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Campaign Funds.

Alfred Henry Lewis in a recent magazine article gives some figures relative to campaign funds, which, if accurate, are certainly startling.

The republicans, he says, spent $100,000 in 1860, $125,000 in 1864, $150,000 in 1868, $250,000 in 1872, $950,000 to beat Tilden in 1876; $1,000,000 in 1880, $1,300,000 against Cleveland in 1884, $1,350,000 in 1888, $3,000,000 in 1892, $9,000,000 in the memorable campaign of 1896, $6,500,000 in 1900 and $5,000,500 for Roosevelt in 1904.

The democrats, on the other hand spent only $50,000 in 1860, the same amount in 1864, $75,000 in 1868, $50,000 in 1872, $900,000 in 1876, $350,000 in 1880, $1,400,000 in 1884, $855,000 in 1888, $2,350,000 in 1892, $657,000 in 1896, $600,000 in 1900 and $1,250,000 in 1904.

These figures, of course, are mere estimates, but in the case of the $9,000,000 spent by the republican party in 1896 Mr. Lewis claims to have the word of the late Senator Hanna, who certainly should have known what was expended if anybody did.

Commenting on the lavish outlay Mr. Lewis says:

"The government is not run so much by the voters as by campaign contributors. As witness: In 1892 the public elected a president and congress upon an issue of tariff. The public wanted the McKinley bill repealed. An extra session was called. To consider tariff? No; finance. The banks asked the repeal of silver. The banks had filled the party chest. The public had merely furnished the votes.

"In 1896 the public elected a president and a congress upon an issue of finance. An extra session was called. To consider finance? No; tariff. The 'protected' industries asked certain tariff changes that might be relied upon to affix another cipher to their bank balances. The 'protected' industries had filled the $9,000,000 treasure chest for that campaign. The public, as usual, had only furnished the votes."

In short, it has been campaign contributions and not votes that have dictated the public policies of this country for many years. Therefore the government has served property, which furnished the contributions, and not humanity, which merely furnished the votes.

Campaign contributions have been blackmail and they have been bribes. They have bought special privileges and they have purchased immunity from punishment. But they did not come from the people, and the people did not get the results.

William Jennings Bryan talked to twenty thousand people at the State Fair grounds Monday evening. Even that partisan old sheet, the Pioneer Press, admits that if it had not been for Bryan the attendance at the fair would have been unusually small.

The Franklin Tribune insists that in order to elect Jacobsen it is necessary to get rid of all barnacles of the Dunn type, to suppress Frank Eddy's funnicisms and to treat John A. Johnson like a gentleman. In other words, Johnson will be elected.

The news that J. Adam Bede may fail to secure a renomination for Congress is a reminder that it is a great deal better for a public man to get a reputation as a statesman than as a humorist.—Boston Globe.

After listening to the speeches of Ewert and Gutterson one would be almost justified in concluding that in order to get votes this year one's talks must be distinctly democratic.

The Honorable James T. McCleary is advertised as the Labor day orator at Revere. Cole was accorded this honor two years ago and everybody knows what happened to Cole.

The Minneapolis Journal was sold on Monday to a syndicate headed by H. V. Jones of the "Commercial West." It is understood that the consideration was $1,200,000.

Paul Ewert, optomistic candidate for congress, spoke at Hodges' hall in Comfrey Friday evening last.

An exchange has it that the Jacobson crowd have ditched Bob Dunn. Too good to believe.

"The Lincoln Way"— A National Memorial.

Former Congressman McCleary Offers Striking Suggestion in Connection with Centennial Celebration of Lincoln's Birth.

What a fitting memorial to Lincoln would be a noble highway, a splendid boulevard, from the White House to Gettysburg, from the house where his record for statesmanship was achieved to the spot where he struck the highest note of human eloquence! The seventy-two miles would give sufficient length to the highway to justify its use as a national memorial. The country to be traversed offers no special engineering difficulties. It is just about sufficiently rolling to afford fine landscape effects and to furnish opportunity for a handsome bridge here and there. The width of the road should comport with its memorial character. Let us say tentatively that the width should be 200 feet.

