

Clark's Champ Letter

Things of Interest Skimmed From the Boiling Pot at the Capital

proved fatal, except in the cases of the twenty-five men who have attained the presidency. If the Enquirer knows of a man who has been cured, it owes it to a suffering world to give his name to put him on exhibition.

General Fred Funston is to be congratulated on his double good fortune. He was confirmed as a brigadier general in the regular army and had a son born to him on the same day. Either one was a tinfoil Christmas present for the gallant Jayhawker. I take no stock in the story that he swam the river on a raft.

"How Long, O Lord, How Long?" The expected has happened, and the civil and military authorities at Manila have fallen afoul of each other and are creating what an old colored brother of my acquaintance would call a great ruction. Both are avaricious of power and each is afraid that the other will get more power than is becoming. In the meantime the Filipinos are ambushing and killing our soldiers every time they venture outside their camps. The people are beginning to exclaim, "How long, O Lord, how long" will this senseless waste of American life last? Our retention of the Philippines is certainly the most stupendous piece of idiocy seen in this world since creation's dawn.

Marse Henry Watterston. As was said of Cleopatra, so it may be truly said of Marse Henry Watterston, "Age cannot wither him or custom stale his infinite variety." Recently he spoke at the Pierce school in Philadelphia, surrounded by the magnets of that great city. Nearly everybody celebrated in any walk of life was there, as many on the stage as it would hold. Colonel A. K. McClure, himself a great historical figure, introduced Watterston as the best beloved of American editors, which is absolutely true. Not only was that true, but Watterston is the best beloved man south of Mason and Dixon's line, and I am not at all certain but what he is the best beloved citizen of the republic. So far as I am individually concerned, I learned nearly all of the politics I know from Watterston. The Courier-Journal was the first political diet I ever consumed. I enthusiastically followed his flaxen topknot as an oriflamb of victory, even as the soldiers of Henry of Navarre followed his white plume, until he followed Cleveland and Carlisle into goldbugdom. Then I turned sorrowfully away. But my personal affection for Marse Henry still lives in all of its pristine force. I am glad to say that Marse Henry is now back where he properly belongs.

Watterston's Philosophy of Life. In this Philadelphia speech he talked several minutes in the following delightful strain:

The longer I live the more I see an think and remember, the greater respect I have for personality, the less respect I have for genius. I worship at the shrine of the Washingtons and the Franklins of Christendom, the Napoleons, the Shakespeares, not even the Napoleons of finance. Success in life is happiness, and the happy man, the successful man, is the man who believes his old wife the best woman in the world, and the vine covered cottage he calls his home is the dearest spot on earth, and who would not swap his ragged, red-headed, freckle faced children for the best dressed and best looking kids of the proudest and richest man on earth. The men in their places are the men who stand.

As to the material things of life are, under right conditions, they do not, of themselves, bring happiness. Millions of money will not save a sensitive man the tortures of a sore toe. Infinite fame will not save a proud man the torments of a debt he is unable to pay. Happiness is a creation of the mind and the heart and not of the stomach and the body.

Watterston's Defalcation. And then he startled his audience by the following confession, which must have been good for the entertainment of his hearers, if not for their souls:

I won't say that money is a positive bar to salvation, but it is undoubtedly true that the possession of money will harden and corrupt ten times to the one time it elevates and cultivates. And what a fatal mistake is made by the man who has a hard heart and a soft head. He cannot call his own and I know something about that myself. When I was a boy at school in this dear old city, down at the corner of Chestnut and Locust streets, I was elected by my schoolmates one of the editors of the organ of our literary society, and by successive re-elections the entire management of that ambitious serial came into my hands. One fine morning I woke up to discover that I lacked \$4.00 of money enough to balance my books. Of course it was at the precise moment that I was required to bring in my official reports. It always happens that way. Well, I did not have the money. I had spent it. I lay a whole night in alternate anguish and speculation. And what I did in the morning haggard, but resolute, I went directly to the guardian angel who had charge of my fiscal affairs and made a clean breast of it. "And what is the amount of this defalcation?" says he. "Four dollars and fifty cents," I gasped. I can see at this moment the queer, quizzical, half threatening expression that came over those kindly, homely, weather bronzed features. Handing me the check, he said: "There, my boy, there is \$5. It is an ugly piece of business. Don't let it ever occur again." And I never has.

