MR. STEVENSON AT HOME

HAPPY DOMESTIC EXISTENCE OF THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE PRESIDENT

PEN PICTURE OF HOME LIFE

The Distinguished Gentleman a Great Believer in the Power of Women for Good—A Bit of Family Pride.

"'Tonka beach! 'Tonka beach!"

The conductor walks through the dust coated cars, his official voice raised above the din. Many passengers gather up picnic baskets or shopping parcels. The train gives a last final shriek of relief at having lost part of its burden. The next minute it is a streak of blue among the shadows of bluer hills and the strip of land called 'Tonka beach is a station passed.

The passengers deposited on the little platform pick up their baskets or their parcels and seek their several destinations. For some it is one of the handful of picturesque cottages that make 'Tonka beach a station; for others it is the picnic grove of pines; for the Globe a certain warm afternoon last week it was Camp Arvilla and ex-President Adlai E. Stevenson.

Minnetonka beach is just a bit of land that Minnetonka lake seems to have put out an arm to embrace for the land on either side is splashed with her blue waters. Early every summer the train deposits there a handful of summer idlers; late every autumn it carries them reluctantly away. Unpretentious, roomy cottages and a commodious club house measure the extent of its buildings; the water, the groves, the well kept golf links just suggest the extent of its delights.

So near to the railroad track are the gates of some of the cottages that by stretching out a long arm it would seem that a passenger, sitting in the train, might almost touch one. But the bridge of a winding walk divides each cottage from the tumult of the train; thick foliage protects it from the gaze of the curious.

One of those cottages with the echo of the city noises at its feet, but trees and summer clouds about it and above it, is Camp Arvilla. It is a low built, puffy little building, suggestive of hospitality and coziness rather than of architectural beauty.

MR. STEVENSON'S HOME.

The little maid who answered the bell was herself rather typical of rural life. Cap was an abandoned formality. Freckles were in evidence. In the pause that followed the little maid's disappearance up the stairway with the bit of pastboard, there was opportunity to admire an ideal summer cottage hall. It stretches right through the cottage, taking the visitor from the lawn in front to the veranda and lapping waters in the rear. It is a hall that is a living room and reception room combined. An immense fireplace is built in at one side. A mirror tops the mantel, which is low and covered with the hundred and one little knick knacks that give one the key to the owner's tastes. Opposite the fireplace there is a staircase of oak. The furnishings of the hall are a medly of rugs, fat easy chairs, a cosy corner that is not a hollow mockery, bits of china and cushions galore. Through various open doorways there are glimpses of other rooms, but it is the hall that the family have apparently adopted as the favorite, and it is here that their tastes, work, pastimes are in evidence. Any observing visitor might conclude that Mr. Stevenson and—

But here is Mr. Stevenson himself. A tall, slightly stooped man, with an atmosphere of spick and spanness about him, comes slowly down the stairway. A figure clad simply but irreproachably in light trousers, dark coat, light waistcoat, moderately high collar and a simple bow tie that had been tied by the wearer, crossed the berugged floor. Even as he moves very noticeable are Mr. Stevenson's hands, for they are the hands of a scholar; long, narrow palms, slender fingers, with carefully kept nails; fingers, however, that have the power-denoting square tips. One of these same hands gives a shake that is altogether refreshing because of its individuality. It is not the high, faddish handshake. A simple, American grip, a quick, cool pressure, a little upward movement—that is Mr. Stevenson's handshake. It conveys distinct pleasure, not controlled by the fact that the man is a former vice president of these United States. There is a courtesy in Mr. Stevenson's manner that has a suggestion of old-fashioned chivalry about it. It has nothing of the polish that suggests veneer, but a simple kindliness that is, after all, the most thorough breeding.

Whatever other impression Mr. Stevenson may convey in convention halls, in legislature or surrounded by political cronies at Camp Arvilla, he is the home man, the beloved and loving head of an interesting family. During the Globe's visit the other members of the family were absent, taking a little excursion on the lake, but Mr. Stevenson seemed to have them always in mind. Frequently as he talked in somewhat desultory fashion on this or that subject, he would rise and stroll to the table or mantel to pick up a photograph, exhibiting it with the simple explanation:

"This is Letitia, my little granddaughter," or "This is Baby Parker Watkins Hardy, another grandchild," or "This is my daughter, Mrs. Hardin.