Down the middle of the road let there be a greensward forty or fifty feet wide, a well-kept lawn looking like a beautiful green carpet of velvet. To lend variety to the central line of beauty, here and there flower gardens and other decorative features could be introduced. At intervals could be erected fountains and other monumental embellishments that might be appropriate.

On each side of this central line of beauty let there be a smooth roadway forty or fifty feet wide, constructed according to the highest engineering standard of "good roads." One of these roadways may be reserved for swift-moving vehicles like automobiles, and the other for slow-moving vehicles like carriages and wagons.

Outside of these driveways could be double-tracked electric railways, occupying a width of twenty feet each and separated from the driveways by hedges. One of these railways could be for express trains of high speed and stopping only at intervals of ten or fifteen miles; the other could be for local trains moving slowly and stopping at short intervals.

Bordering "The Lincoln Road" on each side there should be a row or rows of stately trees, the rows broken at points where could be obtained fine views of the mountains or valleys or river.

In order that "The Lincoln Way" may be built with certainty and without delay, it should be constructed under the direction of a national commission and should be paid for out of the national treasury. But full opportunity should then be given to the individual states to express their regard for Lincoln. To each state in the union may be allotted a portion of "The Lincoln Way" to be embellished in accordance with its taste and means, subject to the approval of the national commission. Other spaces could be allotted for embellishment to national patriotic societies. Opportunity should be afforded to succeeding generations to add something to the beauty of "The Lincoln Way." So long as patriotism glows in the hearts of the American people, it will be for them a labor of love to add from time to time to this expression of national affection, keeping "The Lincoln Way" at the forefront as the best and most attractive highway in the entire world.

Having in mind the possibilities of electrical illumination, the beauty of this boulevard when lit up at night may be left to the imagination.

What is really proposed is not so much a perpetuation of the fame of Abraham Lincoln, which is already secure, as an appropriate expression of our appreciation of him. It is of the essence of this memorial, instinct with the spirit of him whom it is to commemorate. That there will be a maintenance cost is in harmony with the governing idea. And it would be entirely fitting that this cost of maintenance should be borne out of the national treasury. But it is the opinion of experts who have been consulted that, in view of the hundreds of thousands of tourists who may be expected to make the trip from Washington to Gettysburg yearly, the road can be made largely, if not wholly, self-sustaining. If, when the roadway is being constructed, the tracks for the electric lines be laid as part of the general construction, it is believed that the use of these tracks can be leased for a considerable sum of money annually to an operating company which would furnish its own rolling stock. This arrangement, while furnishing transportation at rates within the reach of every one, would provide from a proper source—the actual users of the road—income for its maintenance. In addition, considerable income could be derived from special licenses for the running of public and private automobiles over this road.

Lincoln's fame is inseparably connected with the preservation of the union of the United States. This road would cross the famous Mason and Dixon line, formerly the dividing line between the north and the south. The road would, therefore, serve as a wedding ring for the sections once temporarily dissevered—as a symbol of the union to which Lincoln dedicated his life.

Imagine a two-hours' ride in the morning over that magnificent road from Washington to Gettysburg, thru beautiful Maryland and Pennsylvania, with the Blue Ridge mountains in sight part of the way. Imagine even six to eight hours spent at the worldrenowned battlefield-park, seeing Round Top and Little Round Top, Seminary Ridge and its famous theological seminary, Cemetery hill and Culp's hill, the Chambersburg pike and the Emmetsburg road, the Peach orchard and the Apple orchard, the wheat fields and Devil's den, "High Tide at Gettysburg" and other noted spots, traversing the ground where the First Minnesota won eternal fame, and following the sweep of Pickett's wondrous charge. Imagine the visit to Gettysburg ended by standing for a time reverently where Lincoln delivered his immortal speech, at the "final resting place" for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live," and the day closed by the return trip to Washington in the evening. What a never-to-be-forgotten day that would be! Imagine such a trip being taken by hundreds of thousands of Americans every year! Can any one measure the mental and moral uplift, the exaltation of spirit, the deepening and strengthening of patriotic sentiment and devotion to public duty that would result? Would not the inspiration thus secured render it more certain that "government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth?"

If it were possible to consult Abraham Lincoln himself as to the character of memorial that would be most pleasing to him, can any one doubt what his answer would be?—Assistant Postmaster General James T. McCleary in the Sept. Review of Reviews.