The Tariff on Spuds. I recently received a letter from a citizen of Washington that gives a good idea of how the tariff pinches. Among other things he writes:

Going through the Louisiana avenue commission market I saw a wagon of Scotch potatoes being unloaded and, being inquisitive, asked the merchant how much duty there was on a bushel of potatoes. He said it was 25 cents. Now, if that duty is not a "hungry tariff," what is it? It is a tariff that is the first step on

(Special Washington Letter.) THAT was the most unkindest cut of all" when the New York bankers spoke of Governor Leslie M. Shaw of Iowa as a "crossroads financier." Those impudent and swaggering sons of Croesus said that awful thing at a time when Leslie, in high feather, was hastening as fast as steam could carry him from the prairies of the Hawkeye State to Washington to consult with the president as to accepting the treasury portfolio, vice Lyman J. Gage, resigned under pressure.

Somebody—I think it was Richard Grant White—said, "Words are things," and such words as "crossroad financier," when applied to so eminent a personage as his Iowa excellency, are awful things. "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Only a few months ago my handsome and soulful friend, my lecture mate, Senator Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver, was going about exalting the horn of Governor Shaw as a presidential candidate, and now Dolliver's protegee is lightly and contemptuously spoken of by these pampered Gotham multimillionaires as a "crossroads financier." No epithet so exasperating has been hurled at anybody since Daniel O'Connell overwhelmed an irate female by calling her "an isosceles triangle" unless an exception should be made in favor of the Missouri statesman who called another Missouri statesman a "chinchbug statesman." Governor Shaw ought to forthwith demand a court of inquiry to find out whether he is presidential timber or only a "crossroads financier."

A Mistaken Diagnosis. Governor Shaw's case also illustrates once more the truth of the old saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people," for when his appointment as secretary of the treasury was first bruited an Iowa paper telegraphed its Washington correspondent to the effect that if the eastern papers "knew how dead Shaw was they would not be springing such fakes on the public." I guess that paper would like to rub out that telegram from the memory of men. It appears that his excellency was not dead, but sleeping, and the distinguished editor aforesaid made a grievous mistake in the diagnosis.

The Ohio War. Last summer the whole country was startled and pleased at the exhibition of harmony between Senators Foraker and Hanna, which was the chief feature of the Ohio Republican state convention. Jonathan and David, Damon and Pythias, were not a circumstance to them. The Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, were the only historic personages who appeared to be so closely united. The country breathed a sigh of relief, for it was heartily sick and weary of the Hanna and anti-Hanna fight in Ohio, which always resulted in a Hanna victory. That harmony act was in warm weather. Now it is war—war to the knife, the knife to the hilt—between Hanna and Foraker. "More power to their arms!" is the prayer of all good citizens.

A Pair of Hoosierisms. On what an unsubstantial basis a presidential boom or boomlet may be built is seen in the case of Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, whose friends are whooping it up for him because of the reprimand recently inflicted upon General Nelson A. Miles by Secretary of War Elihu Root by order of the president for stating in an interview what nine-tenths of the American people are thinking as to the findings of the Schley court of inquiry. Surely the foundations of that boom are as unsubstantial as the fabric of a vision, for, whether Miles deserved a reprimand or not, in the babel of tongues touching Schley the reprimand will be forgotten in a month.

Judge E. D. Crumpacker, Republican congressman from Indiana, does not look a little odd, he is liable to be yanked up and tried for treason, misapprehension of treason or leze majesty. He has been recklessly, opportunely and courageously shooting off his mouth to the effect that it would be expedient ere long for the United States to dispose of the Philippines. The political jobbers who prate of destiny and humanity while stealing themselves rich in the Philippines will never stand such talk as that from Crumpacker or any other Republican. They will find some way to discredit him and drive him out of public life unless he is unusually strong in his district. No honest man has any business in the Republican party today.

