

WORN OUT; USELESS.

OBSCURE DECLARATION OF CAMPAIGN ISSUES.

Democrats Are Reaffirming the Chicago Platform of 1896, in Disregard of Its Many Absurdities and Incongruities—Out for Bryan and Free Silver.

It being the fashion of Democratic state conventions in 1899 to "reaffirm" the Chicago platform of 1896, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat shrewdly raises the question whether all or any of these unanimous reaffirmers have actually read the declaration of principles which they now adopt as their own. Probably they have not. To suppose otherwise would be to assume a degree of asinine absurdity quite beyond that which is commonly characteristic of Democratic platform making.

Take, for example, the Ohio Democratic convention of a few days ago. Must one believe that the committee on resolutions knew what it was that they reaffirmed word for word? Is it possible that in the presence of conditions which give the laugh to calamity croakers and which show a state of individual and general prosperity far beyond any that has ever been experienced by the people of the United States, or by any other people on the face of the earth—is it possible that the Buckeye Bourbons remembered that in the Chicago platform of 1896 which they reaffirmed it is gravely asserted that the demonization of silver has resulted in "the prostration of industry and the impoverishment of the people?" Where are the prostrate industries and the impoverished people? They existed in 1896 at the time the Chicago platform was promulgated, as the result, almost wholly, of free-trade experiments in tariff making, but they do not exist in 1899, after two years of Republican tariff-making.

Much has happened since the Chicago platform was written which makes that dismal apologue "look like thirty cents;" and yet the party which "never learns and never forgets" keeps right on reaffirming that platform. It is asserted, seriously asserted, in these days of wonderful well-doing, that monometallism "has locked fast the prosperity of an industrial people in the paralysis of hard times." It is such rot as this that Democratic conventions are now "reaffirming." Well and truly the Globe-Democrat remarks that

"The Chicago platform was made in the last year of a Democratic administration, under a chaotic Democratic tariff law, and in a period of distressing Democratic depression. With the passing away of the Democratic blight the clouds vanished. . . . When the Chicago convention met, that hybrid absurdity, the Wilson tariff law, was in force, throwing out of balance all forms of American industry, and at the same time producing insufficient revenue. Yet the Chicago platform contains this clause: 'We denounce as disturbing to business the Republican threat to restore the McKinley law.' The Dingley law has been in operation two years, and the people are familiar with its results. It has revived our manufactures without oppressing any one and assisted in bringing about an era giving employment to all. The revenue from the Dingley law is a fourth larger than that of the Wilson law. Yet the Chicago platform said the McKinley law, upon which the Dingley law is patterned, 'enriched the few at the expense of the many, restricted trade and deprived the producers of the great American staples of access to their natural markets.' Nevertheless, our foreign trade for the last two years has been enormously larger than ever before, in manufactured articles as well as the products of agriculture."

Democratic resolution writers would do well to read up on the platform of 1896, and endeavor to evolve something for present use that is not absolutely ridiculous in the light of known facts and conditions.

THE FARMER THINKS.

He is Well Satisfied with the "Hired Man" Now in the White House.

Under the appropriate heading of "Horse Sense in Iowa," the New York Sun prints the following:

"Upon the occasion of a recent visit to Iowa I asked a farmer in an interior county what the people of Iowa intended to do at the next presidential election, and his answer was as follows:

"Wall, I never argue politics and never did, but if I give a man a job and he does his work well, what's the use of turning him off and getting a new man? Now, Mr. McKinley does his work right up to the handle, and no man could do it better, though I didn't have no part in putting him there. So what's the sense in turning him out and putting a new man in his place?"

"He made a lot of promises about good times, and I can't see as he over-stated the facts either, for certainly the times have been thundering good, there's no denying that."

"Now, Bill Bryan comes around here telling the boys if they didn't elect him the country would go to hell; and be quick about it. 'Pears like Bill didn't know what he was talking about, or was lying, likely the latter. Guess we can spare Bill a spell yet, so he can get his picture took. Maybe he'll learn something if he hangs around the house and keeps his head cool out there in Nebraska. If he runs again you can easy git the fool census by counting his vote. He reminds me of a mule I owned once—the only time he used his head was at dinner time—rest of the time he was hunting around to find something to kick at. McKinley will go back for another

term, leastwise, that's what the neighbors say, and I'm likewise."