The first photograph was that of Rev. and Mrs. M. D. Hardin's little daughter. Mrs. Hardin is a daughter of Mr. Stevenson. Her husband is a Presbyterian minister in Minneapolis, and they, with their children, are members of the Camp Arvilla family. The granddaughter's picture showed her a tiny, white-gowned mite of four years, with dimpled, chubby hands, that seemed to hold in their little grasp the heart of the grandfather.

"She has my wife's name," he said, "and our family name besides. She is Letitia Stevenson Hardin."

A trace of family pride betrayed itself in the pronunciation of that name.

The next photograph was that of a grandson, a bit of humanity that had to be propped against a chair to have its picture taken. The baby is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Hardin.

But proudest of all was Mr. Stevenson, apparently, over the photograph reproduced herewith.

"Here are two Adlai E. Stevensons," he said, again that note of family pride in his voice. And then, as though it needed an explanation, he continued:

"I believe in preserving names in a family. An unspotted name is a fine heritage, for mechanic or millionaire. Snobbish pride in the number of ancestors one can count is detestable, but an honest regard for a respected name should be fostered."

Mr. Stevenson explained that the grandson he was holding in the picture was the son of Louis D. Stevenson, Mr. Stevenson's eldest son. Until recently they have been guests at Camp Arvilla, but returned a short time ago to their home in Los Angeles, Cal.

"We miss the baby so much," said Mr. Stevenson. "He is a bright little fellow."

"I do not care especially for what you call 'summer resorts,' but I do love Minnetonka," observed Mr. Stevenson, reflectively, as he leaned back comfortably in his chair and let his eyes wander out to the veranda and the blue waters beyond. Their blue was no bluer than the eyes that rested thoughtfully upon them for a second. Mr. Stevenson has what one would call "young eyes." The years that have whitened his hair have not taken away the responsiveness, the life from those deep-set orbs.

"There ought to be some legends about these lakes," he said. "Why, all your Northwestern lakes are alive with stories of the Indians and their doings. It's strange that I've never heard a single legend about Minnetonka. I like to tell the children fairy stories before bedtime at night," he continued, half humorously. "I wish I might be able to tell them something about these lakes."

Mr. Stevenson declined to discuss China and her affairs, but the empress dowager suggested women.

"Women keep abreast of the times more now than they have ever done before, I believe," he said, taking up a long paper knife and passing it back and forth between his fingers. "They have a great influence—the greatest influence—in this country. I do not mean that they are able to grasp the great questions of the day. Few women study these, for it is the work of a lifetime. Yes," he continued, thoughtfully, "the great problems that confront this country require the study of a lifetime, and even then it is merely guess work. But there is progress, undoubtedly there must be progress!"

These remarks of Mr. Stevenson conveyed the impression that just for a little moment he had dropped the role of a country host for the more familiar one of the statesman, but it was quickly resumed.

"No, woman's influence lies entirely in the high standard she herself sets. Consciously or unconsciously the men that are thrown under that influence try to live up to that higher standard. Good women suggest the ideals that good men constantly strive to attain. Therefore the most influential woman is the home woman."

"What do we do out here to pass away the time?" he repeated. "Why," with a cordial smile, "we don't do much of anything. It flies without any effort on our part. There is the early walk, or fishing trip or steamer ride in the morning, perhaps. We get up very early here, the children enjoy the early morning excursions so much. For some there is a game of golf—the links are just beyond the railroad tracks near the club house. I'm not a devotee of the game myself, but its popular with the young folks. I like fishing," said Mr. Stevenson, and there was much enthusiasm infused into the simple words.

"Later in the morning I look after my correspondence. My daughter, Letitia, aids me in this. Sometimes we are obliged to pass the entire morning in the study upstairs. In the afternoon every one does as he or she pleases. Perhaps a neighbor or two drops in to dinner—we are not formal here at all—and there is music and conversation. Very simple, you see," he concluded, "but we like it—for the summer."

