

Politics of the Day

ACME OF DISHONESTY.

Instead of being an honest and just standard of deferred payments, gold is, when used alone, an instrument of legalized plunder. Instead of maintaining the equity of contracts, it has more than doubled the aggregate of individual, corporate and public debts, thus doubling the burdens of the taxpayer. Its effect upon the national debt illustrates this proposition. In 1866 the national debt was \$2,783,000,000. Since that time we have paid an interest of \$2,538,000,000, a sum almost as great as the original debt. In 1894 the debt was \$1,071,979,527. Though there has been a reduction of the debt, if expressed in dollars, there has been an actual increase, expressed in products in which debts are ultimately paid. It would today take more than two and one-half times as many pounds of cotton to pay what remains than it would have taken to pay the entire amount in 1866; of corn it would take nearly double the amount. What is true of the public debt is true of private obligations. When we pause to think of the fact that there has been a general decline in prices of nearly 50 per cent., or, in other words, an appreciation of 100 per cent. in the gold standard of deferred payments, then we begin to realize the nature of the tremendous burden which rests upon the wealth producers who will either have to meet their obligations or become serfs upon the land which has been made productive by their own sacrifice and labor. Basing the estimate upon the official figures of the census of 1890, it is found that the interest upon our aggregate debt at 6 per cent. is \$2,720,390,322.29 per annum. This sum is greater than the annual increase of wealth. To meet this interest charge not only requires the annual increase of wealth, but makes it necessary either to compound the interest or draw from the savings of the past. This is very nice for the fellows inside the gold trust. Instead of gold monometallism being a standard of deferred payments, it is a standard of legalized confiscation.

McKinley and the Trusts.

Perhaps President McKinley is not afraid of the currency question, and then, on the other hand, perhaps he is afraid of it.

There are certain indications which point to the conclusion that currency "reform" will be sidetracked until after the Presidential conflict of 1900. At any rate the loud cries of professional reformers for action on the money question by the present Congress have been hushed and the Republicans have decided to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the next Congress. By the easy pathway of a procrastinating committee the monetary question will be kept in the background and the campaign of 1900 will be fought on a platform of generalities.

An esteemed Republican contemporary is convinced that this committee will discover that its constituents are in favor of legislation which shall put the maintenance of the gold standard beyond all question, and which shall make it certain that all government and private obligations shall be paid in gold or in gold value money. Of course it is easy to assert that such opinions are held by the constituents of Republican Congressmen, but as a matter of fact there are many Republicans who are in doubt on this question. One of the leading Republicans of the nation (who from his position can hardly be called a constituent) is not firmly convinced as to what "reforms" should be made in the currency. This gentleman is William McKinley, President of the United States. As long as McKinley can evade the issue, as long as he can palter in a double sense, as long as he can talk bimetallicism and gold monometallism in the same breath, he will continue so to do.

Extreme gold advocates will have to possess their souls in patience. There is to be a Republican policy of procrastination on the money question. The leaders of the Republican party realize that the 6,500,000 Democrats who voted for Bryan and silver in 1896 are to be reckoned with, and that the "silver lunacy" is still far from being dead—much less buried.—Chicago Democrat.

A Taste of Imperialism.

Sir Charles Dilke of England, in an article in this month's Forum, discusses the possible future relations of the United States and Great Britain. He necessarily has to touch upon the Philippines and takes it for granted that we are to annex them and "rule them," as he terms it. As to the ruler he suggests that "no better temporary rulers can be found than American naval officers, under the general control, of course, of a prudent and trained statesman." The English Lord also says: "Where will the two empires (Great Britain and the United States) touch? How do the believers in a republic like that? The United States an empire? And would not that be likely to occur if we start in to 'rule' the Philippines? The next step would be to apply to the mass of the people in this country the policy which the American people had themselves inaugurated.

Labor and the Trusts.

When the trusts can make it appear that "reducing the expense of production" will result in giving good wages to employes, then the workmen may consistently give their support to

the Republican party, which is the protector of trusts. But until such a showing has been made a wage-earner who votes the Republican ticket votes directly against his own interests. Under existing conditions, when the workingman votes for a Republican candidate he votes to have wages reduced and to destroy competition, and thus to enhance the cost of the necessities of life.

