

RIPPED OPEN

WIDE, IS THE STATE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN,

And the "Rip" Extends From Some Place Up North, Down to the Eleventh Minneapolis Ward—J. Adam Bede and Steamboater Van Sant as Chief "Rippers"—The "Opening" Much Like Roosevelt's—A Hint of the Big Job Manager Bixby Has on His Hands—Other State and National Political Comment of the Week.

Reform Press Bureau, St. Paul, Aug. 6, 1900.

The event of the week has been the "opening" of the Republican state campaign by the joint efforts of Candidate Van Sant and J. Adam Bede. The "rip" commenced at a place called Frazee City, in the northern part of the state, and extended in a more or less "gaping wound" down to the Eleventh ward in Minneapolis. The lynx-eyed press has failed to record only the briefest outlines of the speeches made by Mr. Van Sant, and not a word, as yet, of the Bede accompaniment.

Captain Van Sant's "opening" commenced with a false quotation of sentiments imputed to Mr. Bryan in the '98 campaign, assuming which to be true the captain said was reason for opposing him. They being false, the inference must be that the captain may be for him. Again falsely quoting Mr. Bryan as saying that we would have "no exports," and sell "no goods abroad" if McKinley was elected, the captain gave the figures of our constantly increasing trade—increasing year by year in the natural growth of the country—crediting McKinley with the total of such trade, some \$2,224,000,000. By the same token Cleveland should be credited with our total foreign trade of his administration. Every one knows that the country's commerce increases year by year with increase of population and needs.

At this point the veteran steamboat man is said to have thrown down his written speech and gone into something of personal interest to himself, the chances of his defeat being the uppermost topic. His conclusion was that he would be elected if he got votes enough—if Republicans enough voted for him. The more he dwelt on this phase the more fixed seemed the impression that he would lose, whereupon he observed that if he was to be knifed, the rest of the ticket should be supported, for, he said, in his mind calling the administration of Governor Lind as proof. "We can keep house without a Republican governor." Still further contemplating this probability he urged that he should be elected, lest the appointment of a United States senator fall to the lot of the new governor. "Stranger things than this have happened," said the candidate. Then retrospectively, or as if reimpressed with the gloomy outlook, he repeated: "If I can have the united support of my party I shall win. If I am defeated it will be by Republican votes." And then he said in closing: "Let me say to my Republican friends, who for any reason might vote against me as the head of the ticket, that they should ponder well before doing so."

From all appearances the opening of the Republican state campaign has been as inauspicious as the national opening by Roosevelt has proven frosty and ineffectual.

Captain Van Sant says that when "they" proposed to dismember the Union he threw off his Lincoln campaign cap and put on the uniform of a soldier. "And there are others." And plenty of them voted with the G. O. P. as long as they could possibly do so without stultifying themselves. They belong to the Liberty party now.

And this is as good a place as any to remark that the quotations of Bryan in 1896, used by Republican speakers, among them Van Sant, that if McKinley was elected we would "export no goods, but would import from foreign lands all the goods we would use," are not only false but absolutely silly. In general the predictions made by Mr. Bryan of the results of continuation of the ruinous financial policy were fulfilled to the letter, as witness the greatest failures, and more business disasters for the first two years following McKinley's inauguration than marked the Cleveland panic times. And but for the adoption of the money policy Bryan advocates, of an adequate money supply, at least in part, by the providential increase of gold, and later by an immense inflation of bank paper, the wildest predictions of misery and woe, whether made by Mr. Bryan or others, would have been realized. And let us call a witness, as Candidate Van Sant says, and it will be Van Sant, where he says: "Our money, including paper currency, gold and silver, has become greatly increased since McKinley took the chair." And Van Sant quotes from McKinley's acceptance speech, where he refers to the fact that we now have "more money," than we have had before. "More money and fewer mortgages," McKinley said.

And this is a good place to emphasize that by the Kansas City platform the Democrats are not only pledged to the quantitative theory of free coinage, but to take from the banks the power of issuing their notes, which are not redeemable in anything, and which notes are printed for the banks by the government (thus the people furnishing the money that the banks turn around and loan them for interest) and to issue in place of such notes the money of the government redeemable in gold and silver. That's the point, Mr. Republican. We will give you actually "sound money," instead of this national bank corporation paper, that is not now re-

deemable in anything, and is not even a legal tender. This is the nub of the Democratic money plank, and one of the reasons for more than reaffirmation of the Chicago platform.

