

tion met in July at St. Louis, the "sane and safe" crowd of conspirators, hardly one of whom has voted a democratic ticket since 1895, found themselves, strange to say, the owners and manipulators of a large majority of the delegates to that convention. Though they had control of the convention they refused to show their true colors in the full blaze of the clear day for fear that even though they had "paid for the goods" their delegates when they saw the brand in the full, clear sunlight would be conscience-stricken and refuse to complete the bargain and deliver the goods. Therefore they used the old-fashioned country fair three shell game on their own delegates, and permitted the delegates to adopt without opposition a fairly decent platform. They were told to nominate a candidate for president for whom Martin W. Littleton of Brooklyn, a Palmer and Buckner elector in 1896, assured; a democratic convention that the candidate he was presenting to them would stand upon the platform that the convention had already adopted. Ex-Senator D. B. Hill and William F. Sheehan, two other sterling and earnest supporters of democracy in 1896 and 1900 had also assured the delegates that Judge Parker was all right—that they didn't know his views on finance or anything else, but that he nevertheless was all right and was a great man. These hungry delegates, whose hunger and appetite over-powered their moral sense of duty, took the words of these able and conscientious supporters of democracy (?) Mr. Belmont, another Palmer and Buckner man, whom the people of New York City have permitted to build a subway with the city's money also vouched for the honesty of the procedure and assured the individual delegates that all would be fine; that the ides of November would show a ratification of their work. The delegates nominated Judge Parker after an all-night session and adjourned to meet again at 2 p. m. to complete the ticket.

While the convention is again in session, depleted in numbers by desertion of tired members a telegram is sprung on the convention from the silent judge on the farm at Rosemount, who had only heard what the platform was, four and one-half hours after he had the nomination safely in his keeping, though he had heard that he was nominated in exactly five minutes after the count was ascertained, and this too, though the platform was made and adopted by the convention thirteen hours before he heard of it (?) and seven and one-half hours before he was nominated. Loud were the lamentations of the delegates and strenuous were the efforts of the "sane and safe" to prevent such a scene as had never before been witnessed in any convention of men. The crib hungry delegates cursed the "sane and safe" and caucuses of moment were hurriedly ordered and the convention adjourned until night to again cover with its pall the dark deeds that had to be put through if the greatest game of humco ever worked in American politics should succeed. The caucuses were long and secluded and the oil of persuasion was used so well that when the convention finally again met about 8:30 o'clock of a Saturday night, the votes of the hungry were cast as the ship building trust, mergers and subway democracy dictated. The men who stole the presidency from Samuel J. Tilden in 1876 would acknowledge their superiors in the drama of St. Louis.

Honest democrats after witnessing and reading of this outrageous assault on all that they have held dear were panic-stricken and cast their eyes about for a shelter.

They had opposed republican policies and could not bring themselves to the thought that in order to preserve their faith and sense of political decency it would be necessary to remain at home on that day of days, when every American should register his views, as becomes a sovereign freeman without regard to whether he may be in a majority or a minority. Holding that to be the duty of every American citizen we made investigation as to the course to be pursued by the honest democracy which has followed William J. Bryan and the national ticket, when the present controllers of the national democracy supported republican tickets, and we decided that we would not emulate them but would remain true to the ancient faith and still support it.

We found that on July 4, 1904, at Springfield, Ill., was held a convention called by the people's party, an organization which in the past two national campaigns (though it had already previously thereto carried states,

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elected governors, United States senators, United States congressmen and state judges) had almost sacrificed its party integrity, that what its members thought to be sound in politics might succeed, by fusing with our old party and supporting the nominee of our party for president. We naturally turned to the work of that convention, read and studied its platform, and mature reflection has convinced us and we think a personal perusal of it will convince any democrat, who believes we were right in the two last national fights. That it can be subscribed to by any honest man.

So believing we investigated the character of its candidate for president and vice-president. We find they have nominated for president a man who fought shoulder to shoulder with us in 1896, for the election of our ticket; we find he is a lawyer of conceded ability and a man of international fame as a writer on historical topics; we find he was one of the most able representatives of the empire state of Georgia ever sent to congress, and we find that he is the author and father of that great blessing to the American farmer—the free rural delivery.

Its vice-president is the editor of The Nebraska Independent, one of the largest and most influential weekly newspapers in the west. He is a friend and neighbor of Mr. Bryan and used both voice and pen to aid Mr. Bryan's election in two national campaigns. He is well and favorably known to the newspaper fraternity the country over, and is a man of great strength of character and those who know him best know him only as Tom Tobbles of The Independent.

Believing the above to be a true statement of facts, and in pursuance of what we believe a public duty in behalf of principle the Albany county democracy hereby pledges its support, in this campaign to the candidacy of Watson and Tibbles, candidates for president and vice-president on the people's party ticket.

The above address after having been read by the chairman of the committee appointed to prepare same was unanimously adopted.

JAY W. FORREST,  
President.  
JAMES J. MAHONEY,  
Secretary.

Albany, N. Y., July 29.

