

# A FLIM-FLAM GAME.

## WALCOTT COMMISSION A STUPENDOUS SHAM.

People Have Been Fooled by the Republican Party's International Bimetallist Pretenses—Loyalty of the People's Party Following.

**Uncle Sam's Only Course.**  
The reply of England to the joint monetary demands of the United States and France, the chief of which was that the mints of India should be opened to silver, was a courteous but decided refusal to consider the propositions. This fully determines the course of Europe so far as doing anything for silver is concerned, and the high sounding scheme of the rehabilitation of silver by international agreement has been knocked higher than Gilead's kite. England won't agree, and what England says goes so far as Europe is concerned. It is made perfectly evident that if Uncle Sam proposes to do anything for the people he must do it himself without waiting for the assistance of Johnnie Bull or Johnnie anybody else. In this connection one is reminded of the fable of the stock, familiar in school boy days which, condensed, is as follows:

A stork having built its nest in a field of corn which grew ripe before its young were ready to fly, heard the owner of the field say he would invite his neighbors to come and gather the crop. The wise stork said: "We can remain," next day the farmer said that inasmuch as his neighbors had failed to come, he would ask his kinsman to help him to gather the crop. The wise stork said: "We can remain." On the third day the farmer and his sons came to the field and said that inasmuch as his neighbors and kinsmen failed to respond to his invitation, they themselves must come on the morrow and gather the crop. Thereupon the wise stork told his fledglings that they must move, because when people depend on themselves for the doing of a given task, the task was sure to be done.

So it is with Uncle Sam. If he wants to establish an adequate monetary system the plan is mapped out in the Omaha and St. Louis platforms, and nowhere else.

The truth is that this whole affair has been one stupendous sham. There has been a pretense of honest effort. But there is little sense in running up against a stone wall, no matter how honest may be the intentions of the runner. Great Britain gave no promise of favoring another conference, even if it were to be granted that another international conference would amount to any more than the previous conferences have amounted to. There has been no hope at any time that the commissioners could accomplish anything. All that they have been able to do at the most has been to raise a disturbance when the Bank of England was mentioned as giving a slight promise of doing under possible circumstances what it is expected by authority of its charter to do at all times. The long drawn out negotiations may or may not have been the result of diplomatic delays. The fact is, that defeat faced the commissioners when they were appointed, and it has been facing them ever since. If defeat had taken its eyes off of them for a moment their lack of authority and general uncertainty of object would immediately have drawn the eyes back. It is no wonder, therefore, that the matter has turned out as it has, her only wonder in the matter being in the patience of the American people in the face of this wide-open flim-flam game. The gullibility of the American public is great, but it is almost too much to believe that it has been misled into the belief that the present national administration means to do anything for the rehabilitation of silver. The present administration dare to do nothing in this line. The McKinley following sold itself body and soul to the Platt faction, dominated by the gold standard extremists at the St. Louis convention last year, and it dare not now call its soul its own. It is confounding in all this to know that this commission sham is now a thing of the past, and that the real policy of the administration will now soon be brought to light in the proposition of Secretary Gage to retire the greenbacks, run the nation into the hands of the banks through bank currency and blind the nation for generations yet to come by a bond issue ad libitum.

**Modern Definitions.**  
The man who pilfers a loaf of bread is a contemptible sneak thief; the man who robs the country of millions by means of the tariff is "one of our great industrial and financial magnates." The man who loans money on a 3% watch is a usurious pawnbroker; the man who locks in his vaults the bonds of a nation is "a great Wall street manipulator." The town councilman who gets his price in cash is an unscrupulous bootler; the Congressman who pockets a block of sugar or gas stock is "a leading statesman." The man who defends an ignorant gutter-snipe for a \$5 fee is a slyster or a blackleg; the man who receives \$50,000 for fastening on the public the grasp of a disreputable trust by means of a technicality in the law is "a great legal light." The magistrate who dismisses with a reprimand a stealing vagabond is "derelect in his duty;" an official who winks at and compounds with a powerful corporation for continued and flagrant violations of the law is "a shrewd politician and a patriotic citizen."

