THE AMERICAN.

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AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,
By JOHN C. THOMPSON, President.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1896.

THE TICKETS.

REPUBLICAN.

For President,
WM. McKINLEY,
of Ohio.

For Vice-President,
GARRET A. HOBART,
of New Jersey.

DEMOCRATIC.

For President,
WM. JENNINGS BRYAN,
of Nebraska.

For Vice-President,
ARTHUR C. SEWALL,
of Maine.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC.

For President,
JOHN M. PALMER,
of Illinois.

For Vice-President,
SIMON B. BUCKNER,
of Kentucky.

PEOPLE'S PARTY.

For President,
WILLIAM J. BRYAN,
of Nebraska.

For Vice-President,
THOMAS WATSON,
of Georgia.

PROHIBITION.

For President,
JOSHUA LEVERING,
of Maryland.

For Vice-President,
HALE JOHNSTON,
of Illinois.

NATIONAL.

For President,
CHARLES E. BENTLEY,
of Nebraska.

For Vice-President,
J. H. SOUTHGATE,
of North Carolina.

AND now the *Globe-Democrat* declares John Ireland favors the public schools. The *Globe-Democrat* thereby proves itself a wilful and intentional prevaricator.

JOHN RUSH recently told a gentleman that if he could dispose of his property he would go back to Ireland and teach school. There ought to be some philanthropist in Omaha who would assist John in this. This country can exist without John, but Ireland cannot exist without educational facilities.

PROBABLY after all Dick Kerens of Missouri is not running the Republican national campaign. The Boston *Citizen* says:

There were to have been nine members of the Republican National Executive Committee; eight were selected by Mr. Hanna, and Dick Kerens wanted to be ninth. Mr. Hanna refused to appoint him and now there is trouble.

SEVERAL of our readers have recently asked us what we thought would be the result to the wage earner if free silver carried the day in November. The Free Silverites claim, if they are successful, farm products will advance in price. They do not say whether free silver will raise wages. You probably know. We are inclined to the opinion that, if it does not raise your wages, it will not be of lasting benefit to the farmer, because you must buy his products or he will have to keep them.

THE State Fair, which has been in progress in Omaha this week, has probably been the most successful one ever held in the state. The crowds from out of the city that have come in daily have taxed not only the railway systems, but also the street car system, the hotels and even the State Fair Association to afford them ample accommodations. Thursday was Omaha day and the fair grounds swarmed with visitors, there being scarcely less than 70,000 people on the grounds during the day, and everybody seemed to be having a most enjoyable time. Every one of that vast throng, together with as many more, spent the evening on the streets and witnessed the imposing and beautiful parade prepared by the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben.

AMERICANS! GET IN LINE!

Two of the "Bill" Stone gang, Police Commissioners Fyke and Johnson, let out sixteen members of the police force without warning or cause. As all of the sixteen men were good Americans, and each one a Republican, it shows the work of the old Romanized Democratic gang which has for so long infested this country. The citizens are all up in arms against the dastardly deed, and much is to be heard regarding the same. Many are claiming that these gang police commissioners are getting the police force cleared of Americans and Republicans, so that the Irish on the force can be used according to the old methods at the coming election.

There was much displeasure expressed by the audience of some 200 persons at a meeting of Council No. 57, A. P. A., last Monday night, regarding the affair. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Police Commissioners Fyke and Johnson have, in collusion with Chief Irwin, discharged sixteen members of the police force without cause; and

WHEREAS, We know the said sixteen men to be capable to fill the positions they occupied, and are honorable citizens and efficient officers; therefore be it

Resolved, That Council No. 59, A. P A., denounce the action of said commissioners as infamous, and a slur on all the decent citizens of Kansas City. Further, that the action of Mayor Jones be endorsed, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the various councils in this county, and a copy be sent to the various papers.