It is one of the unexplained problems of the day that men who work for a living continue to give their votes to a party which is directly opposed to their welfare, and which has done and is doing all it can to build up an aristocracy of wealth and to establish a peasantry of labor. When a party is under the control of Wall street and is managed by the trusts, the workingman has nothing to expect of that party. The Republicans are perfectly frank in their attitude toward labor. They bolster the trusts and the trusts sandbag labor—and there you are. How long will labor lend its aid to its own undoing?

A Good Deal in the Ratio.

A Democrat who thinks there is "nothing in the ratio" is no Democrat. He needs educating. He should get a free silver primer, and learn his A B C's, says the Mississippi Valley Democrat. The ratio is the whole thing. The addition of the fractional part of a grain to the weight of the silver dollar would add millions to the debts of the people. It would do even more. It would lessen the tendency of the dollar to circulate, which is one of its most valuable characteristics. A dollar that does not circulate freely fails to perform its natural function, and might as well not be in existence, except as a basis of credit. What we need now, above everything else, is a dollar that will circulate; and the experience of ages proves that the silver dollar performs this function better than any other. If there is any legitimate objection to the silver dollar it is that it is already too large. The true ratio is 15 1/2 to 1. France has proved this by sustaining bimetallicism at that ratio, and with the single exception of Mexico the people of France are in better financial condition than those of any other nation. They have a per capita circulation nearly twice as large as ours—and it circulates. The French government, through its folly in sustaining an immense army, is poor, but the French people are rich. The same conditions existed in Jefferson's time, as explained by him in his letters written while he was minister to that country. The French have always maintained bimetallicism, and it has made the people rich. Any attempt on the part of their government to enforce monometallism, or the ruinous measures of the gold standard, would result in immediate revolution. As a people the French are less submissive to wrong than we are. To talk about increasing the ratio, or to advise the setting aside of the financial issue for a wild goose chase after trusts, is to talk idiocy. The people will have none of it. The mother of trusts is the gold standard, and the way to kill trusts is to slaughter the hideous old vulture that breeds them.

Government for Some of the People.
The real power in the Republican party cares nothing for the fundamental principles of our civilization; the men who really dominate that organization have no conception of the real purposes of all government, but look upon it merely as an instrument for the advancement of their individual interests. The President is too much of a politician and too willing a tool in the hands of this influence to take a bold stand for the people, for the preservation of liberty at home and its extension abroad.—Louisville Dispatch.

Increase of the Army.

Army reorganization in the line of increase means the deprivation of many of the poorer families of this land of sources of support. Who among the "upper crust," so called, will become a representative of the personnel of this army? It is the humble, slavish, brave young man who must bear the brunt of all this defense and elevation of the republic under the scheme which is outlined in connection with the imperial policy and colonial extension idea of the administration. And what will be their reward?—St. Paul Globe.

The Public and Its Servants.

Only once in a while, it seems, do the people wake up to the fact that they are masters and not serfs. For much of the time they go along bowing and scraping to their magistrates and their mayors and their governors and their legislators and their office-holding fellows in general. For practically all of the time they are under a sense of hopeless subservience to the persons not at all above their own status in citizenship whom they have themselves clothed with official authority.—Louisville Commercial.

An Easy Problem.

Let us suppose that property now considered to be worth \$10,000,000,000 should be suddenly thrown on the market to be sold for cash. Obviously it could bring no more than \$10,000,000,000, because that is the world's entire stock of money. But suppose that only \$5,000,000,000 in money is available for the purchase of those particular goods, is it not more than that sum, and hence, that prices would immediately fall one half?

STORIES OF SPIRITS.

One of Which Was Quite Easily and Naturally Accounted For.

