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ESTABLISHED 1854.

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Weather Forecast for Thursday.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—For Oklahoma and Indian Territory: Fair Thursday and Friday; north to east winds.

For Iowa: Fair, warmer Thursday. Friday fair; variable winds.

For Missouri: Fair Thursday; warmer in southern and eastern portions. Friday fair; variable winds.

For Nebraska: Fair Thursday and Friday; variable winds.

For Kansas: Fair; warmer Thursday. Friday fair; southerly winds.

For Colorado: Fair Thursday and Friday; variable winds.

For Arkansas: Generally fair Thursday and Friday; fresh west to north winds.

KANSAS CITY'S ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

Those enterprising, energetic and inventive geniuses who compose the memberships of the Priests of Pallas Association and the Karnival Krewe have apparently outdone themselves in preparations for this city's annual festival, which will open Thursday, September 28, and close Saturday, October 7.

The programme for this ten days' merry-making is unusually promising. The street exposition, which is something new in Kansas City, is a big elaboration of an idea that has been most successfully employed in smaller cities, and which will be relatively popular in a great city. In addition to the long and interesting lines of exhibits, which are both entertaining and instructive, there will be an attractive midway, including all the features that made the famous world's fair midway something never to be forgotten. In this midway there will be representations of national theaters, with dancers of various accomplishments, while there will be elephants, camels and other animals to interest those who enjoy the menagerie features.

With the Priests of Pallas parade, the Priests of Pallas ball, the Karnival Krewe parades and masque ball, the Epperson megaphone minstrels in two performances at Convention hall, a championship shooting match and two football games, the sights and sports for the ten days' festival will be so numerous and interesting as to be almost an embarrassment of riches.

This year's festival will be the greatest ever given in Kansas City. It will be the most satisfactory from every point of view. There is no speculation about this, for it is a foregone conclusion. The attractions are more numerous and better than ever before, and they will, consequently, draw larger crowds than in former years, and the hotel accommodations of Kansas City are more extensive than in past years. The prosperity of the states tributary to Kansas City will also contribute much to the size of the attendance. The people will not hesitate to pay low railway fares with the prospect of seeing so much in so short a time. Let them come at the beginning and remain to the end, or let them select favorite days—in either case the visitors will be amply repaid for coming to Kansas City this year.

DOES THIS REPRESENT CHICAGO?

The Chicago Tribune practically gives up the fight for the national Democratic convention—not admissively, but impliedly. The implication runs between the lines of a statement that Chicagoans would be very much pleased indeed to see the convention go to Milwaukee, inasmuch as Chicago has had enough of these affairs which "put money in the purses of hotel keepers, saloon men, restaurant keepers, Turkish bath men and vendors of celluloid collars and false shirt fronts, but disturb the peace and quiet of the community, are of no value to the legitimate retail trade and put local newspapers to considerable expense."

Continuing, the Tribune says: "Whether the Democrats go to Milwaukee, Kansas City, St. Louis or Cincinnati does not interest Chicago. Only let them, their marching clubs, their brass bands and their fiery orators stay away from here."

Of course the Tribune asserts that Chicago could easily get the Democratic national convention if she chose to go after it, but concludes that the game is not worth the candle.

Since when has Chicago been jealous of her "peace and quiet"? We were under the impression that there was a good deal of noise and bustle in the Windy city, and that the inhabitants thereof were rather proud of the fact. But if things have quieted down so that Chicago and serenity are synonymous, then by all means let the advice of the Tribune be taken. Here in Kansas City the public is so accustomed to activity and its attendant noises that such a thing as a national convention would not seriously disturb the natural order of things. The people of Kansas City would like to have the national committee of the Democratic party understand that they do not object to marching clubs, brass bands and fiery speeches, and that they have no considerable stock of celluloid collars and false shirt fronts that they are trying to work off. Let the convention come here.

AN UNEXPLORED AMERICAN RIVER.

The fact may be new to many, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the interior of South America is still practically an unknown land. A year ago an expedition was fitted out under Enrique Ibarreta to explore and survey the valley of the Pilcomayo, one of the longest of the second class streams of South America. The expedition reached the Gran Chaco, or great plains of Northern Argentina, and then was lost. A relief party, sent up the river, has just returned with news confirming the worst forebodings. Ibarreta and his party were murdered by Indians of the Gran Chaco.

Explorers have been trying for over 170 years to explore this stream, and none has succeeded. Probably no other river has so completely baffled pioneer enterprise or been the scene of so many tragedies. The Pilcomayo is the largest western tributary of the Paraguay river. Bolivia and Argentina have long desired to turn it to commercial account. If navigable, its great importance would be that it would give Bolivia a water outlet to the sea. That country could thus ship its products to the Atlantic and establish easy communications with all the Atlantic coasts of the Americas and Europe. The Argentina government has assisted in the explorations, and the aim of every effort for twenty years past has been to rescue Bolivia, if possible, from her isolation.