WHAT THEY ALL SAY, BUT—

—McBride in St. Louis Republic.

TALES OF THE DERBY

Mysteries of the Famous Classic of the English Turf.

A SCHEME THAT WENT WRONG

The Plot to Rob Teddington of the Blue Ribbon In 1851—Leander's Missing Head—A Dramatic Episode—Winners Foretold In Dreams.

If it were possible to write the full and true history of the Derby it would contain some startling revelations of strange doings behind the scenes of which the public has little suspicion and no actual knowledge.

There is, for instance, little doubt that a very different tale would have been told of Teddington's Derby but for the prompt action of his wide awake owner, Sir Joseph Hawley. When the Kentish baronet attended the York spring meeting of 1851 he was amazed to find the bookmakers eager to lay odds to any amount against his colt, who was looked on as a certain winner of the blue ribbon a few weeks later. Sir Joseph at once scented mischief, and, leaving the course, he traveled as fast as relays of swift horses could take him to his training quarters, where he communicated his suspicions to Alec Taylor, his trainer.

As the result of their deliberations Teddington was at once removed to another box, placed under the charge of a different boy and a strict watch kept over him night and day. Whatever scheme was on foot to disable the horse was thus effectually checked, Teddington soon resumed his place as first favorite in the betting and, as everybody expected, won the Derby with ease.

Another mystery which has not been solved to this day is associated with Leander and that memorable Derby of 1844. It was more than suspected that Leander was a four-year-old, but there was not sufficient evidence on which to base an objection to his running. In the race his fetlock was broken by a kick from Running Rein, and he was effectually placed hors de combat. He was shot and buried, but when a party of sportsmen who wished to test their suspicions dug up his body at dead of night they found that the head, which alone could settle the matter, was gone.

Ratan, the second favorite for this race, was made safe by a cunningly devised bolus, but who administered it was never discovered, and, to crown this Derby as the most shady and fraudulent on record, Running Rein, who came in first, was found to be none other than Maccabeus, a four-year-old, and thus an impostor of the first water. But when it became necessary to produce the horse for an examination by experts it was found that he, like Leander's telltale head, had been spirited away.

In connection with Running Rein, by the way, a dramatic story is told. A Captain Osborne had backed Orlando for a very heavy sum, and when Running Rein came in first he was faced with the alternative of blowing out his brains or being declared a defaulter. He was just on the point of choosing death rather than dishonor when a note was placed in his hand. "Running Rein," ran the missive, which was from a friendly tout, "is an impostor, and he won't get the Derby stakes. Buy up all the bets on Orlando you can get, and you will make a fortune."

The captain put away his revolver, followed the tout's advice and, instead of providing work for the undertaker, found himself £18,000 in pocket.

Few horses have ever started a hotter favorite for the Derby than McGregor in 1870. So rosy were his chances that odds of 9 to 4 were laid on him to an enormous amount, and the money was considered as good as won. To the consternation, however, of his backers, he seemed unable to move freely in the race and finished a bad fourth behind horses who were not in the same century with him.

There was no doubt whatever that Macgregor had been drugged, but who the rascal was who did the dastardly trick is as much a mystery today as it was at the time.

It is of this race that the following remarkable story is told: During the night before the race a jockey called Swift saw the finish of the Derby in a dream. He saw Kingcraft, which he recognized, pass the post a winner by a length and a half, followed by a dark brown horse which he could not identify and with Macgregor, the favorite, a bad fourth. In spite of the jeering of his friends, to whom he told the story, he backed Kingcraft for every sovereign he could raise, and, to his delight as to the disgust of the scoffers, he saw his dream exactly reproduced—the favorite badly beaten and the despised Kingcraft winning a small fortune for him.

Even more remarkable is a story of that great Derby race of 1862, won by the despised outsider Caractacus, ridden by Parsons, the stable lad. Although Caractacus was so badly thought of that Jim Goater point plank refused to ride him and odds of 40 to 1 were freely offered against him, a tipster gave him as a certain winner on the strength of a dream in which his blind daughter had seen the horse win "with a little boy on his back as pale as death." How vividly accurate was this dream forecast was admitted by all who saw the finish of that sensational race.—London Tit-Bits.