Who is the Man? The most remarkable and mysterious declaration printed in an American newspaper in ten years is the following editorial squib from the Cincinnati Enquirer: "A certain prominent citizen is said to have been cured of the presidential fever. Some of the official performances now going on at Washington may be said to be better than medicine for that particular disease." If that paragraph does not set the whole country to guessing, it is impossible to tell what would. Who is the "certain prominent citizen?" Where is his habit? If he is cured of the presidential fever, what is the first step on

need) should be taken off of potatoes until the next crop is harvested. A VICTIM OF A HUNGRY TARIFF. An Eloquent Texan. One of the ablest Democrats in the house and one of most engaging personalities is Hon. Robert L. Henry of Texas, popularly called Bob Henry. He has brains, courage, eloquence and many physical and mental graces. He is a Democrat without guile and without the shadow of turning. His future is full of promise. He made one of the very best speeches delivered on the Philippine tariff bill. I wish I had room to quote it all instead of the following short but pregnant paragraphs as samples:

Now, I want to advert for a moment or two to the decision of the supreme court of the United States in the insular cases. I have carefully read and reread that opinion. A majority of five to four rendered the decision. In it there is much talk of making "large concessions" under the constitution to those who contend for the violation of that instrument. As a lawyer I will answer that proposition by saying that the justice of the supreme court who takes an oath to support the constitution and the laws of the United States should never be willing to make "any concession" doing violence to his oath and constraining away that constitution.

On the first day of November, 1785, the day set for the stamp act to take effect in the American colonies, great processions were formed by our forefathers, the bells were tolled, and the goddess of Liberty was buried.

When the message is flashed to the inhabitants of the faroff Philippines that this act has passed, we can imagine fitting processions of the people forming there. We can almost hear the dolorous tones of their tolling bells as they solemnly prepare to perform the ceremony of the burial of the goddess of Liberty resurrected by our noble ancestry at Bunker Hill and Yorktown.

Cui Bono? It is reported that certain persons out in Indiana are fighting the proposition to pension Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. It was given out at first that the fight was made because she is the wife of an ex-president and that to pension her would be to widen and extend the pension list from civil life, which is true. Now it is given out that objection is made to pensioning her because she is worth anywhere from \$150,000 to \$200,000. No matter on what grounds her pension is fought, it is likely to do good, as it will probably end in an exposition of the rapid growth of the pension list from civil life. It is larger than most people wot of and should not be increased. Every retired federal judge is, in fact and truth, a pensioner, and there are many of them.

Congressional Brothers. If Perry Belmont is elected to congress at the special election, there will be witnessed the unusual but not unprecedented spectacle of two brothers sitting together in the house. O. H. P. Belmont being already in. As a matter of fact, there are already two brothers there, the Kitchens of North Carolina. In the fifty-fifth congress there were the two Claytons. Before the war Tom Marshall and two of his brothers sat together in the house. The three Washburn brothers also sat together there. Roswell G. Horr and his twin brother came near appearing together side by side to take the oath as representatives, and, though the brother who failed of election was a Republican, I rather wish he had broken into the house, just to have it said that twins were there.

The Old Story. Ever since the world began proconsular government has been corrupt and tyrannical. It has not changed its nature because we are now furnishing the proconsuls, more's the pity. In our much vaunted new possession of Porto Rico a certain judge, a Republican, of the city of Mayaguez seized an entire edition of a paper called La Vox de la Patria because, it being published in the interests of the Federal party, whatever that may be, it criticized the municipal physician, also a Republican. True, Mr. Attorney General Harlan, son of Mr. Justice Harlan, forced the judge to liberate La Vox de la Patria, but the whole performance illustrates proconsular government.

Forbes and One of His Audiences. As a lecturer on his experiences Archibald Forbes was very popular, and he was fond of recounting an experience of his debut in that capacity at Leven, Fifeshire. With a thumping heart the new lecturer appeared at the hall door shortly before the starting time of 8 o'clock, and, not wishing to crush through a great audience on his way to the platform, he asked the hallkeeper to conduct him to a side door.

"Ye needna mind," replied that functionary not unkindly. "There's no crowd."

When Forbes entered the hall, he had to admit that the keeper was correct. There was not a single soul present. After a bit, however, a man strode in and calmly proceeded to choose a seat. It seems he was a commercial traveler, putting up at the place for the night, who had found time hanging heavily on his hands. Nobody else coming, Forbes said to the "audience," "Will you have the lecture or will you have a drink?" "A drink!" said the traveler.—Golden Penny.

