

# POLITICAL COMMENT

In 1906 and 1908. The political battle of 1908 will begin in September. Now therefore, is the time for Republicans to take their bearings.

The country, thanks to Republican policies, is exuberantly prosperous. Never before, in any other country, has the average well-being of the people been so great as it is in the American republic to-day.

Whatever the incidental evils of this prosperity, no sane American wishes to see it stopped. However any man may resent the prosperity of some neighbor, he desires prosperity for himself.

Every patriotic citizen wishes to get rid of the evils, but also to keep the prosperity. Vice President Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon, Secretaries Root, Shaw and Taff, and Senator Foraker, the Republicans who will lead the fight next fall, are all men who think on much the same line.

Their line of thought is that we should first preserve national prosperity—without ignoring its incidental evils—but first preserve prosperity. The main thought of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hearst is hard to recall any other Democrats of national dimensions—as that we should give first attention to the evils and let prosperity take care of itself.

Fairbanks or Cannon or Root or Shaw or Taff or Foraker—some one of this group—will almost certainly be the Republican standard bearer in 1908. These men and men like them will have to bear the burden of 1908—will have to stand against the Bryan-Hearst proposition that it is more important to kill the rat than to save the barn.

What has the nation gained? Nothing. It has lost by the transaction \$1,000,000,000, precisely the sum lost by New Jersey labor and production, less the difference in the lower cost of the pottery imported from France.

It may be that this difference amounts to 20 per cent. In that case the nation has saved \$200,000,000 and lost \$1,000,000,000.

Net loss, \$800,000,000 a year.

So the \$2,000,000,000 "gain" in foreign trade turns out to be fictitious.

As a matter of fact there has been a loss and no gain.

Why Bryan Looks Larger. Democrats from all the nation will welcome William J. Bryan on his return from his trip around the world. It is doubtful if any faction, even that which was most hostile to Mr. Bryan ten years ago, will be conspicuous by its absence.

Mr. Bryan has undoubtedly grown in the eyes of his party, and in the eyes of all who on any ground are discontented with Republican policies and the exuberant prosperity that they have brought to the whole nation.

While it cannot be said that Mr. Bryan's fundamental ideas have become less full, travel and contact with many men of many minds have widened his mental horizons. He has gained sympathy if not wisdom. He has become capable of an apparent moderation in statement which is plausible if not real.

Mr. Bryan has seemed to grow also by the mere operation of time and disagreement upon other Democratic leaders. The task of getting the Democratic party on any line that is hopeful and prosperous American citizen could follow has become so impossible that it has been given up in despair and disgust. Mr. Bryan is about the only Democratic leader with any considerable number of devoted followers left in the country. He is the only Democrat of national dimensions.

Mr. Bryan has grown because of the sinking away of so many Republican leaders who are frightened by the nation's material progress and who are ashamed of the nation's prosperity. Now, that has ever been Mr. Bryan's attitude. He was ashamed of the valor of our war with Spain because it extended our rule over some people who did not like it. He is ashamed of our prosperity because of the incidental evils of it. And he has found many Republicans to pay him the compliment of imitating him and building him up until now he looms large upon the political horizon—a far more formidable man, leader, and candidate than he was in 1896.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not for Bryan. Ex-Congressman William D. Bynum, who was one of the leaders of the gold Democratic movement in 1896, does not believe for one moment that conservative Democrats have changed front and will support Bryan.

Mr. Bynum is intimately acquainted with all the leading gold Democrats in the country. He is quoted in a recent Washington dispatch as follows: "The Democratic party," said he, "is still afflicted with rabies and as that disease always becomes aggravated in hot weather, it is not difficult for one to understand the wave of Bryan sentiment which is now sweeping over the country. It is a plague of the Democratic party."

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"That talk is the worst of rot," said Mr. Bynum. "The fact is the conservative Democrats think no more of Bryan now than they did in 1896. If he were a candidate for the presidency to-day he would lose the State of New York by 300,000 plurality. Henry Watterson has gone over to Bryan for selfish personal reasons. He was a heavy loser financially by his course in 1896. David R. Francis is a candidate for President himself and he no doubt thinks that the surest way of being struck by presidential lightning is to make himself solid with the Bryan element. This accounts for his recent announcement for Bryan."

"Mr. Bryan is nominated what will be the course of the gold Democrats?" Mr. Bynum was asked. "I think the great bulk of them will give quiet support to the Republican candidate," was the reply.

A Logical View. The Boston Herald remarks that the suspension of the tariff on steel manufacturers for a year to give San Fran-

also every facility for rebuilding will serve the purpose of instructing the people in the burden of the tariff, which it removes temporarily. It might be reasoned likewise that the free distribution of all kinds of supplies now going on in San Francisco serves the end of teaching the people the burden that the necessity of buying goods ordinarily places upon them, by being able to escape from it temporarily. It would be impossible to make the temporary dispensation a permanent one.—Fall River Herald.