The sum and substance of the discoveries thus far made of the river and its valley is that only a small army of good Indian fighters can travel from end to end of it; and the river is useless as a highway because it flows for hundreds of miles over a plateau so flat that a current is scarcely perceptible, and the result is that most of the water evaporates before it reaches the Paraguay.

WHY THE HATRED OF THE JEWS.

A year ago Mark Twain described the anti-Jew outbreak which he had witnessed in the Austrian parliament, and his evident sympathy with the persecuted race drew many grateful letters from Hebrews in the United States. One American Jew invited him to "recite from your vantage-point of cold view," the reasons why the Semitic race had been persecuted from almost the beginning of history, and in response to this invitation he has contributed to the September Harper an article of great interest, though we doubt if he has fully answered the question.

"The Jew," says Mr. Clemens, "is not a disturber of the peace of any country. He is not a loafer, he is not a sot, he is not noisy, he is not a brawler nor a rioter, he is not quarrelsome. In the statistics of crime his presence is conspicuously rare—in all countries. With murder and other crimes of violence he has little to do; he is a stranger to the hangman. In the police court's daily long roll of 'assaults' and 'drunk and disorderly' his name seldom appears. That the Jewish home is a home in the truest sense is a fact which no one will dispute. The family is knitted together by the strongest affections; its members show each other every due respect; and reverence for the elders is an inviolate law of the house. The Jew is not a burden on the charities of the state or city; these could cease from their functions without affecting him. When he is well enough, he works; when he is incapacitated, his own people take care of him. And not in a poor and stingy way, but with a fine and large benevolence. His race is entitled to be called the most benevolent of all the races of men. A Jewish beggar is not impossible, perhaps; such a thing may exist, but there are few men that can say they have seen such a spectacle. The Jew has been staged in many uncomplimentary forms, but, so far as I know, no dramatist has done him the injustice to stage him as a beggar."

Over against this array of virtues Mr. Clemens places some discreditable ways, though the Jew has not a monopoly of them, "because he cannot get entirely rid of vexatious Christian competition." He has a reputation for various forms of cheating, for practicing oppressive usury, for burning himself out to get the insurance, "for arranging cunning contracts which leave him an exit but lock the other man in," and for smart evasions which "find him safe and comfortable just within the strict letter of the law, when court and jury know very well that he has violated the spirit of it." And then is added to these the charge that he is unpatriotic and unwilling to stand as a soldier by the flag of the nation in which he holds his home.

But, in the opinion of Mr. Clemens, the Jewish virtues far overbalance the Jewish vices, and we must seek elsewhere than in the Jew's personal character for the cause of the antipathy which is held against him. From the days of Joseph down to the present time, and in every country the Jew has been implacably hated and frequently persecuted. It began centuries before the crucifixion. At some stages it may have been due to his religion, but it is not so now. Here in America, for example, no one utters disrespect for the rabbi or the synagogue. There is a deeper and profounder cause than ever religious fanaticism, and Mr. Clemens thinks he has found it. He tells his readers that it is because the Jewish people are everlastingly and everywhere strangers and foreigners. They take no part in the affairs of government. Addressing himself to the race generally, he says: "Suppose you try a scheme like this for instance: In England and America put every Jew on the censusbook as a Jew. Get up volunteer regiments composed of Jews solely, and, when the drum beats, fall in and go to the front, so as to remove the reproach that you have few Massenas among you, and that you feed on a country, but don't fight for it. Next, in politics, organize your strength and band together. You huddle together in all countries, but you huddle to no sufficient purpose, politically speaking."

Expanding the foreigner idea, Mr. Clemens says: "Even the angels dislike a foreigner. I am using this word foreigner in the German sense—stranger. Nearly all of us have an antipathy to a stranger even of our own nationality. We pile grip-sacks in a vacant seat to keep him from getting it; and a dog goes further, and does as a savage would—challenges him on the spot. The German dictionary seems to make no distinction between a stranger and a foreigner; in its view a stranger is a foreigner—a sound position, I think. You will always be by ways and habits and predilections substantially strangers—foreigners—wherever you are, and that will probably keep the race prejudice alive."

