

LOUP CITY NORTHWESTERN, Loup City, Nebraska Friday, September 28, 1900.

ISSUES DISCUSSED BY MEN OF ALL PARTIES.

McClellan's Tribute to the Soldiers of Our Small Army.

Progress of the Campaign Commented On by Persons of All Shades of Political Thought—Imperialism No Issue.

A missionary was sent to convert Dewey to Democracy at Manila. He represented the most potential politicians in the Democratic party—those who could have given him the nomination if he would have consented to a few-line sentiments and glittering generalities.

Whoever attempts under whatever popular cry to shake the stability of the public currency and bring on distress in money matters, stabs your interest and your happiness to the heart.—Daniel Webster, in the Senate Jan. 31, 1834.

"Militarism," "Imperialism," are terms used by newspapers, politicians and plat forms to scare the people and catch votes. They are weapons—utterly groundless ones of the most demagogic import—used to stir the people which no well-balanced statesman or newspaper will use.

All the incidents of the past prove that the army will never have the disposition to jeopardize the free institutions of the country. Our nation would be safe indeed, for all time, did the mass of its citizens place upon its institutions the same intelligent appreciation as that in which they are held by the army, and were honor, integrity and respect for the laws as much the rule among the people as they are in the army, which has given too many proofs of heroism, of integrity, of devotion to the country, to be regarded as a source of danger.

There are 6,000 people connected with the glass business in Indiana alone and their votes will make the State go for McKinley. We are only protecting our interests. Our wages have been raised 15 per cent in the past two years, 8 per cent last year and 7 per cent this year, just restoring the cut that was made under the Democratic administration in 1893.—William Peck, Glass Workers' Union.

Bryan's name is a household word in every Philippine hut. They are thoroughly familiar with his anti-expansion views, and in him they see their "deliverer." His nomination and candidacy alone mean the loss of much property and many lives, for it will infuse new life into the insurgent cause and cause them to break out anew.—R. M. Shearer, Inspector of Customs, Mauban, P. I.

Imperialism is a false cry. Never have I seen a Republican who wants to be a king. I am a military man, but I have never been able to find out what they mean by "militarism." If by "militarism" they mean they are opposed to our young men learning the things that will enable them to uphold the flag, then they are opposed to patriotism. One of my sons, Col. Guy Howard, was killed in the Philippines while fighting for the flag, and another one is fighting over there now. Don't talk to me about taking down our flag and giving the Philippines away. It is an insult.—Gen. Oliver O. Howard.

The Republican party in Wyoming is in excellent shape. The State is quite prosperous. This is particularly true of the wool industry, which has been stimulated by the tariff and the general business revival throughout the country. The wool growers all realize that their future depends largely on the continuation of the prosperity which now prevails and I believe that they, to a man, will support McKinley. Our people are paying little attention to the so-called imperialism, but are content to think seriously of the financial and tariff questions. Wyoming will give a handsome majority for McKinley and Roosevelt.—E. A. Slack, Cheyenne, Wyo.

We all know that there has ever been a party in this government, since its foundations were first laid at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, opposed to our territorial expansion and aggrandizement. With

that party I have nothing in common, and the history of my country shows that its power and its croaking prophecies of evil have been disregarded, defied and spurned by the chivalrous spirit of Anglo-Saxon blood, manifest destiny, American progress or whatever you may choose to call it.—Daniel W. Voorhees of Indiana, a Democrat, at Washington, D. C., Feb. 14, 1850.

While I wish Mr. Bryan no ill fortune, I deem his election as President would be a misfortune to him and to the country under present conditions. If elected he would have such a heterogeneous mass of discordant Democrats, Populists, free silverites, greenbackers, anti-expansionists, mossbacks and dissatisfied do-nothings to contend with that no harmonious or settled policy, legislative or administrative, could be established.—Col. Geo. W. Warder, Kansas City, Mo., a Democrat who voted for Bryan in 1890.

Imperialism is no issue at all. There is only one issue in this campaign, and that concerns the business interests—the pocketbook issue. While the people are threatened with another financial panic and business depression their thoughts are not going to be concentrated on any cry of imperialism. It is folly to assert that a little war over in the Philippine Islands is of more importance to the people of the United States than their individual and collective interests at home. There is nothing like imperialism in the policy of any political party in this country, and, therefore, it is an impossible issue.—Dr. George L. Miller of Omaha, a sound money Democrat.

Our Foreign Trade in Corn. Total exports of corn to all foreign countries were, in 1896, 99,932,835 bushels; in 1899, 174,089,994 bushels. The following shows the value of the exports of beef and hog products in 1896 and in 1899:

Table with 3 columns: Product, 1896, 1899. Rows include Beef, Pork, Bacon and hams, and Lard.

To China, Japan, Asiatic Russia, Australia, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, exports of the following two corn-derived products were in 1890 and 1899 respectively in value:

Table with 3 columns: Provisions, 1899, 1890. Rows include Provisions and Fertilizers.

