

himself. At the first suggestion of Hadley he ordered the third party maneuvers, lest he lose his followers.

If he had the evidence to prove that Taft could not be honestly and fairly nominated, why did he not direct his lieutenants to present that evidence to the national committee, and then to the convention and the country, so clearly that the convention would not have dared to nominate Taft and that Taft could not, in honor, have accepted the nomination, if made?

The reason is obvious. An analysis of the testimony will, I am convinced, show that neither Taft nor Roosevelt had a majority of honestly or regularly elected delegates. This the managers upon both sides well understood. Each candidate was trying to seat a sufficient number of fraudulently credentialed delegates, added to those regularly chosen to support him, to secure control of the convention, and "steam-roll" the nomination. It was a proceeding with which each was acquainted and which each had sanctioned in prior conventions.

This explains the extraordinary conduct of Roosevelt. He could not enter upon such an analysis of the evidence as would prove Taft's regularly elected delegates in the minority, without inevitably subjecting his own spuriously credentialed delegates to an examination so critical as to expose the falsity of his own contention that he had an honestly elected majority of the delegates. He therefore deliberately chose to claim everything, to cry fraud, to bully the national committee and the convention, and sought to create a condition which would make impossible a calm investigation of cases upon merit, and to carry the convention by storm.

That this is the true psychology of the Roosevelt proceedings becomes perfectly plain. He was there to force his own nomination or to smash the convention. He was not there to preserve the integrity of the republican party, and make it an instrument for the promotion of progressive principles and the restoration of government to the people. Otherwise he would have directed his floor managers to contest every inch of the ground for a progressive platform before the committee on resolutions and in the open convention.

But Mr. Roosevelt was not governed by a suggestion of that spirit of high patriotic and unselfish purpose of which Bryan furnished such a magnificent example one week later in the democratic convention at Baltimore. Instead, he filled the public ear with sound and fury. He ruthlessly sacrificed everything to the one idea of his being the one candidate. He gagged his followers in the convention without putting upon record any facts upon which the public could base a definite, intelligent judgment regarding the validity of Taft's nomination. He submitted no suggestion as to a platform of progressive principles. He clamored loudly for purging the convention roll of "tainted" delegates, without purging his own candidacy of his tainted contests and his tainted trust support. He offered no reason for a third party excepting his own overmastering craving for a third term.

WICKED, WICKED

"I suppose your wife was more than delighted at your raise of salary, wasn't she?" asked Jones of Brown.

"I haven't told her yet, but she will be when she knows it," answered Brown.

"How is it that you haven't told her?"

"Well, I thought I would enjoy myself a couple of weeks first."—Judge.



Whether Common or Not

By WILL N. NAUPIN.

Out in the Woods

Milford-on-the-Blue, August 9.—Tomorrow we break camp, after three weeks spent on the banks of a pretty stream, under the shade of noble trees and far enough away from the hurly burly of the city to enable one to forget. It's been three weeks of fun for the whole bunch.

Fish? Not enough to speak about, but we didn't care for fish—and that isn't a case of "sour grapes," either. But Nebraska isn't much of a state for fish, and I would about as soon buy fish at the market as to catch them with throw lines and set lines and trot lines. That's about the only way to catch fish in Nebraska streams. And when you do catch 'em they are likely to be that piscatorial abomination known as the "carp." There is but one way to cook a carp. Clean the fish carefully, split it evenly and spread out, tuck upon an oak board about two inches thick, season to taste, then prop the board up in front of a well rounded bed of hot coals. When thoroughly baked, pull out the tacks, throw away the fish and eat the oak board.

The Blue river is a very meandering stream, and in the big bend wherein we are camped flows over a rocky and sandy bed. This makes a delightful swimming place for the "kiddies." But the presence of the rocks will account for a terrific scar upon the Architect's forehead. Dad undertook to teach the "kiddies" how to dive, and with that in view took a header from the stern of a skiff. The river at that particular point was supposed to be about six feet deep, and maybe it is. But it so happened that a rock stuck up about four feet six inches, and the Architect's noble brow knocked a big chunk out of it. The accident caused much commotion in camp, but the injury had its compensations. Dad was relieved for a time of carrying water or hustling up the wood for the camp fire. I managed to keep the wound looking pretty bad, being a great lover of ease.

Ever lay under a tent, away in the woods, and listen to the gentle patter of rain upon the canvas? There's music for you! It hasn't rained enough out here, but two or three little showers have made music and freshened the air. But will somebody explain why it is that every "grand-daddy longlegs" within seven miles will instinctively turn towards a tent pitched in the woods? We've got 'em here by the thousands.

Isn't it wonderful how easily one's appetite is pleased while in camp? Not that it is easy to satisfy it as to amount, but as to kind. And as to service. We've eaten so much bacon during the last three weeks that the squeal of a pig makes us feel like homicides, and the pile of peelings from the "spuds" we have consumed would have filled a wagonbox.