"And never pull down the flag," shouts Van Sant. Well, what would you do in China? Carry it to the heart of the Celestial empire, and create armies to keep it there, or simply let it flap, here and there, as over such roosters as John Goodnow?

Hanna denies that he jumped on Roosevelt about his speeches. Allee same Rosey is laid off until September, until presumably he can revise and prune.

And speaking of Consul General Goodnow, someone asked the other day if there was really any danger of "General" Goodnow being killed, and a former Republican associate of John's cruelly replied, "Oh, no danger. You know the Chinese don't kill anybody but Christians." Now, wasn't that tough?

Speaking of the Roosevelt speech, we judge that the high jink of the Republican press bureau made a bad mess in sending it out to the state press. Leastwise we have reports from several of the Democratic papers that they received the supplements, which contained both the Roosevelt speech and the manuscript that Senator Nelson read to the listless leaguers. Our boys had no use for them unless for wrapping paper.

Washington Reader: No, when your papers speak of the Powers, they do not mean the Minnesotan in the Merriam census bureau, the dirty work man. They refer to the governments, including McKinley's, whom the heathen Chinese has been making asses of for several long and painful weeks. The Minnesotan man is himself a sort of Chinaman, known for his "political ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain."

"D—n the Dutch," shouted an Illinois Republican in the state convention, when Boer resolutions were introduced. "Down with Catholic anti-imperialists and Protestant lovers of the Filipinos," says Paul Van Dervoort, one of the recent Hanna "converts." After all our own William Henry Eustis set the example for them all, when he spoke of Swedes and Norwegians as mere "rotting cattle." The latter remembered our Minnesota G. O. P. "leader." What will the other do?

Speaking of Van Dervoort, who appears as a rival to Roosevelt for the place of "Burchard" in this campaign, he is the same Van Dervoort who once, when commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., was kicked out of the government service for cause. He then became a mid-Populist, and thoroughly discredited there, has at last joined Hanna. Good enough.

Speaking of Consul General Goodnow, that functionary is "pictured" by the Philadelphia Record, as a round, sleek, heavy-set man, with heavy, drooping moustache, who is shown to be writing away for dear life, under gas light, doing that important "diplomatic intercourse" that the administration is giving him so much praise for. A call bell is at hand for summoning the menials, and there is a big ink stand, presumably loaded to the brim with black, very black ink. Selah!

Speaking of Roosevelt, the shiver he has caused may upset the plan of using rough rider emblems in the campaign. Still the speckled bandanna handkerchief is doing duty as hatband for the goppites, as an offset to which the Democrats will probably don the red, white and blue. Minnesota introduced such hatbands at Kansas City, and they were approved. Put on the colors.

Roosevelt on Democrats—all Democrats—"Dishonest at home and cowards abroad."

The race for the Burchardship in this campaign is a close one between Roosevelt and one Paul Van Dervoort of Nebraska. To date both are neck and neck in violent abuse of Democrats, Van Dervoort having recently professed to have been a Democrat, but Roosevelt is the more respectable virago. Van Dervoort is thoroughly despised by those who know him best, and especially by veterans of the Civil War who know him as commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.

A noticeable feature of the "changes" that the Republicans have professed to find in the McKinley favor, have been of the same unsavory character as the Van Dervoort case, fitting companions for the Neelys, the Rathbones and Carters, and the canned beefers and the horde of department robbers that infest the administration.

Already there is a demand that Van Sant say less of national and more of state issues. And there is no lack. There is Inspector Clausen, and there is Commissioner Mills, and there is railroad taxation. Up and at 'em, Van.

Sept. 6 is the date set for making the winning reform ticket for 1900 by the fusion forces. Remember both the date and prediction.

Let's see. Governor Lind was first elected in 1896, and counted out by the Bixby machine. He was again elected in 1898, and is closing his term as the best governor the state has ever had. In November he will receive his third election and round out a record of state service of which all may well be proud.

The Democratic state organization was perfected at the stated meeting called for Aug. 2, and under auspices most promising for success. The new plan of county representation proved all that has been expected. It was the largest state committee ever organized in the state by any party, and in ability and especially in enthusiasm, will challenge any like gathering. G. S. O.