—W. C. H.

New York, Sept. 11.

The farmers of the United States are not saying much about politics just now. They are engaged in harvesting and marketing at good prices one of the heaviest crops they have ever had, and their cattle, hogs and sheep are bringing them more money than for a good many years past. They have mostly finished paying off the mortgages which were a part of the blessings of free-trade tariff tinkering, 1893-1897, and are now taking the benefit of the good times which were promised by the "advance agent of prosperity." They have stopped thinking about 16 to 1 or fat money, and are not worrying much about the trusts. This Iowa farmer is a representative type. He knows what he lost by the triumph of "tariff reform" in 1892, and he knows how vastly he is the gainer by the triumph of "McKinleyism" in 1896. Next year he will know how to vote.

We Shall Never Fall Back.

Mr. Jefferson Seligman, the eminent financier, is a pronounced optimist in respect to the future which lies before us. He says:

"I am as hopeful as ever of the future, and can see nothing to stop the onward march of prosperity. Never before in the history of the country were business conditions on such stable foundations. Good times have come to stay. Mills and factories of every kind are taxed to their utmost capacity. Railroad business is limited only by the capacity of its rolling stock. Each passing week shows some new high record of earnings. . . . I do not think that we shall ever fall back to the conditions that prevailed a few years ago. The wealth of the country and the buying power of the world have become so enormous that it is only reasonable to say that old forms of business have become obsolete and a new era has opened."

The one thing most obsolete of all is the theory of free trade, which had a temporary resurrection a few years ago, and which was responsible for the evil conditions which existed then and to which Mr. Seligman thinks we will never go back. That industry destroying policy has no part nor lot in prosperity. Prosperity has come to stay, and therefore free trade must of necessity retire into "innocuous desuetude" along with its most prominent champion. Free trade and prosperity cannot exist at one and the same time in this country. We shall never fall back into the conditions which prevailed a few years ago, because we shall not fall back into free trade again.

Real Causes of Prosperity.

A former United States senator, in a speech delivered in Omaha, attributed the prosperity which this country is now enjoying solely to natural causes. He urges that neither fiscal policy nor faith has anything to do with it. Upon his theory, this country should have been most prosperous in 1897 than ever before or since, for in that year nature was most prodigal of her gifts in this country than at any other time. The crops were the largest ever known, and owing to scarcity abroad, prices were high.

However, these natural causes—large crops here and small ones abroad—did not make the prosperity that is now with us. We had been sending more money abroad for other articles than we were receiving from abroad; hundreds of thousands of men would have been idle in spite of the prosperity of the farmers, where now there is a labor famine, and nature's bounty is liable to be restricted by the inability to secure workmen for the harvest.

Nature did its part, to be sure, but the Republican administration and congress did more for the country, when a protective tariff law was passed and honest money maintained, than it did nature.

It would have been a hard and unsuccessful task for nature to compete with free trade and dishonest forty-five-cent dollars.—Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

An Admirable Fit.



Half-time and Overtime.

Complaints have been made against the officers of some of the Fall river mills for hiring women and minors to work nights as well as days, but on investigation it appears that, although the mills in question are running every week night until 10 o'clock, they are not violating the law which forbids the employment of women and minors more than fifty-eight hours in a week. The fact that the question has been raised at all presents a situation curiously in contrast with that which existed in former years. There were no violations of the fifty-eight-hour restriction of the days of the Wilson tariff. No complaints were then heard of over-working women, minors, or any other class of labor. The trouble in that ghastly period was to keep the mills running on halftime, to say nothing of overtime.

REPUBLICAN FINANCIERINO.

Contrast of Treasury Conditions Under Cleveland and McKinley.

Nothing marks more clearly the contrast between Republican prosperity and Democratic adversity than the net gold in the treasury of the United States under Cleveland and under McKinley. That accumulation is the mercury in the business thermometer of the country. It rises or falls with the business temperature.