When Spiritualism was comparatively new and we were youngsters, we used to hear delightful spooky stories about mysterious actions of furniture and things, which one never seems to hear nowadays. I remember one about some people who had guests invited to a grand dinner. The table was spread with all the dishes, but the meal had not yet been served. The family had a great store of beautiful glass and china, and it was all on the table. For a moment the servants were all out of the dining-room, and just at that moment all the people in the rest of the house heard a deafening crash of falling dishes; from the dining-room there came the sound of glassware precipitated upon the floor and crushing into fragments, and in the midst of the roar of this wreck there rose to the terrified ears of the host and hostess the high, clear note of the smashing of much thin china. Everybody in the house—family, guests, servants—rushed to the dining-room door at the same moment, expecting to see nothing less than the table overturned and every precious dish on it broken, and what did they behold? The table set in perfect order, with not a thing on it disturbed. What had made the awful crash? Nobody ever knew. Not a dish was even nicked in that house that day. The story ran to the spirit world—had just made a terrible ghostly crash for the fun of it and the alarm of the household.

I remember that this story impressed me a great deal more than it would have impressed me if the dishes had really been found smashed, though it could have been proved that no human being had been in the room at the time. I had never before heard of a ghost that was a crash and nothing more. I fancy the astonishment of those alleged people was not greater than that of a friend of mine over an episode not at all similar. This gentleman's wife and daughter were out shopping one afternoon, and he reached home ahead of them. So far from feeling grieved and outraged at not finding them there to make him welcome, he set to work pleasantly to give them a surprise by getting them their supper. He hadn't much in the house, but he set out what he had, and placed on each of three plates a nice lot of sardines, and then went out to make them some tea. He got it made and came back, and looked at his table in astonishment. His supper was gone! The plates which he had put on the table were there just where he had placed them, but they were as clean as when he put them on. He knew that there was not another human being in the house. What spirit had wafted away those sardines?

This is a true story. There was not another human being in the house, but the gentleman owned two delightful cocker spaniels, and they were in the house. Who can doubt that, as they licked the plates which had contained the sardines, they had said to themselves, "Go to; we will make it unnecessary for our dear master to wash these plates?"—Boston Transcript.

Topics of the Times

The British Government laboratory last year analyzed 1,580 samples of so-called "temperance" drinks. Of this number over one-third were found to contain more than the 2 per cent. of alcohol allowed by law. Some of the samples contained as much as 6 to 8 per cent.

When a traveler in the grand duchy of Baden wants to send a telegram while he is on the train he writes the message on a post card, with the request that it be wired, puts on a stamp and drops it into the train letter box. At the next station the box is cleared and the message sent.

Recent observations among Indians show that in South America, as well as in North America, the red woman lives longer than the red man. But the average duration of life is only seventeen years for both sexes in the South, and 22 per cent. of the Indians die during the first year of life.

A Swiss paper relates that near the Beatusiole, on the lake of Thun, an eccentric hermit has built a cottage, in which he dwells, shut off from the world, his food being brought to him by a servant. He is a millionaire of Basle, afflicted with the mania that someone intends to poison him.

Prompted by the fact that all new office buildings and new fire apartment houses in Manhattan are being provided with refrigerating tubes and apparatus, several Brooklyn capitalists have planned a monster cold storage warehouse in which coolness will be manufactured for private consumption.

The recent sale in Boston of the estate of Jernegan—who organized the company and engineered the scheme for extracting gold from sea water—showed that he was not only thrifty, but "imposing" in more ways than one. It is said that a parlor set apparently of Inlaid rosewood was but imitation, and that hardly any of the Jernegan furniture proved to be what it purported to be.

"Clarison" is the name of a new made-to-order language, constructed from French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese. The author of "Clarison" claims that it can be completely mastered in two or three weeks.

Appropos of the agitation on the subject of cheaper postage between this country and Great Britain, it is pointed out that the cost of a first-class ocean passage between this country and Europe averages about \$100. The charge

for conveying the same weight of letters as the passenger weighs is \$187.

German military authorities have found employment for the Mennonite private who refused to bear arms through conscientious scruples by assigning him to the company of laborers at Magdeburg. They had tested his religious convictions by keeping him in prison for nearly three years on charges of insubordination.