Many warm speeches were made against the action of Fyke and Johnson, and Mayor Jones was highly commended for his noble fight to retain the men on the force. A motion was unanimously adopted calling for an "indignation meeting" to be held by the citizens of Jackson county on September 27th, at Farlow Grove. Every American citizen should fall in line to help down the gang in the coming county election—*Kansas City American.*

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

A curious story comes from New Jersey. It is to the effect that a certain member of the Methodist church was out fishing recently and had dropped off into a sound sleep, when a sound as of a violent wind swaying the trees awakened him. He was in his fishing boat in the middle of the stream and as he looked up toward the point from whence the noise proceeded he saw a most inspiring sight. Rising from the waters was a white mist that dazzled and almost blinded with its brightness. From out that mist a moment later appeared a magnificent cross which ascended and remained suspended for a few minutes before his astonished and brightened gaze. The mirage was so surpassingly beautiful that he rubbed his eyes and pinched himself to ascertain whether or no he was awake, then took another glance at the beautiful vision, when, strange to state, it had assumed a new form. It was no longer a magnificent cross, but a very correct and entrancingly bewildering image of the Virgin Mary, so bright, and so exceedingly dazzling in its radiance that it blinded and frightened him as he watched its upward flight, causing him to fall upon his face and cover his eyes with his hands in order to shut out the light that surrounded her. The curious part of this story is that it should have been a Methodist who saw this apparition. No one would have been surprised had it been detected by the optics of a superstitious, ignorant Roman Catholic, but to be vouched for by a good brother of the Methodist Episcopal church causes no little amount of suprise. Probably he was not such a good brother after all. He may have taken one pull too many at his jug of applejack. It is said to be powerful stuff.

THE failure of Hilton, Hughes & Co., of New York, which occurred last week, is significant of what might be expected to follow should any radical change be made in the present financial system of the country. Mr. Gillam, the manager of the company, in giving his reasons for the failure says: "The immediate cause can be attributed to the money market and the general depression of business in all lines. It is a fact that a man with $1,000,000 in United States Government bonds cannot borrow more than a couple of hundred thousand dollars on his securities, and the difficulty in securing loans on a stock of dry goods will therefore be appreciated." This is, indeed, a serious condition of affairs. The fact that the bonds of this government are not sufficient security to the money lenders for at least two-thirds of their face value can only be explained on the ground that the financial condition of the country is unsettled and the possibility of a change of value in the circulating medium.

THE editor of this paper believes a protective tariff along the lines laid down by the Republican party is more essential to the prosperity of the nation than any other issue embodied in any of the platforms.

A Great Opportunity for the A. P. A.

Some may not readily see how it is that now is the great opportunity for the American Protective Association to achieve some of its most signal victories, after having received such a complete rebuff at the late national conventions. But we should bear in mind that the order is not a political party having the same responsibilities, but is entirely independent of all parties, working on non-partisan lines, winning voters to its principles wherever it can. Therefore the A. P. A. did not suffer political defeat like political parties, though they were rebuffed at the national conventions. Its principles were not adopted, nor was the order they represented even recognized. But did these patriotic representatives of the A. P. A. go from the conventions to their homes with their heads down and their banners trailing in the dust? Not a bit of it. They went to their homes to meet their comrades in the conflict with banners waving high, ready to engage with renewed zeal and ceaseless activity in turning down political Romanism at every point in all the land.

The American Protective Association will doubtless see that now is the golden opportunity to make wonderful advancement in numbers, influence and political power, which will develop in the fall elections. From now on until November, politics will wage as perhaps never before, and political parties will be so much absorbed in their own affairs that the time will be especially favorable for the A. P. A. to put in its best work in forming councils and getting in members good and true, almost unobserved by politicians, papists and other opposers of the order. And this important hand to hand work will be so quietly, so promptly and so effectually done as to occasion great rejoicing on election day to patriotic Americans, and consternation and madness to the Romish priesthood and the political enemies of the republic.

The A. P. A. councils and all its loyal members and friends will have their eyes open to see their opportunity to nominate the right men, and if possible elect them, to fill every office in the gift of the people. Therefore they will come to the front, be found early at the political primaries and prompt to attend the county, state and congressional conventions, so that if it be possible the majority of the offices in the gift of the people may be filled by loyal Americans, and especially the new congress.

But should the A. P. A. through carelessness, indolence or fear let the opportunity pass unimproved until after the presidential election, making no advancement in true Americanism, the order will doubtless receive the greatest set-back it has ever had, and from which it will not easily recover. Therefore may this silent, onward movement be set in motion by the leaders of the order through all its councils everywhere, until everyone shall become thoroughly aroused, enthused and induced to enter anew upon its legitimate work of turning down political Romanism, now threatening our free institutions and even the very life of the republic. J. G. P.

Reviving "The Standard."

