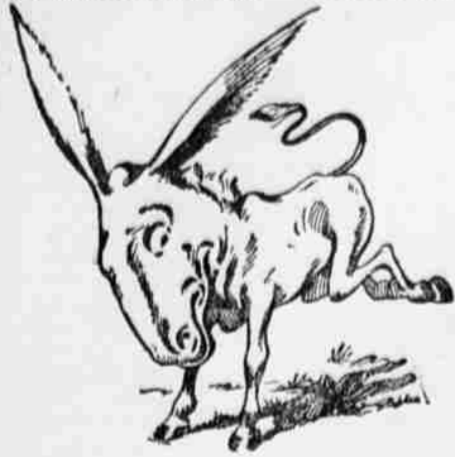


BROKEN BOW REPUBLICAN.
Broken Bow, Nebraska.
Thursday, October 25, 1900.

EVOLUTION OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.



FROM "KICKER" TO "CROAKER."

Aggie to William.
(An intercepted letter.)
(By T. C. Harbaugh.)

Dear William:
I'm still in a terrible strait,
And yet they tell me that I'll have to wait
Till you are elected. I very much doubt
If I can until then 'gainst the army hold out.
I'm hiding just now, and it's very poor fun,
And I fear that the chances are sixteen to one
That I will be captured; so hurry up, Bill,
And send me a grist from your paramount mill.
Just now I am killing of soldiers a score,
And when you're elected I'll kill a few more;
We know you are with us, so just bet your jeans
We'll pull the flag down in the fair Philippines,
And I will divide when I get this domain,
And sell out again to the kinglet of Spain.
My love give to Atkinson when him you see,
And when you meet Wellington, kiss him for me.
I think of you often, dear Bill, and I wish you
Success, only make me the "paramount issue."
I'm sure you are able to catch all the floaters,
And with your palaver to hoodwink the voters.
"McKinley won't do," are the words that I pen,
He's shooting my soldiers who ambush his men;
It's terrible, horrible, Bill, I declare,
His blue-coated soldiers, they never fight "fair."
And, if they would let me, I say to you that
I'd come to your rescue, a good Democrat.
Now, keep up the battle, I'm looking to you,
I pray for you daily—that's all I can do,
I keep out of sight, for I'll never be taken,
The "paramount issue" with me is my bacon.
If I should lose that and to ruin be hur'd,
You'd lose the best friend that you have in the world.
Stand up for me, William, don't let me get stuck.

Your Friend,
AGUINALDO,
(In awful hard luck).

Farm Value of Wheat.

Year.	Amount.	Rep.	Dem.
1895.	\$279,094,011	Dem.	
1896.	265,698,900		Dem.
1899.	385,849,211	Rep.	
1900.	380,000,000		Rep.

REMEMBER!

Remember, that in 1892 you voted for a change, and had no change in your pockets afterwards.

"DEAR BOY" LETTERS, No. 10

My Dear Boy:

I want you to do a little work in politics before election. I want you not only to vote right, but to get two or three others to vote right. I know that your friend Morgan says that politicians are all corrupt and that, if a man wants to turn out a grand rascal, all he has to do is to mix into politics. But, my boy, there are two kinds of political workers. A little true story will show you what I mean:

In 1848, Martin Van Buren failed to get the Democratic nomination for the presidency. He and his friends bolted the ticket and he accepted the nomination of the Free Soil party. His brilliant son, John Van Buren, went up into Massachusetts to make some Free Soil speeches for his father. Now with Prince John, as he was familiarly called, politics was a game. He had no real, fixed, political principles. And it was a revelation to him when he got into Massachusetts and found men like Garrison, Higginson, John Brown and others, of pure character and lofty ideals, whose very lives were laid on the altar in the cause of freedom. When he came back from his trip, he met a friend in New York and the following conversation took place:

"Hello, John; where have you been?"
"Up in Massachusetts, making Free Soil speeches for father."
"Did you find many Free Soilers up there?"
"Yes, and, d—n it, they believe it, too."
My boy, this nation's safety depends largely upon the political work of men who work because in their very heart of hearts they believe that their political principles are founded in truth and righteousness. That is the kind of worker I want you to be. Don't get down to anything mean or tricky, but work because you believe that the Republican position is right, and that the election of McKinley and Roosevelt will be for the good of the nation and the good of the world.

Now I will tell you what I want you to do. I want you first to go down and see Barney Crogan. They have been stuffing him with the statement that the Republican party is the rich man's party, and that the Democratic party is the poor man's party. He sees the rich men and great corporations growing richer and they have told him that whenever a rich man grows richer it is at some poor man's expense. They have told him that the Republican policy makes "the rich richer and the poor poorer."

