

THE ST. LANDRY CLARION.

"Here Shall the Press the People's Rights Maintain, Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain."

VOL. X.—NO. 42.

OPELOUSAS, LA., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1900.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

EVOLUTION.

When the mercury is rising
At a rate that is surprising,
And the sun is like a pinwheel on parade;
When it's getting hot and hotter
And you wish you were an otter
Who could carelessly go swimming in the shade;
Then you feel a bit more humble
And you cease to glare and grumble
At the lower animals, whose earth we share;
For among our dearest wishes
Is to dwell down with the fishes
Or in arctic regions with the polar bear.
Then this vaunted "evolution"
Seems a scheme of persecution
Just to lure us from a cool and careless state;
I'd be happy if a wizard
Could transform me to a lizard
Who might linger 'round some leafy garden gate.
I'd like to be an oyster,
Or a clam inside his cloister,
Or a lobster at the bottom of the bay.
It would be such satisfaction
If I might by some reaction
Turn around and evolve the other way!
—Washington Star.

Mr. Jobson's New Clothes

MRS. JOBSON was seated by one of the front windows of the Jobson domicile on Saturday afternoon last when the procession of bundles addressed to Mr. Jobson began to arrive. They came with such consecutiveness and close continuity that Mrs. Jobson barely had time to open one bundle and examine the contents thereof before a wagon would pull up in front of the house and disgorge another bundle. All told, there were about nine of them. When Mrs. Jobson had opened them all and spread the contents all around the room there was but one conclusion for her. She tottered into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"The poor old boy is so overworked that he is losing his mind," she said to herself, with conviction. "He is going completely off his head."
The more she looked over the contents of the bundles addressed to Mr. Jobson the more she was convinced that Mr. Jobson was on the verge of mental dissolution. Here is a partial list of some of the things in the bundles:

A bold, impressionistic, plaid suit of clothes, with checks not quite so large as paving stones, but nearly so—a suit, in fact, a la the renowned "Chuck" Connors.
A cream-colored sombrero, with a slate-gray scarf wrapped in many folds around the sides.
A pair of patent leather Oxford ties, of extreme ultra bulldog shape, with half-inch extension soles.
A fancy vest, with blue, red, yellow and green polka dots studing the same.
Six pairs torrid silk stocks, of more varieties of tints than were ever seen in any covenant in the skies since the beginning of the world.
Three neckties (puff scarfs, to be exact) that would make any Burne-Jones color scheme look like a gray morning in a miasmatic swamp, etc.

"This," mused Mrs. Jobson, sorrowfully, "is the final symptom. I will have to go away with Mr. Jobson for a long time. He must have a rest. Perhaps he will gradually regain his faculties if he gives up the cares of business for at least four months."
She was still sitting in the midst of the opened bundles when Mr. Jobson came in whistling. He didn't look like a man with dimmed faculties at all. He appeared to be pretty jaunty, as a matter of fact. Mrs. Jobson sat and regarded him sorrowfully.

"Oh, the things have come, I see," said Mr. Jobson, in quite an unusually good-natured tone of voice. "How d'ye like 'em, Mrs. Jobson?"
Mrs. Jobson rested her chin on her hand and made no reply.

"Great suit, isn't it?" said Mr. Jobson, picking up the coat and holding it out at arm's length. "Piece of English goods that struck my fancy. Little lively in its conception, but chaste, at that, don't you think so?"
"It is lively," replied Mrs. Jobson, with a mournful glance at her husband.

"Ah, and the shoes!" said Mr. Jobson, picking one of the bulldog pedals up and holding it out. "Now, that's what I call a sensible piece of foot-gear, don't you? Roomy, and yet stylish. It's taken me a long while to come around to this shape of shoe, but I'm going to wear 'em now for the rest of my life. Just a little—er—pronounced in their general design, perhaps, but neat—distinctly neat—don't you think so?"