Meetings were held on Wednesday afternoon and evening of last week, of the stockholders in the suspended *Boston Daily Standard*, to consider the question of reviving the paper. Mr. Levi F. S. Davis, of Somerville, presided, and addresses were made by Rev. J. D. Fulton, D.D., Rev. Hugh Montgomery, Evangelist T. E. Leyden and others. An excellent committee, consisting of Messrs. L. F. S. Davis, Dr. Fulton, B. F. Bradbury, B. F. Smith and Alfred Blanchard, was appointed to consider the matter and report at a future meeting.

In the course of his remarks, Dr. Fulton used these impressive remarks:

"Colonel John A. Cockerill, recently deceased, and dying broken in heart and hope because of his own experience embodied in these words, which he used on one occasion:

"'You the journalists of New York, gathered in this press club, know that you are all slaves. You know it and I know it. There is not one of you that dare express an honest opinion. If you express it, you know beforehand that it will not appear in print. I am paid $150 per week for keeping honest opinions out of the press I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for doing things for papers with which you are connected. If I should allow honest opinions to be published in one issue of my paper, like Othello, my occupation would be gone

"The business of a leading journalist is to distort the truth, to lie outright, to pervert, to villify, to fawn at the feet of mammon and to sell his country and his race for daily bread, or for what is about the same—his salary. You know this and I know it, and what foolery to be talking about an independent press. We are the tools and vassals of the rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping-jacks. They pull the strings and we dance. Our time, our talent, our possibilities, are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes."

Attention, Company!

There will be a meeting of the John L. Webster Flambeaux Club in the New York Life Building (Republican headquarters) September 5th, at 8 p. m The Plattsmouth trip and others of importance come up.

DOLLIE.

(By Tom Johnson.)

It was the last day of August.

This great city was thronged with visitors from the surrounding towns and country, who had flocked here to attend the carnival and witness the festivities of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben.

Coy maidens, retiring lads, sunburned men and grotesquely attired women mingled with the crowds which scrambled for places on the electric cars or for seats upon the railroad trains.

All, everyone of them, being content if they secured standing room, and were thus enabled to visit the great fair then in progress.

I watched the panorama for a long time, then set out for a walk about the city to acquaint myself with the character and the extent of the decorations which the citizens had made in honor of these visitors.

Even in the sunlight's glare they were not simply beautiful, but in many instances absolutely entrancing, and I wondered what would they resemble beneath the mellow light shed by the incandescent lamps and the great arch lamps which hung suspended from every street corner and midway of each block.

Used as I was to the glare and glitter, the hustle and bustle of city life, I could not help giving expression to my surprise and pleasure to those around me.

But as I had my business to attend to, my explorations were not as extended as they might have been had I been a gentleman of leisure, and had time been weighing upon me. However, they were sufficiently extended to satisfy my curiosity, and to assure me that all former attempts at decoration had been outdone.

Satisfied upon that point, I returned to my office, seated myself at my desk and was soon dictating to my stenographer answers to certain important letters which had come in by the last mail.

When I had finished that task, and while the click of the typewriter told that the shorthand notes were being transcribed, I sat and twisted my moustache and gazed idly at the green lawn beyond.

I was in a pleasant reverie in a moment.

I was a boy again.

My time as an apprentice had just been finished and I was ready to step out into the world in search of employment—and what a great, big world it seemed to me! It was almost incomprehensible in its immensity.

I would not go at once into its mysteries.

I would lounge about home, go fishing, visit my Uncle Joe at the mills near Talmage, and then, when I felt brave enough, I would plunge into the world and seek the employment I so much needed yet so much dreaded to go in quest of.

I keep my resolve.

I went to Talmage Mills.

I fished and hunted, and once, when a circus visited the city, I went and mingled with the crowd which had already preceded us. And in that way I whiled away the time.

Days ran into weeks, and country life began to grow irksome.

Fishing became a drag—hunting absolutely unbearable—and I longed for something to relieve the monotony.

One day I was thinking of going home, when Dollie, a wee bit of humanity, came toddling out among the trees where I was seated, bearing an aged, unvarnished violin in her chubby, sunburned hands.

"Oo play Dollie music."

"I play Dollie music; bless your little heart, I could not play a tune on that instrument if my life depended on it," and yet I took the violin, and drew the bow across the strings.

