter how advantageous the peace conditions are they will be sure to meet the disapproval of those dyspeptics who have been condemning the conduct of the war and turning Secretary Alger out of the cabinet. There are times when Agricultural hall will be the best possible name for our new assembly building, and there are many other times when it will be as inappropriate as a name could possibly be. It will serve for the present, however, and in course of time when its usefulness has been fully demonstrated a better name can be substituted.

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Although silver remains at the bottom of the chute, farm products have not declined therewith in accordance with Mr. Bryan's contention. On the contrary they have steadily advanced, just as Republicans predicted they would when honest money principles prevailed and a protective tariff was in force. The farmer now receives more for the results of his toil than for many years. His wheat, corn, oats, hay, live stock, etc., bring handsome prices in money as good as gold the world over. This desirable and long-looked-for state of affairs is the direct result of Republican legislation and Republican financial policies, and Democratic farmers will look in vain for any satisfactory explanation of it in the Bourbon political handbook when issued.

While the farmers are thus prospering mechanics and other laborers have likewise profited. Under Republican rule manufactures have largely increased, factories are running overtime, wages have advanced and the whole industrial world is feeling the uplift of good times. Since the Dingley tariff law went into operation our exports of manufactured products have been enormous, and last year alone they were nearly \$300,000,000. So, also, the balance of trade has been unrepresentedly large in our favor; for the fiscal year just closed it was more than double that of any other year in the history of the country.

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Although silver remains at the bottom of the chute, farm products have not declined therewith in accordance with Mr. Bryan's contention. On the contrary they have steadily advanced, just as Republicans predicted they would when honest money principles prevailed and a protective tariff was in force. The farmer now receives more for the results of his toil than for many years. His wheat, corn, oats, hay, live stock, etc., bring handsome prices in money as good as gold the world over. This desirable and long-looked-for state of affairs is the direct result of Republican legislation and Republican financial policies, and Democratic farmers will look in vain for any satisfactory explanation of it in the Bourbon political handbook when issued.

While the farmers are thus prospering mechanics and other laborers have likewise profited. Under Republican rule manufactures have largely increased, factories are running overtime, wages have advanced and the whole industrial world is feeling the uplift of good times. Since the Dingley tariff law went into operation our exports of manufactured products have been enormous, and last year alone they were nearly \$300,000,000. So, also, the balance of trade has been unrepresentedly large in our favor; for the fiscal year just closed it was more than double that of any other year in the history of the country.

All these things mean prosperity—a word that makes Democracy quail and shudder as did Helshazar when he saw the handwriting on the wall. It is not strange that the Popocratic leaders are disheartened. The future is very dark and the cloud that wraps them round about hasn't even a silver lining. But while there is general rejoicing over good times and wonderful activity in all departments of business in every section of the country, while the people are preparing to celebrate the return of peace with added glories to the flag on land and sea, the Democratic committee is solemnly preparing, it is said, to set up a scoreless ticketed "Imperialism," as in the only available issue in the shop. This, in fact, is a second-hand issue, having been used once before, labeled "Cassism," with indifferent success; its principal merit being as a deterrent to keep youthful Bourbons within doors and make them go to bed early. The bugaboo of "Imperialism," however, will not frighten any fine deersie youngsters. They're too smart.

It was becoming evident that the Nemaha delegates were getting ready to break away from their man. Brown county led a score of delegates, and one of the Nemaha county delegates, not Stewart, was called outside by Captain Schilling. The two remained in whispered conversation for a moment and then the Nemaha county delegate, called back to his seat, delegate, Stewart, just as the latter was rising for a speech.

"Stand pat," he excitedly whispered to Stewart; "Brown county agrees to stand with us for submission."

"Resubmission be it!" responded Stewart; "what do I care where Brown county stands on prohibition?" Whereupon he continued his speech and declared his purpose of supporting Mr. Stuart, the Republican candidate, and thus the great deadlock was broken.

Kansas never has been divided over the question of Jim Lane's criminal conduct. His close companions, like John Speer, for example, believed him to be a courageous man who would fight at the drop of the hat. On the other hand his enemies called him a bluffer who would back down at any emergency. It is difficult to see how many things in the early days of Kansas that would seem to have required more than ordinary nerve, there can be no doubt that he was a master of the art of bluff. His history is filled with incidents of grand strategy. He is the only one of our great men, however, who has been called "Imperialism," as in the only available issue in the shop. This, in fact, is a second-hand issue, having been used once before, labeled "Cassism," with indifferent success; its principal merit being as a deterrent to keep youthful Bourbons within doors and make them go to bed early. The bugaboo of "Imperialism," however, will not frighten any fine deersie youngsters. They're too smart.

Partisan bitterness will return with the dawn of peace, but sectional hatred has gone forever. Spain is at last having some sad but sensible days. They will be worth much more to her than the other sort.

By and by it will occur to some sparkling paragrapher to remark that Colonel Teddy Roosevelt is also a rough writer. Aguinaldo is still wrestling with the annoying problem as to whether he is a Spaniard, an American or a home ruler.

That daring young Hobson doesn't seem to be a bit more afraid of the deadly kissing microbe than of Spanish shels. William J. Stone will begin his presidential term in the same year that the Mississippi river begins to flow northward.

It is useless to tell Spain to look pleasant. Nobody looks pleasant when a job lot of his best jaw teeth are being pulled out. If this sort of thing keeps up much longer we shall have to make a few remarks about the Kansas City's advantages as a summer resort.

The long silence of the Mole St. Nicholas bar inspires the hope that some of that heavy canonading jarred him off his perch. The chaplain of the Oregon doesn't even admit that the other ships were in the also-fought class. As he sees it, the Oregon is the navy.

It should be remembered when the next war opens that Commodore Watson is the next man at bat. The lining ended just as he stepped up to the plate. It is mentioned as one of the specially strong recommendations for Texas that the state produces 119 varieties of plum and only one variety of Joe Bailey.

If the Democratic party could only make up its mind whether it is for or against national expansion it would like to do some vigorous campaign resolving on the subject. If Benjamin Harrison, Richard Olney and Senator Davis compose the American side of the peace commission Spain will be welcome to all she gets by reason of superior diplomacy.