

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905.

Must Democracy Die To Be Born Again.

By JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES.

"Theodore Roosevelt will be re-nominated for president of the U. S. in 1908, and he will be re-elected. Through his domination of the party organization and his control of the post office department, Mr. Roosevelt already has the nomination in his own hands. There will be no trouble about obtaining a majority of the delegates in the national convention. He will be re-elected—not merely because he is the idol of the people or on account of his virtues or by reason of the mistakes that add to his popularity, but because there will be no real opposition. The democratic party is and will be hopelessly divided against itself."

This is a literal extract from the New York World whose editorial columns were the ablest written advocates of Alton B. Parker in the last national campaign.

It is an editorial utterance deliberate, definite and stated without limitations as the judgment of one of the most influential of the great American newspapers which generally support the democratic party and its candidates.

The World usually trains with the ultra-conservative or Eastern wing of the democracy, and its views may be reasonably construed as representing in a large degree the attitude and opinion of Eastern democrats. This makes the utterance significant and especially worthy of note.

It is exactly the political position foreshadowed in the pessimistic prophecy of the World which has been in my mind as an apprehension since the election and which has been the inspiration of a majority of the letters which I have contributed to the discussion.

An utterance like this from a source like this is enough to challenge every democrat voter in America to serious thought and to vigorous action.

There is no doubt that President Roosevelt is riding the crest of the popular wave at this time. Even the South is relaxing—if it has not already relaxed—the prejudices aroused by his negro appointments, and there are democrats all over the country who are thinking and saying, in view of the President's courageous and vigorous administration, that Roosevelt is a better democrat than Parker.

The President's party, if not sympathetic, is at least quiescent, either through astonishment or timidity, and he is going straight forward in a great career.

Now, what are we doing in democratic ranks? Wrangling, as usual, with unabated ferocity. The Eastern democrats are eagerly urging William J. Bryan to break away from his engagement with the Iroquois Club in Chicago and to come instead to the Jefferson dinner in New York. To this insistent invitation they are adding the questionable entreaty, "But if you don't come to us, for God's sake don't tie up with those radical democrats in Chicago."

Where is the hope of harmony in an attitude like this?

There in congress we saw John Sharp Williams, leading the democratic minority, deliberately turn his back upon the best and soundest railroad reform bill that the generation has produced, and com-

mit his party to a hasty and imperfect measure which needed constant amendment, for no other ostensible reason than that he was unwilling that the credit for this vital reform measure should go to William R. Hearst, who had already done a Titan's work in effective democratic warfare against the trusts and the public grafts of the time.

And where do we find the hope of getting together in a spirit like this?

The Eastern democrats are even now coquetting shrewdly with the rising fortunes of Joe Folk, of Missouri, who has had the good sense to hear their blandishments, to eat their banquets and to hold his tongue.

And out yonder in the great wide territory of the Central West there are hundreds of thousands of the same sturdy democrats, who stayed away from the polls at the last election, just waiting grimly to see what the democratic party of their faith and the democratic party of their fathers is going to do. It may just as well be repeated here that the difference between the wide wings of the old democratic organization is deeper and wider than the difference between the platforms of the two opposing parties in the last campaign.

How are we going to get them together?

Now this, if ever, is a time for plain speech and definite understandings.

There is no need for any man to be afraid to speak his mind. The next campaign is three years away, and this interval must be filled full with the frankest and freest agitation that a great party has ever known.

Faithful are the words of a friend, and that democrat is most loyal and most worthy who does not hesitate in this vital period to criticize, to challenge and to demand. If the democratic party has any chance in the next election, it lies in the complete separation of itself from the republican party, with which it has grown too intimate. And we cannot separate from the republican party until we separate from the republican democrats who have led us into bad company.

Let the fellows who do not believe in the things for which democracy stand go to some other party. Don't be afraid to let them go. For every man who deserts the party of the people because it stands for the people there will be found a hundred to come in.

We are now compelled to separate the democratic democracy from the plutocratic democracy. Oil and water will not mix. The democratic party cannot any longer survive half-plutocratic and half-democratic.

It is high time for a reorganization of parties in the Republic anyhow. There are democrats who ought to be republicans, and republicans who ought to be democrats. Let these men find their political level. Let them seek the camps to which they belong. Don't be afraid. Go where your convictions lead you. If you are not a democrat, don't be false to your political conscience, but go right on to the republican camp. If you are not a republican, and your interests lie with the democratic party, come right into the fellow-

ship of your real faith and your evident welfare. The curse of all parties is the compulsory loyalty that come from environment or heredity. The democracy and the plutocracy have a great battle which must be fought out. Let us fight it honestly and let us have no half-hearted or lukewarm followers in either camp.