**Modern Diplomacy.**  
Modern diplomacy is continually hitting its head in the sand. We see the State Department at Washington making a ridiculous affectation of secrecy respecting matters of which the whole country is informed. All the "notes" and "representations" and "intimations" and "replies" which have been exchanged between our own government and that of Great Britain concerning the seal fisheries or the Venezuelan question have been printed in substance several days before the foreign office of either country admitted their existence. The same is true of the diplomatic correspondence respecting Cuba. Newspaper enterprise, the "leakiness" of diplomats and the eagerness of cabinet ministers to forestall public opinion have combined to render diplomatic secrecy a mere historical tradition.

**When Rome Lost Her Power.**  
It was the policy of ancient Rome to build stone paved roads into all the provinces that her legions might readily and swiftly march from the capital city into all parts of the empire on a sudden call to repel invasion or to suppress insurrection and to maintain the Roman supremacy. In that way only was it possible for the empire of the Caesars to maintain its independence and autonomy for 1,000 years and to earn for itself so proud a name in history. Those magnificent highways, paved with cut stone, belonged to the Roman government. They were free to all the Roman people, and the title of "Roman citizen" was greater than that of a king. When the legions were beaten and the public highways fell into other hands, the empire crumbled to pieces, and Rome lost her power.—John Davis.

**Suggestive Statistics.**  
In 1873 there were 1,976 national banks that had \$96,000,000 for circulation, an average circulation of \$172,000 per bank, amounting to \$10 per capita, and they had loaned out \$2.48 for every dollar of their circulation. In 1863 there were 3,721 national banks that had \$183,000,000 of circulation, an average of \$48,500 to a bank or \$2.75 per capita, and they had loaned out \$11.03 for every dollar of the

**Union Pacific Deal.**  
The agitation begun by the People's party is daily bearing fruit, notably the bursting up of the deal entered into by the last national administration and attempted to be carried out by the present one with the reorganization

committee of the Union Pacific Railroad. The deal contemplated a clear steal of thirty or forty million dollars from the people, every cent of which would have gone into the pockets of the syndicate. It now appears that this deal has been declared off, and that a new plan to hoodwink the people has been launched by the President. A few days ago Russell Sage threw Wall street into the jim-jams by announcing that he had been invited by the President to form a syndicate to purchase the Union Pacific railroads by paying the Government its claim on these properties in full, and that he had already secured \$75,000,000 for that purpose.

Now Mr. Sage declines to make public the details of the dicker between himself and President McKinley. There are two things, however, that the people may safely rely upon: First, that Sage and his syndicate will make big money out of it; and, second, that the object is to head off any test of Government ownership of railroads.

**Party Loyalty.**  
Party loyalty is strong even in the People's party. In Davis County, Iowa, fusion was adopted by a close vote, whereupon those delegates opposed to fusion, numbering within two or three of one-half of the entire convention, withdrew, held another convention, and nominated a straight ticket. This straight ticket received but about 150 votes, according to the returns published in the Bloomfield Farmer. Until recently we have always favored supporting the action of the regular convention, preferring to go along with the boys and endeavor to get them right next time; but we have come to the conclusion that interested parties can so manipulate affairs, that by quiet work, taking time by the forelock, and working in secret, they can secure the adoption of the fusion policy in most of our conventions, even where three out of every four Populists are opposed to it. Believing that fusion with either old party is detrimental to the cause of reform, that it upholds the old party fused with and tears down the People's party, the conviction has forced itself upon us that fusion must be rooted out, and that bolting from conventions is the only thing that will do it. This conviction must come to the masses of the party in time. It has already come to thousands.—Missouri World.