In conclusion, Mr. Clemens delivers this rare apostrophe to the Jewish race: "If the statistics are right, the Jews constitute but 1 per cent of the human race. It suggests a nebulous dim puff of star dust lost in the blaze of the Milky Way. Properly the Jew ought hardly to be heard of; but he is heard of, has always been heard of. He is as prominent on the planet as any other people, and his commercial importance is extravagantly out of proportion to the smallness of his bulk. His contributions to the world's list of great names in literature, science, art, music, finance, medicine and abstruse learning are also away out of proportion to the weakness of his numbers. He has made a marvelous fight in this world, in all the ages; and has done it with his hands tied behind him. He could be vain of himself, and be excused for it. The Egyptian, the Babylonian, and the Persian rose, filled the planet with sound and splendor, then faded to dream-stuff and passed away; the Greek and the Roman followed, and made a vast noise, and they are gone; other peoples have sprung up and held their torch high for a time, but it burned out, and they sit in twilight now, or have vanished. The Jew saw them all, beat them all, and is now what he always was, exhibiting no decadence, no infirmities of age, no weakening of his parts, no slowing of his energies, no dulling of his alert and aggressive mind. All things are mortal but the Jew; all other forces pass, but he remains. What is the secret of his immortality?"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It appears that a large majority of the governors failed to respond to the Texas executive's come on circulars.

Perhaps Colonel Watterson doesn't know how important the campaign contributions of the silver mine owners are. Mr. Bryan does.

The groaning in Kansas this year is being done, not by the farmers, but by the vehicles and freight trains carrying the crops.

The ground is said to be drying in the Philippines. General Otis will soon mop it up with Aguinaldo and his Tagal cutthroats.

Money will continue to be plentiful in this country. Madame Patti has announced that she will not make an American tour this year.

"Shall women smoke?" asks an exchange. Yes—when they enter politics and run for office. All candidates for office are made to smoke.

There are enthusiastic persons who believe that Admiral Dewey would have come home anyway, even if that $20,000 home fund hadn't been raised.

Kansas City has one inducement that neither Milwaukee nor any other competitor can offer. It has the best convention hall in the United States.

Admiral Dewey will have to admit, at least, that it was very kind of Mr. Pulitzer to provide a presidential nomination for him to walk on when he steps ashore.

Now, after the conviction of Dreyfus and the capitulation of M. Guerin, it would be a reckless person who would question the honor or the bravery of the French army.

If Tom Reed and General Alger mean to swat the administration, they would confer a favor on scores of esteemed Democratic contemporaries by proceeding to swat.

When the St. Louis conference puts forth its terrible resolutions there will undoubtedly be a grand stampede of trust magnates to New Jersey to surrender their charters.

If Statesman Joe Bailey enters the Kentucky campaign, we trust he will check the constitution in some safe place outside. There is no telling what may happen in Kentucky in the next few weeks.

The New York World says Admiral Dewey would accept the Democratic nomination for the presidency if it were offered. Dewey has said plainly that he would not, but perhaps he doesn't know. The World, of course, does.

The reception to Admiral Dewey in the East will not lessen the enthusiasm of General Funston's and the Twentieth's reception in Kansas, but rather stimulate it. There is enthusiasm enough in the country to give a glorious welcome to all the heroes.

It seems safe to promise that Kansas City's carnival this year will be a revelation—even to old and regular patrons of these festivities. The attractions are more numerous and varied than ever before, and there is reason to believe that the greatest success in the history of these autumn exhibitions is about to be scored. The attendance from the surrounding country will be correspondingly large.

KANSAS TOPICS.

Filipino Dress and Religion.

Laura Cooks Hibbard, wife of an American missionary in the Philippines, writes for the Wilson County Citizen an interesting description of things as she sees them about Manila. She thinks the attire of the native woman is very becoming and very appropriate, albeit they are clad above the waist a little more thinly than is the custom in America. "The little girls," says Mrs. Hibbard, "appear very quaint, as from 5 years of age they dress just as their mothers, even to the long train and veil, and would at any time make a picturesque Tom Thumb wedding party." Speaking of the religious outlook, Mrs. Hibbard says: "We find many encouragements for mission work and the people seem eager to hear the gospel. The official authorities have advised that we do not hold any public services yet, as they think in the unsettled condition it might only cause more dissension. We are, however, holding quiet Sunday afternoon services at the home of a Filipino who seems a thoroughly conscientious Christian. The room is filled every time and we hope it will not be long until the war shall end and the gospel may be preached to all."

Around the Horn.

Walter Smith, a Chanute boy who is serving on the Marblehead, has arrived on his ship in San Francisco after a voyage around the Horn. Writing to his kinsmen in Kansas Mr. Smith says:

I suppose you got my letters from Chile and Peru all right. I am rather undecided upon which place I like best of the trip. I got stuck on Montevideo but when we reached Callao and I went to Lima through the country on horseback I went back on Montevideo and wanted to stay in Peru. I was sorry when we got orders to come north. After leaving Callao one afternoon we saw whales at intervals from 1 o'clock until sundown. We must have passed a hundred. Some were at a distance of two miles or more, while two passed within a few yards of the ship, and when they sighted us spouted up a cloud of water with a roar and went down. After leaving Panama, we must have passed a thousand sea turtles floating on top of the water between Panama and Acapulco, Mex. I did not write from Acapulco. It was too hot to try to do anything but try to keep cool there. Beats any place we have ever been for heat. The town is down in a hole with mountains all around it, and they had to cut holes in the mountains so the wind would come north. After leaving Callao one blow through and blow the smoke out of the town.