The shriek of an approaching train stole into the picturesque little hall. It warned those bound for the city to be in readiness at the station. Mr. Stevenson rose courteously and walked to the door. Down the gleaming rails rushed the train, while up from a little mooring, where a tiny launch puffed, walked a gay party, some "grown ups" and two white frocked tots. They caught a glimpse of Mr. Stevenson, and there was a howl of delight. "My grandchildren," he explained proudly, and soon they were dancing about him, watched by smiling grandmother, mother and aunt. The three generations, full of healthful, happy life, stood there on the green lawn, while the train with an indignant snort at its burden pulled out. There was a waving of tiny hands, a courteous bow from a snow white head, and once more 'Tonka beach was a station passed.

A PROUD GRANDSIRE.

Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson and Grandson, Adlai E. Stevenson Jr., Son of Louis D. Stevenson, of Los Angeles, Cal.
—From His Latest Photograph.

MR. STEVENSON IN WASHINGTON.

Another Picture of the Gentleman Honored by Democrats.

So much of the life of Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson has been passed in Washington that a view of him, as presented to close friends at the capital during the past nfteen years, will be found as accurate as that of his home people in Illinois, says the St. Louis Republic.

The sum of a fair estimate of Mr. Stevenson is that he is a "gentleman of the old school," dignified, yet approachable to all; a man who has led a blameless life, in private and public. His tastes are remarkably simple, and yet "correct," as a whole. His attire is free from affectation, either of display or humility. His dress almost invariably is a Prince Albert coat and vest of fine quality; a pair of stylish dark striped trousers, shoes well polished, a silk hat, generally a little lax in polish, but of proper style for the season; an expanse of fine linen, adorned by a single diamond stud, presented by admirers when he was in congress in the seventies.

Mr. Stevenson is fond of cigars of pure tobacco and mild flavor. That is the limit of his requirement. The price generally paid by him is 10 cents each. His friends doubt that he knows the difference between the domestic and imported brands, and generally he will be found puffing one of the former. At the table Mr. Stevenson is probably the simplest and most easily pleased man that ever entered public life. Although a frequent diner out, and compelled when vice president to accept many invitations to banquets of a semi-official, yet unostentatious character, Mr. Stevenson scarcely varied his diet. He seldom drinks wines or whisky. If suffering from a severe cold, a glass of the latter at retiring might be indulged, but for a beverage coffee is the regulation stimulant. He retains the Southern fondness for corn cakes, hominy and bacon for breakfast; and at his hotel in Washington his waiter grew gradually into a confidence that he could bring the vice president a small steak, with potatoes, coffee and corn bread, varied with bacon, soft-boiled eggs and oat meal. For luncheon, generally eaten at the Senate restaurant, cold roast beef, potatoes and coffee were the rule, and for dessert a good apple, with a mild cigar.

FOND OF THEATERS.

Mr. Stevenson is fond of theaters, providing the play is of good order. He especially likes Shakespeare, and during a tour of Sir Henry Irving, the vice president declined all other invitations to enjoy the impersonation of the great Englishman. He is fond of such operas as those presented by Gilbert and Sullivan, and would be found laughing as heartily as any one in the galleries at the humorous parts of the "Mikado."

But the former vice president's most enduring pleasure, and the one most indulged, is reading. Few public men have drawn more constantly upon the treasures of the great library of congress than has Mr. Stevenson. It was a habit formed years ago in congress. His evenings, when not taken up with visits from his associates, were devoted to rare and valuable books. After he entered the postoffice department, as soon as the first rush of work had passed, he again returned to the stores of the library at the capitol. Every week two or three books were taken out, to be returned for others. He was systematic in his reading, preferring standard authorities upon history, and the works of the best travelers. After the first few months of his service in the vice president's office, Mr. Stevenson again had recourse to the library, then right at hand, and for one or two hours every evening he would be found reading in his cozy quarters at the Normandie.

A man's true character can be judged very well by his conduct towards his parents and children. No more devoted son or father ever lived. His mother died but a few months ago, at a greatly advanced age. To the close, their relations were of the tenderest character. When in Washington he wrote her almost daily, and his letters were filled with affectionate reminders of earlier days, with presents, pictures of places of interest and all that could make her declining years most cheerful. As a father, he was no less thoughtful of his son and daughters. His life, even when most engrossed with official cares, was most unselfish. He was always planning for their future rather than his own.