May Not Be Advantageous. An increase in foreign trade may or may not be advantageous to a nation or a commonwealth. It depends upon conditions and circumstances. It is not necessarily advantageous and it may be positively disadvantageous.

For example, Connecticut produces cutlery and New Jersey produces pottery. Connecticut supplies New Jersey with cutlery and New Jersey supplies Connecticut with pottery.

We will suppose that the annual exchange is of \$1,000,000 worth of cutlery for \$1,000,000 worth of pottery; total exchange, \$2,000,000.

Suppose, further, that under a condition of free trade or reciprocity Connecticut, instead of exchanging products with New Jersey, exchanges her cutlery for French pottery.

In such case France gains what New Jersey has lost.

The exports will show a gain of \$1,000,000, but this gain is at the expense of New Jersey's labor and production. The imports also show a gain of \$1,000,000; total increase of foreign trade, \$2,000,000.

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Not a One-Man Party. Man worship in a party never pays. Twenty years ago the Republican party was made a Blaine party and as a Blaine party could never win. Not that Blaine was not a good man, for he was, but one man is not big enough to be made an idol of. In this country there are people attempting to build up a one-man party. The young men are especially appealed to, and their enthusiasm is aroused by appealing to a name and to a personality. But in such worship is involved the ruin of the party. When the "one man" ceases to be the nominee his idolaters scatter and oftentimes vote with the other party. It was a Republican victory. McKinley was not an instrument. He passed away and we have a new leader. He is only strong as he represents Republicanism. When he ceases to represent Republicanism his strength will have passed away.

Therefore, for the good of the country, we ask young men in their enthusiasm not to be carried away by any man but to go wider than the real principles the party stands for.—Des Moines Capital.

Prophecy Are Astring. A few Republican and many Democratic correspondents at Washington are telling their papers that the Republican party will suffer in the West in the congressional election of 1906 on account of its attitude on the tariff and on meat inspection. They say there is a powerful sentiment in Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois and other Western States in favor of a revision of the tariff, and as the Republican party of the nation is opposed to tariff changes of any sort at this time, they reason that the party will lose votes throughout all the region. Meat inspection, they declare, is dealing a heavy blow to the cattle and hog raisers, and as the Republican Congress and the Republican administration are pushing a measure for meat inspection, the Republicans are sure to be hit hard in all the Western States in the contest of 1906.

These prophets are astray. The tariff revision sentiment which they imagine they see in the West is confined to a very few spots, and is not very pronounced even in those spots.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Don't Want Another Dose. After endorsing Bryan, the strongest plank in the Democratic State platform is a plea for tariff revision. But it is unlikely the people of Indiana are in such straits they want another dose of tariff revision—certainly not at the hands of those who are responsible for the business demoralization and hard times brought about by their last efforts along that line, which by the way is "a same sort of medicine they propose to give us with again if we will let them."—Williamsport (Ind.) Republican.

Not Badly Hurt. An increase of 39 per cent in the capital invested in the leather industry of the United States during the past five years is a quite sufficient answer to the claims that have been made that the present tariff duties were hurting the American leather trade. The value of the leather products of the United States has increased 24 per cent during the same period. Several such facts weigh against whole columns of pessimistic theories and tariff tinkering edicts.—Adrian (Mich.) Times.

Gen. J. C. Jamieson, a Missourian of the old school, is probably the greatest bird lover in Oklahoma, and is a strong advocate that the territory adopt as part of their curriculum the study of birds and their protection in public schools.

Parisians smoke cigarettes made of the leaves of the coffee plant. Those who have tried them prefer them to tobacco cigarettes.

# EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

## NATURAL PEST KILLERS.

CONGRESS having appropriated \$100,000 for the importation of parasitical insects to devour the gipsy moths, the question arises whether another appropriation may not soon be needed to import something to rid us of the parasitical insects. If this sounds pessimistic, remember the story of the English sparrows. If less money were spent in importing them and more were rationally devoted to adequate protection of our native birds, hundreds of thousands of dollars would be saved to agriculture and horticulture.

Out of some thousands of birds native to North America scarcely a half dozen have proved to be injurious instead of beneficial. The cuckoos, warblers, chickadees and many of our other common birds have proved to be invaluable as destroyers of gipsy moths. The rose-breasted grosbeak eats great numbers of the potato beetles, and the screech owl attacks most vigorously by the various times.

The ornithologists declare that even the hated chicken hawk destroys so many snakes, insects, mice and other small predatory animals, and so few chickens comparatively, that it is a benefactor of the farmer; while the crow destroys much more than offset by the vast number of insects he consumes.