I want you to go down and tell him that when a farmer raises a thousand bushels of corn, the farmer is richer and no man is the poorer, but some poor man will get the job of cutting that corn and be the better off. Tell him that when a man digs a thousand dollars' worth of gold out of the ground he is richer, but nobody is the poorer. Show him that there is such a thing as a natural increase of the world's wealth which benefits all. Tell him that in this country, whenever the rich are doing the best the poor are doing the best; that when coal operators make money miners have more work and better pay; that when railroads and manufacturers are making money labor is most abundant and receives its highest reward. Tell him that the Republican party is the party for the whole people, rich and poor alike. Tell him that we do not believe in arraying one class against another, but that all classes should work together for the common weal. And then point him to the results of McKinley's administration as proof of what you say.

Then go and see Will Barton. A Democratic neighbor is trying to get him to trade on a part of the ticket. Tell Will that this is not the year for a Republican to monkey with his ticket. He will get it tangled up and twisted till his ballot will not be counted if he is not careful. There is too much at stake this year. Tell him to let his Democratic friend vote as he will, but that this is the year for straight Republican votes. Do this, my boy, and then vote right yourself, and when the news of victory comes you can cheer with a vim and rejoice that you have a share in the glory.

Farm Value of Corn.

Year.	Amount.	Rep.	Dem.
1895.	\$709,875,731	Dem.	
1896.	513,871,912		Dem.
1899.	711,764,297	Rep.	
1900.	859,810,000		Rep.

WHICH? WHEN? WHY? WHAT?

Suppose we do make the Filipinos independent; are we also going to make the Macabebes independent?
Are we going to make the Moros independent?
To establish a Viscayan government and a Sulu republic?
How about the Negritos and the seventy or eighty different tribes that speak different languages?
Are we to establish an independent government for each?
We must do one of two things. We must either establish from seventy to eighty independent republics or else impose the government of one tribe on all.
As such a number of independent republics is an impractical proposition, are we to impose a Tagalog government on the Macabebes? a Moro government on the Viscayans? a Sulu government on the Negritos, and so on?
If we are to impose one government on another, is it not better that we know beforehand what it is to be—in other words, try our own government?

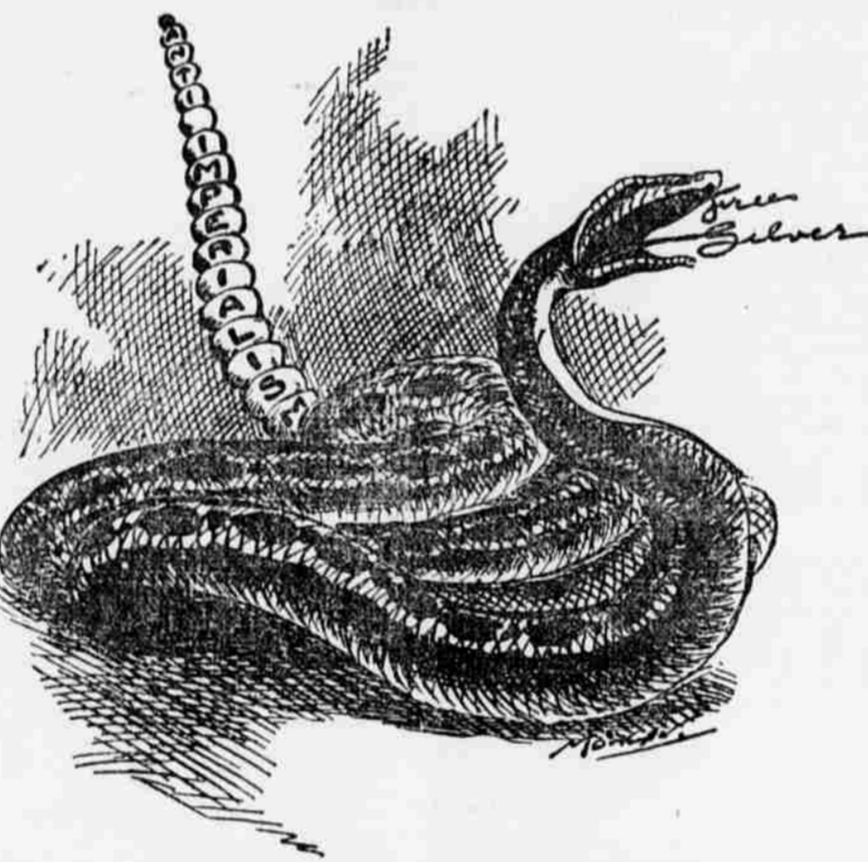
WHERE NON-ENGLISH PAPERS STAND

Ninety-two of the leading papers published in foreign languages, in the United States, show their presidential preferences as follows:

	Rep.	Dem.	Ind.
German	10	12	3
Scandinavian	10	2	..
Italian	7	2	2
French	2	..	1
Bohemian	3	5	1
Polish	3	4	..
Jewish	2
Slavonic	2	1	1
Dutch	1
Swiss	2
Totals	68	26	8

YOU GOT EVERYTHING THAT YOU ASKED FOR.

(From the Colorado Springs Gazette.)
To the People of the United States, Greeting:
Four years ago—
You demanded work for your idle sons.
You got it. You never had so many people employed as now.
You wanted your idle capital to be employed.
You got it.
You wanted to see the army of tramps mustered out.
They are gone.
You wanted your soup houses closed.
They are closed.
You wanted to get rid of the receivers of your railways and banks.
They are gone.
You wanted to see the smoke coming from the stacks of your smelters, mills and factories.
It came. Many have since been kicking about the smoke nuisance.
You wanted the savings bank deposits to increase.
Never so large in your history as at present.
You wanted to see interest rates decrease that your people could borrow more cheaply wherewith to develop your resources.
You got it. Interest has never been so low as now.
You demanded more money. The circulation must be increased per capita.
You got it. Got it so suddenly it almost dazzled you.
You demanded that one dollar be just as good as another.
You got it. That is the kind we have now, and you can get all the silver or paper you want at any bank.
You demanded the markets of the world for your surplus products and goods.
You got it. Got it so suddenly it almost dazzled you.
You wanted us to stop borrowing money in Europe.
We stopped it, and Europe is now borrowing money from us.
You wanted the government to collect every dollar of the Pacific railroad debt, instead of a PORTION, as Mr. Cleveland proposed.
Mr. McKinley made them pay every cent, principal and interest.
You wanted Cuba liberated.
It was done.
You wanted the rights of our people maintained at home and abroad.
It has been done.
What you really wanted the worst was what Mr. McKinley promised: "AN HONEST DOLLAR AND A CHANCE TO EARN IT."
You got both. Not from the Bryanites, but it was none the less acceptable to the man behind the dinner bucket.
If you want more things of this sort you can get them from the same source. Yours devotedly,
AMMI PETTIGREW.



THE FANGS AND THE TAIL.

WHICH REPRESENTS REAL PROGRESS?

Anti-Free Silver Countries.	Free Silver Countries.
The United States.	Bolivia.
Austria-Hungary.	China.
Belgium.	Colombia.
Brazil.	Ecuador.
Canada.	Guatemala.
Chile.	Honduras.
Costa Rica.	Mexico.
Denmark.	Nicaragua.
Egypt.	Persia.
France.	Peru.
Germany.	Salvador.
Great Britain.	Tripoli.
Crece.	
Japan.	
Norway.	
Portugal.	
Russia.	
Spain.	
Sweden.	
Switzerland.	
Turkey.	
Uruguay.	
Venezuela.	

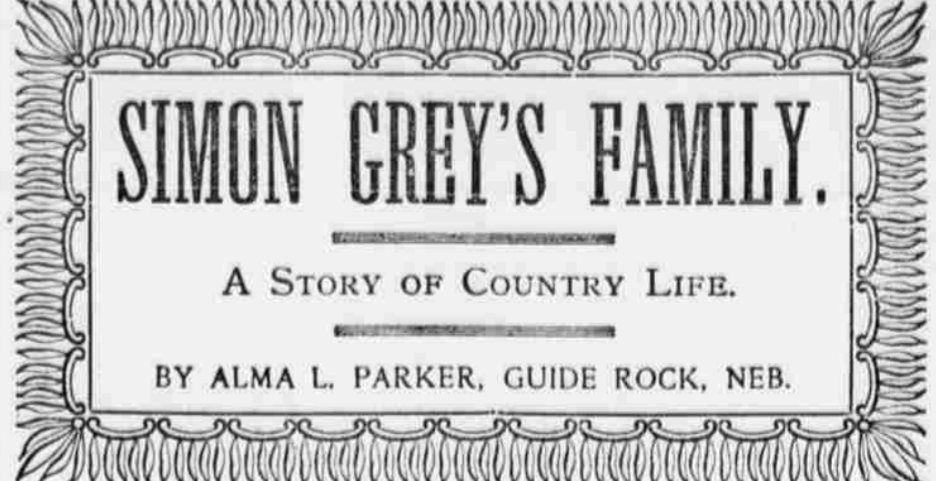
Mr. Bryan wants to transfer the United States from the first column to the second. Does it look as if it would pay?