"They are pronounced," said Mrs. Jobson, shifting her chin to her other hand.
"And these socks," said Mr. Jobson, picking up a pair that looked as if they had been dipped in purple, red, green, black, orange and pink dyeing vats; "they're just the caper for young studs, aren't they? Er—maybe just a trifle—er—calorie, shall I say?—but rich, rare and racy, as it were—befitting the hot weather season. Like 'em?"

Mrs. Jobson was compelled to pass this time.
"Oh, here's the hat, too," said Mr. Jobson, picking the sombrero out of its inclosing handbox and putting it on his head and regarding himself in the magic glass. "I've been wanting a hat like this for years, but I've been holding back for some reason or other. It's got a prairie look, hasn't it? Now, if you don't call this sweeping, breezy—a big, whole-souled, rollicking hat, then I don't know what you call it. Mrs. Jobson, that's all!"
"It's breezy and rollicking," said Mrs. Jobson, in a choked voice.

"D'ye like this vest?" inquired Mr. Jobson, picking up the fancy waistcoat and looking it over admiringly.

"Characteristic-looking thing, don't you think? And these ties—I couldn't help but buy these ties—they're so different from the sort of thing I've been wearing in the way of ties—oh?"
"Yes, they are very different," said Mrs. Jobson.

Mr. Jobson took off his cuffs, mopped his forehead and stood off and regarded Mrs. Jobson.
"It is plain to perceive, madam," said he, "that you do not approve of my purchases. That's all right. I didn't expect you would. I am long past the period when I would expect you to approve anything I do on my own responsibility. I had no idea in life that you would take kindly to these articles I have bought for the purpose of adornment, and I am not disappointed, therefore."
Here Mr. Jobson cleared his throat in a very stentorian manner indeed, and went on:

"I have made these purchases, Mrs. Jobson, as a sort of silent protest against the idea that seems to possess you that your husband is an old man. You have been picking out all of my articles of apparel for a good many years, and you've gradually got me reduced to an aspect of extreme, decrepit old age, as far as my raiment is concerned. Madam, you are mistaken. Your husband is not an old man, or anything like an old man. Not much is he, Mrs. Jobson! Your husband is just as skittish and lively as he was before he was broken (or thought to be broken) to matrimonial harness, and he revolts against the black and the salt-and-pepper and the dull brown suits you have been forcing him to wear for some years now, not to mention the individual black socks and the commonplace cravats and the hats like everybody else wears—in fine, the mediocre raiment that you have been thrusting upon him! He revolts with both feet, Mrs. Jobson, and henceforth and forever he's a-going to array himself just as his own fancy dictates! He's going to decline to be made an old man of until he begins to feel old! If you're not too old to wear erise silk shirt waists and tight-fitting foulard dresses covered with morning glories, Mrs. Jobson, then I'm not too old to sport something besides white-and-black effects myself, and if you intend to eulge over it, why, just you go ahead and sulk, madam—just you sulk!"

Mr. Jobson wore his weird new make-up when he went for a solitary walk on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Jobson excused herself from going with him on the plea that she had a violent headache. Mr. Jobson didn't meet any of his friends in the progress of his walk, but he excited a great deal of remark on the part of other Sunday afternoon pedestrians. Many of them, in fact, turned about in their tracks to gaze after Mr. Jobson's portly, flamboyant figure, and numerous small boys bunched themselves and hurled such derisive remarks at him as "Look at his old sportlets with the Buffalo Bill lid!" and "Get next to his aged geezels like the Willie-boy make-up!" and so on. Mr. Jobson looked a bit drawn and haggard when he got in from his Sunday afternoon walk about two hours before Mrs. Jobson expected him, but he didn't say anything. Nor did he "leave" when it came to putting the new rig on when he got up to go to the office on Monday morning. From the time that he caught the down car for the office until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the pace told on him and he had to give it up, Mr. Jobson heard nothing from his friends but "Jobson, you're a holy show," or "Old man, you're a poster," or "My boy, what you urgently need is a rest and a change of air and scene," or "Jobson, you're all right, but you don't match," and other remarks of a similarly ribald character.