They say that a bird which deserves much more consideration than it gets, either from the Audubon Society or the law, is the quail, one authority estimating that every quail is worth a dollar to the farmer for each of nine months in the year; and for each of the other three months its services being in its consumption of seeds of weeds, injurious insects and worms.

Rational protection of our native birds costs little, and it cannot fail to give marked results in the country's food production.—Cincinnati Post.

## THE "BOSS" AND THE STATESMAN.

TWO of two distinct types rise to prominence in public life—the party "boss" and the statesman. It is seldom that one man combines in his own person the characteristics of both, for they spring from different ideals of public duty.

The boss devotes himself to bringing about the success of his party because he desires to profit by the opportunities which accompany victory at the polls. His motto is, "Win; honestly, if possible; but any way, win." Out of this policy spring all the frauds and scandals of political campaigns.

The "boss" begins in the election of delegates to nominating conventions. Contesting delegations are sent from districts where the machine is weak, and the packed convention gives them the seats to which others have been fairly chosen. The other steps in the process are fraudulent registration to make a majority in a doubtful district, purchase of votes, and dishonest canvass after the polls are closed.

Such practices are not general, nor even frequent, but they have been common enough to be responsible for the continuance in power of more than one State boss. Within a few years the ranks of such bosses have been greatly thinned. Some of them have died, others have lost their control of their party. The standard of political morality is perceptibly higher than it was.

The other type of man is indifferent to political machines. He makes his appeal direct to the people. His object is—and his statesmanlike he is the more steadily he pursues that object—to carry out principles and policies, not simply to carry the next election.

No mere party manager in American history enjoys a fame to be compared with that of the high-minded Washington, whose sole desire was for the establishment of free representative government. Lincoln's unselfish toil for the preservation of the Union raised him on a pedestal so high that the party bosses of his time scarcely reach to his feet. The virtue of the boss is as short as the gratitude of his followers when he has no more favors to grant.

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## AMERICANS ABROAD.

NEWSPAPERS are printing the customary summer stories of crowds of visitors from this country flocking to Europe and over-running the hotels and public places. The treasury statistics show that about 150,000 Americans go to Europe every year, and the estimated average expenditure of this army of visitors is \$1,000,000, so that European hotel owners, storekeepers, transportation companies and other purveyors to sightseers receive about \$150,000,000 annually from the "overflowing American pocketbook."

The money spent by 150,000 Americans in foreign lands containing 200,000,000 people or more seems like a small matter, relatively, but it cuts a large figure in the balance of trade and in the international banking exchanges. The United States sells annually to foreign countries merchandise valued at upward of \$500,000,000 more than the value of merchandise imported.

There is a huge balance of trade which must be settled in some way. If Europe were required to ship gold in payment for this difference, foreign banks would be in the stress of a financial crisis in a short time. Of course, the Americans who go abroad have no purpose of saving Europe from this condition, but as a matter of fact the \$150,000,000 of American money that is spent in Europe every year help to maintain an equilibrium in international exchange, without there would be a serious derangement of the current of trade among nations.—Kansas City Star.

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## TRAINING FOR MATRIMONY.

THE worthy bishop of Ripon laments that England has no schools for engaged couples. It is an oversight from which our own country also suffers. There is no end of schools of law and medicine, schools of typewriting and trade, dancing, dramatics, cooking, correspondence, china painting, wood carving and leather burning by mail. But no benevolent millionaire has yet endowed a preparatory school for matrimony.

Yes, matrimony is the most important condition of life and should command the most careful preparation. A few primitive prescriptions of bonnet tea, sulphur and treacle and flannel and goose oil are passed down from generation to generation, but the truly scientific courses of the lecture room and laboratory still remain to be founded.

In France a paternal government after the ceremony, presents bride and bridegroom with an attractive little booklet of advice about family affairs. We have not got that far in England, or this country. But when we come to think of it, there is a school, too, kept by Experience, where folks can learn a few things about matrimony as about most other subjects. The bishop of Ripon is free to improve upon it if he can, but for our part we do not believe there is any better instruction to be had anywhere. And then let us not forget what Dr. Holmes said about training a boy—"The best time to begin is a hundred years before he is born."—Pittsburg Press.

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Little woman gave such a scream of joy as I can never forget, and in less time than it takes to clap the young soldier's arms, and tears of joy and unutterable coursed down two beautiful young faces as their lips met. For my own part, my own eyes were so full of blinding moisture that I could see nothing when the proud and happy wife and another led her husband for the first time to the place where their little child lay sleeping.

"In one of the early battles of the war in the hottest part of the action, I felt my coat pulled by a young fellow whom I recognized as having been employed in a tobacco factory prior to the enlistment.

