

Kansas Populist Convention

Enroute Rock Island Train No. 59, Topeka to Belleville, Kan., Aug. 4.—(Editorial Correspondence.)—Prior to last night no one could have convinced me by any sort of testimony that a populist convention in the sunflower state would ever act in such a craven, belly-crawling, boot-licking manner as this one did. I have always felt that fusion was wholly justifiable with any organization holding to principles substantially in accord with ours, so long as the negotiations were conducted in a spirit of fairness and where both parties met as men and equals. I have seen considerable "jockeying" at fusion conventions in Nebraska—a good deal of "hoss trading"; and some times actions which looked like an attempt to deliver us into the democratic camp. But I have never seen anything quite so brazen, quite so smooth and bold and "slick" as the delivery made last night by Chairman Harvey, Taylor Riddle and Col. Fred J. Close.

I said "delivery," but it was only partially so, for about one-half the delegates walked out and refused to participate further with "Parker populists." Most of these went over to the senate chamber and proceeded to nominate a straight populist ticket. Being obliged to leave at midnight, or fail to make report for this issue, I am not able to state just what was accomplished at this convention. A good many delegates left the convention hall, and went home angry and disgusted, but did not enter the senate chamber convention. Among these I noticed G. W. Hanna of Clay Center, Wm. McCullough and W. Spratt of Belleville, S. A. Miller of Wichita and other members from Clay, Cloud, Republic and other counties.

John Mollison of Smith county led off in the walk-out, or "bolt" if you please—for populists are not such sticklers for "regularity" as to swallow a nauseous dose because the physician in charge prescribes it. Hewitt of Stafford, Thompson, Wright and their colleagues from Smith, Hawkes of Shawnee, Judge Waterbury of Lyon, John Connelly of Thomas, and a number of others were leaders in the movement which has for its object—not the prevention of fusion on an equitable basis, such as the "independent" state ticket plan I have heretofore outlined, but to make an effective protest by walking out if they should be called upon to support a so-called co-operation which would mean nothing but absorption.

The conference committees representing their respective parties met and wrangled all afternoon and until 8 or 9 o'clock. When the populist committee reported it was found to be a lengthy document describing three propositions submitted by them to the democrats, and two submitted by the democrats to them, all of which had been duly and emphatically rejected. In effect it was a long and tedious way of saying: "We didn't do nothin'."

Judge Waterbury immediately moved acceptance of the report and discharge of the committee. This carried. Then Judge Waterbury renewed his motion to nominate electors for Watson and Tibbles. This had been held in abeyance several hours in order that the fifteen men on the conference committee might be present and participate in the nominations.

Nomination of electors was accordingly taken up, resulting as follows:

ELECTORS.

At large—J. A. Wright, Smith Center; John Stowell, Seneca; A. C. Shinn, Ottawa; and Dr. G. Bohrer, R. F. D., Lyons, to supply vacancy, the Third district refusing to name an elector.

First—F. S. Stephens, Topeka.
Second—H. H. Strong, Linn.
Third—No nomination.
Fourth—Nicholas A. Vyne, Emporia.
Fifth—John I. Brown, Concordia.
Sixth—C. H. Emmons, Hill City.
Seventh—W. J. Babb, Wichita.

An attempt was made to reconsider the motion discharging the conference committee, but Chairman Harvey held it out of order. Taylor Riddle then secured recognition of the chair and proceeded to make an exceedingly artful plea for fusion "on the best possible terms." He recounted that rejection had been pronounced and emphatic on every plan proposed, except that each party should nominate its own electoral ticket, Parker electors under the democratic head, Watson electors under the people's party head; that each party should select seven of the fourteen state officers—and that they should go on the official ballot under the democratic head. He averred that on this the populist committee had split, nine for rejection, six for acceptance, and he believed this was worthy of fur-

ther consideration. He moved, therefore, that we accept this proposition.

Of course, every man there knew that this was the Dale plan without change of even a punctuation mark. But the "Parker populists" were there to enforce just such a plan; and the real populists were equally determined that it should not be done, even if they were compelled to "bolt."

Col. Fred J. Close got the floor and made a most persuasive plea for the motion. The damnable outrages committed by the republican party against Kansas should be punished, even if we had to sacrifice a great deal. The democrats would consider no other plan, therefore, we must yield. He preferred the "Independent" ticket plan—but the democrats would none of it. And, for God's sake, we mustn't throw away this opportunity of a lifetime to remove the blight of Burtonism from Kansas.

All afternoon there had been demands that Would-be Candidate Dale be invited to address the convention. Committees on such invitation were appointed, but they invariably failed to find Judge Dale. He was conventionally ill—Topeka water is a fright—and besides the hour had not yet come for the man to appear.

But now the critical juncture was at hand. Calls for Judge Dale met with success. He was in the hall, an earnest, eager onlooker. Notwithstanding his recent illness—which was genuine, I feel sure—he came forward and made a very clever talk. Why, of course, the democratic state platform would endorse the St. Louis platform and candidates. Why shouldn't it? Wouldn't the people's party platform endorse the action at Springfield? Wouldn't the republican convention endorse the action at Chicago? Why, of course and of course. But what in the world had that to do with the state ticket? Why, nothing whatever. What we wanted to do, must do, is to turn the rascals out, etc., etc.