There is no use to get mad about it. There is no way to drive the republican democrats out of the party. The only thing to do is to commit the party to principles and platforms so essentially democratic that their fellows will have neither motive nor excuse for remaining.

We will never have a real democratic party representing the majority of the American voters until these fellows go.

We can never sail into port until we unload this ballast.

I have sometimes asked myself whether the democratic party must die before it can be born again.

I might find it easy to quote history to prove that no party so radically divided as ours ever came into effective harmony again without a burial or a revolution. It was so with the Free Soil party. It was so with the democratic party which split into fragments at the Charleston convention of 1860 and never came together until a civil revolution had washed away its antagonisms in blood.

But we cannot afford to die now. The South is held intact by the shadow of a negro balance of power, real or imaginary. The party at large is held together by the fact that the real democracy is essential to individual and popular liberty, and because no other party of possible relief looms upon the horizon except in creeds so radical that the thought and judgment of the people is not ready to receive it.

And we must not die now. The democratic party is worth fighting for and worth living for. Its principles can never die, and its organization along normal and traditional lines is too vital to the people and their interests.

Least of all can we who love the grand old party stand by and see it go down to even temporary disintegration without a brave and honest effort to reform its broken lines, to redeem its drift from the faith of the fathers, to bring it back to the old creeds of the people, to rebuke its enemies within its ranks, and at the cost of all the truth, and all the courage, and all the criticism which its errors may require, to rally once more the great people who are its faithful followers, and to carry it once more to wholesome and glorious victory.

What do you think of "the late assembly of anarchistic law-makers that sat as a legislature?"

Investigating Standard Oil.

Topeka, April 10.—James Rudolph Garfield, commissioner of corporations, arrived here to begin his investigation of Standard Oil methods in Kansas. He is accompanied by L. P. Caswell, Chas. Earl and Luther Conant, three employees of his bureau. They will assist him in making the investigation.

"I have no news to give out about the proposed investigation," said Mr. Garfield. "I have just reached the scene and must first get my bearings. I want to learn something of the situation in Kansas before I complete my plans. I will have a conference with Gov. Hoch today on the matter. There is no telling how long it will take to make the investigation. I have three men from my bureau with me and we will get busy at once and stay that way until the case is closed up.—Norfolk News.

Low Rates to St. Louis, Mo.,

Via the North-western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold on May 13 to 22, inclusive, limited to return until May 24, inclusive, on account of National Baptist Anniversaries. Apply to agents Chicago & North-western R'y. 118

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The Ludwig Lumber Co.

Sparks Quills.

Dick Allen has moved a shanty onto his homestead.

Mr. Callen's mother came down from town Saturday.

Miss Pearl Jelly is staying with Mrs. Callen during the latter's illness.

Miss Gertrude Allen went to town Saturday to make final proof on her homestead.

School commenced in Sparks Monday morning with Miss Noy Ashburn as teacher.

The dance at Mr. Osborne's and the one at Mr. Polen's were well attended Friday night.

Dr. Lewis was down to Sparks Monday to see Mrs. Callen and we are glad to report her improving.

Mr. Meyers' father is out to spend the summer. Hope he will enjoy the summer breezes of Neb.

Mrs. Cora Archer was down to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Graddy of Norden, last week, returning Sunday.

Clyde Kuskie has bought him a nice brown driving team and we advise parents who have eligible daughters to be strictly on the look out.

An officer from the fort drove down to Sparks last Saturday with the intention of buying a nice saddle horse. He found some nice horses and also some nice prices but did not buy anything.

Wm. Barker, editor of the Valentine Republican, George Tracewell, Mr. Webb and Mr. Anderson, of Valentine, were in Sparks Saturday evening to attend the sale of the Sparks creamery. Mr. Tracewell was auctioneer. About one-third of the stock-holders were there and the property sold for its original cost.

PORCUPINE'S SOLILOQUY ON THE LOST MULE.

My mule he was a creature queer, With slender legs and great long ears; His fur it looked just like a bear. He never liked good hay and corn, But always dined on ham and eggs. Two weeks ago last Sunday morn He left his feed of hay and corn, And ham and eggs and all such things And went off on a bum methinks.

—PORCUPINE.

WANTED—300 head of cattle to graze on my range this season. Plenty of grass and water. Apply to A. E. HUTCHISON, 123 Valentine, Neb.

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