

SECOND DOLLAR DINNER FIFTEEN HUNDRED WORKERS CONGREGATE.

Pay Homage to the Memory of Jefferson—Colonel Bryan the Guest of Honor.

New York.—(Special.)—The second of the "one dollar" Bryan dinners, that under the auspices of the workmen, was held at the Grand Central palace. The dinner was not as largely attended as the one given by the Chicago platform democrats in the same place on the preceding Saturday night, about 1,500 men and women being present. The striking difference between these dinners was the seating of the guests of honor on the platform, where they were plainly visible to everybody in the hall. Back of the speakers, painted on a large canvas, was the following: "A system of political economy will yet dawn which will perform as well as promise, which will rain the riches of nature into the laps of the starving poor."

Colonel William J. Bryan entered the hall soon after 7 o'clock. He was received with great applause. An orchestra discoursed music from one of the boxes. The women, who were about equal in number to the men, sat at the tables on the main floor. The toasts and speakers were as follows: "Municipal Ownership of Public Franchises," Mayor S. M. Jones; "What a Just and Economic System Would Be for Women," Charlotte Perkins Stetson; "The Foes Which Beset Movements in the Interest of the People," Rev. Edward McGlynn; "Practical Adjustment of Social Problems," N. O. Nelson; "All Government Derives Its Principles from the Consent of the Governed," William Temple Emmet; "Thomas Jefferson," William Jennings Bryan.

MENU OF THE SIMPLEST.

The menu was of the simplest. It was: Vegetable soup, haddock, egg sauce, roast beef, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, pickles, ice cream, cakes and coffee.

Colonel Bryan was accompanied by Congressman W. A. Sulzer when he entered the hall.

A PATRIOTIC TOAST.

In the course of the dinner Chairman Walker arose and asked all to drink to the honor of "Those heroes who, April 9, 114 years ago (battle of Lexington) gave up their lives for that liberty the danger to which is the occasion for your gathering here tonight."

All rose and drank while the band played "The Star Spangled Banner."

Chairman Walker introduced Mayor Jones of Toledo. Mayor Jones was cheered. His toast was "Municipal Ownership of Public Franchises," and he said in part:

MAYOR JONES' SPEECH.

"Any system adopted by society either as custom or law, that grants a one man or set of men a privilege that is by force of circumstances denied other men, is a denial of the equality guaranteed to the people of this government in the Declaration of Independence, and is, therefore, a violation of divine justice."

"We can understand how the contract system or a system of special privileges might exist in a monarchy or be tolerated under a despot, but even a suggestion of inequality in regard to any conception of a government, in which all are supposed to be equals. For this reason the fact of equality under our government has generally been accomplished without question."

"The impression given to our children is that the thing called government is perfected. There is, therefore, no responsibility for the boy beyond the mere perfunctory work of voting on election day, of proclaiming in season and out of season that we have the best government on earth, and of constantly keeping before the minds of our fellow men the assertion that we 'can lick everybody,' but if we have the best government on earth, which I do not question, it does not necessarily follow that even that may not be improved."

"If we can 'lick everybody,' even this is not of necessity the highest idea toward which a nation may strive."

"I have no quarrel with the capitalist. I have no quarrel with the contractor. Under our existing business system it is the business of the capitalist and contractor to get the best end of the bargain, and to my mind all is inflammatory and denunciatory appeal directed against the capitalist, the contractor, the money power, are idle and of no avail."

"Our warfare should be on an unholy system, a system, too, that is unscientific as it is unholiness; a system that hopes to perpetuate itself through ministering to greed; a system that is daily warfare, that is calculated to make men hate each other; a system that makes our pretended democracy a travesty and makes our daily walks a denial of democracy, and it is, therefore, treason to the republic in which we are all professed sovereigns and equals."

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP'S EFFECT.

"In every city of this or any other country that has adopted public ownership of its public utilities the reform will both disappear together. Every city, I say, that has adopted public ownership of public utilities has shortened the hours of labor, increased the pay of the men and improved the quality of the service."

