

FOR BRYAN.

DECLARATION OF GOLDEN RULE JONES OF TOLEDO.

IS AGAINST MCKINLEY

In a Letter to the Public He Cannot Indorse the Policy of Empire With the Philippines.

Chicago, Ill.—(Special).—Samuel M. Jones, mayor of Toledo, O., and known as "Golden Rule" Jones, has made public a letter in which he announces his determination to vote for William J. Bryan. Mayor Jones was the independent candidate for governor of Ohio last year and received more than 100,000 votes. He has a very strong personal following, and it is generally believed that his declaration insures Ohio for the Bryan column.

Mr. Jones' letter follows: "During the past six weeks a few petitions have been in circulation in different parts of the Ninth congressional district of Ohio, asking me to become a nonpartisan candidate for congress. I had nothing to do with instigating or aiding this matter, directly or indirectly. I am a nonpartisan and have passed beyond the party machine idea and believe in the new politics, where candidates will be nominated by direct petition of the people without the party machinery of caucuses, primaries, conventions, delegated authority or other paraphernalia of bossism. As best as I know how I have been steadfastly true to the nonpartisan idea with respect to this movement. Desiring not to influence the signing of the petitions, I have carefully refrained from saying whom I am for in the interesting national campaign now on. At the same time I have never failed to say what I am for. Although no systematic work has been done to secure names to these petitions, several thousand voters have signed them, many times more than a sufficient number to warrant the belief that under ordinary circumstances it would be my duty to stand as a candidate and furnish a practical example of the workings of the new political system that is destined to deliver us from the slavery of partyism and make every voter always free to vote as a patriot according to the dictates of an enlightened conscience, rather than as a partisan according to the crack of the party whip. Partyism and partyism cannot abide together.

MUST BE SINCERE.

"Under existing circumstances I do not think the demand so pronounced as to make it my duty to become a candidate, but I believe the time has arrived when it is my duty to state my position with respect to the issues of the national campaign so clearly that none who care to know may have any doubt as to where Jones stands. I do this as a candidate the purity and sincerity of my purposes may be questioned; therefore, in order to remove all doubt as to my motives, I must decline to serve as a candidate in this campaign, that by so doing the personal element may be removed and my efforts and influence be taken at their true value in behalf of a principle.

"Lincoln said that our government was 'conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' In every fiber of my being I believe in equality, and I believe that any social or political structure, to be enduring, must be built with a strict regard for this principle, so fundamental to a race of beings who are the children of common father.

"I have no fear that our republic will be converted into an empire. My faith in the integrity and patriotism at the heart of the nation is too well founded to harbor such a dread. I believe that the logical sequence of militarism and partyism, and the ungodly trio is the legitimate fruit of the spirit of bossism that has been so dominant in our political history during the last twenty-five years, and imperialism are a flat-footed denial of the principal of equality and an assertion of the right of the 'self-styled' superior classes to govern the rest; this is an ancient heresy of the 'divine right of kings' in another form.

WRONG PRINCIPLES.

"I believe the position of the administration with respect to the Philippine war is a denial of equality and a contradiction of the principles of human liberty set forth in the preamble of the declaration of independence. I have turned the subject over in my mind for months; I have studied every phase of it to the extent of my ability, and with all due respect for the men who are doing the governing and for many friends who are in sympathy with them, candor compels me to say that I can see nothing but danger and disaster that are certain to overwhelm the republic if this policy is continued. I cannot see how it can be a republic of sovereign equals while holding colonial dependencies after subjugating them by force of arms.

"My hope for the future of America and the race is found in my faith in the good the God in my fellow human beings in the patriotism of the whole. This faith is justified by all history and a lifetime of experience, and nothing will ever swerve me from it. The spontaneous response of the people of America to the appeals in behalf of the stricken citizens of Galveston is the latest demonstration of the divine impulse at the heart of humanity that only waits the opportunity to flash upon to sweep away all traces of division, wipe out marks of political, social or religious distinction and accept all humanity into one common mass.