By the time we left Acapulco for the United States the ship looked like a menagerie. They had started to make a collection in the West Indies and we finished up at Acapulco. We even had two fallow deer besides monkeys and parrots galore. Among the collection is a silver fox and an ant eater. One of the deer fell down a hatch and broke both hind legs and was subsequently chloroformed by Yours Truly.

Coming from Acapulco to San Diego we ran into a large school of porpoises. They were jumping and leaping all around the ship. The officer of the deck called for a harpoon and told the leadsman to try and harpoon one. He threw several times, missing every time, and finally got tired and quit. I was sure I could stick that thing into such a fish and asked the chief boatswain's mate for a try. I climed into the chains and although I had never seen a harpoon before, I felt quite certain of my porpoise. After making about twenty throws I gave it up as a bad job and quit, but I had the satisfaction of being quite a source of amusement for the crew. If I had a Kansas pitchfork the result might have been different.

No Doughfaces in the Twentieth.

A Topeka boy who has served through the Philippine war with the Twentieth Kansas, writes as follows to his father: "I guess there must be kickers everywhere, even in the kingdom of heaven, and when our regiment gets home no doubt there will be some of the boys with a tale of woe to tell. But there is one thing Kansas can make up her mind to and be confident she is making no mistake—an overwhelming majority of the Twentieth Kansas look upon this war as all right, as being conducted all right, with the exception of small and natural errors such as man is always heir to, and as wholly unavoidable from the American side of the case. I cannot speak so confidently of the sentiment in the regiment on the question of expansion. Perhaps one-fifth or even one-fourth of the boys are doubtful of the ultimate profit in annexing these islands. Of course a large majority of us are in favor of annexation, and we confidently believe that it will be a good thing, but still there is a faction of very respectable fellows who are not entirely convinced of that yet. However, I don't believe you can find twenty men in the whole regiment who are howling anti-expansionists like those at home. It will take a good deal to convince the most of us that our government can't run these islands all right. If a man wants to get a first-class row on his hands he can find it by getting into one of our companies and saying that he thinks we ought to turn over to Aguinaldo the battlefields on which we have fought and bled and died. It makes me angry all over to think of the skunks at home who are talking about hauling down the flag while we are doing our humble best to keep it flying in the face of an enemy of our country. It makes no difference what we are going to do with these islands in the end; we've got to whip the insurgents or break our century record of never having been whipped or scared out by an enemy. I have re-enlisted and am going to see it through."

Some of the Brave Ones.

Writing to Judge Osborn, at Salina, Captain E. L. Glasgow, formerly of the Salina company in the Twentieth Kansas, but now an officer in one of the regiments organized at Manila, discourses as follows:

Of course we are all proud, in a modest way, of the record our regiment has made here. The feeling here is the same as at home about us—it is very generally agreed that we have made the best record of any regiment on the islands. Next I think should be named the Nebraska and South Dakota, and in this order.

Our regiment is furnishing about fifteen officers for the three new volunteer regiments which are being organized here. Major Bishop is senior major in the Thirty-seventh and I am senior captain in the cavalry regiment—Colonel Socket's. Agnew is a captain in my regiment, or I suppose I should say we are both captains in the same regiment. I shall probably remain here two years, and then I am going to return to the States by way of Europe, and hope to return to Salina with money enough to buy a nice home and settle down there for the rest of my life.

We have secured an old Spanish cannon which we have christened "Old Caloocan" and which we are going to present to the city of Salina.

By the way, I notice that Sergeant Clyde Wilson, of M company, is being talked of for sheriff. I hope he may be nominated and elected. He has been one of the best soldiers of the regiment—he is one of the best men on the firing line I ever saw and he has been a very valuable non-commissioned officer.

I believe Hardy is also talked of, but I think he will make no effort for it. Hardy has probably made the best military record of any man in the regiment. He goes from private to captain and gets a medal of honor besides.

Major Bishop is again on the line at San Fernando—he is without doubt a superior soldier on firing line. With the possible exception of Charley Sampson, I think he has the coolest nerve of any man the regiment has produced.

Charley Sampson under fire is just the same as Charley Sampson walking the streets of Salina—his nerve is cold as steel and he is absolutely the most fearless cuss I ever knew.

Funston a Notch Higher.

Will Tull is the name of an Osawatomie boy who is back from service with the Twentieth Kansas. In an interview with the Graphic he is thus reported:

"He is earnest in his praise of his superiors in the army. He thinks that General Funston is the ideal dashing military man and would gladly follow him through any extreme of hardship and feel himself amply repaid by an approving nod from the general.