"DEAR BOY" LETTERS—No. 6

My Dear Boy: So your employer, Mr. Skinner, says that "The Filipinos ought to have their liberty and United States soldiers ought to be in better business than making war on an innocent people and strangling the life out of a new republic."

1. Our soldiers are not strangling the life out of a new republic, for the very good reason that there never was a republic in the Philippines. A republic is a government by the people through their chosen representatives. The people of the Philippines never were consulted about the so-called Filipino Republic.

2. The United States has never made war upon the Filipinos. We have not even been engaged in war, offensive or defensive, against the Filipinos as a people. The Filipinos number probably ten millions of people and two millions of men capable of bearing arms.

3. The United States troops are in the Philippines for the protection of the people from murder, rapine and misrule, and for the preservation of law, order and property rights. For many years there have been robber bands in the mountains who would from time to time light down upon the villages and rob and murder the people.

4. The possession and control of these islands came to us providentially, unexpectedly and unthought. They are ours by treaty, and a treaty which Mr. Bryan approved. We are responsible to the nations of the earth and to the Judge of all the earth for their care.



FARMER BRYAN'S NIGHTMARE.

HUGO DENKENS PRUCT.

A Wisconsin Farmer and Ex-Justice of the Peace to His Nephew.

Yes, Jonathan, that Indianapolis speech as you say, is very fine and lots of it. Mr. Bryan is a smart man enough, but I quit him for the sake of his "sixteen to one" humbug, and the demonstration at Indianapolis makes me quit him more.

Did you ever try to drive in the barn with your hay-load too big on one side—too much hay on one side and too much wheels on the other? Yes, you did; and you didn't say, "Uncle Hugo, we needn't unload, all we do is to back out and paramount another big lot of hay on the other side, then we drive in the barn all right."

I will tell you a little true story which reminds me of this loading up at Kansas City with the reification business and the "paramount imperialism" on the top. GERMAN INDEPENDENCE. A very nice talking man called on my father one day to enquire for sheep and calves to buy.

So they were about to part on a friendly terms when the dealer took an awful quick fancy to one of our horses. Pretty soon a bargain was struck for one hundred dollars. When the buyer came to pay, however, he pulled out eighty dollars in silver and gold and that was talk till you couldn't rest, but my father said at last, "No, I rather have the horse."

replied: "No, money not good enough to buy sheep won't buy a horse; perhaps you pay your note with such a bill." Well, Jonathan, I think of that cattle dealer when I read what Mr. Bryan says of the independence of the German voters in his recent speeches, and especially when his subject is "sixteen to one" and the sturdy independence of the German voters.

COUSIN GERTRUDE'S YOUNG MAN. Perhaps you don't remember, Jonathan, when your cousin, my Gertrude, used to have calls from a dandy young man. He sometimes sent her fine roses by his little brother from the village. I got suspicious of that young man, Jonathan, and by and by he stopped all at once coming to see Gertrude.

You see, I watch that young man when he goes home late one early morning, and I saw him steal my roses on the way out of the front lot, and in the evening next following he sent 'em to Gertrude. If he only keeps the roses for his partikler friends in the village it wouldn't so much matter; but when he steals them to make himself solid with my little Gertrude, he reminds me of Bryan quoting from Abe Lincoln's speeches to try to make the people think how much his party loves the people—when all the time before the Democrats had no use for Mr. Lincoln.

Gold Supply Nearly Doubled. Mr. Bryan said in 1898, "We want the free coinage of silver because there is not enough gold in the country to run the finances." When he said this the amount of gold in circulation was \$498,448,242. Since then the amount of gold in the country has increased to \$814,063,155 in May, 1900, and is almost doubled.

CHAPTER IV. Cynthia Grows Skeptical. Two or three days had passed by, and the report had been confirmed that William McKinley, of Ohio, was to be the next President of the United States.

"Not much, Cynthia, but still we shall feel the loss of it now." "Well, I am surprised," said Cynthia, in astonishment. "How much did you bet?"

"Twenty dollars, the money I got for the old, speckled cow, but you see I expected to get forty dollars back, or two cows for one."

"I hope, Simon, that you have learned a lesson. Went and took the last dollar we had and fooled it away. What would you think if I had done such a thing as that?"

"It wouldn't have been very proper in a woman, but men, who are supposed to know about such things, often make piles of money this way."

"Yes, you tell how much you have made," Cynthia said sarcastically. "Cynthia! Don't be unreasonable; half of the bets made have been won. I just happened to be unlucky, but not much more unlucky, after all, than any one else. McKinley's election will be a detriment to all laboring classes, and in regard to his victory, we may as well all be considered unlucky."

"Simon, they say down in Boonsville hogs have gone up 15 cents a hundred since last Tuesday election day; and corn 2 cents a bushel, and they say

SIMON GREY'S FAMILY. A STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE. BY ALMA L. PARKER, GUIDE ROCK, NEB.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Vinnie walked in by her father's bedside. "Vinnie," he said, "I don't want you to ever speak to a Harrington again as long as you live. You will probably meet him at school this morning, but I don't want you to ever speak to him. I want him to know that you uphold me in the fight with his father. Do you hear what I say?"