On Thursday, Sept. 7, there was reported to be more gold in the treasury of the United States that day than on any previous day in the financial history of the government. The net coin and bullion amounted to \$251,618,132, including the \$100,000,000 reserved for the redemption of legal tender notes.

When resumption began, in 1879, the net gold of the treasury was \$130,249,457, and it never fell below the hundred million mark until 1893. Not quite a month of Democracy was then required to bring the net amount below the minimum of safety, where it stayed, except as the government went into the market and sold bonds, until after the era of Democratic rule was ended by a vote of the people. Hardly had a Democratic president, a Democratic house and a Democratic senate come into power before the mercury in the treasury department fell below the freezing point of \$100,000,000. By the beginning of 1894 it had gone to \$65,650,175, and Jan. 1, 1895, it was down to \$44,705,967. It would have been wiped out entirely if it had not been for the stocks of gold secured by bond sales. In 1895 the amount realized from this source was \$111,166,246, or more than the total net gold in the treasury either when the year began or when it closed.

When the presidential campaign of 1896 began the amount was about \$90,000,000, and when the election itself occurred it was \$115,000,000. The news that McKinley had been elected, and with him a Republican house of representatives, then went out to the country, and when the actual change of administrations came the net gold amounted to about \$150,000,000. From that time all fear of the endless chain was forgotten. The increase has gone on steadily until the maximum of over \$250,000,000 has been reached.

With the contrast between Democratic adversity and Republican prosperity presented in this concrete form, it is difficult to conceive how any man of ordinary business sense can fall to be impressed with the advantage of having the government conducted on distinctly Republican lines of policy by an administration which inspires financial confidence.—Chicago Inter Ocean

Our Growing Industries.

A little table has been compiled by the bureau of statistics with a view to showing how wonderfully our industries have grown during the past nine years. The showing made is remarkable and will certainly be far from comforting to the manufacturers of Europe. A portion of the table is appended:

	1890.	1899.	Pct. Inc.
Iron, tons, consumed half year	6,577,207	4,496,854	46
Cotton, year's tak- ing, g. s.	3,320,018	2,242,478	42
Wool, pounds, esti- mated of trade	600,000,000	400,000,000	25
Silk, imports, raw, pounds	9,961,145	5,943,360	61
India rubber, pounds, imports, raw	51,072,258	33,842,374	51
Boots and shoes, cases shipped	2,709,877	2,110,109	23

By consulting the census returns of 1890 it is found that the iron industry then employed some 500,000 men; that the cotton mills furnished work for some 150,000, and the boot and shoe factories employed 182,000, while 60,000 were given work by the silk and rubber trade. If the table given above is correct, and it is certainly as near correct as such statistics can be, the industries named are now employing 450,000 more people than in 1890, and instead of furnishing work for 892,000 people, they are employing 1,342,000. The United States is certainly expanding in a commercial way as well as in the matter of territory, and we believe that the start has just been made. There are those, however, who oppose this commercial expansion and advocate a policy of free trade which would make it necessary to add a column showing the percentage of decrease in the table given above. Nine years of free trade would tell an entirely different story.—Des Moines (Iowa) State Register.

Product of Republican Policies.
The Lehi sugar factory started its season's run yesterday, with unusually rich promise. The season's product of sugar there will be greater than ever, because of the better quality of the beets and the satisfactory yield, and already the plans for next season contemplate operations a good deal more than double those of this season in magnitude and product. The pioneer sugar factory is a great institution, sure enough, and an especially gratifying feature of it is that it is a direct product of Republican policies.—Salt Lake City Tribune.

McKinley Is to Blame.
A number of construction concerns have had to close their works temporarily because the iron and steel mills of the country are unable to keep up with their orders. If it wasn't for the present administration, the Chicago Post says, this never would have happened. The iron and steel mills would have more material on hand than they could conveniently dispose of, and, incidentally, most of them would be shut down. Thus it is plain that this man McKinley must be defeated at the next election.—Newaygo (Mich.) Republican.

The height of the rock of Gibraltar is about 1,437 feet.

A CONFIDENTIAL MAN.

They were very like, this father and daughter. Lizzie was his youngest, and although she had attained the age of 18, she was still childish in her ways.