In Pittsburg a decision was handed down the other day in the case of a colored man convicted of the murder of his wife to the effect that he must be sentenced again, because the judge had erred in omitting to ask the prisoner before sentence was pronounced if he had anything to say why the death sentence should not be declared.

The first practical test of a fire engine mounted on rubber tires was made at New York the other day, in response to an alarm. It was a five-ton engine, and was drawn noiselessly to the fire at a gallop, running in and out of the street car tracks in a way which often means an upset, and appeared to be very much easier for the horses.

One of Manager Grant's opera company notified him the other day in New York that she did not like the paper on the walls of her room in a certain hotel. She did not wish to change her rooms, for they suited her, but she declared that she could not stand the color of the paper. The point of this story is the fact that the paper was immediately changed.

The Minnesota building at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, which was the most attractive of all the State buildings, has been presented to Omaha by Minnesota for permanent erection in one of her city parks. A Kansas man had offered \$1,000 for it with the idea of moving it to Topeka for a home, but his proposition was declined.

It has been discovered that the new Tombs prison in New York has been constructed upon plans that are defective. The iron girders supporting the floors are carrying more weight than they will bear. As the contract does not provide for any penalty in the event of defective plans the contractor cannot be held responsible, and the expense of making the changes, which may amount to the practical reconstruction of the building, will have to be borne by the city.

In France gold coin is becoming rare in the circulation, as bankers and money changers are sorting it out and selling it for export. Inasmuch as the smallest bank notes are for 50 francs each, some inconvenience is resulting from this. In Germany the extreme activity of the electrical trade is absorbing large sums of money and has a good deal to do with the high rates. As an example of the extent to which the industry is being developed, it may be said that one of the large companies, which had in 1889 442 men in its factories, now has over 6,000.

REQUIRES JOLLY MEN.

Undertakers Must Be Good-Natured to Stand the Constant Strain.

An undertaker who does business uptown who is fat and jolly and who loves the good things of life and can laugh until his sides shake at a joke, bared his leg in the cooling-off room and showed a lot of black and blue marks just above the knee. "That's where I pinch myself to stop laughing at some funerals," he said. "You know that the undertaker, of all people, is not permitted to even smile at the last services of the dead and the fun-loving element in my nature often gets the better of me, even at funerals, so that to keep a long face I just grab my leg at the length of my arm and pinch until I ache. Sometimes the pain brings actual tears to my eyes and the folks around me, I suppose, think I am mighty susceptible, and so I am, but not to sorrow.

"I got these big marks, you see, day before yesterday at the funeral of an old-timer in my ward whom I had grown up with from school days. He was one of the meanest men that ever lived. He was too mean to belong to the church, and they had to get a Presbyterian preacher to say a word over him, for the priest wouldn't, and when that good man talked about the many virtues and good deeds of the dead and pictured him going round the world with charity and kindness, I thought I would go into a fit. Five pinches in all, good strong ones. I gave myself, and then I had to leave my place alongside the box when I imagined I saw the dead man winking at me.

"My friends tell me I ought to get out of the business, but I hold that it needs a jolly, good-natured fellow like me to stand the constant strain of being always in the mix with sorrow and tears."—Brooklyn Times.

Why He Didn't Reply.

It is not always easy to be polite. Witness this from the Chicago Post: "Why don't you answer?" said madame, impatiently, to the Scandinavian on the step-ladder engaged in putting up new window fixtures. The man gulped and replied gently: "I have my mouth full of screws; I not can speak till I swallow some."

Needed Everywhere.

"Swiggs has invented another kind of metal street car fender." "What is it?" "He wears it over his knees to keep people from stepping on his toes."—Puck.

An Argument.

"The minister asked me how I could defend the practice of skating on Sunday." "What did you say?" "I said it might thaw on Monday."—Puck.

This would be a quiet, peaceable world were it not for the movements of the under jaw.

UNASSAILABLE LOGIC

Which Won a Debate for the Citizens of Cyclone Canyon.