Mr. Stevenson is fond of walking. It was his daily means of reaching the capitol, a full mile from his hotel. Even in a slight storm he would set forth, reaching the senate with a ruddy glow of health as he would take the presiding officer's chair.

ALWAYS APPROACHABLE.

No man could be more approachable at all times. There was no guard stationed outside the vice president's office. All were admitted when the senate was not in executive session. Mr. Stevenson was often urged to restrict the ease of entrance to this office, as it was a privilege often abused; but he always replied: "It is a public office, and many of the visitors come from distant places to see the points of interest. Let them come." He would often stop his work, signing bills or writing letters, to explain to visitors the history of the beautiful paintings of Washington and the bust of Henry Wilson, who had died in the office, and point out many other places of interest in the building.

He was rated highly as a presiding officer, and because of his fairness was very popular with the Republican senators as well as those of his own side.

Mr. Stevenson has conducted a number of important law cases, including one or two famous murder trials in Illinois. He has had experience with men of all kinds. He retains, nevertheless, a trusting nature. Literally, he believes evil of no one. Sharpers quite frequently have taken advantage of this confidence in his fellowmen; but when the evidence of their character has been presented the victim would dismiss the matter with an expression of disgust and contempt rather than of bitterness.

It has been said often that President Cleveland did not treat his companion on the ticket fairly. However that may be, it is easily ascertained that Cleveland held him in high estimation. When he retired from the White house the first time he nominated his then assistant postmaster general for justice of the supreme court of the District of Columbia. Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, then chairman of the senate judiciary committee, for party reasons alone opposed confirmation.

Cleveland appreciated fully the services of Stevenson in 1888, and wrote him a most cordial acknowledgment of his good work in the campaign, especially in Illinois.

LIKED BY CLEVELAND.

During his second term Cleveland appointed Stevenson's law partner minister to Belgium, named his brother postmaster at Bloomington, and in many other ways sought to show his high estimation of the vice president. Shortly before retiring he tendered a life position in the navy to Mr. Stevenson's son. But undoubtedly there was an awkwardness in their relations, as there has been always between the men holding these two high and somewhat incongruous offices.

As a campaigner Mr. Stevenson has a high reputation. He is cautious as well as forceful in his statements in public. He is a man who can pass through a campaign without making a record, through inadvertence or effusiveness, that can injure his party afterwards.

In Washington there is a general indorsement of the nomination of the Illinoisan. In twelve years spent at the capital, Mr. Stevenson made no more enemies than every good man is compelled to create; and most of these are without influence. Against them he had a host of cordial admiring, trusting friends, in all walks of life and in both the great political parties.

When Cleveland was inaugurated, in March, 1885, his cabinet were civil service reformers. Such men as Bayard, secretary of state; Endicott, war; Lamar, interior, and Garland, attorney general, were ill calculated to fill the expectations of the men who had elected them, largely on the platform of "turn the rascals out," and for the purpose of giving the party which reliably has a popular majority in the country at least a portion of the federal offices. Even Vilas, the postmaster general, was a "reformer." That is, he tried for a time the policy of retaining Republicans who had used their offices for upwards of a quarter of a century mainly for the purpose of keeping Democrats out of power. The civil service law had been in operation a little over a year, excluding more than 3,500 of the most desirable clerkships from partisan appointment. The result was that, with a cabinet all carrying out the wishes of the Mugwumps, all working on the theory that Republicans were more efficient as officeholders than Democrats, the new administration became highly unpopular. It was, in fact, almost universally execrated. Strangely enough, the Republican voters were as little pleased with the general retention policy as were the Democrats; and probably the reason was that every American voter likes to see fairness in the distribution of good things, which means rotation in federal office, and an open, manly manner of making changes without waiting for trumped-up "charges" against the incumbents.

To add to the general revolt, Republicans were retained even as cross-roads postmasters. As a class, these always have been rated as the most pestiferous and offensive of all partisan officeholders. The fourth-class postmaster generally is an active political worker, and his scalp is wanted by all the opposing party men in the community.