"He thinks that Lieutenant Colonel Little would have made a good record but that one misfortune after another overtook him and he was not able to be with the command much of the time when officers and men alike were proving themselves. Colonel Metcalf has made a good officer but somehow or other there is a difference between the best of them all and Funston."

And then to illustrate what he conceives to be the difference between Funston and the others, Mr. Tull relates an anecdote of the battle in which Funston was wounded. Another officer of the Twentieth had been wounded at the same time and in the hand, just as Funston was. As this officer came down the line holding his bleeding hand, he remarked to Funston, "They came pretty near getting me," to which Funston coolly responded, "They came pretty near missing me."

One Resulting Benefit.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

The Dreyfus verdict has had one good effect, anyway. People who live in the metropolis of Kentucky have abandoned the French pronunciation and no longer call it "Looeyville."

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT.

The Minority Leader.

From the New York Times (Ind. Dem.).

There will be 162 Democrats in the next house of representatives. Among them will be Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, who was elected by the Democratic minority in the Fifty-fifth congress to be its leader. Mr. Bailey is a young man, a studious, serious, honest, candid, ambitious man, decent in his apparel, attentive to his duties as a public man, having profound respect for the constitution, addicted to wearing an evening tie before breakfast and refusing to wear one with a swallow-tailed coat in the evening. His lack of tact, possibly arising from an entirely natural tendency to take himself too seriously, and to forget that a minority leader may appear to be too serious about himself and not flippant enough about his opponent, put him out of favor with his party. Then his party was convinced by the ridicule of Mr. Bailey into accepting the opposition estimate of him. That was not creditable to the minority, and it was not agreeable to the feelings of the minority leader. Of the 162 Democrats, Mr. Bailey certainly will not be a candidate for the "honorary" speakership.

Three Democrats are very earnest candidates. They are John H. Bankhead, of Alabama; David A. DeArmond, of Missouri, and James D. Richardson, of Tennessee. Bankhead is favored by his state delegation, and he is preferred by Bailey. Although he has been a member of the house for years, either because of indifference or the competition of men obviously better qualified by taste and training than he may have considered himself to be, he has been kept back. His respectability as a lawyer, his high personal character, even with the support of Mr. Bailey, will not turn the scale a feather's weight, however, and will not help him with those who learn that it is his opinion, not apologized for, that the Chicago platform is a handicap to the Democratic party.

Mr. De Armond is regarded by many Democrats as a wonder of legal learning and Jeffersonian statesmanship. He has no prejudices against evening dress. He has a strong prejudice, or something that resembles it, against the District of Columbia; also against the civil service encroachments upon the spoils system. After a rather doleful fashion he is eloquent, but he takes himself rather more seriously than Bailey. He is as rank a partisan, in his way, as Colonel D. B. Henderson is in his, but Henderson is a genial partisan, while geniality is a word that would never be needed to describe the candidate from Missouri. His prominence in the house has been gained almost exclusively as a maker of long, carefully prepared speeches, usually tinged with sarcasm, and he is not at all known as a master of debate or as a tactician.

Mr. Richardson, of Tennessee, is not a good speaker, he is a rather feeble debater, he has no brilliant mastery of parliamentary foils, he does not make long speeches, he sometimes appears to be a perfunctory partisan, but it is a question whether he is not a more promising candidate for the minority leadership than either of the other men who desire to occupy Mr. Bailey's shoes. There is no Democrat in the house so familiar as he or so "handy" with the rules, practice, and precedents of the house. He is not irresistibly genial nor a "mixer," but he knows the house better, and is better known by it, than either of the other two candidates who will oppose him. If his opponents enjoy a larger measure of the confidence of his fellows than he, they will possibly be obliged to prove their title to it by more definite complaint against him than that of "smoothness," a complaint that may be due to envy and suspicion.

In all probability either De Armond or Richardson will be the caucus candidate of the Democrats for speaker. With either the Democrats will have a free silver and Bryan leader. Under the leadership of De Armond, if the personality of the leader is communicated to the membership of the minority, that section of the house may acquire a gloomy Bourbonism, an ascetic severity, a silvery, unchanging hardness that it cannot look to equal under the leadership of Bankhead. If development and change are not to be prohibited to the Democratic party, and the party is to turn a sharp corner, when it gets around it Richardson will certainly be well up among the most alert of the runners.

Stone and Democratic Harmony.

From the Chicago Record.