HEROINE OF THE TRANSVAAL

A Daring Ride of Thirty Miles to Wars Cronje.

Alice Van Aardt is the heroine of the Transvaal. It was she who during the terrible siege preceding Cronje's surrender rode over the veldt for 30 consecutive hours and gave the alarm to the general that resulted in the retreat of his brave but depleted army.

The brave little Dutch woman relates some of her experiences in the war as follows:

"We were at Interlachen when we first heard that war was certain. We were all together incognito—the queen, her mother, my sister and my husband. I had been married only a few months and was very, very happy.

"One morning while we were playing tennis a telegram was handed to my husband. He requested permission of the queen to go and send a reply, and one of the other men took his place in the game. As soon as I could I hurried away and into the hotel and found my husband throwing some things in a great hurry into a traveling bag.

"Instantly I realized what that telegram meant.

"I am going, too," I said, for it was suddenly made perfectly clear to me without my being told that Piet was going home and that the war had begun.

After reaching their home in South Africa Mr. Van Aardt offered his services to President Kruger, who sent him on to Cronje. Mrs. Van Aardt staid for a time in Pretoria and then went to her farm on the border between Cape Colony and the Orange Free State. It was one Sunday morning that she heard the coming of the British soldiers, who stopped at her place for a rest of five hours, as they told her, after taking the breakfast from the stove that, the maids were preparing. Very quickly the bright little woman realized that they were planning a surprise for the Boer soldiers, and she racked her brain with the thought, "How can I get them word?" Pretending to go to the milkhouse to get a drink for one of the officers, she managed to secure a saddle, fastened it on a horse and was soon speeding away with her message, never stopping until she had carried the warning to General Cronje.

Mrs. Van Aardt remained among the fighting Boers until after the death of her husband.

"One day," she recounts, "I saw three men carrying a figure so familiar to me that at sight of it my heart almost stopped beating.

"The dying comrade that they bore was my husband.

"The shells were bursting out in the camp every minute, but we were used to them, even when they burst on the very edge of our trench and rattled the sand down.

"I kept falling in bits, and I tried to keep it from falling on my husband's face.

"We knew these were the last hours we could ever have together, for the



CARRYING A WARNING TO CRONJE.

British were coming nearer and the firing was stronger.

"Oh, how I prayed that he might pass away from it all before the end! But we were neither of us sorry we had not staid in Holland.

"The horses which had brought us so far we could not protect from the awful firing, nor the wagons.

"At night the men dug one grave as long as they could, and others laid into it those who had died during the day, and when we stood by we all knew that any of us might soon be among the ones who lay so still on the ground and not among those who tried to sing a last hymn to the dead.

"One morning my husband bade me goodbye. All day I sat by him in the crowded trench, holding his dear, dead hand.

"It was the day after that a little group of Britishers with a white flag came into camp, and we had a short rest from the firing. The general sent word that he wanted to see all the women, and we went to his quarters.

"Kitchener says he has not begun to fire on us yet and wants the women and children to go away to a safe point. Will you go?" he asked.

"Not a woman answered, but we looked at each other. We were as dirty as the ground itself, each grimed by the sand and yellowed by the green fumes from the lyddite which hung all day over the trenches.

"Will you go?" he repeated; and then one woman said 'No.' Then he called us each by our names and asked us separately, and every one said 'No.'

"That is your answer, but I thank you general," he said to the messengers.

TWO WONDERFUL SNAKES.

How One Helped His Benefactor and Another Taught School.

There is no reason why snakes should not be credited with gratitude, although it is by no means recommended that a frozen moccasin or rattlesnake should be picked up and warmed to life within benevolent shirt bosoms, says the Chicago Record. There are other ways of thawing out refrigerated reptiles that are equally effective and that leave no room for the reptile's misconstruction of motive. At the same time the North Carolinian who stopped his ox team just as the wheels were about to crush a heedless whip-snake had no reason to regret his kind action when the thankful ophidian, realizing the danger he had escaped and anxious in some measure to repay his benefactor, glided sinuously out on the wagon tongue and whipped the lazy oxen home.

There is an attorney who has just returned from a recuperating trip to Abb's valley, which is in the state of



WHIPPED THE OXEN HOME.

Virginia. The other day as he was telling some of his experiences his face became suddenly illuminated with the light of recollection, and he exclaimed, "Oh, by the way!"