"Why are you not fighting in your place?" I asked, angrily.

"Well, I just wanted to tell you that if you don't mind I think I will take my time off to-day," was the story of General Lee.

"One of the most devoted adherents of the Southern cause ever had was Col. M.—. No matter how thick and black the disaster lowered upon our arms, the Colonel never saw anything but bright hope and absolute surety of success in the next fray. In fact, he might, not inappropriately, have been styled the Caleb Baderstone of the Confederate army, for just as the original Caleb was always representing his master as being in the most affluent and prosperous circumstances, and inventing the most ingenious lies to make it appear so, the Colonel constantly represented the resources of the Southern people to be limitless in the same clever fashion. At length, when defeat stared us plainly in the face, and my surrender to Gen. Grant was inevitable, a young officer delicately hinted to the Colonel that perhaps his confidence in the ultimate success of our arms, which was still as buoyant as ever, was perhaps a trifle over-weening. The Colonel looked at him for a moment with an expression in which contempt, anger, horror and amusement struggled for the mastery. Then, with hands uplifted, hair standing on end, and eyes flashing fire, he roared out at the discomfited Lieutenant in the voice of a Stentor: "Dam up Niagara Falls with tissue paper; bottle up the Atlantic ocean with a whisky flask; paste 'To let' on the sun and moon; catch a flash of lightning between your thumb and finger; build a worm fence around a winter supply of summer weather; harness a thunderbolt to a sulky; wait all the clouds out of the sky with a lady's fan; saddle and ride a hurricane; fasten a dish cloth to the tail of a comet; pack up all the stars in a beer-keg; knock a tornado out of time with your fist; put heads in cool in a spring house; put the sky in your pocket; unbuckle a belfry of eternity; but never, never again allow your self to fancy for a moment that the poor little North can ever whip that great Southern Confederacy!"

Sheridan's Two Good Men. "Two soldiers of my opposing armies engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle during a charge amid smoke so thick that their faces were unrecognizable. Each received and inflicted a mortal wound. The smoke cleared and each recognized his brother. 'Tom!' 'Harry!' passed like pistol shots, and they fell forward and died in each other's arms.

"Once in camp myself and some of my brother officers, I desperately lay with a female volunteer who used to hear singing at night. It was simply angelic, and resolved to see the singer, we followed its sound through thickets and ravines till we came to a lonely cabin whence the singing proceeded. Creeping up to the window, I peeped in and beheld a fat, greasy, middle-aged negress, barefooted, and clad in a single garment of dirty calico, brown with coffee with a long iron spoon, while she gave vent to the sweetest notes I have ever heard. In my surprise I staggered forward with a noise that attracted her attention, and grasping her coffee skillet and waving it around her head she bawled out: 'G'way from deah, white man; yeh don't 'I'll from deah, white fryin' pan right at yeh head.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted His Boots. Just after the enemy had been driven back off the ground he had gained at Fredericksburg, on Dec. 13, your humble servant went looking over the battlefield. There was snow on the ground, I saw a pair of dirty calico, brown with coffee with a long iron spoon, while she gave vent to the sweetest notes I have ever heard. In my surprise I staggered forward with a noise that attracted her attention, and grasping her coffee skillet and waving it around her head she bawled out: 'G'way from deah, white man; yeh don't 'I'll from deah, white fryin' pan right at yeh head.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Gen. Joe Johnston's Yarns. "Perhaps the most touching incident arising in connection with the war that I now recall came to my notice on a railway train which also bore as a passenger the pretty young wife of a brave young soldier, who by daring bravery had secured promotion from the ranks to a Confederate captaincy. The wife was a Pennsylvania girl whom he had met while visiting in the North and whom he had married and taken to his Southern home just before the breaking out of the war. He was one of the first to enlist in the Confederate army and to devote himself more completely to the cause he sent his wife at the first boom of the guns at Fort Sumter back to her parents in Pennsylvania to remain until the great struggle was ended. Now, in 1866, five years after their separation, she was on her way South to rejoin her husband and place in his arms their 4-year-old daughter, whom she had never seen. It was not long before all the passengers on our car knew the romantic story of the pretty little woman and her beautiful child, and there was not a man among us who did not feel a tenderness for and a protective interest in both. There never was a woman whose heart was more full of love and joy. She could do nothing but talk of the Captain and wonder if he had changed so that she would not recognize him, or if he wouldn't be able to recognize her. Then she would fall to wondering if he would know his little daughter if he met her in the street or by her resemblance to himself, which, as he had never set eyes on her, did not seem probable. Throughout that long day's ride we all entered most heartily into that dear little woman's hopes, fears, doubts, joys, and shared them to such an extent that we were quite as anxious to see the Captain as she was.

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