What Should a Man Tell His Wife? We have no faith in the creed of those who say that between a man and his wife there should be no secrets. It would work great and unnecessary hardship in this world if men told their wives in detail of all the trials they endure in matters outside of the home, but where the stability of the income is involved and the wife is disposed to imperil its permanence he is twice a defaulter who steals to encourage her in her conceits of extravagance.—Har-

ROSEWATER DON'T LIKE IT

But He Will Have to go Way Back and Sit Down for Joseph S. Bartley is the New Boss

Reports from Omaha say that when Rosewater heard the news of the unconditional pardon of Bartley his rage knew no bounds. But he will have to take his medicine. If he don't want to associate with thieves and embezzlers he will have to get out of the republican party. His first proclamation on the subject of the pardon—and there are many more to follow—appeared in the Bee January 2, and was as follows:

"On the 13th day of July last Governor Savage ordered the release of Joseph S. Bartley, serving a twenty-year sentence in the penitentiary for embezzlement of state funds, on a sixty-day parole. In justification of this act Governor Savage gave to the press the following statement:

"I have given Bartley a sixty-day furlough, but whether that time will be extended remains to be seen. I have imposed some pretty hard requirements upon Bartley and I shall impose some still harder ones. If he does what I ask him to do I will let him out of the penitentiary. But if he does not, then he will have to go back. I do not care to say just now what these requirements will be, but I will answer that proposition by saying that the justice of the supreme court who takes an oath to support the constitution and the laws of the United States should never be willing to make 'any concession' doing violence to his oath and constraining away that constitution.

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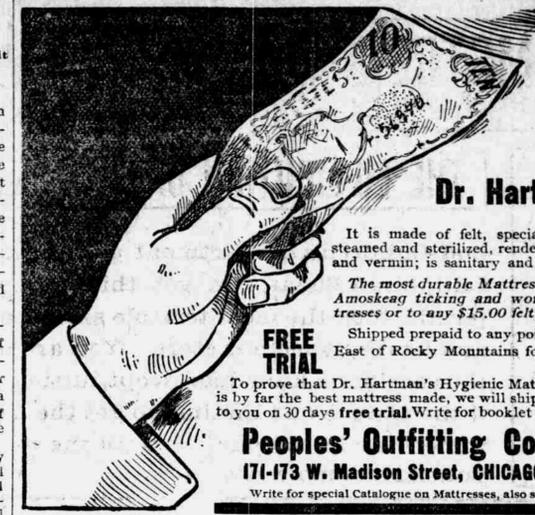
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EIGHT QUESTIONS

They are Poets and the Democratic Party Should Make Some Sort of Answer

Editor Independent: I take the liberty of asking a few questions which I am sure will interest all your readers if you will be kind enough to answer them.

Can the hard times in Europe; countries be traced to lack of gold on account of the non-productiveness of South African mines, since the Boer war?

If so, why do not the democratic papers say so?

If an increasing production of gold and other money have caused fairly good times in America and a decreasing quantity of gold and other money have caused poor times in Europe does not this clinch the arguments made by the populists in 1890?

If this is true, why don't the democratic papers take advantage of the opportunity and cry Bryan was right? Has not American competition had a share in causing the hard times in Europe, and would not a high protective tariff be a good thing for our neighbors across the sea?

If protection is a good thing for America, why wouldn't it be a good thing for other countries?

Would not the people of the United States be better off if they had no surplus products to work off to the foreign countries but were able to consume all they produced at home?

If the democratic press can see into the tariff issue why can't they see into the money question?

If convenient answer as many of the questions as you consider important and greatly oblige a curious reader.

GUS J. AXELSON. Chicago, Ill.

(The editor of The Independent gives it up. He has been trying to get the democratic leaders to make the move suggested in these questions for the last two years. He has plead with them; he has grown sarcastic and he has let his angry passions rise and he has abused them in the worst words that he could summon. It has been to no purpose. He gives it up. If any one has a plan that will have a tendency to make them "get a move on themselves," please send it on. It will be printed under a scare head and spread all over the first page.—Ed. Ind.)