Then he paused, and the light faded out, and he made some trivial remarks about the Republican national convention.

"That wasn't what you were going to say," observed one of his friends. "Tell it. Everything's in confidence here."

"It wasn't that," said the lawyer. "I was afraid that if I did tell you you wouldn't believe me, that's all."

This preposterous idea was generally scouted, and after a little pressure the lawyer reluctantly told his story.

"Not that it's much of a story," he said, "only the thing struck me as rather curious at the time—being right where it happened at the time made it seem more so, I guess. There's a little schoolhouse in the valley district—a log schoolhouse, and one of the most delightfully primitive and picturesque buildings you ever saw, with the long gray Spanish moss clinging to the rough barked logs and bright lichens on the roof of warped red cedar shakes and honeysuckle bushes and creepers and wild grape vines making a glancing screen of foliage before the door. You don't see schoolhouses like that in Chicago.

"But I was going to tell you about the snake. It was what they call a bullsnake out there—a long, supple snake, with a tapering tail and a bright, intelligent eye. Well, they didn't know it at the time, but it turned out afterward that that snake had been hanging by his tail from one of the roof timbers all spring, listening with the keenest interest to what was going on.

"Now, that statement may sound a little far fetched to you, but the event proved conclusively that the snake was watching with interest. It happened just about a week before I left the place. It was in the morning, a little before recess, and the teacher, Miss Nettie Hymer, had the pupils up for spelling. She had given them some word to spell—it was 'connubial,' she told us—and they missed it up and down the line to the last one of them. Some of them spelled it with a 'k' and some with one 'n,' and two started out with 'c-e-r.' The schoolm'am was pretty well worked up about it, and she told them what she thought of them. 'Is there not one of you that has intelligence to spell that word correctly after all the teaching I've given you?' she asked them.

"There was a moment's silence and then a noise on the puncheon floor. The snake had let go his tail hold and dropped.

"Naturally there was a little confusion when they saw what it was, and Miss Nettie climbed up on top of her desk. I told her that I'd have given a good deal to see her then. Say, but she was a pretty girl! However, the snake didn't pay any attention to the fuss they were making, but wiggled up just before the desk and arranged him self into a letter 'c.' They didn't notice it at first, but he lay so still that the children quieted down, and a little girl called the teacher's attention to his shape. She'd no sooner done it when Mr. Snake stretched out and took his tail into his mouth, and when they called the turn on that he made two straight lines and an angle of himself and after mixing himself up a minute did the same thing again. By the time he got to 'u' the teacher understood what he was trying to do—in fact, what he did do—for he went through the word without a break or a mistake and then wiggled his tail in triumph and glided off. They tried to catch him afterward, but he never got him. I guess he was naturally modest, and he calculated that they were going to make a show of him or something. I thought that was a little out of the ordinary myself."

SUMMER SKIRTS.

There is Much Variety Allowed This Season.

Skirts are flat in front and at the sides—except those of thin goods, which are often gathered—and have plaits or gathers at the back. Last year's skirts, however, without any fullness at all behind and simply buttoned there or at the side, may be worn this summer without reproach, although they are not likely to remain in favor longer than next fall, the tendency being toward increasing amplitude all the time.

Gowns of lace over silk or satin are extremely fashionable. The lace may be bought in the piece, and it is applied smoothly over the silk, to which it is fastened, so that it closely adheres. It is to be had in black, blue and white.

Plaited and full skirts, although pretty in themselves, are not practical for trav-



VOILE COSTUME.

eling and general service. For these purposes a tailor made skirt, plain and rather short, with a simple decoration of stitching or straps is better.

The picture shows a gown of lilac voile. The skirt is plain around the hips, but, just below them, has a series of plaited fans let in. The plain, close bodice has a wide collar of mandarin panne, which forms draped revers. The plastron and high collar are of white guipure. The tight sleeves are draped at the top, showing prints of guipure. Small enameled buttons serve as a decoration, and there are enameled medallions on the belt. The hat of rice straw is draped with white tulle and trimmed with blue flowers.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

WHAT IS WORN.

Skirts of Different Kinds For Summer Costumes.

The lower skirt of taffeta over which the skirt of transparent gowns is made must be of the same length as the outside skirt and very carefully fitted.