"Our quadrennial elections should be considered as occasions for silently registering the public will; they are, indeed, a time when we make a sort of barometrical reading of the public conscience. I think it is both misleading and mischievous to refer to our elections as 'political battles.'

BRYAN IS RIGHT.

"Great fights and warlike terms of that kind are a denial of the sacrament rather than an implement of warfare, and when I enter the booth to administer the sacrament of my ballot I shall use my best endeavor to record my conscience in favor of equality and against war than war and revenge, and I shall vote for William J. Bryan as the best way I know of giving expression to these sentiments, believing him to be the candidate who most nearly represents the high ideals of a few great souls who have a clear vision of the perfected social state, but who else stand for what is best in

the public conscience of America today. As he is against the war we are making on the Philippines, I believe this is the one step toward the putting an end to all wars, the daily warfare of the competitive strife included. If I cannot get the whole socialist program at one step I am willing to take one step toward it. My hope is not in any party or man, but in the triumph of a principle. To the extent of my ability I shall make use of the opportunities afforded by the campaign now on in crystallizing the public sentiment on the question now before the people, and will accept invitations to speak for these principles from now to the end of the campaign.

"I will endeavor to make no discriminations as to my audiences, but will hold myself in readiness to talk to people wherever they can be reached. My faith is in the people. What other or better hope have we in the world?"

FOR HUMAN RIGHTS.

"I believe with Charles Sumner that 'anything for human rights is constitutional.' No learning in books, no skill acquired in court, no sharpness of forensic dialect, no cutting and splitting of hairs impair the vigor thereof. This is the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding. I can see no safe basis upon which we can hope to build up a governmental structure other than the consent of the governed. I do not want to govern a person simply because he is weaker than I and I am very sure that I can never consent to let another govern me because he is superior strength. He do so would be slavery and not equality.

"Ours is a government of sovereign equals—a democracy—and I believe it is the destiny of this nation to lead the nations of the world forward into something higher than nobler than democracy. I believe that here on this continent and under our flag is to be set up the co-operative commonwealth of equals, a government on which the good of all will be the inspiration that will give the people to their work. I believe that here is to be inaugurated that era of peace and good will than Tennyson saw:

"Then I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see, Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be, Till the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

"But this cannot be brought about by the help of quelling guns, with squadrons and great standing armies. The glorious destiny of this nation can only be wrought as the social conscience is awakened and as we shall make a practical application of the golden rule to all the affairs of life and to every phase of government—municipal, state, national and international.

"Only the golden rule can bring the golden age. I am a socialist and believe the hope of this nation and the world lies in brotherhood socialism, not party socialism. According to the light I have and as best I know how I practice this belief. I believe that equality is the only basis of our hope. I am unable to see how it ever can be realized with a party program. I am for the socialist propaganda, but not for a socialist party. I know there are party socialists and party republicans who find no trouble in 'riddling' my arguments to them I simply desire to say that I do not seek to impose my method of politics or religion or life on them or anyone. I merely want to be a free soul and be true to the highest and best that is in me.

"In conclusion, I reiterate the declaration I have often made that I claim no privilege for myself or for my children that I am not doing my utmost to secure for all others on equal terms."

INDIANA SURE FOR BRYAN.

Even Ex-President Harrison Has Given Up Hope for McKinley.

Omaha, Neb.—(Special).—Indiana is assured to the democrats beyond the question of a doubt, Ex-President Harrison admitted to me personally that the state was no longer debatable ground.

So last evening spoke Mr. M. Wicker of St. Paul, Minn., member of the firm of Sharrod & Crooks, one of the largest shoe manufacturing firms in the west, who is a guest of the Paxton house. Mr. Wicker is making his first visit to Omaha for the purpose of opening up the state for regular travelers to work hereafter.

While a thorough going business man, Mr. Wicker is not so absorbed in his business as not to take any interest in politics and neglect his duty as a citizen. On the contrary he is alive to the issues of the day and believes it a sacred duty, especially now, for every citizen to give earnest heed to the momentous questions before the people.

Mr. Wicker has of late traveled extensively in both the east and west and wherever he has been he has made the political complexion of the state he was in a matter of close inquiry. As a result few commercial men are better posted on probable results in the various states he has visited.