Mr. Jobson walked into his home about half-after two in the afternoon. His countenance wore a stern look. Throwing his sombrero on top of the gas logs, thus spake he to Mrs. Jobson:
"Madam, I'm a reasonable man and a pretty fair man, when it comes to that, and I have never asked much at your hands besides ordinarily decent and civil treatment, but the next time I listen to your entreaties and permit you to send me forth from my house looking like such an utter ass, the fourth time as I look today, I want about 20 minutes' notice in advance, Mrs. Jobson—just about 20 minutes, that's all!"—Washington Star.

How a Missionary Learned to Plow.
It requires a peculiar talent to be a good farmer, and much intellectuality to grasp the details and learn the methods. I found out it was a deep subject the first time I took the plow handles from the young boy who was guiding them with one hand. I found that it was not so easy as it looked, for I plowed that furrow by main strength. I forced the share through the earth by my unaided efforts—at least, I could not see that the horses did anything particular except to keep ahead—although sometimes the implement took long bounds over the surface, so that when my row was finished it looked like a succession of dots and dashes. The farmer was dying with laughter at my red face and blistered hands, so I felt my religious influence over him would be gone until I learned how to do it, which I presently did—Rev. Cyrus Townsend, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Sad News for the Ladies.
Lieut. Hadson is coming home, but he is saying little or nothing for publication. The Chicago Tribune commenting on this says that his lips were sealed some time ago.

Birds on Decrease.
In Illinois during the last 15 years birds have decreased 38 per cent.

WELCOME VISITORS.

They come to me in dreams, betimes,
The dear ones gone before,
They sit beside me at the hearth,
Go on and in my door;
They rarely speak, but fit about
In such accustomed place,
The while it gives me joy to view
Each well-remembered face.
I waken with a sob of pain,
That it is but a dream,
And yet they're near me all the day,
So real does it seem.
They comfort me through all the hours
Of labor and of rest,
I feel that I have touched the hem
Of garments of the best.

Dear dwellers on the distant shore,
Come near me when you may,
Let memories of my happy dreams
Make sweet the waking day,
With joys and griefs, and loving toil,
The years draw on apace,
When dreams shall be realities,
And meetings face to face.
—Mary A. Simpson, in Michigan Farmer.

"A LITTLE HOARD OF MAXIMS."

THEY were wise in their day and generation, were Aunt Lucy Favorsham and her married sister, Miranda Burr. They had all the feminine maxims by heart, and repeated them often, being incurably loquacious.
"Make up your mind to this, Lillian," Mrs. Burr would say to her daughter. "It is as easy for a girl to love a rich man as a poor one, and a great deal more sensible. I've been poor, and I know what it means. You dandle up like an acorn in wet season. I tell your aunt, often, that you can't even be high-minded without a little money to manage it on. Really, I believe half the folks who go to hell get there because they are so poor they couldn't be good. Evey hatred, and all uncharitableness—those are the things that come from poverty. Romance doesn't last as long as a cabbage moth without some money to keep it going. But with money it's possible to get along quite agreeably in the house with almost anybody."
Miranda Burr drew her smiles from the farm life which she endeavored to forget; her maxims, on the contrary, were a tribute to the comfort of a city establishment, in which she endeavored, with but indifferent success, to act the grand lady.
Aunt Lucy Favorsham was a trifle more adroit in dealing with her niece than the girl's own mother was.

"Books and pictures and music and the society of cultivated people—those things go with money," she said. "And liberty. That goes with money, too. It always seemed to me that a woman was no better than a chattel when she had to ask a grudging husband for every cent she got. It's the humiliations and petty sacrifices which go with poverty which offend me. But no one can know the measure of those who have not had experience."
The girl at whom these remarks were directed looked somewhat wearily out of the window and saw a young man coming down the street. She flushed scarlet, then arose impulsively and went to meet him, catching up her hat and sunshade from the hall table as she passed.