**Gold Men and the Farmers.**  
One of the many evidences of the perturbed state of mind our gold friends is the eagerness with which they seize upon the temporarily increased price for the farmers' wheat to argue that the farmer must now be prosperous and happy; that he no longer looks for the restoration of silver as a necessary means of maintaining the price of farm products. They hail the apparent improvement of the farmers' conditions as the forerunner of coming prosperity for all. However, we must remind them that this verifies our contention "that to the extent the agriculturists prosper so may we expect the country generally to prosper." Up to this hour, however, it has not been usual, in these parts at least, to see farmers driving in coach and four, nor do they, as a rule, wear silk hats or tanned shoes. They feel and look just as they have felt and looked for many years past. It is true the failure of the wheat crop in other countries has, for the time being, strengthened the wheat market, and just now our farmers are getting a price for their wheat just about sufficient to pay the cost of its production.—R. P. Bland, in North American Review.

**McKinley Diplomacy.**  
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circulation. Since 1863 the number of banks have decreased about 1,000 and their circulation reduced about 30 per cent, and the amount loaned out by these banks for every dollar of their circulation stands about \$17 for one. Friends, draw your own conclusions.—Denver Road.

**The Dangerous Injunction.**  
In deciding a case in Denver recently Judge Wilson, of the Court of Appeals, with the other judges concurring, handed down an opinion in which he made a vigorous attack on government by injunction. The Judge declared in his opinion that "this seductive and expeditious method of making a temporary disposition of an unpleasant emergency" does not "tend to inspire respect for the law."

He cannot approve, he continues, "a practice nor subscribe to a doctrine which permits the exercise by courts of the extraordinary power of injunctive relief for every wrong or infringement upon the rights of another." Such a course of procedure, if carried to its ultimate natural conclusion, would tend to entirely subvert the fundamental principles upon which our system of laws is founded.

**Way to Attract Votes.**  
The only way in which Populism can attract voters from the ranks of the old parties is by a straightforward, consistent fight for principles. A scramble for offices, which is always the motive in a fusion deal, can never inspire the respect necessary for the building up of a great reform party. Populism must win on principles if it wins at all. If Populists will stand firm in their fight, reformers from every party will rally around their banner, but a wavering, cowardly cause will not only fail to win others, but will drive good members of the Populist party to seek other alliances.—Dallas Mercury.

**A Few Thieves.**  
These United States Senators are all owners of railroad shares, valued all the way from \$100,000 to \$5,000,000; Hanna and Foraker, Ohio; Platt, New York; Wetmore, Rhode Island; Fairbanks, Indiana; Hawley, Connecticut; Morrill, Vermont; Hoar, Massachusetts; Quay and Penrose, Pennsylvania. We presume that some members of the other branch of Congress are in a similar situation. No wonder bills to virtually give away to a syndicate \$30,000,000 or more of United States interests in the Union Pacific can pass. Each of those thieves will of course get a slice.—San Francisco Star.

**A Prophecy Fulfilled.**  
It has long, however, been my opinion, and I have never shrunk from its expression, that the germ of dissolution of our Federal Government is in the constitution of the Federal Judiciary, an irresponsible body, working like gravity, by night and day, gaining a little to-day and a little to-morrow, and advancing its noiseless step like a thief over the field of jurisdiction until all shall be usurped from the States and the government of all be consolidated into one.—Thomas Jefferson, in 1821.

**Necessary Flattery.**  
It was the first afternoon of the club meeting, and the girl who prides herself on the earnestness of her aims and objects in life came into the room with the light of a noble resolve glorifying her countenance. "I've been reading the loveliest book in the world, girls," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "and henceforth I shall never flatter or deceive anybody. The author says that flattery is the worst of sins, and that—"

"Tell us your experiences next week," interrupted the sarcastic maiden grimly. "They'll be a lot more interesting than an account of the book's preachings, and besides—"

"But the earnest girl had blown off in indignation. And she was decidedly meek and crestfallen when next the club members met. "You needn't laugh," she remarked to the sarcastic maiden who was grinning expectantly, "for I believe what the book said was true, only we're not sufficiently developed to live by such an elevated standard. You know, I said, I should never flatter anybody again all my life. Well, that was last week. Now I'm going to flatter everybody. I've had enough of plain speaking to last me a lifetime. Last Monday I told mamma she was getting crowd's feet, when I knew she wanted me to say she wasn't. Next day Mamma asked me how old I thought she looked, and I told her honestly, Mamma hasn't got over being vexed yet, and as for Mamma, I don't suppose she'll ever speak to me again."