"If the workmen and masses are in economic slavery, in charity it is because preceding economic slavery there has been party slavery, and in every succeeding election the working forces of the country have been the dupes of the schemers who sought to serve only their own ends."

"I believe this is the beginning of the government that is bought and sold and run for revenue, and the days of pretended partisan hatred have vanished; that workmen can no longer be rallied with the mere use and cry of 'Be a democrat' or 'Be a republican.'"

"Let the platform that commands the votes of the workmen and reform forces be definite and positive for those things that are now essential to liberty, such as equal opportunities for all, the abolition of the contract system, the substitution of the eight-hour day and the recognition of organized labor in all skilled departments; and let us repudiate any platform that does not involve every one of these principles."

Mayor Jones closed amid a great demonstration. He was intensely democratic. Some one called for three cheers for the mayor. They were given. Then some one called for three cheers for "the people." "Yes," shouted Mayor Jones, leaping to his feet and waving his hands, "Cheer not for me. Cheer for the people." This brought out great applause.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson spoke next.

DR. MGLYNN'S OVATION.

Dr. McGlynn was the next speaker. He was given an ovation. He said in part:

"There is today a slavery worse than chattel slavery. That is industrial slavery. I believe that a man should be more than a machine, more than a mere brute of the fields."

"If any one tells you that we reformers would destroy the right of property tell him he tells not the truth. We would give to every individual corporation just what it produces. No government has a right to give away a right or a franchise created by the people in perpetuity and posterity has a right to spit upon such a grant."

N. O. Nelson of St. Louis spoke next and was followed by William Temple Emmet.

Mr. Emmet closed with a reference to Colonel Bryan. It created a tremendous amount of enthusiasm, and then followed another demonstration similar to that given Mr. Bryan Saturday. It continued for some moments, and someone shouted, "God bless you, Billy, boy," whereat the crowd again got up and yelled and cheered for minutes.

Mr. Bryan had to raise his hands many times before his admirers would give way. The women particularly were enthusiastic in their greetings.

HONORS FOR WESTERN MEN.

Stotsenberg and Funston Will Probably Be Made Brevet Generals.

Washington, D. C.—(Special.)—The announcement that the volunteers in the Philippine islands are to be mustered out of the service has excited considerable interest in the fate of the two western officers who have signally distinguished themselves in the different operations around Manila.

They are Colonel Funston of the Twentieth Kansas regiment and Colonel Stotsenberg of the First Nebraska. The latter is an army officer, holding a commission as captain in the Tenth cavalry. Colonel Funston is a volunteer who saw considerable service in Cuba, and was wounded as brigadier general in the insurgent army.

Both these officers have served with great distinction and under ordinary circumstances would be entitled to promotion. Under the power given the president by law, however, nothing can be done for them except to brevet them brigadier generals and muster them out. While Colonel Stotsenberg will resume his rank in the line, Funston will be compelled to retire to private life. This would not follow if the president should decide to call for the 35,000 volunteers under the army reorganization act, in which event there will doubtless be found desirable commissions for both of these distinguished officers.

It is understood that Colonel Vifquain, in command of the Third Nebraska, which has been on duty in Cuba, and has but recently returned to the United States, has tendered the services of his regiment for duty in the Philippines.

The war department has received numerous tenders like that of Colonel Vifquain, but in every case, so far as known, the department has declined to entertain them.

Follow Blanco's Tactics.

London.—(Special.)—The Filipino European junta claims to have received a cablegram from General Luna, "commanding the Manila district," direct from Manila on Friday, declaring that General Lawton, "whose object was to proceed to Balic and effect a junction with the Yorktown," was inveigled by the Filipino tactics into "perilously extending his line with the result that a column, consisting of 140 officers and men, on reaching a place called Binantoman, was ambushed by a large Filipino force, communication with the main force was severed and the entire column was captured."

The foregoing is said to be a separate affair from the disappearance of the boat's crew of the Yorktown in the vicinity of Balic.

The Filipinos are also said to have captured 7,000 Mauser rifles, all the ammunition and several Spanish gunboats, which the rebels say they have navigated up the Rio Grande and out of reach of the Americans.

Union Pacific Hustling.