It had an exquisite tone.

I tried again.

The result pleased me, and I ran to the house in search of a piece of music.

I could find nothing but a hymnal.

That I took, together with my little cousin, and returned to the grove which bordered the river bank.

And what a time we had.

That old violin fairly talked, and Dollie clapped her fat hands as I assayed one familiar tune after another.

We spent hours together.

At times she would demand a story as the price of her company, and many are the times I have held her on my knees and related some tale that would cause her childish eyes to fairly glow with enthusiasm, and her chubby arms to encircle my neck as she cried in an ecstacy:

"Oo tell another one, Cousin Tom!"

And so the days sped by.

Finally a letter came from home. It stated that I had been offered two situations, and I should return and choose between them. One was a government job, the other was with a leading firm in this city.

I chose the situation offered by the private corporation and in July of '80 came here and accepted the place.

The years rolled by with alarming rapidity.

I never found time to go again to Talmage Mills.

Everybody there, almost faded from memory.

Even my Cousin Dollie became but a fair-haired recollection.

And the thoughts of the violin never again entered my head.

But I sit and muse, and wonder what is to follow the mad rush of this life, and as I am lost to all earthly surroundings, I see a maiden, fair, with golden hair, beautiful of face and figure, with dancing eyes and a face that reminds you of peaches and cream, pass between the window and the green lawn beyond, breaking my reverie and bringing me back to a realization that the typewriter has ceased to click, that a friend has entered and seated himself and that there is a controversy going on between some young people before our office door.

A moment later that vision of maidenly loveliness sweeps into the office, and without any hesitation asks if Mr. Johnson is in.

The clerk at the first desk says that is Mr. Johnson at the further desk.

She came toward me beaming with smiles, her hand outstretched.

No man could help but clasp it.

I was no exception. I took hold of it just as cordially as it was extended, and as she felt the pressure of my hand she exclaimed:

"I am your cousin, Dollie ———."

Then turning suddenly to my wife who was seated at an adjoining desk she said:

"And this is your wife; how do you do?"

I found time to break in:

"Oh, Will's girl?"

And my wife said at the same time, "Uncle Joe's girl?" and she answered, "Yes, your cousin."

She hurried through our conversation, and it was not until after she had left the office that it came to me that she was not Will's girl, but Joe's, and that she had been my companion sixteen years before at Talmage Mills.

But we made up for it Wednesday.

She was out to our house and spent the day, and we reviewed those childhood days, and were as happy as we were sixteen years before.

No doubt many others have had a similar experience this week, and if they have, they are the happier that the fair has been held.

AMERICANS FOR THE NAVY.

Secretary Herbert has Materially Aided the Movement to Get Rid of Foreigners.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—The present system of recruiting now in operation in the navy is meeting with the unqualified approval of the commander-in-chief of stations.

Rear Admiral Beardsley, commanding the Pacific station, says: "The course adopted for the recruiting for the ships, as far as possible, only young American citizens has accumulated on them a large body of excellent men, natives of this coast. When their terms of service have expired and they return to their homes there will be mingled with the people a very strong element of well-trained young men who will undoubtedly join the naval militia."—*New York Herald.*

Secretary Herbert is doing all in his power to make the navy a wholly American institution. When he first came into office the enlisted force of the service was largely composed of foreigners; who never had any intention of becoming citizens, and who simply served the flag for the pay they received. Under Secretary Herbert's orders, preference in enlistments has been given to Americans. Since his administration began, congress has enacted a law permitting the naturalization of sailors under certain conditions without the formality of residing on shore. The provisions of this law, the department has been informed, have been embraced by many of the men. Since the law went into operation and the secretary inaugurated his policy of enlisting as many Americans as possible, the foreign element is fast disappearing from the navy.

Things certainly have been in a disgraceful state. We welcome the change and hope for more radical steps in the future.

Though the A. P. A., as some of our dear Romish friends of the quill wish us to believe, is "dead and buried," its spirit or its ghost (which?) is marching on.—*Primitive Catholic.*

A Usurper.