W. J. Stone, of Missouri, chairman of the Democratic national committee, is trying hard to promote harmony within the ranks of the party. At the meeting of the committeemen in Chicago this week he offered a resolution, which was adopted, urging "unity and thorough organization." There is an appeal to "our party friends in all the states, and especially in states where elections are to be held this year, to put aside all local differences wherever they exist and support the regular party tickets earnestly and enthusiastically, keeping always in view the great struggle of next year, and remembering that in unity there is strength and in division weakness." This appeal for harmony, though couched in general terms, has been interpreted to apply especially to the Altgeld bolters in Illinois and to the anti-Goebelites in Kentucky. If the harmony appeal is to be interpreted in the light of Vice Chairman Stone's own words and acts, however, it is fully as much an invitation to the bolters of 1896 to return to the Democratic fold. In a recent letter to an Eastern publication, Mr. Stone wrote:

"The active and sincere support of the party candidates by all Democrats is greatly to be desired; the withdrawal of that support at any time is always to be regretted. In 1896 a large number of Democrats, particularly in the Eastern states, refused to support the national ticket because they objected to some part or parts of the platform. I would be glad to see all such return to the fold and support the Democratic ticket next year. This I would like to see done without any sackcloth and ashes performance and also without slaughtering any fatted calves or putting on any golden rings. The door is open, and all any Democrat has to do is to walk in and take his seat."

In response to the question as to what concessions should be made by the dominant element to secure the return of the disaffected ones, Mr. Stone replied:

"There is no occasion, it seems to me, for raising any such question. The Democratic party will not disband its organization or abandon Democratic principles to please any person or number of persons. The platform will be made and the candidates nominated in the usual way. Each delegation will voice its own sentiments and those of its constituency. Outside of the committee on resolutions and the national convention, I know of no one who is authorized to propose or accept concessions. All I can say to Democrats anywhere is to get into line, attend local conventions, so that the strong men of the party in all the states may be appointed as delegates to the national convention, with a full understanding that the action of the convention is to be afterward supported."

This seems to be an invitation to all styling themselves Democrats who did not like the platform of 1896 to go to primaries and conventions and secure the adoption of a different platform if they can. Mr. Stone himself gave indication in his speech in the Bland district of a willingness to make concessions when he said that, while personally favoring free coinage at 16 to 1, he did not consider the ratio sacred or of supreme importance. By his action in opposing fusion with Populists and silver Republicans Mr. Stone is also giving evidence of a desire to prepare the way for the return of the deserters of 1896.

Mr. Stone is playing the role of harmonizer with much astuteness, and it will be interesting to see what measure of success attends his efforts.

Where Are Bryan's "Falling Prices"?

From the Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Bryan says the primary cause of monopoly is the love of money, but that this primary cause has been intensified by "falling prices caused by a rising dollar." He says also that men have joined in combinations to protect investments from a loss due to "the fall in the level of prices." But the rage for the organization of "trusts" and combines has been most intense during the last two years. Those years have been an era of rising, not of falling prices. Will Mr. Bryan kindly furnish the public with a list of the commodities which have fallen in price since the period when he began preaching the creed of the "rising dollar"? There are a few such. Coffee, which is not produced in this country, has fallen considerably, cotton a trifle, and silver a little. But breadstuffs have advanced in price. Steel and some other manufactured products have gone up 100 per cent. All other manufactured products have advanced considerably. So have wages. Then what, in the name of common sense, have "falling prices" had to do with the rise and progress of the great industrial combinations in whose noses rings should be inserted, as Mr. Bryan infelicitously puts it? It seems to be impossible for him to wean himself of the empty phrases about rising dollars and falling prices which he dinned into the ears of Americans so incessantly three years ago. Yet prices have risen, risen, risen since the election of McKinley, and everybody knows it.

A Singular Coincidence.

From the Washington Post.

It is a strange coincidence that at the time when this country is experiencing unprecedented activity and success in business it is also witnessing a phenomenal exhibition of dissatisfaction with business methods. Only one thing has kept pace with the progress of our industries, and that is the opposition to trusts and combines. In the fiscal year 1890, before the combining operation had made much headway, we exported $151,102,576 worth of manufactured goods of all sorts. In the fiscal year that ended June 30, 1899, during which many of our industries entered into combines, our exports of the same class of commodities were $238,667,794. Here is a gain of 120 per cent, much of it in the last year, since 1899. In 1890 our imports of manufactures were $356,651,940. Last year they were but $263,248,520, a falling off of 26 per cent. In the month of August, this year, the sales of our products of all kinds abroad were greater by $9,720,000 than they were in July. They were greater by over $20,000,000 than in August, 1898. They aggregated more than $104,000,000.

While the outcry against the trusts waxes louder and louder, our productive resources are taxed beyond their capacity to supply the domestic and foreign demand. Wages have advanced as well as prices. No man who is able and willing to work needs be idle. We are manufacturing every day millions of dollars' worth of goods for which but a few years ago we were entirely dependent on Europe. We are shipping to Europe every week millions of dollars' worth of such goods as, in the recent past, Europe shipped to us. The era of trusts and combines is coincident with the period of maximum progress in this wonderful change. We do not by any means contend that the coincidence of combines and maximum progress puts them in the relation of cause and effect. That problem we are willing to leave to experts in economics. But it stands to reason, we think, that if the combines were as dangerous and destructive as they are represented to be, they would have begun to get in their work of devastation some time ago.