In charge of these officers Cleveland put Malcolm Hay, of Pittsburg, a wealthy, exclusive lawyer; a prominent churchman and devotee of civil service reform. Mr. Hay was an invalid, and had at heart a detestation of political workers, and contempt for their demands for reward. He was in his office but a short time daily, and would not consider petitions for appointments excepting where serious charges were filed. He made this known through the press, and the result was what might have been imagined. "Charges" by the earload came from every county in the land. The petitioners "charged" everything within the range of thought against their postmasters; even that the incumbent was cross-eyed, bald-headed, too thin or too stout. But Mr. Hay would not act upon trival allegations, and the petitions were filed by the bushel, the clerks scarcely being able to see over their desks after the morning's mail had come to the postoffice department.

STEVENSON'S FAMOUS AXE.

Matters were in this condition until the first day of July, when Mr. Hay died after a short illness. It was then that a radical change came over patronage matters, and the gloom of the Democrats was converted into ecstasy. A. E. Stevenson, now candidate for vice president, had been on the notification committee with Vilas, and the latter had taken a fancy to him, as had Cleveland, also. They offered him Hay's place, and July 6 the Illinois man took charge. On the same day more than 300 commissions were made out for Democratic applicants. In the hope of a change of methods the postoffice department was thronged with Democratic congressmen and leaders from various states. Some of these, who came from a distance, had lists of the changes desired in their districts, hoping to get all attended to without a return trip. They were fortified also with charges, as demanded heretofore. But Stevenson's methods were different. He held that the men removed should not go out with a record of "charges." There was no complaint entered in the records; and the majority of the changes were noted simply as "removed," the cause being that the incumbents had held office too long, either for their own good or anybody's else, and it was time to equalize matters. There were upwards of 65,000 of these offices, until then all held by Republicans. Even at 300 or 400 changes a day, it took a long time to make a fair distribution. Stevenson worked nights; and the postoffice department all that summer presented a grand scene of illumination, with the guillotine always in action.

REPUBLICANS NONPLUSSED.

A few Republican organs tried for a time to make capital out of this wholesale system of removals. They failed utterly. There was not a more popular official in Washington than the postal bandsman. His course was indorsed throughout the country. Secretly the majority of the Republicans liked to see their small and oftentimes domineering bosses thrown out headlong.

Stevenson's course was open and candid. Newspaper correspondents were given absolute freedom to examine all the papers filed in these cases. Republican congressmen were at liberty to go over each case. In most of the papers filed there would be a simple memorandum, "appoint John Smith, etc.," with the name of the congressman recommending Smith, and the latter was held responsible for furnishing the name of an efficient Democrat. If the appointee proved otherwise, he was put out as promptly as he entered the service.

Stevenson's office was the most democratic, perhaps, that ever was conducted in Washington. All comers entered at will between the hours of 9 and 4, or even after regular closing hours during the first year. The head of the office talked with all comers, and not with a subordinate who blocked the way.

To the newspaper correspondents he was a source of delight. All sorts of available and interesting stories could be gathered there from the papers on file. The office held that these were public and not private records; and if the writers and petitioners at times had cause to regret the statements they had signed, after seeing them in print, it gave them a wholesale lesson to be careful and truthful in communications sent to public officials.

GOOD STORY TELLER.

Added to his sturdy democracy, Stevenson was recognized as a man of wholesome habits and presence; congenial, loyal in his friendships, and ready to do a kindness wherever possible to Republicans as well as those of his own party.