The Roman Catholics want Humbert to pack his duds and go. The (Presbyterian) *Evangelist* has the following:

"The *Catholic Review* makes it clear that the pope and his bishops regard the King of Italy as no less a usurper to-day than when, twenty-five years ago, his father, Victor Emmanuel, fixed his capital at Rome. Our contemporary quotes from the official letters of Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, and Archbishop Kain of St. Louis—both prelates of great influence, and on occasion want to make much of their American citizenship. We give a portion as indicating the temper of the whole. And it is to be borne in mind that the king and his prime minister and their supporters have not abjured the Catholic faith. The whole quarrel is over things temporal, not spiritual: "The twentieth day of this month will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of the downfall of the temporal power of the pope. In reference to it, Most Reverend Archbishop Elder has issued a circular, in which, after stating that the loss of his civil independence has for a quarter of a century subjected the head of the universal church to the domination of a hostile government and deprived him of his ordinary revenues for the administration of the church, he calls upon the Catholics of the diocese of Cincinnati to make September 20th an occasion of special and fervent prayer: 'First.—As an act of reparation to the honor of God for the injustice and sacrilege committed against Him in this outrage against His church. We will add our prayers for the unhappy authors of it, that God may enlighten their minds and move their hearts to be reconciled with Him and save their souls. Secondly.—In supplication to God to re-establish His vicar on earth, in the condition of freedom and independence needed for the welfare of the church, restoring to him his temporal dominion, which he has often declared to be a necessary condition for the fullness of that freedom and independence. For he who spiritually rules the people of every nation must not be politically under the power of any one among the nations. Just as in our own America, the national government, for the security of its independence, has created the District of Columbia, exclusively its own dominion, not in the territory of any state. Thirdly.—By these devotions we hope to give some consolation to the heart of our holy father, keenly sensible to the indignities put upon the Saviour of the world, through His vicar, and heavily weighed down by being oppressed and seeing the salvation of immortal souls hindered because God's church is hampered in her divine work.' The archbishop desires that special prayers be held, not only on Friday, September 20th, but also on the following Sunday, so that all the faithful in his jurisdiction may also take part in them. The church everywhere will then supplicate the Lord to rescue it from this oppression by a government dominated by atheism and anti Christian Freemasonry.'"

Confidence Well Bestowed.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 31.—[My Dear Ajax.]—In the issue of THE AMERICAN of the 22nd inst. I noticed a letter addressed to my old friend Walter C Kelley, signed by one "Rayhorn," making inquiry as to the whereabouts of all the old patriots and suggesting the advisability of an independent party. For some unaccountable reason friend Kelley has seen fit to permit the communication of Mr. Charles Rayhorn to go unanswered, and I feel it my duty to turn to you, who, in my estimation, above all others, would be able to give the gentleman the information he desires. In regard to this Mr. Charles Rayhorn, I will say that I am at a loss to locate him, and would be very much pleased to know who he is and where he could be found should a call be issued for the patriots of Chicago.

About ten years ago, when I first took an active interest in patriotic work, I opened a book, which, for lack of a better title, I called "My Book of Patriots," and in which I entered the names of all those with whom I came in contact in patriotic work. As those whose names I had entered there fell by the wayside through their loyalty to party principles or through their unconquerable love for political jobs or gold, I erased their names from "My Book of Patriots," and with a tear dismissed them from memory.

This Mr. Charles Rayhorn must be a new-comer, for I fail to find him in "My Book of Patriots," and, as honest, loyal patriots are a scarce article on the Chicago market, I would be pleased to add his name to the now almost depleted list of patriots, and I call upon you, Ajax, to give this new-comer the information he desires, and request that he be placed in a position where he will be able to use his influence in the interest of Americanism and humanity.

Again reminding you of the fact that there is no overproduction of friends of the cause in Illinois, I am, yours,

ATLAS.

Martinelli Will Sail September 6.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 29.—Cardinal Satolli yesterday received a letter from Rome announcing that Archbishop Martinelli, the new papal delegate, will sail from Genoa on the steamer Fulda on Sept. 6.

The ceremony of the installation will take place at the residence of Cardinal Satolli and will be an impressive, yet very simple function. Cardinal Satolli will invite a few personal friends to be present.

Cardinal Satolli will remain three weeks as the guest of the Archbishop Martinelli to explain to him all the details of his new position. He will leave Washington on Oct. 16 and go to New York City to visit Archbishop Corrigan for a few days. A farewell reception will be tendered him in Brooklyn by the representative Catholic societies.

He will sail on Oct. 17. Dr. Rooker will remain in Washington as Martinelli's secretary.