A Laborer's Opinion

Editor Independent: Yours of the 28th received. I have neglected answering as I thought I could not afford another paper. I already subscribe for four papers, two democratic and two republican, but the Nebraska Independent is a good educator and there should be more like it if we expect the people to ever wake up and realize what their own interests are.

I will hand the samples to my neighbors and try to get them interested. You will find one dollar enclosed. Good luck to you and may the principles that you advocate grow and spread.

L. H. HASSING. Albert Lea, Minn.

BRYAN AND JOHNSON

They Address an Audience of Four Thousand in Behalf of the Boer Republic

Four thousand people attended a pro-Boer meeting in Gray's armory last Saturday. There was enthusiastic applause for every expression of sympathy and encouragement for the struggling Boers. An unexpected person in the meeting was the appearance of Hon. W. J. Bryan, who was in this city for the day as the guest of Mayor Johnson. When the committee in charge of the meeting learned that the democratic leader was in the city an invitation was sent to him and the mayor to attend and address the gathering. Both gentlemen accepted and when, toward the close of other speeches, Mr. Bryan and Mr. Johnson entered the hall, the audience rose en masse and repeatedly shouted the names of "Bryan" and "Johnson," and greeted them with hurrahs and hand-clappings.

Mr. Bryan spoke for about five minutes, during which time he said: "Sad will be that day, fallen will be the star of our destiny if the time ever comes when struggling freemen feel that they cannot look upon the people of these states for sympathy."

made by this government. Mr. Bryan said he believed the English people were opposed to the continuance of the war, as they, too, are suffering because of the unhappy conflict and are the ones that must bear the burden of the cost.

Mayor Johnson also spoke briefly. He said he was in full sympathy with the intent of the meeting and expressed similar sentiments to those given by Mr. Bryan, saying the English people generally were opposed to the war.

Elihu Root-od Miles

E Li Hu Root or Root I Hu El. Would damn General Miles to eternal hell.

Because, forsooth, he saw fit to tout an opinion adverse to the Inly El Root. Anent the finding of the inquiry court And the justice of Dewey's dissenting report.

Li E Hu Root or Root E Li Hu. "Won't allow our lieutenant general a view.

That's not in exact and equal accord With the will of the clique to whom Simpson is ward: So, my General Miles, if you would "do well" Remember you are dealing with Root I U Hel.

O, Hu Li E Root, Li Root Hu E. O, Root Lu E Hi, and, O, U Li Root He, Hu E Li Root or Root E Lu Hi.

Has given General Miles the merry But Miles is all right and "George Dewey is, too."

In spite of E Li Hu Root or Root Li E Hu. —B. O. DUGGAN.

Hara's Roast

Editor Independent: In The Commoner of November 22 I read this: "Dear Reader—Would you like to know more about the people's Independent party (populist)? The party that holds the balance of power in twenty states in the union. If so, send your name and address and we will send you the leading people's party paper free of charge for six weeks.—The Nebraska Independent." I accordingly sent a postal card and have been waiting for the paper ever since.

Will you say that I have read your paper carefully trying to find independent populism. I find that instead of being independent you are "depending" largely on that old defunct organization known as the democratic party. The assassin and destroyer of every reform movement from the old American or know-nothing party (as they called it) down to the present time. You certainly have not kept yourself well posted as to the acts and policy of that old party. I was born and raised in a southern state. I am 63 years old and I know some things about southern democracy. You may have a different kind in Nebraska. I know that in '61 they forced the south into secession. That was ruinous. And every man who opposed the move was branded as an abolitionist. Just as they call populists anarchists today. And you want to fuse with them. What do you think of their counting-out and ballot box stuffing methods? Do you think Watson was treated fairly in '92? In fact, do you really believe that they adopted our principles at Chicago in good faith, or was it done to check the spread of populism, which would have destroyed the democratic party? Down south they told us that we could vote for Bryan and old "Gold Clause" Sewell or go to hell. That they could carry the south without our help.

