

At the recent republican state convention there were at least two prominent candidates for office who belong to the newspaper fraternity, T. J. Pickett, of Ashland, and Will M. Maupin, of North Bend. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that neither was successful. Newspaper men seldom get anything in politics beyond a post office now and then. Editors are all right in their place; but when there are offices to give out it is the politicians instead of the newspaper men that draw the prizes.

"Is eloquence dead in Washington?" inquires our clever contemporary, *Town Topics*, prompted by the almost unvarying dullness of the democratic congress, and ignoring altogether the "boy orator of the Platte," whose flights somehow do not attract the attention they did a couple of years ago. Most people will agree with the following expression:

"Can anyone remember a single phrase in the hundreds of speeches that have been escaping from our senators and representatives during the past several months? I believe not. I believe that in addition to being the most dishonest crew of legislators that has ever blocked the halls of congress, these men that are now skulking to their homes are the least gifted that the country has seen since we became a republic. And the good cause of President Cleveland has suffered inexpressibly from this thorough absence of the rhetorical talent among his supporters. A really great statesman—a statesman of the character, force and eloquence of Charles Sumner—would have risen in the senate on one of those tedious days this summer and flailed the recreant crew that was fluttering and jabbering there like crows over carrion. He would have set forth the shame of that body in such terms that the whole infamy of the war against the president would have been made clear. But there was no such genius to lift a voice. Blank incompetency, next to organized corruption, was the characteristic of the senate of this session. The champion of Cleveland was David B. Hill, an avowed enemy of the president's who indulged in a mildly sarcastic defense of the administration on one or two occasions, providing amusement to the republican side of the chamber, whose members laughed merrily while the country went on its way to ruin. There was not a strong, dignified and effective speech from beginning to end made for or against the Wilson bill. The bill was manipulated, haggled over and mutilated by scheming, speculative politicians that had not the moral force or the mental fertility to speak nobly and eloquently. The president has been extremely unfortunate in his supporters in the senate. They were weak, dumb and useless. The loudest voice of all, the voice that came through the turgid dullness like a buzz-saw through a board, was the voice of Gorman. And that roared out insults to the president, as a Billingsgate fishwoman roars when trade is bad. The Gorman senate is one that we shall not care to remember."

Today, if the program is carried out, W. J. Bryan becomes editor of the *World-Herald*, the congressman and his greatest admirer, Mr. G. M. Hitchcock, coming together in a quasi-partnership. When a man achieves a certain amount of notoriety nowadays somebody usually makes him an offer to go into the newspaper business. The proposition made by Mr. Hitchcock to Mr. Bryan is on a parity with the offers made by various newspaper proprietors to J. J. Ingalls upon the latter's retirement from the United States senate. Mr. Bryan enjoys a razzle dazzle reputation very much like that of Ingalls, only in less degree. If there is little substance in the expressions of the so-called "brilliant" Kansas republican, there is a like predominance of the purely showy qualities in the young demopop who now becomes an editor. We do not know of any special qualifications possessed by Mr. Bryan that fit him for the discharge of the duties of an editorial position; but there is an idea abroad that anybody can become an editor, like anybody can become a sewing machine agent.

It doesn't seem to be generally known, but Mr. Hitchcock, the proprietor of the *World-Herald*, relinquished the editorial management of his paper a year or so ago, to take the direction of affairs in the business office. Mr. Metcalfe, familiarly known as "Met," one of the best posted men on democratic and populist politics in the state has, to a considerable extent, shaped the editorial policy of the paper. Mr. Bryan, with his other duties, can hardly give any attention to

the details of the business, so that there will be little if any change in the present force of the paper.

We do not like to put any discouragement in the way of Mr. Bryan; but we are afraid his experience in journalism will be disappointing. Talking to an excited and impressionable multitude, with the exercise of the professional stump speaker's arts and blandishments, is one thing, and speaking to the public through the medium of cold and clammy types that have a provoking way of killing the fire and sentiment that may animate the writer, is another and entirely different thing. The same things cannot be said in an editorial that are worked in so effectively in a stump speech. One can resort to almost any extravagance of speech when one is speaking to one's own friends and admirers; but some care has to be taken in writing, editorially, for a public composed of all kinds of readers; and we predict that Mr. Bryan will find himself much hampered in the editorial sanctum. The mind that has been wont to appeal with a master's skill to the emotions of men, from the rostrum, and that has fed on the rapturous applause of a delighted audience, is likely to be unsatisfied with the return from his editorial expressions. But here's wishing him luck!

It is told of Mrs. Kendal that at a reception given by Mr. and Mrs. George Grossmith, in London, Mrs. John Wood and Mrs. Bancroft (Miss Marie Wilton) were occupying a settee and talking over old times and reminiscences of old days. The stately Madge entered the room, and space was at once made for her between the two ladies. After a few commonplace remarks, Mrs. John Wood remarked, "Madge, dear this is the first time we three have sat together since we were all in the front row of the ballet." Before Mrs. Kendal had time to reply, Mrs. Bancroft struck in, "And do you remember the trouble you had with your legs, Madge dear?" This was too much, and with a "Willie, dear, it is so warm here I must leave!" the pair departed, and the two old comrades had a huge laugh to themselves. It was an unkind joke, as Mrs. Kendal, like Lady Henry Somerset, has a rooted objection to living pictures and the exposure of feminine understandings. She is said to be rather weak in that department herself, and to be so particular in her Harley street home that even the supports of chairs, tables and pianos are decorously clothed, and Willie is not allowed to use the family bath tub unless he is completely enveloped in a bathing-suit of Asbury Park severity.

Haverly's Minstrels will be seen at the Lansing theatre September 3, and on the 5th the attraction will be "Mr. Barnes of New York." On the 7th and 8th Lincoln J. Carter's "Fast Mail" will be presented, and on the 10th, 11th, and 12th, Ed Church and John Griffith's "Faust" company will hold the boards. Other attractions booked for the season of '94 and '95 at the Lansing are: The Lyceum Stock Company, "Devil's Auction;" Robert Downing Sidney Ellis in "Derby Winner," "Gloriana," "Jane;" Corse Payton, "Star Gazer," "Chip of the Old Block," "Hustler;" Conrcye and Fox, "4-11-44," "A Trip to Chinatown," Fannie Marshall, "Investor," "Friends;" Charles A. Loder, "Silver Wedding," "Shenandoah;" H. O. Graham, "County Fair," "End of the World," Bobby Gaylor, "Tallow Candle," "Bunch of Keys;" Donnelly and Girard, Thomas A. Seabroder, Katie Emmett, "In Old Kentucky," "Zozo," "A Railroad Ticket," "Captain's Mail," "The Girl I Left Behind Me;" Sol Smith Russell, Hermann, "Yon Yonson," "County Circus;" Ward and James, "Baggage Check;" John L. Sullivan, "East Lynne;" J. K. Emmett, Wm. Brady, Barlow's Minstrels, "Charley's Aunt," "Spider and Fly" "A Temperance Town;" Tim Murphy in his new comedy, "Pulse of New York," Whitney Opera Company in "Robin Hood" and "Fencing Master," "Stairs of Gold," "Eight Bells," "Paul Kauvar," "Pawn Ticket 210;" Russell's Comedians, "Struck Oil," "Little Speculator," "1492;" Marie Jansan, "Superba."

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