"Wednesday our pastor called and wanted my honest opinion of his last sermon. I told him and he was awfully hurt. Friday I told my dressmaker that I considered her awfully careless with nice material, and she left the house in anger, with my new dress half done, and not a soul among us who knows how to finish it. Other dress-makers won't, you know; so what shall I do?"

"That's the way things have gone all week. Now, I'm going to say lovely things on principle again, whether they are true or not. You girls do look perfectly stunning," she continued sweetly, as her listeners sighed sympathetically. "I do think we have the prettiest set of girls in the city in our club, and the nicest."

And then she wondered that they didn't really seem grateful for the compliment. "They acted just as if they didn't think I meant it," she told her chum afterward.

Pitcairn Island now contains 120 inhabitants, the descendants of the well-known English mutineers and Tahitian women. Only 40 of the inhabitants are men.

In a Boston court a few days ago a man engaged in manual labor testified that he was obliged to work twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four.



## CLINTON'S MYSTERIOUS ...JUROR-DOCTOR...

Even as far back as 1870 Clinton was one of the most important interior towns of Missouri. Its people have always been hospitable to the stranger and encouraging to "newcomers." Therefore, when D. T. H. Morrison, young, handsome and skilled in his profession, sought a home in Clinton in the fall of 1870 and hung out his shingle, he was not pestered by the usual questions of curious old women as to whether or not he was married, nor by the often embarrassing inquiry of garrulous old men about his antecedents and prospects. In fact, nobody bothered Doctor Morrison with prying questions of any nature when he rented and handsomely fitted up an office in the principal building of the town. Everybody he met extended a warm welcome to him and hoped he would do well. Even the medical fraternity, headed by Doctor Britz, joined in welcoming Doctor Morrison to Clinton, and besides manifesting a natural interest to know from what college he had obtained his diploma, none of the doctors in competition with whom he was bound sooner or later to come annoyed him with questions about his former home or how long he had been practicing.

From the very first there was an air of mystery about Doctor Morrison which less gentle people than those of Clinton would have insisted upon penetrating. He was reserved in manner, answered politely but in monosyllables all questions asked of him, showed neither interest nor contempt for the affairs of others, kept a light burning in his office hours every night after even the night owls of the town had gone to bed, formed no companionships, yet was agreeable and always approachable, and in a thousand other ways deported himself in such a manner as would have excited to the point of frenzy the curiosity of the ordinary country town. Some of the more gossiping Clintonites predicted when Doctor Morrison first hung out his shingle that he wouldn't stay in the town long, for the reason that nearly all of the doctors then there except Doctor Britz "were almost starving to death." One of them tentatively remarked this to Doctor Morrison one day, and the Doctor only smiled and said something about "the supposed he would manage somehow to live."

Weeks rolled into months, and still not a citizen of Clinton or of Henry County called Doctor Morrison to attend a case of sickness. Still he continued to live at the principal hotel and to be the best dressed man in town. He wore a Prince Albert suit of black and a shimmering silk stovepipe hat. He paid all of his bills promptly, and asked nobody for the loan of a dollar. If he had an account at the bank there is no record of it. It is remembered that he bought four new suits a year, one for each season, though he always dressed in solemn black, and that the boy who cared for his horse and buggy always got his pay promptly. He attended all the meetings of the town and district medical societies and discoursed learnedly on the various phases of therapeutics. He was a regular attendant at church, showing no denominational bias and patronizing the fairs of all churches alike. His conduct was so genteel in all respects as to disarm prying curiosity, even if the people of Clinton had possessed their full share of that common human trait. His walk and talk were too conventional to give rise to unusual comment or to excite undue interest in him.