The judge placed his hand tenderly on the little, curly head. "Where has my little daughter been?"

"Oh, I have been up to the hall talking with the housekeeper and wandering through the great rooms, and, oh, papa! she really took me into the beautiful conservatory, and I saw such lovely, flaming passion flowers, and the great, creamy, magnolia blossoms, and, dear me, I can't tell you of all the lovely things."

She was suddenly stopped by seeing a gentleman approaching from the opposite side of the road.

"Mr. Ray, I believe?"

The judge bowed.

"Agent for the St. Leon place?"

"Yes, sir."

"I came to see you in regard to it, and—"

"And you are Mr. St. Leon's confidential clerk, Mr. Hartley? I believe I received a letter from him today informing me that you would arrive this week. Yes, yes; come right up to the house and we will talk over the repairs. Shall we begin them immediately?"

"Papa, you don't mean to say you have brought him home—a confidential clerk? You know there are the best rooms to be papered and cleaned, and our pink dresses to be made, against Herbert St. Leon's arrival. Well, I shall see that he is put in the little room over the kitchen. He will never know the difference," and Blanche sank back in a studied attitude on the sofa, wondering if handsome Bert St. Leon would fancy her lovely pink morning dress that she had made for his special benefit.

The door of the dining-room was ajar, and Mr. Hartley, standing before the fire in the little parlor, had heard it all.

"Mr. Confidential Clerk, you are crying," and Lizzie pushed the white kitten from her lap and came over to his side. "I am sorry you heard them, but never mind, I'll be your friend."

"Your friendship is very dear to me, my little girl!"

"I'm not a little girl! I was 18 last week."

"Pardon me, young lady, but can you tell me something of the hall? What sort of a place is it?"

"Lizzie, Lizzie! you are talking far more than is necessary. Go to your French, immediately!"

A month had passed by. Mr. Hartley had exchanged his close apartments over the kitchen for more com-



MR. CONFIDENTIAL CLERK, YOU ARE CRYING.

modious ones at the village inn, whence he calmly superintended the projected improvements at the hall, and all the gossip exchanged between himself and Lizzie was in the course of her rambles through the St. Leon woods.

And now Mr. Hartley sat in the same little parlor where Lizzie had first vowed to be his friend, and awaited the appearance of the judge.

"You wish to see me, Mr. Hartley?"

"Yes, sir, I came to ask you for the hand of your daughter—your little Lizzie. I love her more than my life, Judge Ray."

"You can not have her! No, sir. I look for something higher for my daughter than a confidential clerk. If that is all, I bid you good evening."

Next night the judge rode slowly home to dinner, feeling a presentiment of evil.

"Where is Lizzie?" he inquired of Blanche, as he entered the cozy dining-room.

"In her room, I suppose, mourning after her dear clerk."

"Well, call her to dinner, child."

Blanche went, but returned, immediately with a pale, frightened face.

"She is not there, papa, but this note lay on her table."

The judge broke the seal and read, with a face that had grown suddenly pale:

"By the time that you read these words, dearest papa, your little Lizzie will be another's. I shall be married to Mr. Hartley. I hope it is not wrong, for indeed I do love him very much."

As he folded the note with stern features a light step crossed the threshold, and Lizzie's arms were around his neck; the confidential clerk standing at the door with a face where pride and indomitable resolution struggled for the mastery.

"Papa, forgive us!"

"I'll see you hanged first!" roared the old gentleman. "Begone, both of you! Beg, starve, but never come to me for assistance!"

"Oh, papa," pleaded Lizzie, "I want to explain."

"I won't hear you."

"Be it so," said the clerk; "come, little wife, we have each other left, you know," and they went from the house.

Blanche was just coming out of hysterics when there came a ring at the bell, and a gentleman bearing a foreign-looking carpet-bag was ushered in.

"Is this Mr. Ray?"

The judge bowed.

"Is Mr. St. Leon here?"

"Mr. St. Leon, sir, is in Parantham, Brazil."

"I think you are mistaken, sir, as I have been informed he is at this moment in his native village."