"The situation in New York," he said last evening, in an interview with the World-Herald, "is most encouraging for the democrats. In short I believe with Mr. Cramer, who now stands to win \$200,000, that it is good gambling ground. My uncle, who is a standard republican of New York, candidly, but with deep regret admitted the other day that in his judgment the state was lost to the democrats."

INDIANA AND MINNESOTA.

"There are two states, however, that I feel I can speak about with pretty correct information as to how the vote will stand in the aggregate, and those are Indiana and Minnesota, my home state. I have just been through Indiana with the best of opportunities to gain correct information, and I say in all sincerity that Indiana is assured to the democrats beyond the question of a doubt. Honest republicans no longer attempt to deny this. From no less a person than ex-President Harrison I got this admission in these words, 'Indiana in this election is no longer debatable ground. It is assured to the democrats.'

Generous people poured \$2,000,000 into the lap of wrecked Johnston eleven years ago. Like generosity will materially brighten the desolation at Galveston.

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE"

"I might just as well resign at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobby. "I had no idea that joining a literary club meant that one had to perform in public. I simply can't do it."

"What do you want you to do, my dear?" asked Mr. Dobby. "A song and dance or a cakewalk? I wouldn't mind a little thing like that. You can pick it up in no time."

"It's nothing like that," said Mrs. Dobby, passing a typewritten document over the breakfast table. "And you needn't make any fun of the matter, either. The frivolous way in which you look at everything is tiresome. Now what am I to do?"

"I am sure, my dear," began Dobby. "Just read it—read it!" commanded Mrs. Dobby, and her husband read: "Honora Coombs Dobby. 'Dear Madam: At the next meeting of the Literary Club the topic of discussion will be Markham's poem, 'The Man With the Hoe.' As you have been selected as chief speaker of the evening, you will kindly be prepared to recite the poem and give a short sketch of the author's career. Also to give your opinions as to the ideas contained in the work, as well as the general style and literary construction of the poem.'"

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Dobby, trying to conceal the fact that he was quite as perturbed as his wife by the letter. "Well?"

"Well? Why didn't they select you? What did they send that to me for? What do I know about farming?"

"You forget, dear, that this is not an agricultural club, but a literary society. Of course, they refer to the famous poem?"

"Is it possible that you haven't heard of Markham's masterpiece, 'The Man With the Hoe'?" asked Dobby, with a reproachful look over the top of his egg.

"Why, I haven't read anything but 'Quo Vadis' this summer, and I only half read that. You see it hurts my eyes and besides that I'm too busy. Who was he?"

"The Man With the Hoe? He has become one of the most typical of—"

"What was the matter with him? Why didn't he hoe? Where did it happen?"

"It began with a picture, my dear. An artist made a picture of a man in a field with a hoe."

"Hoeing corn, I suppose; well, what of it?"

"Well, it was a great picture—filled with depth and feeling and life. I suppose it seemed as though he were really hoeing, did it? I've seen a picture like that—a girl gathering roses. You could just see the stems snap."

"No, it wasn't exactly that. The man had stopped?"

"Stopped hoeing? What did he do that for?"

"He'd stopped to rest and was leaning on the hoe."

"Gracious! A hoe isn't a bit comfortable to lean upon. Why didn't he sit down?"

"Why—er—it was just the artist's idea, you see. The man stopping to lean on his hoe—the laborer in the field—don't you see?—typifying the workman of the ages—the 'empty' ages, Markham had the hoe?"

"Oh, no! Markham was a poet, and he saw the picture and saw the poetry in it. Then he wrote the poem and called it 'The Man With the Hoe.'"

"Was it pretty?"

"It was a magnificent idea—the figure of that man as typical of the workman—the patient slave plowing the field—"

"What did he have a hoe for if he was plowing?"

"You don't understand. Don't you catch the idea? Labor—the farmer at work—plodding along without an idea—sweating over his work—"

"You just said he'd stopped to rest."

"Er—yes—but when you read it you'll see the splendid picture Markham drew."