"Dick," she said, as she ran down the steps to meet him, "let's walk to Jefferson square. I've been in all day. Don't you think the vacation is tiresome, Dick? I've been wishing and wishing to-day that I was back at school."
The young man looked at her tenderly.
"If you were back at school," he said, "I should not have the pleasure of this walk."
But the girl did not look pleased at this obviously sincere compliment.

"They think about different things at school," she said. "It is better to think about history and geometry and—
—and that, than about—"
She hesitated, confused, in the midst of her periphrastic speech.
"I don't understand," said Dick.
"No, I suppose not! I couldn't expect you to. Dick," with a swift change of expression, "how do you like this gown?"

"It's a pretty little gown, dear. I noticed it the minute I saw you. You never had it on before, did you?"
"No, I made it. Do you know why? I wanted to see how I would look if I were a poor man's wife and made my own things. You say it is pretty, Dick, but that's because you didn't know. It is hideous. There isn't a seam in it that's right. Everything is the matter with it, and I am never going to wear it again."
Dick Underwood looked perplexed.

"I dare say we'll be able to manage dressmakers," he said, somewhat doubtfully. "But how strange you are to-day, dear—angry and not like yourself!"
"I'm not going to marry you, Dick. I made up my mind. I know you thought my answer was going to be different, but I have decided that it is to be no. We would wear on each other horribly, I know we would, if we were to be worried about—about bills and all that. I can see just how miserable it would be. It's everything which isn't beautiful. It's hateful and common and degrading. I've been thinking it all over—"
The young man's eyes were blazing.

"No, you haven't," he denied, "you've been listening! It's your mother and your aunt that have been instructing you. And they have succeeded even in making you think that love is not beautiful, have they? It seems impossible, but they've done it, and—and if you don't mind, Lillian, I'll leave you here. You won't mind walking home alone." He lifted his hat and turned away from her, stern and angry.
"Dick! Dick!" The cry was involuntary and freighted with keen alarm and pain. The young man went on down the street, not looking back. Lillian Burr walked home and faced her mother and her aunt, white-faced and with set lips.

"I've followed your advice," she said, accusingly. "I've turned my back on poverty."
She went up the stairs to her room, and the women heard her turning the key in her door.
"Poor child," said her mother, with a thrill of real compassion. "It's a little hard for her now."
"Yes," admitted Aunt Lucy. But neither of them felt remorseful. They looked on themselves in the light of surgeons.
That night the girl folded up the little blue frock she had worn and laid it away in a box. With it she laid a bunch of letters, a withered rose, and a copy of "Lucile."
"What a spectacle I am making of myself," she soliloquized, contemptuously. "Still," she reflected, "I can hardly be said to be a spectacle when there are none to see. It's my own foolishness, and no one will ever know anything about it."
Two weeks later Erard Allen said to her:

"I love you dearly, Lillian; I have asked your mother's permission to speak to you, and she is quite willing."
"Oh, yes," said the girl, with some bitterness. "I know she is entirely willing."
"And are you? Are you willing to become my wife?"
"Why not?" responded the girl, sharply, and the lover had to make the most he could of that ungracious acceptance.
Mrs. Erard Allen came to be known as a brilliant and successful woman. Her beauty, her wealth, her graciousness of manner, her hearty friendliness, and her intelligence won a distinguished place for her.

"What a different woman Lillian is from what she might have been if she had married that poor Dick Underwood," Aunt Lucy Favorsham remarked at frequent intervals, and Lillian's mother acquiesced. They had, however, some complaint to make, in spite of their freely-spoken admiration.

"Lillian never comes to sit with us," they said to one another. "If we go to her house she is always surrounded by others. We are invited there to dinner or to a tea. She never appoints a time to be alone with us. Do you remember what pride she used to take in making little gifts for us? Now she buys things ready-made and sends them up. It sometimes seems as if she had forgotten us, doesn't it?"
The woman they spoke of knew many mental vicissitudes, but she confided the effort to none. She had her temptations—for she was beautiful, and men guessed that she did not love her husband—but she conquered them. She became a student, and knew the depths of intellectual joy. She bore and lost two children and sound sorrow. And at last her husband died and left her a widow.