"Herbert St. Leon at home and not send word to me, his agent? I must go to the hall immediately."

The lights glimmered brightly from the Gothic windows of the hall and winked defiance at the blustering storm without as the judge rang the bell at the great front door.

"Mr. St. Leon—has he arrived?"

The servant bowed and ushered him into a room whose superbly arranged furniture struck Mr. Ray with an indefinite idea of luxury.

Lizzie was standing by a tall alabaster vase, that stood in the bay window, arranging the tropic vines that curled around its standard, and the light from the colored lamps shone down on the curly head so dear to the judge's heart. The confidential clerk stood near.

"I wish to see your master, young man."

"I am at your service, sir."

"You are! Who the mischief cares whether you are or not? I wish to see Mr. St. Leon."

"Herbert St. Leon is my name, sir."

"You? Well, I thought you were the confidential clerk!"

"I never told you I was. You took that for granted. As the confidential clerk I wooed and won your daughter. As Herbert St. Leon I could have gained no greater treasure."—New York Daily News.

STORIES OF RAVENS.

They Are Clever Birds and Seem to Have Reasoning Powers.

Many stories are told of the cleverness of the raven, a bird that really seems to have reasoning powers. One of these stories tells how the raven by a skillful stratagem got a young hare for its dinner. It had pounced upon the little animal, but the mother hare drove it away. Then the raven slowly retreated, encouraging the mother to follow him, and even pretending that he was afraid of her. In this fashion he led her a considerable distance from the young one and then suddenly, before the hare had time to realize the meaning of the trick, he rose in the air, flew swiftly back, caught the young hare in his beak, and bore it away.

A similar plan was adopted by some ravens that wished to steal food from a dog. They teased him till he grew so angry that he chased them from the spot, but the artful birds turned sharply around, easily reached the dish before him, and carried off the choicer bits in triumph. As to the raven's power of speech, the following story, which is given on the authority of Capt. Brown, who vouches for its truth, will show how aptly it can talk.

A gentleman while traveling through a wood in the south of England was startled by hearing a shout of "fair play, gentlemen; fair play!" uttered in loud tones. The cry being presently repeated, the traveler thought it must proceed from some one in distress and at once began to search for him. He soon discovered two ravens fiercely attacking a third. He was so struck with the appeal of the oppressed bird that he promptly rescued him. It turned out that the victim was a tame raven, belonging to a house in the neighborhood, and the cry that it had used so opportunely was one of many that it had been taught to utter.—Philadelphia Times.

FOOD IN FICTION.

Women novelists, particularly Ouida, rarely allow their heroes and heroines to partake of a substantial meal, while in the pages of the men writers feasts abound. Compare Dickens and Thackeray. Each is fond of feeding his characters, but Thackeray tells of the feasts with an epicurean touch, an appreciation of the delicacies of the table, while Dickens' written meals are always hearty, plain, boiled beef and greens and meat pies ruling.

In Scott's stories there is a hint of picturesque splendor about the dinners he describes. There are "noble" meals and much geniality and good-fellowship.

The elegant young men of whom Ouida writes usually breakfast at midday on peaches, chocolate and cakes, and yet are great athletes and general wonders on this sybaritic diet. Disraeli does not descend to specify meals, but has a way of introducing gorgeous banquets of unlimited courses. Everything in "Lothair" happens at dinner parties and "fat little birds in aspic jelly" and ortolans usually form part of the menu.

The Beak of the Mosquito.

The beak of the mosquito is simply a toolbox, wherein the mosquito keeps six miniature surgical instruments in perfect order. Two of these instruments are exactly counterparts of the surgeon's lance, one is a spear with a double-barbed head, the fourth is a needle of exquisite fineness, a saw and a pump going to make up the complement. The spear is the largest of the six tools, and is used for making the initial puncture; next the lances or knives are brought into play to cause the blood to flow more freely. In case this last operation fails of having the desired effect, the saw and the needle are carefully and feelingly inserted in a lateral direction in the victim's flesh. The pump, the most delicate of all six of the instruments, is used in transferring the blood to the insect's stomach.

A PLUCKY WOMAN PILOT.