"Hurrah for McKinley, the next President of the United States!" rang out upon the morning air. "What's that they're shouting? I do wonder if McKinley is elected," said Simon.

"It may be so," said Cynthia, "but don't worry about it, Simon. I guess if we work hard we can keep our souls and bodies together, if he is elected."

"Who's to be President?" quickly inquired Simon. "McKinley," he said. "I don't see how it could be possible," said Simon. "Providence has always been on the side of right in the affairs of this nation."

"So it has, Simon, and it has not yet forsaken us." "You'll repent a thousand times of the way you cast your ballot before another four years of hard times rolls around," said Simon, who knew Blank was a Republican.

Just then Johnny came in crying. "What's the matter?" said Jimmie. "That Reynolds boy was just golt' by, and he said McKinley was elected, and that it served my pa right to get foked. I wish I'd have licked him—boo-hoo!"

"Well, why didn't you?" "He's bigger than I am," Johnny whined. "Oho!" said Jimmie, laughing. That don't make any diff. Old man Harrington ain't near so big as pa, but he licked him just the same."

"Jimmie," said his father, "march out of here, just as quick as ever you can; do you hear?" "Can't we have any more pie and cake to eat, ma, if McKinley's elected?" he added, as he proceeded to obey his father.

"No, darling. We shall have to live very economical." Vinnie now started to school, and Jimmie watched her as she walked away.

"Pon my word, pa, if Glen Harrington hain't come to meet her. Here he is now, and he's congratulating her for defeatin' him. Listen," he said to Johnnie. "Vinnie is telling him that she is sorry she had to defeat him in order to be Superintendent. By golly! If they hain't locked arms, and walking to school together, when pa told her not to even speak to him."

there has been more business done the last few days than there has been for a long time. Maybe we ain't golt' to starve to death after all.

"Just as I expected," said Simon. "It's just a McKinley wave." "Well, if that's the kind of waves McKinley brings, I say he's all right." "You can't understand about these things, Cynthia. Women never can. But you see these gold bugs that have control of the markets will raise prices just a little, to catch farmers in their trap. It's simply another Republican scheme, and the reason there is so much business done is because the farmers are smart enough to take advantage of 'em, and sell before they go down."

"Maybe we'd better sell our hogs now if that's the case." "They are hardly fat enough for the market." "Well, I don't see what we're golt' to do. You have gone and bet away that \$20. Maybe we'd better sell our sheep and cattle during the McKinley wave."

"I would, Cynthia. I'd be tempted to make a clearing sale, were it not for the looks of the thing. You see Harrington and some others would say I was ashamed to live here since the fight and was golt' to move away." "I don't see, Simon, as we'd have to move away if we did sell everything."

"No, not as long as the money lasted, and they didn't close the mortgage. But then I suppose we'd either have to move to the poorhouse, or to Mexico, or India, where people have good times."

"Well, if you ever take such a ridiculous notion as to move down there in Mexico, and live among them Greasers, you will go alone. I'd never go with you." "But suppose we move to India?" "Simon Grey! Are you crazy? Why, they're all heathen over there, and I've heard that there's more people there now than there is room for. Besides, where on earth could you get money, enough to take us all that far? Why, such a suggestion is ridiculous. Maybe when Joe Harrington hit you he knocked out some of your sense."

But no sooner said than Cynthia realized that she had struck the wrong chord, for such a remark was an insult to Simon, who had long been noted for his wisdom. It roused his anger every time he thought of the fight, and when Cynthia referred to it, in this fashion, it filled him beyond all reason. He jumped up from his chair, and madly, stamping his foot on the floor, swore that if she said another word he'd go to India or Mexico, and he wouldn't ask her to go along, and when he arrived there he'd probably marry again, and she'd never know the difference.

Cynthia was so amused she laughed. "Wouldn't you look pretty, Simon, with one of them Greasers for a wife?" "Referring to that old cuss Harrington again, are you? He was the one that told you the Mexican ladies are Greasers. No doubt in my mind but what it's another blamed Republican scheme to make people think the Mexicans are not as good as we are. I dare say they're whiter than you are," and he shook his fist in her face, to emphasize it.

"Simon," said Cynthia, "take those eggs and go to town. We need some groceries, and maybe a little fresh air might calm you. You know the doctor said your brain should not be irritated." "I'll attend to my brain," retorted Simon, "and also to the buyin' of the groceries. I want some tobacco for one thing. Anything else we need?"

"I suppose we could all live if you had tobacco; but if there's any money left you might get some sugar and coffee." "Well, I'm not, my son. Many a martyr before me has worn a disfigured countenance." "Then you'd better get a move on you and go down town and pay up what you bet on Bryan." "Simon," said Cynthia, "did you bet on Bryan?" "Not much, Cynthia, but still we shall feel the loss of it now." "Well, I am surprised," said Cynthia, in astonishment. "How much did you bet?" "Twenty dollars, the money I got for the old, speckled cow, but you see I expected to get forty dollars back, or two cows for one."

(To be continued.)