"Well, there's one comfort," commented the mother; "she's got enough to keep her in perfect comfort to the last of her days."
While she was congratulating herself in this fashion her daughter was making over to others the fortune which had been left her. A part of it went to an old aunt of her husband's; more went to certain large families remotely connected by marriage with herself. Some went for a creche, some for a free kindergarten. Then, clad in an ill-fitting blue frock, old fashioned and frowsy, she presented herself one day at the door of a certain poor man.

"Dick," she said, "I have been a widow for two years, and I have waited for you to come for me, but you did not."
"Lillian! Have mercy. I have resisted the temptation twenty times each day. I am almost as poor as I ever was."
"I've come in the little blue dress I made, Dick. It'll do nicely for a wedding dress, if—if you think—if you think a wedding dress is needed."
He was incredulous.

"It is a fantastic dream," he said. "It cannot be true that, after the mockery of endless dreams which faded as I grasped them, you are here, in the flesh."
She threw off her hat and clasped her hands upon the table before her.
"Look at me, Dick," she commanded. "See how my eyes say: 'I love you.' They look with perfect frankness and naturalness for the first time in many, many years. For the first time the tones of my voice seem to ring true to my ears. For the first time I feel honest with myself. This is me—this woman who says: 'I love you, Dick.' Of course, if you like, you can send me away. But I'm so poor now, and—"
"It must be a dream," he murmured still. But there is no harm in embracing a dream, so it is a kindly one, and he embraced this dream tenderly, with many broken words, with tears which would not fall, with all the starved heart's unutterable hunger.—Chicago Tribune.

Exhausted the Pack.
A young married lady had just acquired a new coach and a new footman to match. "John," she said one day, "we will drive out to make a few calls. But I sha'n't get out of the carriage. You will, therefore, take the cards that are on my dressing table and leave one of them at each house we stop at."
"Very good, ma'am," answered John, and he ran upstairs to fetch the cards.
After they had driven about a considerable time, and cards had been left at a large number of houses, the lady remarked:

"Now we must call on the Dales, the Framptons and the Clarks."
"We can't do it," here broke in the footman, in alarm. "I've only the ace of spades and the ten of clubs left."
—Scottish American.

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON

Items of Interest from the Capital City on Current Events of Political Import.

REPUBLICAN ADMINISTRATION BLUNDERS

The Rule of Gen. Otis in the Philippines a Rank Failure—Corruption Unchecked by New Civil Commission—Congress to Be Whitewashed—Democrats United.

(Special Correspondence.)
Gen. Otis is back from the Philippines and is having himself interviewed to the effect that he has crushed the insurrection in the islands and left everything on a peace footing.
His ignorance of the situation may be pardoned from the fact that he conducted his campaign from the depths of his armchair in the palace at Manila. His mind appears to be not altogether easy as to the quality of the peace that he left behind, because he admitted, reluctantly, that he could not spare any of our 70,000 men from the islands in case of trouble with China, because "an army of suppression" would be needed in the Philippines for several years to come.

Gen. Otis was received at the white house with great cordiality, and he ought to be, for he has not been the faithful servant of the administration all these months? Has he not done what President McKinley has ordered? Has he not suppressed any news that the administration thought disquieting? Has he not censored the reports so that it was impossible to discover how many lives were being sacrificed and how much money was being spent in this attempt to crush a people who only desire an opportunity to govern themselves in their own way?

Indeed, Gen. Otis has been a loyal servant of a blundering administration, and the abuse which has sometimes been heaped upon Otis should in justice have been meted out to his master in the white house who directed the Philippine war. Now that Gen. Otis is back, his optimistic statements will be used by the republicans as campaign material. That they are not true will not matter to the republican leaders. On their side the campaign is to be prosecuted with promises for the future and evasion and misrepresentation, in order to conceal anything which might damage McKinley's chances of reelection.