WAGE EARNERS.

"The whole free silver movement is a conspiracy against wages."—(Burke Cockran, 1896.)

WAGES UNDER FREE SILVER.	
CHINA, Unskilled labor	10 cts. to 20 cts. per day
Skilled labor	20 cts. to 40 cts. per day
MEXICO, Unskilled labor	45 cts. to 60 cts. per day
Skilled labor	50 cts. to \$1.80 per day
IN THE U. S. UNDER GOLD BASIS.	
Unskilled labor	\$1.00 to \$1.50 per day
Skilled labor	\$2.00 to \$5.00 per day

WHICH IS THE BEST FOR YOU?



CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)
All eyes now turned toward Simon, as he arose to his feet.
"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I feel duty-bound to make this announcement before this assemblage of wise men. I must disown all traitors in my family. I have always tried to treat my children right, and to train them up in the way they should go, but I see my efforts have been in vain. This daughter I have always loved; she was at one time the pride of our family, but if she has turned out to be a cold-hearted traitor and have her name written with those infernal goldbugs, who could blame me if I disowned her? I will therefore say to Miss Vinnie Grey, with the honorable convention for witness, that you are no longer a welcome guest at the home of your father; that you shall never enter my home again, nor plant your feet on my land, nor come where I can ever look into your face. I have no use for traitors, even if they bear the honorable name of Grey."

CHAPTER VIII.
The Ideas of the Irishman.
The sensational episode at the convention was now almost forgotten, for another year had come and gone. It was near the end of 1900. Simon's family seemed to be prospering financially, but it was not the happy family that it was in the days when Vinnie occasionally came home. She had now been married over a year; she no longer bore the "honorable" name of "Grey."
"Pa," said Anna, "I can't stay away any longer, I simply must see Vinnie. It's a downright shame the way we treat her."
"It's no more than she deserves," said her father, "and what's more, you won't go to see her either, unless you wish me to treat you as I treat her. As long as her name is Harrington, and she's on the side of Republicanism, none who belong to this family circle shall ever go to the town she lives in!"
Simon had been so rigid in his orders that even Cynthia, to keep peace in the family, had never seen Vinnie since that memorable convention day. But you could plainly see that trouble was rooted deep in her soul. She was really heart-broken, and prayed for the day to come when Simon would repent.
One evening as they were seated together in the parlor, listening to Simon's explanation of the new political question, called "expansion," there came a knock at the door.
"Who could it be?" they all whispered, as Jimmie ran to open the door.
"Is this where Mr. Simon Grey lives?" said a familiar voice.
"Well, I'll be gol darned," said Jimmie, "if it isn't Uncle Ezra."
Hearty were the hand-shakes, and when Ezra took Simon's hand in his he held it for a moment, glanced round the room, and asked in a bewildered way: "Where's Vinnie?"
"Oh, she's married," said Simon bravely, but the other eyes in the room filled with tears.
"Oh, yes," he said, "I remember now of your writing about it. I came very near never finding you, Simon," he said laughing. "The old weather-beaten house, having been painted and enlarged, made the place look different. I wasn't sure that you lived here; but I concluded to call and find out whether you did or not. I couldn't find you at the poor house."
"Great heavens, Ezra, you didn't call at the poor house to find me!" Simon said, excitedly. "You must have a very poor opinion of me if you did."
"Don't be surprised, Simon," said Cynthia, "at Ezra expecting to find us in the poor house. You know we told him, if McKinley was elected, we'd probably go there. I have been ashamed many times of what we said, and the prophecies we made; but really, we didn't know any better then."
Ezra Grey laughed. "That's all right, Cynthia. I'm glad you were mistaken, for I should much rather find you living in your own comfortable home. You all look well; guess you have had plenty to eat."
"Of course we have, Uncle Ezra," said Jimmie. "Pa used to tell us we'd starve to death if McKinley was elected, but gee whizz! we never had so much pie and cake to eat before. We've got some money hid around here, too, some place, bein' that pa's afraid to put it in the bank. Ma'd skin me alive if I'd tell you where we kept it."
"Jimmie," said his father, "if you say any more I shall make you leave the room; do you hear?"
"Reckon I do. I hain't deaf."
"I tell you, Ezra," continued Simon, "it has been rough diggin' to make a livelihood these years. I have had to use keen management."
"Your mortgage is paid, I presume?"
"Oh, yes, I paid that the spring after you were out here with my wheat crop."
"And your new house is paid for?"
"Yes, by the skin of my teeth, you might say. Suppose I hadn't ought to have been so extravagant, for lumber is dreadful high these gold-bug times."
"Now, Simon," said Cynthia, "don't