Doctor Morrison was permitted to live his life in Clinton as he saw fit to live it. As before remarked, nobody bothered him with questions about his past or future. Not a soul in the town except himself knew where he came from. In the course of a year Major Salmon observed that Doctor Morrison managed to get on every day, except the grand jury, summoned in Henry County. He also noticed that every juror of which Doctor Morrison was a member returned verdicts that were declared by the lawyers to be the most surprising in the history of jurisprudence. The Major remarked this to Doctor Britz one day and that worthy gentleman said he was going to make a quiet investigation of Morrison "to see if anything was wrong." Both Major Salmon and Doctor Britz were busy men and didn't meet often. And so it happened that six months passed before the two were again brought together where it was convenient to discuss the case of Doctor Morrison. Then, when Major Salmon asked Doctor Britz if he had made any discovery with regard to Morrison the old doctor simply shook his head in oracle fashion and walked away without giving an answer.

A guess at the doctor was Judge Mc-

Beth, who presided over the Common Pleas court, Judge McBeth was rugged and brusque and direct of speech. He did not permit the lawyers to circumlocute when examining a witness in his court. He made them go after the testimony by direct methods, and he pursued the same course in his examination of jurors. An important case, involving thousands of dollars, was before Judge McBeth for trial. When the jury was impaneled and sworn in Doctor Morrison was a member of it. When it was organized he was elected foreman. Nearly all of the juries on which he had previously served had honored him with the foremanship. The leading counsel for one side of the suit was Judge James B. Gantt, now a justice of the State Supreme Court. Judge Gantt had an acknowledged advantage over his adversary in having all of the evidence and the law on his side. Three days were consumed in the trial of the case. The jury deliberated on it twenty-four hours, and then returned a verdict against Judge Gantt's client. The court room was jammed when the verdict was announced, and everybody was astonished by it. Judge Gantt sat for a moment appalled. He was absolutely certain of winning the suit. So was everybody else who followed the trial. Judge McBeth had practically instructed the jury to find for Gantt's client. Nobody seemed more surprised than the trial judge, not even excepting Judge Gantt, when the verdict was announced the other way.

Behind Judge Gantt in the courtroom that morning sat Dr. Britz. "That verdict is atrocious," said Gantt to Britz in desperation, "and I cannot understand it."

"I understand it," replied Dr. Britz stolidly.

"Then, in heaven's name, what is it?" replied Gantt.

"Why," nonchalantly responded Dr. Britz, "the foreman of the jury is crazy."

"Do you mean that?" anxiously inquired the lawyer.

"I do," solemnly answered the Doctor.

Without any more ado, Judge Gantt sprang to his feet and startled the crowded courtroom still more by moving for a new trial on the ground that the foreman of the jury was insane.

The motion was so unexpected that even Judge McBeth lost his equilibrium and asked Gantt if he meant what he said, and if he really knew what he had said.

"I do," replied Gantt. "I know exactly what I have said and I mean every word of it. I again charge that the foreman of the jury just discharged, Dr. T. H. Morrison, is insane."

Judge McBeth could not conceal his excitement. He squirmed uneasily in his big armchair for a moment, and then blurted out: "Dr. Morrison, come to the bar."

Slowly, and with measured, dignified tread, Dr. Morrison approached the bar. A cynical smile played over his immobile face. He stood like a statue, while Judge McBeth eyed him coldly for a minute.

Without any preliminaries, Judge McBeth brusquely inquired: "Are you crazy?"