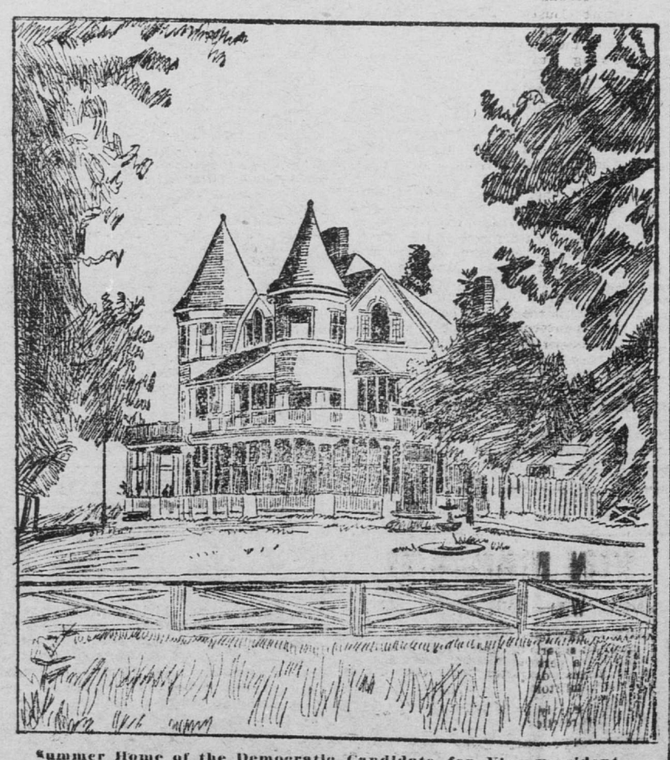
He was a good story teller, and of endless good humor. At that time Illinois had a number of Illinoisans prominent in Washington, among them Col. William R. Morrison, then chairman of ways and means in the house; William M. Springer, a man of great ability and popularity; Gen. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, and William A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office. Those gentlemen had warm followers, but the type of sterling democracy was admitted to be Stevenson. His prominence soon brought him, naturally, a share of jealousies among party leaders from his state, but these passed off, and the majority of his Illinois associates remained among his warmest friends and admirers.

For a time Stevenson's relations with Vilas were not of the most cordial. The latter found his assistant growing too fast in popularity to please him perfectly. In fairness it should be said that Vilas could not change the class of postmasters under his control, the presidential appointments, as easily as Stevenson could dispose of the smaller ones, because the papers in the former had to pass muster by the Republican senate. There was a tenure of office law in force which gave reasonable protection to presidential appointees during good behavior, until the expiration of the four years' commission. But in time Vilas was transferred to the interior department, and his sucessor, Don M. Dickinson, was a warm friend and admirer of the "headsman" as any living man.

When the national convention met in 1888, Stevenson was the most promising candidate for vice president, Thurman, of Ohio, had enough misguided friends to induce him to seek the nomination. Although nearly eighty, very feeble, and but the wreck of his former personality, the name of the Old Roman was yet all-powerful with the delegates. Even those who thought his nomination ill-advised would not oppose his ambition. Four years later, Stevenson's availability was equally great; and at that time Cleveland desired the added strength he felt would come from the Illinoisan's nomination.

Stevenson is possessed of a remarkable amount of ordinary common sense. He is a good campaigner, and few men have a better appreciation than he of the things which should be left unsaid. He is a man of extensive reading, and during his time has been intimately acquainted with the most prominent men in public life, not only in politics, but in the church and at the bar. He has their entire confidence, regardless of party. The general view of his nomination, as expressed at the capital, is that he will get all the Democratic votes, and he will receive, also, because of his well known integrity and conservatism, at least the negative support of strong elements in the opposing party.

CAMP VILLA, AT MINNETONKA BEACH.



Summer Home of the Democratic Candidate for Vice President.

WILL FINISH MONDAY.

Manufacturing Statistics Will Then Be Completed.

The gatherers of manufacturing statistics did not complete their work yesterday, but will finish Monday. They have worked in districts, but when one finished his district he was put to work in another, and all will be kept at the work till the finish.

There will be little delay in forwarding these returns to Washington, as the daily report system has enabled the office to check up as the work progressed.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

Causes Headache, Dizziness and Sleeplessness.

Mrs. M. Kliner, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. M. Kliner, 138 Croton street, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: **"I had suffered for the last fifteen years with my head, and I must say that your medicine has done me all the good you have said it would. My health was never better than since taking your Peruna. I do not know what a headache or neuralgia is.** I can most assuredly say that anybody afflicted with catarrh in any form can be cured by taking Peruna and be as grateful in the end as I am. I will always recommend Peruna."

One of the most dangerous and common forms of acute nervous prostration is known as sunstroke. The prostration caused by overheating the body does not always result in sunstroke, but more commonly in milder forms of depression, such as nervous headache, dizziness, faintness, sleeplessness, palpitation, mental confusion, abundant clear urine, creeping rigors, flashes of heat, and shortness of breath at the least exertion.

All of the above names are symptoms of acute prostration more prevalent during the month of July than at any other season of the year. Even people who have the most vigorous health are liable to attacks of prostration during the hot waves of early summer.