pretend just because your prophecies didn't come true that we are still having hard times. You know, Simon, we never made money easier."
"Cynthia," interrupted her better half, looking bothered, "you don't know what you're talkin' about."
"Now, Simon," said Ezra, "judging from appearances, Cynthia must be right. What are hogs worth now?"
"About \$4.50 at present, I believe."
"What are calves worth?"
"Well, they're too awful high. The war raised the price of beef."
"But how could that affect it?"
"Why, it makes a greater demand."
"Ah, Simon, but you told me when I was here before that supply and demand had nothing to do with the regulation of prices."
"I don't remember about it; if I did, I've changed my mind since then. Here, hogs are a good price, but they are scarce, and they ought to be higher than they are. If it wasn't for them rich fellows that have control of the markets we'd get what we'd ought to have."
"Oh, Simon, you're too hard to satisfy. Why, you wouldn't be satisfied with Heaven, unless Bryan was God, and there was free silver. What's corn worth now?"
"I don't know," said Simon. "I haven't had a chance to take any to market yet. I've been too busy to husk any myself, and hired hands are as scarce as hen's teeth."
"Wages are good, then?"
"Yes, they're too almighty good to suit me. Why, it's enough to break a farmer up to hire help."
"It's a sign of good times, Simon. I see you are prospering despite the gold standard."
"Well, Ezra, I am as much in favor of free silver as I ever was, in spite of your so-called good times, but that is not the main reform that now confronts us. The principal question now is the Philippine war. It is a disgrace to this nation."
"So you are an anti-expansionist, are you, Simon?"
"You're right, I am. I am on the side of those poor Filipinos who are being oppressed. I am on the side of Aguinaldo, the Washington of the Philippines. They are fighting for freedom, and they ought to have it. If I were a Filipino as I am an American I would never lay down my arms, never!"
"Simon," said Ezra, "it is just such men as you that are prolonging that war. Aguinaldo would have given up long ago were it not for the sympathy he is having in this country. Now, you compared Aguinaldo to Washington. Why, you might as well compare a blood-thirsty tiger to Washington, who was a civilized, intelligent man, while Aguinaldo is an ignorant, uncivilized heathen, whose principal traits are cunning and treachery, something like the American Indian."
Their conversation was here interrupted by another knock at the door.
"Well," said Jimmie, "wonder who's comin' next? Must be agoin', to have lots of company."
It happened to be a stranger this time, who wished to know if he could find a night's lodging. Simon told him that he could, to walk right in, for it was very seldom that he turned travelers away. This one was a foreigner; yes, he was Irish—you could tell his nationality by his short, thick physique and the "St. Patrick" expression on his countenance.
"What's your name?" inquired Simon.
"My name is Pat Murphy, sir, and what's yours? Grey? Wal, that's not such a very uncommon sort of a name."
"We were just discussin' this anti-expansion question, Mr. Murphy," said Simon, hopefully. "What do you think about it?"
"Well, mister, I haven't a divil of a bit of use for the anti-expander. He's the feller that's agin' everything."
Simon wasn't expecting to hear such an answer as that, and was disgusted when everybody in the room had a hearty laugh at his expense. To make matters worse, the Irishman continued: "He's the feller that's friver in the way and never does anything but kick at what the other feller's doin'. He always knows jest how luvrything ought to be done, but his valuable information is always withheld till somebody else has done the job."
"Oh, go on," said Jimmie, who was very interested in the Irish traveler's talk.
"Well," continued Mr. Murphy, "it's been a nachurl' succession of events that (To be continued.)"

A Calamity Howl.
The political calamity howler is hard put for instance and proof of the direful things he pretends to see and apprehend. Indeed, he becomes lugubriously ludicrous in his dismalness. The following excerpt from the Kansas correspondence of the Northwestern Miller, is a humorous illustration:
"With granaries full to bursting, and general prosperity abroad in the land, there are still a few calamity howlers left. One from Kansas, whose attention was called to the big wheat crop raised this year, responded with a doleful whine, 'Yes, it is a big crop, but these here big crops is mighty hard on the land.'"