"Excuse me, John," was Markham the artist, or was he the man who had the hoe, or the man who just wrote about it?"

"It was the poet, my dear; he wrote the verse."

"I suppose he was paid for it, wasn't he?"

"I suppose so, my dear."

"Then what was the trouble? Really, John, I can't seem to understand what all the fuss was about."

sore. Markham calls him 'brother' to the ox."

"What for?"

"The ox, you see, is the beast of burden. When the poet spoke of the laborer as the brother to the ox he placed him as low in the intellectual scale as it was possible to get him. He asks, 'Who blew out the?'"

"Gas?"

"No—no! 'Who blew out the light within this brain?' asks Markham."

"Well, who did?"

"It was just a metaphor—a figure of speech."

"Why didn't he say what he meant?"

"Poets never do that, my dear."

"Well, what did he mean?"

"That the workman was a miserable creature, whose life was like an animal's—"

"Don't he believe in men working?"

"Yes—but—"

"I suppose he likes tramps, then? Those men that sit around the parks? The Man With the Tomato Can? Would be his idea of the ideal man."

"Poets look at these things differently."

"Well, I think it is silly to pity a man because he has a job. Think of all the men that can't get work. Suppose you didn't work? Where would we be?"

"It's the idea of man earning his bread by the sweat of his brow—the curse of laboring for hire—for—"

"Why, this man with the hoe probably had a good, steady place on the farm. Perhaps he owned it. He probably had stopped to figure out a crop. Maybe his wife took boarders and they had plenty of money."

"When you read it, my dear, you will be able to—"

"Oh, pshaw! I might just as well start in to idealize the cook and call her 'The Girl With the Frying Pan' or 'The Woman With the Rolling Pin.'"

"Really, my dear, I think you will be able to talk before the club if you keep on."

"It's the very same thing. The cook is a laboring woman, but she's a great deal freer than I am. She has no social obligations and no calls to make or to receive. She doesn't have to spend her time dressing and talking to folks when she doesn't want to. She has a comfortable home and just a good things to eat as we have. She has two days off every week. Suppose I began to weep over her sad condition and called her 'sister to the ox.' Why, she'd leave the very first thing."

"But a poet would never write about a cook."

"Well, a good cook is a lot better than a farmer who only hoes and looks pathetic. Any one could hoe. Why, I almost believe you could hoe."

"I haven't a hoe, my dear."

"That's another thing. Suppose the man didn't have a hoe? He'd have been worse off, wouldn't he? A hoe represents capital. Do you know, John Dobby, it gets sillier every minute to think of all the sympathy that you're wasting on that man. It is 'The Man Without the Hoe' you should be sorry for."

"You are getting me round to your way of thinking, Honora. I recall now the story of a rich man who said that he started in business picking rags, but for a week or two he nearly starved because he had no money to buy a ragpick with."

"What did he do?"

"He borrowed money enough. I believe, and 25 years after he told the story of the trouble he had getting someone to lend the money. The funniest part of it was that he said he had never paid it back."

"I wonder if that man really owned the hoe, or had borrowed it?"

"Perhaps that is what he was thinking of."

"He was probably too mean to buy a hoe of his own! You know, John, I think that man was no good."

"Honora, your logic is so convincing that I am beginning to agree with you that 'The Man With the Hoe' was considerable of a gold brick."—New York Sun.

Greater Still.

At an agricultural show in Dublin a pompous member of parliament, who arrived late, found himself on the outskirts of a large crowd.

Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and some lady friends who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal porter on the shoulder and peremptorily ordered:

"Make way, there!"

"Who are ye pushing?" was the unexpected response.

A TROPICAL CUBAN CAVE.

A correspondent writing from Havana says: "We who are here in Cuba for a short time feel that we wish to see all that we can before returning to the states, and this all would scarcely be complete without visiting Montserrat and the cave at Bellamar, at Matanzas, a natural formation, which the Cubans consider one of the wonders of the island. To spend only one day there involves the loss of considerable sleep, for the ferry connecting with the train leaves Havana at 6 o'clock in the morning, and the train with which it connects leaves Regia at 6:20. It means pretty early rising if one lives in Havana, but if one lives in the suburbs, as most of us army people do, it means rising at 2 or half past.