## In Days of Lincoln.

Editor Independent: As it rains so I can't work, I will give you a history of club work as it was conducted in Lincoln's campaign. I was in Illinois at the time of his nomination and the cry was a government of the people, for the people, and by the people.

A meeting was called at the school house near where I worked; only six came to the meeting; I was a boy from Pennsylvania and a stranger. Well, they were not very many but what they lacked in numbers they made up in "get there," and they organized a club, elected president, secretary, treasurer, etc. Passed a resolution instructing the secretary to send for some sample copies of papers and appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions for papers and invite every one to come to the next club meeting; and then adjourned for one week.

Second meeting: All the members there on time. The committee had been alive; there were about twenty present. Of course, the democrats came and they had a lively debate over some article they read out of the papers. That night the club list showed fifteen and fifteen subscribers for papers. Also a subscription paper for a campaign fund. An old man that they called Uncle Reuben said he would send and get a book for his subscription, and offered a resolution that all members of the club pay 5 cents a week for campaign purposes. This resolution was carried and the club adjourned for a week. The club, of course, was reported to the state committee.

Third meeting called to order. A chapter was read from Uncle Tom's Cabin and papers, discussions, etc. The reading of Uncle Tom's Cabin brought in quite a number of young people

and they soon got interested and joined. A committee of these young boys was appointed to distribute literature and if any they were known to be so prejudiced that they wouldn't read a paper if it was given to them, we would go and throw some in their yard so they would find it. Sometimes a person will read anything if they think no one knows it.

By this time things began to be lively; other clubs began to form. Members of other clubs came to hear and take part in discussions. But the great attraction to bring them was reading the story and some of the farmers' wives came to hear. But the club was poor and more funds was wanted to get a speaker. It was discussed in the club.

One of the farmers' wives got up and said: "Mr. Chairman: I think we can manage that all right. We can have a little social up to our house; and as it isn't for the minister, the young people can come and bring a violin. They will spend about so much anyway and let the proceeds go into the campaign fund." It was a success. Every one, nearly, came to the social, irrespective of political belief, and it broke the ice a little. Those that had been very much opposed to the new party got so they would read papers, and by the way, don't forget that when a man reads he is a great deal more apt to study and think of it, than he would be if you talked with him, for then he would talk back and not think.

Farmer Johnson was a democrat because he was a democrat and all the republicans were abolitionists. Farmer Johnson was big, black and swarthy; he talked very loud and we couldn't get him to the club. "None of his folks should come to the d-d abolition club." He had nine sons, some of them voters and some that would be; and also a wife and one daughter.

Uncle Reuben was the reverse of Johnson every way. He was small and weakly; but mentally one of the best you would find. Reuben's land and Johnson's joined—but Johnson had a half section, 320 acres, while Reuben had only forty acres. They agreed well on every thing but politics, and Johnson used to say he had rather have Uncle Reuben's opinion on any subject than that of any other man he knew—except politics.

Well, Reuben tried to get Johnson to read his papers. "No," he wouldn't have any d-d abolition papers in his house. But Uncle Reuben had a girl about the age of the Johnson's girl and the two were great friends. Reuben's wife was an invalid and Reuben took Uncle Tom's Cabin home for his girl to read to her mother. One evening Johnson's girl came down and they were reading the book and she wanted to take it home to read to her mother.

Uncle Reuben told her the book belonged to the club; that her father would burn it up; and he didn't want to let her have it on that account. Well, she said she could read it when father was out; but if he burned it up she would pay for it.

So she got the book and in the evening when her father was out and at odd times she read it to her mother. But murder will out. One evening Johnson came in and slipped his boots off and the door being open into the sitting room, and the women being interested in the story, he slipped in and sat down on the lounge. How much he heard read no one ever knew. But he said: "Carrie, what book are you reading there?"

"Oh, ah, nothing, father, just a story I got down to Uncle Reuben's."

"Well, I have been listening to your reading and I have got interested in the story and I want you to commence again and read it to me."

Johnson ruled his own house; his decree was law, and Carrie, with many fears, read him the book.

After he had heard the book he met Uncle Reuben and he said: "Reuben, I believe I will read some of your papers if you will lend me some. I have been hearing that book read which Carrie got down to your house—and I believe they have been lying to me."

After he read a few papers he came down to the club one night and said: "Boys, I have been the d-d fool in

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Illinois and I want to join your club and have your secretary send for me a paper."

Now, boys, human nature is about the same the world over. What has been done can be done again and the time is ripe for it. But you must be true to yourselves. You better fight a hundred than have one traitor on your rolls. This fight is to reinstate the people in their rights and it must be a systematic war of education. Let your motto be, "Put none but Americans on guard." That is, populists tried and true.

Hold your discussions in your clubs, etc. Then dismiss all spectators and transact all club business. What is everybody's business is nobody's. This is our fight now, and it will be our feast after awhile. Had you let fusion alone you would have carried the election in November and there is time to drive it into the house if every populist will go to getting subscribers for papers and get to organizing clubs. If you think you ought to get together, tell your democrat friends, "come over and we'll be together."

E. MUZZY,

East Branch, Pa.