The only safe course to take is to keep the blood pure, digestion good and sleep regular. No remedy equals, in all respects, Peruna, for this purpose. A dose of Peruna before each meal during the hot season is a safeguard of priceless value.

Especially those who are in the least subject to nervous prostration should not neglect to provide themselves with Peruna, the greatest of all nerve and brain restoratives known to the medical world. Complete directions for use on each bottle.

For a treatise on nervous prostration and diseases of the nervous system peculiar to summer, address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh."

GET READY FOR THE STUMP

MANAGERS OF BOTH PARTIES REVISING THEIR LONG LISTS OF ORATORS

GOOD PAY FOR GOOD TALKERS

Funds of the Campaign Committee Now Diverted Somewhat From the Apportionment for the Spellbinders.

"Managers of both parties are now arranging their list of campaign orators, and I have been considerably amused in glancing over a price list of the most favorable ones," remarked a veteran politician. "This particularly interests me because some of the high priced stump speakers remember as well as I do the day when it was considered a disgrace to accept any pecuniary reward for speaking in the interests of the party to which they belonged.

"In nothing have party feeling and sympathy changed more than in this respect. It is only necessary to go back a quarter of a century to find political speakers volunteering their services, and even of offering to pay their expenses for a series of campaign orations in different parts of the country. It would have been considered a scandal to either party to have in the field paid speakers.

"Carl Schurz, you will remember, was accused of receiving $200 for a political speech in favor of Horace Greeley in 1872, and the talk of it created bitter reproaches from friends and foes alike. Of course the fact that Mr. Schurz was a senator at that time had something to do with the hue and cry, but that alone was not sufficient to account for the trouble. It was the condition of the public mind toward campaign orators. They were supposed to be so vitally interested in the party's welfare, and in the national questions at issue, that they were willing at any time to sacrifice personal comforts and business to the good of the country. No one would have had any faith or confidence in the statements or utterances of a speaker known to have been paid for his services.

How such a condition of affairs has changed today it is not necessary to state. I think the party managers would be considerably surprised if any well known speaker were to volunteer his services for the coming campaign. It would certainly be a great relief to the campaign committee to have a few such patriotic men come forward. One of the heaviest burdens of the committee is to raise sufficient funds to pay the orators. There are plenty of them coming forward to volunteer their services for a consideration. Indeed, the work of the committee having the speakers in charge is one of eliminating the undesirable, or the least desirable ones, from the list. The material is always abundant, but not always of the best quality. Every local party leader who has any gift at speaking, with a self-conceit of no ordinary degree, offers his services to the campaign committee either at his own price or that of the managers. These men cannot be entirely overlooked, for sometimes they really influence many voters in their districts, even if, from a metropolitan point of view, they would hardly be termed decent speakers.

"Thousands of speakers will be employed all over the country, and thousands of dollars will be expended in securing the services of experienced speakers. There are regular orators in either party who are hired by the season, and they travel wherever the committee sends them. The few experts of a national reputation command high prices, all the way from $50 to $300 per night.

"In the last campaign there was at least one orator whose services on the stump were rewarded with a check for $2,000 for four speeches. Whether or not that amount of money was wisely spent in this way is not a question easily answered. The men in charge of the campaign are supposed to be well versed in the relative value of speakers and campaign documents.

"The literary bureau of each party absorbs much of the fund that some years ago went to pay stump speakers, and this expense is steadily increasing. The great majority of intelligent people, especially in cities, will not attend a political meeting, no matter how attractive the list of speakers may be, but they will take the trouble to glance through political pamphlets and read them if strikingly and interestingly written. So every year this method of reaching the voters in a campaign is growing in favor. Tons of paper are used for publishing political documents, and experienced writers and journalists are paid good salaries to prepare these documents for the printer. The work for the fall campaign in this line is in full progress now.

"It is the young voter that both stump speaker and political writer hope to reach and influence. An old voter is usually so bound up in party that nothing could influence him to vote otherwise than he has for the past ten or twenty years. He is a hopeless case from the orator's point of view. But the young man who is about to cast his maiden vote is an impressionable creature, and he reads over the stacks of old platitudes sent to him and attends the meetings to applaud the points of speeches which are hoary with age, and never once dreams that he is easily influenced. It is to capture the votes of these young men that the managers of both parties put forth their greatest efforts in the oratorical and literary lines.