On board we found a number of American officers on their way to Matanzas. Indeed, one might have almost thought one's self in the states, there were so many Americans on the train. As we neared Matanzas the country became much higher, and we had a near view of the mountains—the first land one sees on approaching Havana from the United States. They are very high and stand out in bold relief from the surrounding country. We passed a number of cemeteries, in each of which was a little chapel, and a corner of each cemetery was a bonnet, or as the Cubans call it, an osario. One village of considerable size was composed entirely of stacks of one story each, and of probably not more than two rooms each. This village presented a very odd appearance.

In Havana one can usually find a cab without any trouble, and we expected that it would be the same in Matanzas, but it was not, and we had to walk several blocks before finding one. The driver agreed to take us to the cave and back for the sum of \$3, American money. For the first part of the distance the road was excellent, leading along the bay, a broad drive not unlike the famous Ocean Drive at Newport. Then it turns and goes up a hill, rather gradual in slope at first, but becoming steeper and steeper and very rocky. When the summit was reached a beautiful view greeted us—across the harbor and out to the open sea beyond two points of land, which seem to almost form a gate.

The entrance to the cave is reached through a little house of one room, perched on the summit of a hill. On the door of the house is a placard telling the rates of admission—for soldiers, 50 cents; for officers and all other persons, \$1, all of which is in American money. This placard is printed in both Spanish and English. In the register we found the names of many Americans from all sections of the states. A small boy of eleven was detailed to act as guide for us and several others who were waiting. We came to the conclusion that if this child could pilot us the cave could not be as extensive as had been said, and so we found it; instead of being several miles in length it was not more than half a one.

We entered the cave from the office by means of several flights of wooden steps, guided by the boy, who carried two long candles of wax, which, he told us, had come from America. Instead of finding cold air, as one does in Mammoth cave, we found the temperature much higher within than without. The formations are very much the same as in other caves. Names which imaginative minds have suggested cling to various parts; there are the "Robe of Columbus," the "Twelve Apostles," the "Ballroom," the "Organ," and half a dozen other names equally as appropriate or otherwise. Our guide showed us the place where a Spanish captain had met death, whether by accident or otherwise we could not make out; at all events he had gone over the cliff and his body had never been recovered.

No one is allowed to carry away any specimen from that cave, and for that very reason all of us were anxious to do so; the little boy had no objections; indeed, helped us by showing us where we could find the prettiest ones.

The cave was discovered by a Chinese in searching for some stone for his house. Whether he owned the cave or not I do not know, but for a long time he acted as guide. Later it was bought by an enterprising American, by whom it is still owned, if I mistake not. It takes only a short time to walk thro' it—half an hour being ample unless one wishes to linger along the way to study the formations. All of the rocks are not of pure white; in some places they are shell pink in others a delicate shade of yellow. There are two springs, but the waters from both are so warm that there is no pleasure in drinking them.

The air inside of the cave is so warm that when one gets back above ground once more its coolness is very much as though it were a change to a colder zone.

Several people were waiting in the office, and as we went down the hill we met others coming up, and there is little doubt that the cave has its full share of visitors. The trip to and from town, including the time spent in the cave, took only about two hours, leaving ample time to drive to Montserrat and yet catch the train back to Havana at 3:30.

The Japanese are preparing to convert their copper ore into wire for domestic and foreign use, instead of shipping it out of the country as before. The Furukawa Smelting Works have for some time employed electrolytic refining, producing in the past year 800 tons, but they are now to be enlarged to four times their present size, and it is said that when the enlargement is completed their output will so far exceed the domestic demand as to permit a considerable export. As the government uses several hundred tons of wire a year, it may be inferred that the new works will have a large capacity.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Germany brews one-third of all the beer consumed in the world. A London priest named Buckley found in a dust heap a month ago a picture by Rubens. Within a fortnight he had been offered \$4,000 for the canvas. Like a true lover of art, however, he refused the offer.