It is fortunate, on the whole, that we have experts who have time for the study of the many and great questions connected with the trusts and combines, for all the rest of the people are too busy to attend to anything of a philosophical character.

Radical Measures With Consumption.

From the New York World.

The California state board of health, by unanimous vote, has decided to "consider the propriety of quarantining against human beings and domestic animals with tuberculosis entering the state."

This is the first step in a direction in which sanitary science strongly tends to go. Tuberculosis is now known to be a strictly contagious disease, and the most malignant one known to man, if judged either by the number of its victims or the percentage of deaths to cases. It is certain that the free occupation of railway cars, hotel rooms, etc., by persons suffering from this disease, their attendance upon churches, theaters and public meetings, and generally their unrestricted association with the well, are the chief sources of the spread of a contagious malady which kills many times more people every year than yellow fever, smallpox and cholera ever killed in any year.

The obvious remedy is quarantine, the segregation of the sick and health board supervision of their surroundings, and sooner or later, in one shape or another, that remedy will be applied.

Yet its application will involve much of cruelty unless great care is taken to avoid that result. And until sanitary precautions shall have greatly reduced the vast army of consumptives the cruelty will fall upon a multitude. But ways will perhaps be found to minimize the hardship. Instead of shutting all consumptives out of California's gentle climate, or denying them the healing breath of Georgia pine lands, ways will doubtless be found for allowing them these benefits while perfectly guarding the community, by segregation of the consumptives or some other plan, against the infection they now scatter so disastrously. The protection of the public is first in importance, of course. The stamping out of the disease is a duty. But the tenderest care should be taken to inflict as little suffering as possible in the process.

Not of the Lentz Stripe.

From the New York Sun.

The Hon. William Joel Stone writes to the Missouri State Tribune that he never said, as has been reported, that the Tagals ought to be whipped into submission. He has a curious theory that the war might have been prevented by Mr. McKinley, whereas Aguinaldo is the only man who could have prevented it. But Mr. Stone sticks to the American flag while the war lasts. He is not a Democrat of the Lentz variety.

An Obedient Sailor.

From the Chicago Post.

"I am a sailor and will obey orders," said Admiral Schley when asked if he would refuse an assignment to the South Atlantic squadron. That is what the public likes about Admiral Schley, and his fool friends would be doing him a great service if they would only get that fact through their heads.

Can Get Them at the Fact Factory.

From the Washington Post.

Why should the Hon. John J. Lentz go all the way to the Philippines for facts for a speech? Mr. Atkinson's fact factory ought to be able to supply all the material for the anti-expansion speeches.

All Alike.

From the Boston Herald.

"Fetch me a bottle of Bordereau, waiter," said a man in the restaurant. "You mean Bordeaux, don't you?" said the waiter. "It's all the same, they've both been tampered with," said the Dreyfusard.

Enjoying Many Luxuries.

From the Des Moines Leader.

The palmy days of the Iowa farmer are at hand, when he can afford not only a trip abroad but an occasional operation for appendicitis.

Assuming Grave Responsibility.

From the Nebraska State Journal.

The government ought to own and control the politicians and make them keep quiet a part of the time.

Would Outgrow It.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Yes, I want a salesman," said the manager of the store, "but you are too old. If you were twenty-five years younger I would give you the place in a minute."

"Shall I come again," asked the gray-haired applicant, "when I am in my second childhood?"

SEPTEMBER DAYS.

Cicada plays his viol 'mid the grasses,
The last shrill sound at night, the first at morn;
Late poppies glow along the garden passes,
And light winds gossip in the ripening corn.

The sluggish creek in meadows lately greening,
Is flushed with gold and purple, either brink;
From dusty hedge the last wild rose is leaving
A deathly pallor on her lovely pink.

With Tyrian fruit the lowly poke is laden;
Wych-hazel weaves "her thread of golden bloom;"
The wandering woodbine like a Gypsy maiden
Warms with its color the deep forest's gloom.

The morning sows with pearls Arachne's weaving;
The orchard peach looks out with cheeks a-blush
From shady nook the ring dove's note of grieving
Floats far and faint upon the noontide hush.

By country roads the scarlet sumac's burning,
And over zigzag fences spread and shine
The lush dark berries, daily turning
Their loyal heart's blood into purple wine.

Down the lane path, where the cows come in the gloaming,
The thistles stand with faded armor on;
In buckwheat bloom the weary bees are roaming,
To gather sweets till the last day is done.