As I am writing these lines the "kiddies" are discussing what they will do next summer when we camp out, and rehearsing the stories they will tell their playmates when we get back to town. The "Little Woman" is folding up the clothes and packing the two big boxes. Bless her, she's as brown as a berry, and the color in her cheeks makes me think of those days years ago when both of us were considerably younger. I'm afraid I'll have to rope and throw the "kiddies" when we get back home, in order to compel them to

conform to the rules of urban civilization. This is their first camping out experience, and they've kept Dad busy refurbishing up his youthful knowledge about trees and shrubs and rocks and bugs and birds. But now the "kiddies" know a thing or two about God's great outdoors that they never knew before, and knowing it they are healthier and better and happier.

Tomorrow morning, bright and early, down will come the two tents, and then will come the goodbyes to the crowd of jolly camp comrades we have had for three weeks. The manager of the big printing establishment, his foreman—a fellow Missourian—the man who manages the big wholesale seed house, the barber, the linotype operator! Say, one would have to hunt a long time to find a jollier lot of camp comrades than these men and their wives and children. It's going to be hard to break camp—not hard work, but hard upon one's feelings.

An hour ago we came back from the last dip in the river. On the way back we paused to look at the nest of the big crow in the top of the big maple tree that is half dead, and to take a peep at the meadow lark's nest at the edge of the woods. We also paused to bid farewell to the ground squirrel that the Little Fellow tried to drown out. He carried water until his legs and arms ached to pour into the hole—then learned that Mr. Ground Squirrel had cunningly drained his home by running a gallery down to the river bank. The Little Fellow has learned some natural history since he came here. In the morning we'll eat a hurried breakfast of bacon and eggs and bread and coffee—then we'll board a lumber wagon and away to town. I wish everybody could spend three weeks, or more, in the woods every summer. And how I wish that every man's "kiddies" could be as thoroughly browned of cheek and limb, and as full of red blood as my own babies are at this writing. It's worth all they cost—and millions more—to hear 'em laughing and shouting as they tumble about in the water, play "dare base" around the tents, climb the trees or chase each other through the woods.

And now for one more night's sleep in the woods, then back to town to resume our humble part in the great game.—W. M. M.

NO FIELD OF ACTION FOR A THIRD PARTY

Careful reading of the platform adopted by the Baltimore convention but strengthens and confirms the early opinion expressed as to its fully meeting the demands of the majority of the progressives of the country.

That platform closes the door to any third party made up of dissatisfied members of the two great political organizations.

It may not prevent an open rupture, an organized split and two opposing electoral tickets representing differences within the republican party, but all that goes toward a reformation of the same g. o. p. and does not stand for the assembling of the people in a third organization to carry out reforms neglected by both the old parties.

The democratic party has placed itself by its action at Baltimore upon advanced progressive lines, and its candidates are acceptable to the

great majority of the progressives of the union.

That the manner of procedure at Chicago was not satisfactory to all republicans every one is fully aware.

That the republican radical progressives charged their associates who controlled that convention as being reactionaries and not representative of popular sentiment is well known.

That these republican factions had each its candidate for the presidency and its distinct and different declaration of principles to place before the electorate all will admit.

In view, however, of the subsequent proceedings at Baltimore, where democratic reactionaries displayed no strength and the entire party was united upon a most progressive platform and well-recognized progressive candidates, the talk of a third party means nothing but the rending of the republican party in twain at this time.

Ultimately it may bring the result of a united republican party upon lines as advanced as those upon which the democratic party is now moving, but for this campaign the only result at the polls will be a division of the republican vote.

Our readers, regardless of party, can calculate for themselves as the campaign progresses how much this division is likely to affect the result of the presidential election.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GOVERNOR WILSON'S SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE—A SPEECH THAT WILL LIVE

New York World: Woodrow Wilson's speech of acceptance is the ablest, clearest, sanest statement of high public purpose this country has known in a generation.

Without passion, without invective, without abuse, without partisan bitterness, without denunciation, without egotism, without demagoguery, he has driven straight to the heart of the supreme issue of American institutions—the partnership between government and privilege.

Every great conflict within the lifetime of the republic has hinged upon this one question. Every great reform marking a milestone in the political progress of the American people has forced the dissolution of such a partnership.

Federalism was destroyed under the leadership of Jefferson because federalism had become a partnership between the government and a small class of property-owners.

The democratic party swept into power under Jackson because the government had entered into partnership with the United States Bank and its financial allies.

Under Lincoln the republican party obliterated the partnership of government and slave-owners in "the mightiest struggle and the most glorious victory as yet recorded in human annals."

It was the government's partnership with a shameless plutocracy which rehabilitated the democratic party under the leadership of Tilden. Because of the government's long partnership with privilege under the McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft administrations we are face to face with the old issue in a new form. Again we have what Governor Wilson rightly describes as "an awakened nation impatient of partisan make-believe."

LEADING QUESTION

She—"If you could have only one wish what would it be?"

He—"It would be that—that—oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be."

She—"Well go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?"—Boston Transcript.