Otis a Rank Failure.
In sharp contrast to Gen. Otis' self-sufficient claim of having put down the rebellion in the Philippines comes the wail from the new civil commission which recently landed in the islands. Judge Taft and his colleagues on the commission are assured by high army officers that the present force in the islands is utterly inadequate to suppress the insurrection; that even in the southern portion of Luzon the insurgents are in entire control.

Gen. Otis' municipal governments have been a rank failure. They have simply been used by the Filipinos as recruiting stations for the insurgents.
The commission has been in Luzon a week and up to this time not a single Filipino has approached them with an offer of surrender or submission on any terms.

The commission is simply amazed at the conditions of bribery, corruption and general rascality which prevail wherever the Americans have left their trail. (The Cuban frauds are nothing to the corruption which has been going on in the Philippines.)
The Filipinos have had so bitter an experience with imperialism that they propose to hold out at least until after the fall elections. If McKinley is re-elected, they know they may expect a condition of servitude worse than Spain ever dared to impose, and they will keep up their guerrilla warfare indefinitely. If Bryan is elected they have some hope of being allowed to govern themselves and receiving the protection which should be given them by a country which professes respect for the principles of liberty and independence on which its own institutions are founded.

The new civil commission is giving the people a glimpse of the facts. Otis misrepresents everything, from the condition of the Filipinos to the cost of our war of extermination.
General Corruption.
The more the Cuban affair is probed the more clear it becomes that the postal frauds are only a small part of the general corruption which has become rampant under military control of the island.

The administration is looking surprised and grieved and ordering prompt investigation and retrenchment in the postal department, hoping by that ruse to keep the country in ignorance of the frauds in other directions.
If there could be a searching investigation into the amount of money disbursed by the military authorities, under the pretext of administering Havana and improving the sanitary condition, the result would shock the average voter. While the administration and its henchmen pretend to know nothing of the irregularities in various directions in Cuba yet information comes from those on the ground indicating that the postal frauds are a mere bagatelle compared to what has been looted in other directions.

President McKinley's oft-repeated aphorism about being the instrument of Providence is paraphrased by certain officials in Cuba to read: "Providence is in it, we're in it and there's money in it." Cuba for the past year has been regarded as a promising place for administration favorites who desired to reap an abundant harvest.

In the face of all this the republican platform will congratulate President McKinley upon his able and wise administration and point out to the Cubans how lucky they are to be released from Spanish oppression.

A BIG DIFFERENCE.

How the Farmer Has Fared Since the Beginning of the McKinley Administration.

A republican organ declares that the price of farm machinery, etc., is the same as in 1896. Let us see about this. The fact is that the manufacturers have raised the price to the jobber, the jobber has raised the price to the retailer, and the retailer has raised the price to the consumer. This increase in price is due to the increased price of raw material, which is mostly iron and protected by the infamous tariff which permits the iron producers to rob the American people at their own sweet will. Retail prices vary according to the willingness of retailers to make little profits or their desire to make large profits. For that reason it is impossible to quote retail prices on farm machinery, but it is easy to get the wholesale prices. In 1896 a three-inch box brake Weber wagon, standard goods the world over, was sold to the retailer at \$48. To-day that same wagon costs the retailer \$56, an increase of 16.23 per cent. to the retailer. Investigation will disclose the fact that because of lower discounts and shorter time this percentage is increased to the consumer. The same fact will hold good in further quotations of farm machinery. In 1896 a Kingman Silver buggy, standard goods the world over, cost the jobber \$52. To-day he pays \$55, which increase is put upon the retailer and by the retailer put upon the consumer. In 1896 a Stamboul cultivator, a standard piece of machinery, cost the jobber \$12. To-day it costs him \$14.50, an increase of over 20 per cent. Will these republican organs ask us to believe that the retailer absorbs this increase and continues to sell the Stamboul cultivator at the same price he sold it for in 1896? In 1896 a disc harrow cost the jobber \$23. The same harrow costs the jobber to-day an increase of over 15 per cent. Of course the jobber must add this to the price he charges the retailer, and the retailer must add it to the prices charged the farmer.