With all thy gift and grace, O fair September,
Some anniversaries it is thine to bring
That flood unwilling eyes but to remember
And choke with sighs the heart that fain would sing.

And yet, when God has filled the earth with beauty
And given the soul a quickened consciousness,
One may go forth in pleasant ways of duty
And feel the chastening Hand in close caress.

—Elliot C. True, in Independent.

A VILLAGE MAID.

Fond glances follow where she goes,
Wooed of the wandering breeze,
The sun that 'neath her bonnet glows
Is lured by what it sees
To write upon her blushing cheek
The words of love it fain would speak.

A cloudless gleam of summer light,
A breath of ocean wind,
She brings a dimness to the sight
And leaves a smile behind.
Who sees her pass will turn and bless
The God that gave such loveliness.

—Arthur Salmon.

THE HERMIT.

The hermit does not live,
He fattens on what others give;
The miser is a parasite
That blossoms by his brother's right.
To build a human hecatomb;
To yell the world with doubt and gloom;
To build a lofty golden tower,
Upheld by avarice and power;
To rise by wrong, to gain by strife—
This is not life.

—George Whitman, in Buffalo Commercial.

OF CURRENT INTEREST.

Lincoln and Douglas at Galesburg.

"Forty-one years ago on the 7th of next month," said General Clark Carr, of Illinois, former minister to Denmark, to an interviewer in Washington, the other day, "Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas had a joint debate on the college grounds of Knox college, Galesburg. It was a great meeting, and I shall never forget the tremendous enthusiasm that was manifested by the respective partisans of each of these great men. Mr. Douglas had the opening and conclusion, and he got in one shot on Lincoln that was so pat that even the adherents of that gentleman had to join in the laughter. Mr. Lincoln, in the course of his remarks, twitted his opponent with making only one speech; a set oration which he delivered to each new audience, the suggestion being that he was incapable of changing his stock address. In reply Mr. Douglas said that he admitted the charge and conceded that his rival knew in advance what he was going to say. He wished that he could foretell with the same exactness what Mr. Lincoln was going to say, but alas! that was impossible, since he changed his argument to suit his audiences, making a fierce abolition talk in communities where that sentiment was strongly entertained, as at Galesburg, but in Southern Illinois ignoring abolition and standing up squarely as an old line Whig."

As to Manuscript.

Here is a suggestion by Tip, of the New York Press, to young and ambitious writers for newspapers and magazines: Typewritten manuscript pleases the editor or reader, but raises thunder in the composing room. No compositor can set up reprint without innumerable errors, whereas with hen-scratching and scribbling which no one but a Carvalho can make head or tail of he will be perfect in spacing, spelling, punctuation, justifying and leading. Two men set up Tip's stuff, which is typewritten, and the errors are enough to paralyze a demon. They have ideas of their own. If I write, "My old friend, John Sullivan, said, when he retired from the ring, after the Corbett punching, at New Orleans," it will appear in the column thus: "My old friend John Sullivan said when he retired from the ring after the Corbett punching at New Orleans." It should be punctuated thus: "My old friend, John Sullivan, said, when he retired from the ring after the Corbett punching at New Orleans," but I couldn't get it in that way with an ax. My copy is too plain.

Great Britain's Colossal Navy.

England has 489 ships, large and small, in her navy, representing an outlay of $540,000,000. During the years from 1863 to 1895, inclusive, an average of $7,500,000 per year was spent in building new ships. Since 1895 this sum has risen to the annual enormous sum of $22,500,000, and during the present year $46,250,000 is being spent in new war vessels, in addition to $8,000,000 for repairs and alterations. During the last eleven years Great Britain has spent $250,000,000 on new warships, and in all—ships, men, etc.—in the last twelve years has devoted $865,000,000 to the navy. Its fleet of 489 ships to-day has a total displacement of 1,500,000 tons and carries 2,671 guns manned by 50,000 officers and men. In addition, there are twenty-seven ships in progress of construction whose cost will bring the grand total of aggregate expense up to $725,000,000.

A Chicagoan's Philanthropy.

Frank H. Cooper, the Chicago millionaire, has returned from a tour of Europe, during which he visited his native city, Akkran, in Friesland, Holland. He there made arrangements for founding a home for the aged and infirm. The cottage plan, usual in Holland, has been adopted, and the colony, which will be known as Coopersburg, will have twenty-two buildings, occupying a tract of five acres. The institution will be supported by direct contributions during the lifetime of Mr. Cooper, and after his death the fund will be provided through life insurance endowment, a policy for $100,000 having been written in favor of the institution.

A Bloomer Jubilee.

Rational dress advocates will hold a bloomer jubilee celebration in England next month, at which the women will wear the most advanced dress. Lady Harberton, who had trouble with an innkeeper over her bicycle costume some time ago, will preside at the banquet, supported by Mme. Sarah Grand and Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine. What Mr. Ca