Cheyenne, Wyo.—(Special.)—The private car of General Manager Dickinson went north from here over the Cheyenne & Northern railway.

It will be met at Badger by Mr. Dickinson, who, with a party of Union Pacific officers, made the trip by wagon across from Sidney, Neb., along the route proposed to be built into Northern Laramie county by the Union Pacific.

Mr. Dickinson has been personally superintending operations taken by the Union Pacific to secure control of Hallack canon in the northern part of Laramie county, which forms part of the route proposed to be followed by the Burlington on its line from Alliance, Neb., across Wyoming to the Carbon county coal fields. The canon forms the only feasible route across the Black Hills range in Laramie county. It is reported here that the Union Pacific people have secured possession of the canon and will run a track through it as one to hold control.

A woman likes to have a lot of jewels, so that when her feelings have been hurt she can leave them all off and come down to dinner dressed in black and looking pale and sad.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, Be scattered around and together be laid; And the young and the old, and the low and the high Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved The mother that infant's affection who proved; The husband that mother and infant who blessed, Each all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye, Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by; And the memory of those who loved her and praised, Are alike in the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king, that the scepter hath borne; The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn, The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap, The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep, The beggar who wandered in search of his bread, Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven, The sinner who dared to remain unrepentant, The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just, Have quietly mingled their bones with the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower of the weed, That withers away to let others succeed; So the multitude comes, even those we behold, To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been; We see the same lights that our fathers have seen— We drink the same stream and we view the same sun, And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think; From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink. To the life we are clinging they also would cling; But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold; They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold; They grieved, but no wall from their slumbers will come; They joyed, but the tongues of their gladness are dumb.

They died, ay, they died; and we things that are now, Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow, Who make in their dwellings a transient abode, Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! Hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, We mingle together in sunshine and rain; And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge, Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draft of a breath, From the blossom of health to the paleness of death, From the gilded salon to the bier and the shroud— Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? —William Knox.

Officer's Wife Under Fire.

Washington Evening Star. Mrs. John M. Stotsenberg, wife of the colonel of the First Nebraska regiment, which has been distinguishing itself in the Philippines, thus describes in a letter how she was "under fire" for a time:

"A little before dark we could see through field glasses about 400 long-haired savages gathered together and undergoing inspection by insurgent officers. These savages had been brought down from the mountains and carried shields, bows and arrows, hatchets and spears. Their officers wore red coats, and these mountain men were placed in the front."

"After watching them a little while I sat down and was conversing with one of the officers when a rifle shot rang out and in a minute the sound seemed to me to be like that we hear on the morning of the Fourth of July, only many times multiplied. I came out to the camp in a quail or Philippine wagnette, and someone ordered the Philippine coachman to harness the little ponies, when a bullet went right through the vehicle, and the Philippine driver ran away as fast as he could."

"The doctor and quartermaster told me to lie down in a trench, and I assure you that I laid low for a time while the bullets whizzed over me. In a little while I walked about 200 yards to where the Utah battery was stationed, and there, by the aid of Dr. Jensen, I procured a quail and was driven into the city. On the way in I had to get out for a little while and lie down by the roadside on account of the storm of bullets, which cut the cane trees on either side of the carriage. I tried to keep cool and to appear brave, even if I was not."

"When I reached Manila I heard nothing from the regiment until Monday, when Gilson, whom you will remember as the old Indian fighter who accompanied John's regiment to Manila, came and told me that John was safe and that the regiment was fighting the insurgents to get possession and control of the waterworks, which are the main reliance of the city of Manila. Late on Monday the battalion which John commanded succeeded in doing this. It was made up of his own and four other regiments, and his headquarters are now in a large stone house formerly occupied by the insurgent chief."

OVERWORKED FARMER'S WIFE

What Can Be Done to Better Her Condition?