Would you advise the pops in Missouri to fuse with the democrats of that state? I guess you've read something in the papers about the Cardwell suit against the Republic. No, I can't pay \$1 for a paper that claims to be an independent populist paper and advocates fusion with either of the old parties, for I know that they are both corrupt. That southern democrats are just as rotten as Pennsylvania republicans. I take The Commoner, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the Missouri World, the Appeal to Reason. I read the Globe-Democrat pretty regular. All I find what they claim to be. This swapping principle to get office won't do; you have lost all the pops ever held in the northwest by fusing with the enemy. D. E. JACKSON. Fayetteville, Ark.

A Snappy Paper

Nebraska Independent: I have received your papers and was pleased with the way current affairs are commented upon. In my opinion the "Tom L. Johnson brand of democracy" is the ideal in practical form, still I recognize the facts; of least resistance and environment, to a great extent govern the existence of your very "snappy paper." But all roads lead to Rome" and according to the light of your subscribers you are doing a

ocracy, but rather the genuine article. I have taken advantage of clubbing rate with The Commoner and accordingly sent \$1.35 to The Commoner. GEO. S. CONROY. San Francisco, Cal.

Flannelled Fools

The London Times prints a poem by Rudyard Kipling, exceeding a column in length, which is virtually an appeal to the nation to adopt compulsory military service, Kipling sneers at the manner in which the war in South Africa was begun and is being continued and the vain-glorious attitude of the British toward their enemy. After declaring that raw striplings picked from the street were sent to war, while strong men idled at home, he says:

And ye sent them comfits and pictures To help them harry your foes, And ye vaunted your fathomless power And ye flaunted your iron pride, Ere ye fawned on the younger nations For the men who would shoot and ride.

Then ye returned to your trinkets; Then ye contented your souls With the flannelled fools at the wicket, Or the muddled oafs at the goals, Giv'n to strong delusion, wholly believing

A lie. Ye saw that the land lay fenceless and Yet let the months go by, Waiting some easy wonder, hoping some Saving sign.

Idle, openly idle, in the lee of the fore Spent time; Idle except for your boasting, and idle what Is your boasting worth If ye grudge a year of service to the Lordliest line on earth? Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set,

Life so long untroubled that ye who Inherit forget. It was not thus with the mountains; It is not one with the deep. Men, not gods devised it; men, not gods must keep.

Democrats Waking up

The Independent has frequently called attention to the advance that the Bryan democracy is making. To a populist it seems like the journey of a snail, but nevertheless it does advance. It has moved forward in Massachusetts and now word comes from Chicago that its democratic mayor is demanding the referendum and public ownership. The following extracts are taken from his recent message to the Chicago city council:

No ordinance can be passed without my most vigorous protest which falls to provide for future public ownership as well as for the referendum. I regard myself as under a pledge to the people to do all in my official and individual power to bring about the possibility of municipal ownership. If municipal ownership is to be obtained the passage of enabling legislation must be a condition precedent to the granting of the desired extension. Once I pass the extension and the provision of the passage of enabling legislation at Springfield is made too easy for the traction companies.

Public ownership demands as a condition precedent a civil service which shall be free from the trills, the furbelows and the ultra refinements of the theoretical reformer, and which shall yet oppose an insurmountable obstacle in the pathway of so-called gang political methods. Long before the time discussed as a proper time for the extension of franchises shall have expired the people will be ready to take upon themselves the operation of great public utilities.

I believe in the referendum because through its instrumentality corruption and the motives for corruption will largely be minimized, if not eradicated from our municipal governments. The passage of an ordinance by its very terms inoperative until its provisions shall have been submitted to a direct vote of the people will give your honorable body (the city council) the satisfactory assurance of your actions meeting the approval of the people you have been chosen to represent.

"Thanks to the battles of the last five years, one proposition is fixed and immutable, that in whatever form it be paid compensation fair and adequate must be given to the municipality by the corporations for the privileges they are to enjoy.

Norton (Kas.) Liberator: Mark Hanna says that he is in favor of protecting labor, therefore he will support the ship subsidy steal. Mark should now be offered the chair of logic in some great university. Such logicians as Mills, Sir Humphrey Davy and Aristotle lived too soon to see this prodigy in logic. An equivalent to his proposition would reason thusly: Premise: I believe in justice. Conclusion: Therefore I will support