She Attracts the Attention of Tourists in California.

The vocation of Miss Jennie Vincent, the woman pilot of San Pedro harbor, has attracted much attention from eastern tourists in southern California. Miss Vincent is probably the only woman steam-pilot in the world, and if she had not emigrated west from her paternal home for generations at Marblehead, Mass., she would no doubt be now engaged in some New England town in a pursuit that has been woman's for ages. She is a slight, blue-eyed, light-haired, cheerful little lady of about 23 years. Her two elder brothers came to California to engage in the new industry of sardine packing on the Pacific coast. She came later to keep house for them. Financial reverses came upon the brothers, and Miss Vincent, having no more house to keep after the sheriff had had his sale, looked about for some employment in her new western home. She had always lived by the sea at Marblehead and had been with an uncle for days at a time on a steam craft of which he was the engineer. From her girlhood she had known how machinery in small propeller steamboats is operated, and she had many times tried her hand at piloting for her uncle. So, when financial clouds lowered over the Vincent cottage at San Pedro, Miss Jennie resolved to become a pilot on the harbor there. She studied navigation, learned the laws of pilotage and meanwhile earned some money as a pilot for a little tug in the harbor.

Last September she passed an examination required by the state board of pilot commissioners, and last January she held her certificate as a second-class pilot. She has in the past few months piloted Pacific coast ships into San Diego and San Pedro harbors. Miss Vincent makes from \$90 to \$120 a month as a pilot, and her ambition is to become so expert in a few years that she may pass an examination to do first-class piloting in San Francisco bay, where she believes she can then make several hundred dollars a month. The pilot fees in California are \$5 per foot on the draught of the craft and also 4 cents per ton of merchandise. There are many vessels of 3,000 tons that come into San Francisco bay, and the pay for them is \$220 each.—New York Journal.

MUSICAL CLUBS IN SMALL TOWN.

Branches of Work It is Advisable for Them to Take Up.

There is one principle that must be strictly adhered to in any successful village musical society, there must be no drone, says the Ladies' Home Journal. The instant that any one is admitted to membership on any other grounds than ability the decline of the society has begun. Regular attendance can be secured only by arousing the enthusiasm of the members. The one word that expresses the possibilities of concerted instrumental music for the village is orchestra. This word, while rather pretentious in sound, may have an extremely humble application. Orchestra is mentioned as opposed to band; the orchestra, being intended for indoor practice, is capable of exerting a most refining influence. It is to chorus work that the vocal energies of the singers of the town must be mainly devoted, and it is best to assume a high standard from the outset, and establish an "oratorio society," rather than a "chorus" or "choral club." For this purpose a well-balanced group of thirty or forty voices is sufficient if it is composed of members who can really sing. A small chorus of unexpected volume of tone is much more effective than a large one with a disappointing volume. It may be just as well to call attention to the fact that the large music emporiums, especially those in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, are always ready to give advice and assistance in the selection of music where the members of clubs, individually or collectively, do not know just what is best for their purpose.

Foolish Fox.

"When the pursuit of wealth tempts you, my son," said the sage, "remember the fable of the fox that hungered for some wonderfully fine grapes growing in a garden, the only entrance to which was through a hole in the wall. It was so small that he had to fast three days before he could crawl through it. After he had got inside and filled himself he was too large to crawl back through the hole, and was compelled to fast another three days before he could make his escape from the garden. So he went out as poor as he went in."

"Yes," said the ambitious young man, "but why didn't the fool fox take a lot of grapes to the hole and push them out through it? Then he could have carried away enough to keep him fat for a month."

Supremely Practical.

Mrs. Fuller Twaddle—"Yes, she's a very practical woman, a regular utilitarian. But they say she has a skeleton in her closet." Mrs. Gadabout Chin—"She has? Well, I'll bet she uses it to hang her coat on to keep it in shape, if it's anywhere near the right size."—New York World.

Herr Krupp.

Herr Krupp, who is one of the richest men in Prussia, is a son of the founder of the Essen steel works. Old Krupp started with two men in 1827. The son now employs 20,000 workmen in the mills and mines and has built them 20,000 houses.

Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort.—Emerson.