One morning not long ago I had a memorable conversation with a farmer's daughter; she was a bright young woman, a school teacher, who had passed thirty I should say, and developed with every year. She had been speaking of her mother, who had grown unable to work, and, unfortunately, was able to interest herself in nothing else. She said:

"My mother is not so old, either, but she is broken down. Now, my father is older than she, and he worked, too, but he took better care of himself, and he always had a hired man and found time to read, if it were only the weekly paper. My mother was different. She never had a girl, and she was always, always working, always, always tired. I don't think she ever rested, except when she was sleeping, and I never saw a book in her hands. There's not much play time on the farm, but the women seem to take it the hardest. Do you know the number of farmers in the state asylums is simply appalling? And there are more women than men." As she spoke her snapping black eyes softened, then filled and she turned her head away, saying brokenly: "Oh, my mother is so miserable; I don't know what the end of it all will be."

For days I could not get her words out of my thoughts. They fairly haunted me and from somewhere a voice kept saying insistently: "What are you going to do about it? Here you are with thousands of farmers, and their wives, and sons, and daughters to talk to every week. Surely you can do something."

At last I said: "I will try; I will try." Some people think work is a curse. I don't. I think it is one of our greatest blessings. But, like every other good, it may be so misused as to become an evil, a very curse indeed.

On a farm, particularly in these days, one simply must work to live. There are no two ways about it; farming means work and lots of it. At the same time overwork never paid any one.

When a man finds himself slaving eighteen hours a day to keep body and soul together, there's something sadly wrong, and it's time to call a halt. If he keeps on, one of two things is bound to happen, he will go to pieces some day, and the doctor's bill will cost far more than he made or saved, or he will become a bent, broken down old man long before his time. And this is only the physical, much the least important part of the evil wrought.

Bad as it is for a farmer to overwork it is even worse for the farmer's wife—woman is the mother of the race—and she does it more often. A man hires help and utilizes his children as soon as they are any age, but a woman rarely has regular hired help and receives less aid from the children. Added to this, in the earlier years of married life, she usually has the additional and exhausting duties of motherhood. The wife in town who does all the work for her husband and children is thought a busy woman, and so she is, but her tasks are light compared with those of a farmer's wife, who bakes, cooks, feeds, and cares for the household.

Sometimes this country wife could have help if she asked for it, but, perhaps, there is a mortgage on the farm or the crops have been poor, or bus band wants a new machine, or help is hard to secure, or—worst of all, she is too proud to ask for what should be given without a word from her. So she does her work as best she may with dragging step and growing effort and at 25 or 40 she is an old woman and begins to need a skilled doctor's care. She has been taking medicine this long while, goading tired nature until at last the whip has no effect. Internal complications have arisen and operations become necessary (frightfully painful and very expensive these operations are, too). Then she drags on her weary years as a semi-invalid or dies in her prime. Woman's extraordinary vitality sometimes keeps her going until old age creeps on; then perforce she must rest awhile and harvest the fruit of misspent years.

I said the physical evils of overwork were the least; I said such years were misspent. I solemnly affirm that both these statements are true.

When the body is made a mere working machine the mind and soul suffer irreparably; when every hour is filled with work the time which should be employed striving "to be filled with the life of God" is wasted. It is this sort of living which sends farmers and farmers' wives to the insane asylums.

"Well, what can be done to better things?"

The question can be answered only in a general way. Try to make less work do; try to have more varied interests. The body and its needs must not be allowed to crowd and starve the mind and the soul. Read something every day and by feeding the mind raise yourself above the level of an animal, which simply works and eats and sleeps. Get in contact with nature and with God. Be alive in your soul and life will broaden and grow richer every day.

It was in the gloaming. Husband and wife had been resting together; the sweet silence that sometimes falls between two who love each other and are in perfect sympathy, brooded over them, until one said to the other: "A penny for your thoughts, love?" The penny was paid—not in the coin of the realm—but this is the "thought" which was given:

I would thou wert a passing cloud And I a sunbeam bright; From heaven I'd steal my rapid way And on thy bosom light.

It was some days later, and one of the two was in pain; the other anxiously inquired: "What can I do for you?"

Let me do something to help you? The answer was, "Give me the verse that grew in your heart for me the other day. It will rest me."