Not a muscle of the accused man's face twitched. The smile left his com-

tenance with the asking of the question and an expression of solemn dignity took its place. "Certainly, I am not crazy, your Honor," calmly replied the strange young doctor. "Morrison," again squealed the harsh voice of Judge McBeth, "What do you do for a living in this community, anyway? You say you are a doctor, but nobody has heard of you having a case since you came to Clinton, nearly two years ago. You are a mystery, and I

want to know what your business is." "Well, your Honor, since that question has been asked me from the bench, I suppose I will have to answer it," was Morrison's unconscious comment. "If you demand officially to know what my business is, I don't mind telling you that I am a United States detective on the trail of a band of murderers. I have rounded four of them up here in Clinton, and am ready to put them in jail. I will have all the others within a week if you don't expose my mission here."

By this time Morrison's face was aflame and his eyes had in them that unmistakable glare of insanity. His splendid form was aquiver with excitement, which increased as he warmed up to his subject. Judge McBeth was quick to set aside the verdict of the jury and hastily adjourn court. Morrison retired to his office and locked himself in. That night he left Clinton as quietly and unostentatiously as he had entered it two years before. Nothing has been seen or heard of him since. That afternoon Dr. Britz told a crowd in the drug store of how a few months previously he had examined Morrison and discovered his insanity by asking him the very question which, when put by Judge McBeth, had set the strange young doctor off on his hobby.

And to this day the old citizens of Clinton who remember Morrison are still wondering how it was that he, being insane, exercised such a remarkable



power over the minds of the jurors with whom he served. Some of them think that despite this insanity he was a hypnotist.

## BIG ANTS USED IN SURGERY.

**How Indians in Deep Brazilian Forests Sew Up a Wound.**  
Down in the Brazilian forests surgeons are not always at hand and hospitals fitted with modern surgical appliances are few and far between. But these facts do not bother the Brazilian Indian. For centuries he has known how to take care of himself, how to treat wounds and cuts and dislocations without medical or surgical aid, and one of the most novel of these rude surgical customs is that of sewing up wounds with the aid of ants.

Septicemia and pyemia have been banished from the world of surgery in civilization almost entirely by the progress made in antiseptic methods and the introduction of anesthetics in surgery has made possible operations which fifty years ago would not be dreamed of. But no surgeon, even of the most advanced school, left to himself in a Brazilian forest without instruments or appliances of any kind could care for a cut as neatly as do the Indians. The means employed is a species of very large ant, which is furnished with very powerful mandibles, capable of biting through almost anything. The insect has no sting and no swelling or other painful results follow its bite. Its lower lip is a strange jointed organ, which the ant has the power of projecting far beyond the upper lip on occasion. At its extremity it has a pair of powerful forceps with which it can grasp and hold tenaciously small objects and nothing not encased in metal can resist their strength.

When the Indian receives a cut or wound from a knife or a thorn he proceeds to catch a number of these ants. Holding the lips of the wound close together, he applies the mouth of an ant to the edges and the insect at once bites through and holds on. Then the body of the ant is pinched off at the neck and the jaws remain fixed. Another and another ant is placed in position until there is a row of jaws along the wound, holding it firmly shut, and when it is healed the jaws are removed with a forceps or other instrument. This style of surgery is strictly antiseptic, since there are no evil after effects from the ants' jaws, and the bite itself does not cause any inconvenience, although the pain must be considerable at first.—Chicago Chronicle.

**His Real Worth.**  
The spirit of thrift which pervades, or used to pervade, New England, is amusingly illustrated in a remark once made by a Vermont farmer.

He had been seriously ill in mid-summer, but his strong constitution stood him in good stead and he quickly rallied. On being asked in the autumn how he was feeling, he said cheerfully: "Oh, I'm fair to middling now, thank ye; but anyway it don't make so much difference, seeing the farm's pretty well sicked up. If I'd a' died in haying or harvesting time, it would have been full fifty dollars' damage to me." Then, after a thoughtful interval, he added: "Come to think of it, that's too low a figure—sixty dollars would be nearer."

**It Is the Name Thing.**  
Jags—Gimme a loaded acrobat.  
Barkeep—Wot's dat?  
Jags—Tumbler fall 'd whisky.