"It may be all good for the general education and advancement of the race, and it certainly gives lucrative employment to many who would otherwise be without a job this fall. Even the man who gets a big honorarium for his speech or the use of his name at the bottom of a convincing political argument on paper is not always a man who could make a good living at any other calling. When a man has trained himself for a political life he is no good for much else, and he must stick to his calling or starve.

"On the whole, however, I should prefer to be a first-class stump speaker in the coming election than to hold an ordinary government position. I think in the end I would come out ahead of the game, judging from the prices both parties intend to pay their orators this fall."

ON THE TRAIL OF OLEO

DAIRY AND FOOD COMMISSION IS PRESSING THE OFFENDERS.

Boarding house keepers who serve their guests with oleomargarine as a substitute for butter will likely find themselves in hot water before long. The state dairy and food department has for some time past in a quiet way been conducting an investigation with the result that samples of oleo have been secured from the tables of boarding houses, in some cases fashionable boarding houses. Inspector W. W. McConnell has within thirty days sent in two score samples taken about the Twin Cities and a chemical shows about one-third of the samples taken to be real oleomargarine. The spurious product stands up much better in warm weather than butter, and besides is cheaper, which may explain a possible incentive of the proprietors of boarding houses who use the product. Complaints will be sworn out against a number of boarding house keepers, for the most part in Minneapolis, on the charge of serving guests with Oleomargarine without displaying the required sign.

The use of oleomargarine is said to be increasing. Many people cannot tell the difference when it is served.

Within the current month Inspector McConnell made an oleomargarine crusade in Duluth, resulting in a half dozen convictions. Each case was accompanied by a fine of $25 and costs.

BRIDGE CONTRACT PENALTY.

Assembly to Consider the Matter Tomorrow Afternoon.

A special meeting of the assembly has been called for tomorrow afternoon in the interests of the contractor for the superstructure of the Wabasha street bridge, Charles Stone. Up to date Mr. Stone has been paid $41,593.52, out of the $49,915.10, leaving a balance of $8,321.18 still due him.

The time for his contract expired Feb. 13, and the contract provides for a forfeit of $20 per day after the contract was to have been completed. This makes Mr. Stone 165 days behind, and he is subject to a penalty of at least $3,300. It is understood that Mr. Stone will claim that the substructure contractor delayed him.

City Engineer Clausen will recommend that he be paid all but 15 per cent due him, which will retain about $4,000 until the work is completed.

The corporation attorney has given his opinion in favor of this plan.

Adam Fetsch's, Fifth and Robert.

Strangers in the city will find a complete stock of Key West Cigars.

Bought Stolen Canned Goods.

Patrolman Neuman found five boys on the Wabasha street bridge yesterday, carrying several cans of canned goods, and, upon questioning them, found that they had purchased them from men working for the Salvage company at the Cold Storage ruins.

The boys went with the officer and identified Andrew Larson and John Miller as the men from whom they bought the goods. The men were promptly arrested on the charge of larceny and will appear in the police court today.

Allowed Him to Go to War.

Joseph Heckel, a soldier recently recruited here, was in the police court yesterday on the charge of drunkenness.

He was accompanied by the recruiting officer, and, after learning that he was to be sent to San Francisco this evening, Judge Orr released him.

OSTEOPATHY CURES.

The old idea that the only way to overcome disease is to fill the stomach with drugs or to carve the diseased body with a knife is fast going out of date. Osteopathy looks for causes and by natural, scientific and most sensible methods overcomes those causes and consequently the disease itself. Did you ever stop to think that it costs you no more for the very best osteopathic treatment?

The best equipped offices in the city are located on the

7th Floor, Germania Life Bldg.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

LOCAL LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

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Prompt and perfect communication develops and increases business.

TRY THE MINUTE SERVICE.

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BLOOD POISON

Is the worst disease on earth, yet the easiest to cure—WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. Many have pimples, spots on the skin, sores in the mouth, ulcers, falling hair, bone pains, catarrh, and don't know it, it is BLOOD POISON. Call and get BROWN'S BLOOD CURE. $2.00 per bottle; lasts one month. Sold by F. M. Parker, 364 Wabasha street.

BROWN'S CAPSULES cure men in a few days. Parker's Drug Store.