Work a little less. Love a little more. Not drugs or lotions, poisons or balms give surest ease; love is the best healer. Is the heart empty? Fill it. Love somebody, or something; anything, so you love. If your heart full? Pour its wealth out upon the sad, hungry-hearted and weary, but most of all, upon those who look to you for life's joy and sunshine.—Iowa Homestead.

Followers of Custom.

Why does a man wear two buttons on the back of his coat? This is not a companion riddle to "Joe Miller's celebrated conundrum, 'Why does a hen cross the street?'" But it is a pertinent interrogatory. Habit—that's the answer. Unquestioning, unreasoning custom. Your father wore two buttons in that same position. So did his father. So did your earlier ancestors. So do you. There wasn't much call for sartorial splendor in the Adam period, and Eve wasn't the author of the "nine tailors to make a man" theory. About the time men began wearing clothes and developing differences of opinion in which the sword was the usual arbitrator the two buttons came to be in evidence. They held the sword belt in place. When the coffee and pistol fad superseded the rage for rapers the custom of wearing the two buttons was continued. Ever since then the buttons have been worn. No use to any one. No advantage except to the button manufacturers. Yet your tailor and mine had better not leave those buttons off, or we'll start an account at another tailor's.

Look at the hairdresser's shop. This isn't for baldheaded men or infants. There's a pole that looks like a stationary pouce cafe, or half a hundred rainbow-colored serpents all climbing up and down in different directions, according to your condition. In the good old days when the giants were on the earth there were also barber surgeons seeking whom they might entice. The varicolored pole was the sign of their profession. We don't have barber physicians now. The surgeon lives in a fashionable quarter, and if you planted one of these poles in front of an office the owner would have you locked up. The pole means "blood letting done here." Come to think of it, the pole is not so inappropriate, after all. But if I were a barber I would not advertise my specialty that way.

When you write a business letter why do you write the name of the person who is to receive it at the top. Haven't you written the address and name on the envelope? What's the advantage of the double system? When the world was younger the Scribes and Pharisees were not acquainted with envelopes, and consequently knew nothing of the mysteries of the "envelope game" as it flourishes today. The address was therefore written on the letter itself, and then sheet was then folded in such a way as to bring the superscription only to view when the sealing wax was applied.

The window custom is one which almost every builder knows by heart. These gentlemen are in the habit of putting up houses with windows on all sides, and this is all right where there is a use for these apertures. But your ordinary builder does not confine himself to the utilitarian. When he strikes a corner house where there are not so many windows required as in other localities he does the best he can to give that house the appearance of being nothing but windows. Look at all the corner houses you pass. Most of them have "blind" windows. Imaginative windows are placed on the side walls, with ledges and sills, and the builder feels that he has done his duty.

Ever notice your dog walk round and round in a circle before he lies down? Yes, of course. Why does he do that? Know of any reason why he should go through that unvarying form? Well, that dog's forefathers and the forefathers of all the dogs, big and little, started that practice. They had to beat out a hole in the snow or grass before they could get a comfortable bed. Then, too, your dog sits with his nose on his paws. You don't know why. Neither does your dog. But he's simply following instinct. His dog parents away back in the dim dog ages had to keep their noses clean for the scent, and they never let them touch the dust or snow.

There's the cat. Clean beast, the cat. Always washing herself. That's because cleanliness runs in the cat family. The first cat had to be a mighty immaculate feline, physically, or her prey would have scented her and kitty would have gone hungry. And so it goes throughout. The man and the brute beasts are on an equality in the matter of following a blind custom. —New York Herald.

The Why.

In describing her visit to one of the mission schools of Africa, Miss Kingsley tells of a negro of 12 to whom she addressed the question: "What are you studying?"

"Eber'ying," replied the child.

"What do you know?" asked the young woman.

"Eber'ying," was the answer.

"You are the very person I've been looking for," said Miss Kingsley; "now tell me why you are black."

"Certainly, I'm black because my pa's pa saw Noah without his clothes on." —New York Tribune.

HER LITTLE WAYS.

"When my wife buys a \$15 hat she says it will last her three years."

"That's cheap enough."

"Yes; but every season she gets \$1 worth of new trimmings to put on it."