After that speech, Chairman Harvey's heart swelled up bigger than a bull's. He got exceedingly generous to the "mid-rovers," as all were called who objected to fusion upon terms dictated wholly by the democrats. That is, he readily recognized men with a penchant for long, rambling "talks," and began a series of "waiting moves," as we say in terms of chess. I began to fear that no vote would come till long after midnight and left the hall somewhat earlier than was really necessary to catch Rock Island train 13.

Was it that measly number that ADD KAN POPS—TWO made me miss seeing John Mollison's dramatic invitation for all true populists to withdraw, as soon as the roll call had ended showing about 3 to 1 in favor of being "swallowed?" Or was it because the moon was trine to Mercury? Possibly some of our eastern astrologers can tell.

That vote was not indicative of the true sentiment of those present. A count of noses would have overwhelmed the motion to give up everything the democrats asked and go belly-guttering and slobbering into the Parker camp. But many counties where the "joint" convention had prevailed had no populists present, and a lone democrat was on hand to cast the vote and give an occasional "hunch" that "Parker is sure to be elected; there'll be some postoffices changing hands, and no populist stepchildren!"

Watson and Tibbles ought to and probably will, poll more votes in Kansas than Parker and Davis—but it is by no means a "cinch." One must not blind himself to the fact that Mr. Bryan wields a powerful influence among many who once were people's party supporters. Whether intentionally or not he has led these men into the Parker camp. I heard it not once, but a dozen times: "I'm a follower of Wm. Jennings Bryan. Parker's good enough for him to support; and if he's good enough for Bryan, he's good enough for me."

Just how much of this following can be held in line for Mr. Bryan's new organization within the democratic party, "after election"—after Judge Parker's election—is hard to conjecture. He may be able to do it, and every friend of reform will hope he can; but postoffices appeal to one's "material interests," and sentiment and sympathy sometimes get the worst of it in a contest with this economic gladiator.

It will take a few weeks for the Kansas situation to clear up. But I look for a revival of real populist enthusiasm in the course of the cam-

paign. Every delegate on this train—men who "walked out"—expressed his intention of wading into the fight in real earnest, not with hope of accomplishing anything more as a rule than putting the organization in working order and doing all the educational work our funds will permit.—D.

Lewis And Clark Centennial.

A hundred years ago, a rude sail tent was set

By the Missouri's flood—far frontier, wild and rough—

Beneath its shade the white and red man met,

Struck hand, smoked pipe—and named it Council Bluff.

The curious catbird's querulous question-note

Challenged the invaders of his solitude;

The warning from the wild wood warbler's throat

Hushed the harsh clamor of her startled brood.

Beneath the bluff the river beat its breast

Mad that its mystery should so soon be told;

Beyond—the boundless prairie stretching west

Mimicked the August sun with disks of gold.

And over all,—the earth, the sky, the stream,—

Bloomed the first blush—the newborn infant smile,—

Fond Nature, waking from some tender dream,

To meet her coming master wore the while.

Those distant decades,—like a vesper bell

Their sweet, far echoes haunt the place and hour;—

The boatman with his torrent tossed cordelle,—

The red man with the prairie for his dower.

Still other echoes answer thru' the years,—

The song of bugles—morning, night and noon;—

And in the closer twilight shade appears

Fort Atkinson and later Fort Calhoun.

The march of hungry millions farther west,—

The wagon-train—the locomotive shriek—

The city's surging with its strange unrest,—

The triumph of the strong above the weak.

One Question in it all;—in calumet smoke,

In bird and bugle note,—in prairie sod;

In city's tumult; in the piston stroke;

The question still of Destiny and God.

And, met today upon historic ground,

To mark the memory of an honored spot,—

Shall we find in each other's eyes around

The Answer now a hundred years forgot?

A. E. SHELDON.

A Great Clock.

The greatest clock in the world is said to be that at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It is placed on the northern slope of Agricultural Hill and the department of manufactures furnishes the mechanism. It consists of a dial, over one hundred feet in diameter, the numerals of which, nearly fifteen feet high, are composed entirely of foliage plants and flowers. At the top of the hill, a small house contains the mechanism, and on top of this house is placed a 5,000-pound bell, whose tones can be heard throughout the grounds, and a mammoth hour-glass which, upon the first stroke of each hour, turns and lets the sands run back. The bell strikes the hours and half hours. At the first stroke of the hour, the doors of the house swing open, exposing the mechanism which controls the striking and operates the hands, and closes immediately upon the last stroke of the bell. At night the clock is brilliantly illuminated, and it requires about a thousand lamps for this purpose. It is claimed that the clock keeps perfect time. It is one of the greatest attractions of the fair.

The Independent has been beaten in conventions where the lawyers and office-seekers are always present in large numbers, but it has never been beaten when it went before the people. The Grand Island convention turned it down, but a straight populist national ticket was nominated all the same.

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Ex-United States Senator From South Carolina.

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Peruna is not simply a remedy for dyspepsia. Peruna is a catarrh remedy. Peruna cures dyspepsia because it is generally dependent upon catarrh of the stomach.

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Notice of Administrator's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that I, James R. Fraser, administrator de bonis non of the estate of James H. Cisney, deceased, shall on the 27th day of August, 1904, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the east door of the Lancaster county court house in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, the following described property of said estate of James H. Cisney, deceased, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to wit: Lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 in block 41, in Dawson's addition, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Dated Lincoln, Nebraska, August 4, 1904.
JAMES R. FRAZER,
Administrator de bonis non of the estate of James H. Cisney, deceased.

Teach your neighbors the truth—
Seven for a dollar, for the campaign.