Around the foot is a deep, full flounce of plaited silk, which helps to hold the unlined this skirt in the proper shape. Glace taffetas have been relegated to the position of these underdresses and are not used for entire gowns, being replaced by plain or embroidered taffeta.

Although gathered and plaited skirts are new and are much worn, the plain skirt holds its own without difficulty, as it is extremely graceful and better than



SILK WRAPPER.

any other style sets off to advantage a pretty figure. All skirts, plain or otherwise, are so made as to cling at the hips and flare at the foot and are long and without any stiffening which might render the folds harsh and sharp.

The illustration given today shows a charming wrapper of ivory liberty silk. It is made in a loose blouse form and is gathered in at the waist by a cord of black velvet terminating in pompons. All the edges have many bands of stitching as a border, and down the front is a jabot of plaited ivory mousseline de soie. The wide collar, which is draped at the shoulders by choux, is bordered with a plaiting of mousseline, and similar plaitings finish the half length sleeves. The plastron is of plaited liberty silk.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

GOLFING TOGS.

Picturesque Features of the Season's Costumes For the Links.

While there is not very much need of variation in the styles of golfing togs, it does in outdoor sports for women, makes the attempt to originate new ideas inevitable. The changes may be so slight as to need a label to attract your attention at all. But some little difference serves to add interest to the game as well as to gratify woman's ambition for new clothes, according to the New York Sun, which notes the following features:

The golf hat of the season is a sensible improvement on those worn before, as it protects the face to some extent. It is in rough straw and of helmet shape, bound on the edge with velvet and trimmed with a soft scarf of silk twisted carefully around the crown. Then there are the hats of stitched plique to wear with the white golf suits. These are trimmed with the silk scarf and feather pompons. The bamboo hat is the lightest and consequently coolest variety and very pretty in its light cream tint. One point of fashion in hats which must be observed is the absence of the stiff long quill so prominent last season. This is said to be entirely out of fashion, the silk scarf being quite sufficient, but where other trimming is desired the pompons or a rosette of ribbon is the thing.

The short skirt of last season was the first cause of the lack of grace in this costume, but the new edict calls for a length which reaches to the top of the ankles and is vastly more becoming than any skirt an inch shorter. Double faced tweed which is plaid one side and plain on the other is the most popular material for the golf skirt and is finished with stitching and made with either a box plait or an inverted plait in the center of the back. Gray, tan and brown are the leading colors, and jackets of bright red or green are worn.

Shirt waists in red and pink linen or mercerized plique are a necessary part of the golf outfit and are worn with white plique and ceru linen skirts. Some striking color seems to be necessary to a picturesque effect on the golf links, and while there is an attempt to



ON THE LINKS.

Introduce green red and golf pink are the favorites, the green forming no contrast in the landscape picture. A blue skirt with a red linen shirt waist made with a white collar and worn with a black tie and a red Tam O'Shanter is a pretty costume for a young, slim girl, while an entire costume of red linen worn with a black hat is a striking bit of color against the green background. These linen suits are usually made with a blouse bodice and a white linen collar finished with rows of stitching and fastened with white pearl buttons.

The ideal golfing suit for a hot day is a white plique skirt and either a colored or a white shirt waist worn with a necktie matching the color of the scarf around the stitched white duck hat and the stockings. As for shoes, a good shaped, well fitted boot of kid or calfskin with low heels is the thing. The bulldog toe is rather losing caste, as it gives the foot a very clumsy appearance. The reversible golf cape is another very necessary item in this special department of your wardrobe and is at all times useful for traveling.

Fashion's Echoes.

The turquoise continues its reign as a popular gem.

One button kid gloves are worn with the new sleeve, which has the dainty undersleeve banded so closely at the wrist that a longer glove is clumsy.

The elegance of the white lawn petticoat has no limit this season. It is trimmed with very handsome embroidery and lace and is made to fit the hips in the approved fashion.

Short black glaze jackets with stitched bands or tucks are one of the daintiest outdoor garments that can be worn.

Skirts must flow and are elaborately trimmed with stitched bands, displaying many of them either actual tunics or the semblance produced by stitched bands.

Stockings shown for wear this summer are of silk with openwork reaching to the ankle and are worn with low walking shoes.

Pink is a popular color for shirt waists.

White costumes continue the chic style.

Sunbonnets of every description are in fashion.