ADOLPH PATTERSON.

THE CUBAN POSTAL STEAL.

Hanna Morally the Principal Culprit Under the Powers at Washington.

The scandals in connection with the establishment of a postal system in Cuba are not surprising, when considered in the light of the character of the men who caused them, their antecedents and the temptation to which they were exposed. It is plain they were sent to Cuba as a reward for their political services to the administration, and that they understood they were to make what they could out of their positions. They took their unwritten instructions too literally; and instead of filling their pockets discreetly and quietly, they inaugurated a species of orgie, grabbed everything in sight, and consequently when the exposure came the administration was shocked, and perhaps the chances of the McKinley reelection jeopardized.

Mr. Hanna is no doubt morally the principal culprit. Years ago—in fact, from the time of the establishment of the political firm or syndicate of Hanna & McKinley—Mr. Perry Heath, assistant postmaster general, has been in Mr. Hanna's employ. He has been an editor and correspondent of newspapers in his interest, and when Mr. McKinley was nominated for president four years ago had charge of his campaign in Indiana, and, acting under Hanna's instructions, carried the state for him. When the president formed his cabinet Mr. Gary was made postmaster general and Heath his first assistant. It did not take very long for the assistant, backed by Hanna and the president, to force his chief to resign. Mr. Charles Emory Smith succeeded Mr. Gary, with the understanding that Heath was not to be interfered with.

Acting under Heath, as Heath acted under Hanna, in the scheme of plundering politics, were Neely and Rathbone, and through Heath's influence they were given important positions in the post office department. The establishment of a postal system in Cuba, a temporary dependency of the government, and among a people who did not understand the English language or American business methods, was the opportunity for which these friends of the administration and servitors of Hanna and the president had waited and hoped. Neely was appointed treasurer and general manager of the postal system on the part of the government, and he and his confederates wasted no time in getting to work.

If they had not been detected by the military authorities and checked in their operations before they got fairly started there is no telling how much they would have stolen. As it is, they got away with hundreds of thousands of dollars.
The United States occupies a peculiar position in relation to Cuba. In the face of the world, it became the guardian of the untaught and inexperienced people of the island. It exercised supreme authority over them. It undertook to instruct them in the methods of government by the people and for the people—to start them in the way of managing their public affairs peacefully, honestly and in accordance with law. The administration and the men by whom it is surrounded and controlled have so obligated themselves of these national obligations by unloading a gang of thieves upon them; and not only robbing them and making them suspicious of a republican form of government, but at the same time fixing a stigma and burning disgrace upon their own government.—Kansas City Independent.

Western labor has condemned McKinley for the part he had in the Coeur d'Alene affair. Now it remains to be seen if the western laborers will vote at the polls as they vote in their conventions. If they do it will be a sad day for McKinley.—Butte (Mont.) Miner.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

—Up to date McKinley's imperialism in the Philippines has cost the people of the United States \$150,000,000 and 6,000 lives of brave American soldiers.—Chicago Democrat.

—It enrages republicans to realize at this critical moment how much imperialism has had to do with strengthening the American alignment under the democratic standard.—St. Louis Republic.

—The republican party will not repeal the special stamp taxes which are so odious and the source of so much inconvenience simply because it desires to collect as much money as possible between now and the end of the presidential campaign in order that it may boast of the enormous surplus that has been acquired during McKinley's administration.—Atlanta Journal.

—There is one practical way of getting at the trusts which the republicans show no disposition to adopt, although they could have enacted remedial legislation at any time during Mr. McKinley's administration. All that is necessary to hit many of the monopolies in a vital spot is the removal of tariff protection from all trusts which have a monopoly of their products.—Baltimore Sun.

—As republican prosperity orations continue to be punctuated by the dull, sickening thud of the stock market falling into the basement it is possible that Mr. McKinley may deem it advisable to order his earnest followers to stop talking prosperity and devote themselves to the discussion of the weather or some other similarly innocuous topic. A prosperity gambler is a failure from a republican point of view.—Chicago Chronicle.