The kaiser has three tailors for his civil costumes—one in Berlin and two in Vienna. He has also one in London for his uniforms, which are all made in that capital. The cost of the kaiser's uniforms runs well into four figures. The foreign uniforms alone fill two large rooms.

Charles E. Whittemore, who owns a big confectionery store in Willimantic, Conn., was obliged to close it the other day because the honey bees of the neighborhood, finding nothing sweet in the surrounding country, owing to the warm and dry weather, had swarmed into his place and made business impossible.

I. F. Dickinson, a Chicago candy manufacturer, is said to be the youngest warrior enlisted in the union army during the civil war. He shouldered a musket and flew to the defense of the union when but 13 years and 10 months of age. During a year he was in the midst of flying bullets, but came from the army without a scratch.

In India a curious railway accident occurred lately. While a train was in Ruxaul station a terrific storm began, and, though the brake was applied to the vans and on the engine, the force of the wind was such that the train was driven along the line. The engine dashed through the buffer stop at the end of the line and traveled along about six lengths of rail laid end to end without fastenings. After leaving these rails the engine plowed along the embankment and then came to a standstill.

The Rhode Island supreme court has rendered a decision that flowers form a necessary feature of a funeral. The case under consideration was an action brought by a florist against the administrators of the estate of a deceased citizen who had refused to pay for flowers furnished on the credit of the estate. The court justified the expenditure, remarking that "the custom of having flowers at funerals is well nigh universal in this country, and that, when not abused by extravagance or unseemly ostentation, it is certainly to be commended as giving appropriate expression to our feelings of respect and love for the departed."

LITERARY NEWS NOTES.

"The Story of the Heavens," by Sir Robert Stawell Ball, LL. D., D. Sc., Lowndean professor of astronomy in the University of Cambridge. Size, 6 1/2 x 8 1/2. Cloth, \$3.50. In this new and thoroughly revised edition of "The Story of the Heavens," Messrs. Cassell & Co., Limited, New York, present a work which has been and is the recognized authority on the subject of which it treats. The book contains 24 colored plates, with numerous text illustrations, 600 pages, and is a faithful record of the recent discoveries and achievements in the world of astronomy. "The Story of the Heavens" is in as great demand on the continent as among English-speaking people, and has gone through several translations.

We are glad to announce that the Midsummer number of Good Health is having even a much wider circulation than we anticipated for it, and it is being read in thousands of homes where the magazine has not entered before.

It is evident that it contains the right sort of information to meet the demands of the people at this season, and we are constantly receiving orders for more copies from people who invariably state that they have sold or loaned all copies forwarded to them, and in many cases that one copy has been read by several families and still passed on to others. We also have evidence of thousands of copies being preserved as a "reference work," which clearly goes to show the increasing interest in the minds of the people a large edition printed, and are prepared to fill orders for less than ten copies at 10 cents each; or more than ten copies, 5 cents each.

There is a thrilling story of danger and of lost love in the October number of the Delineator. It is dated back in the romantic Arabian days by the master of Canadian fiction, Charles G. D. Roberts. A wounded ensign beloved by two girls is saved by both, solely because of the self-renunciation of one, who goes back to die in order to delay his pursuers. It is a skillful piece of heart anguish done into words. The same number has a picturesque Chinese article illustrated by several genuine photographs of Chinese women; a rare thing in the present rush of Chinese literature. The Delineator is quite up-to-date in the eighty or more sketches of present-day styles which are shown in its pages. For thirty years it has been trusted by American women for guidance in home dressmaking and home management.

Frank G. Carpenter, who is now in the east, sent to the Saturday Evening Post a long article about the Empress Dowager of China, his facts having been gathered only a few days before the present troubles broke out. Two years ago the Empress Dowager set aside all precedents, and received the ladies of the foreign legations at Peking. One who was present told Mr. Carpenter about it, and he in turn describes the historic event to the world.

The true poet, I suppose, writes poetry because he simply can't help it."

"Yes; and it seems to follow that nobody else should write poetry who can help it."