Our town hall was filled to overflowing last Thursday evening with people anxious to hear the oratorical contest between the debating societies of Red Dog and our sister city, Cyclone Canyon. The subject chosen is one of vital interest in this community, namely, "Resolved, Should a man stop to argue or pull his gun?"

The Cyclone Canyon contingent arrived in this city early on the evening in question and assumed charge of the negative side of the question, with Col. Hank Bludsoe and Bad Jim as leaders, while Short Card Hennessy and Center Fire Johnson, of this city, undertook to steer the affirmative side to victory. We, the editor of the Clarion, and Maj. Mosely, the well-known undertaker, were unanimously elected judges of the contest, our decision to be final.

Some remarks were passed by the Cyclone Canyon crowd as to the fitness of Maj. Mosely for the position of judge, they claiming that it was to his interest in a business way to render a decision calculated to start a row. The Major, however, quickly silenced his calumniators by royally offering to bury any one killed in the hall that evening free of cost, and his handsome offer was followed by a roar of applause. The debate lasted for a full hour and a half, and at the conclusion, as we were summing up the points and were on the point of rendering a decision in favor of the affirmative side, the Cyclone Canyon crowd got the drop on us and we were forced, rather reluctantly, it is true, to gracefully yield and decide as follows: "Resolved, That in all cases, and at any stage of the game, the man who gets his gun out first has by far the best of an argument!"—Red Dog Clarion.

INQUIRY SOON ABANDONED.

Father Stops Questioning When Son Mixes Fling and History.

A 10-year-old Cedar avenue boy is quite a reader, considering his tender age, and his father delighted in encouraging his literary taste. Not long ago the father suggested to the boy that he should read up on the life and death of Nathan Hale, the spy and hero of the revolution.

A few evenings later the father asked the lad if he had carried out his request. The boy said he had.

"Who was Nathan Hale?" the father inquired.

"He was strung up by the British soldiers," was the somewhat irreverent reply.

"You should say hanged," said the father.

"Strung up is just the same," said the boy.

"No," said the father, "it isn't just the same."

"Well," said the boy, "it's just the same to Nathan Hale."

This was something of a poser, and the father discreetly changed the subject.

"And why did the British hang Nathan Hale?" he asked.

"Because," replied the boy promptly, "because he punched for General Washington."

This proceeds definition of a spy's duties was too much for the father, and he promptly dropped the Hale inquiry there and then.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Tears.

While walking in the tenement house district in Chicago a man saw a little child in white standing on the sill of a third story window. The man did not seem to care, but with a very pale face he ran across the street and up the stairway. He opened the right door, as if by instinct, and opened it softly. He saw the curly head of the child, and then, just as he reached out his hand, the child fell out. At the same instant he was seized by the arm, and a woman's voice demanded to know what he meant by hurrying. "The child! the child!" he said, in a frantic whisper. "She has fallen out of the window!" The woman smiled broadly, and walking by means of a short and stout rope, and deposited it on a chair. Then she turned to the amazed man, and said, tranquilly, "I suppose you mean all right, but Molly wasn't in danger at all. I can't spare time from my work to watch her, and she will play by the window, so I just tie her up this way. When she falls out and wants to get back she just yells, and I haul her in."

The well-meaning man left a dime for the child and departed wondering.

He Was Not Taking Coffee.

Sergeant Pierson was one of the best-liked men in the company, but he couldn't tolerate fool questions. On the morning of July 3 he sat on the bank of the intrenchment, drinking coffee. He was really exposing himself unnecessarily. One of the men nearby was nervously watching him. Their eyes met and the private, somewhat embarrassed, remarked, for the lack of something better to say:

"Are you taking a cup of coffee?"

A look of disgust spread over Pierson's speaking countenance.

"Am I taking coffee?" he began, mockingly. A Mouser bullet knocked the cup from his hand.

"No, sir," he continued, with added sarcasm, "I'm not taking coffee."—New York Sun.

Houses All Built of Zinc.

All the houses in Belra, East Africa, are built of zinc. If a person becomes ill on the street he is placed on a zinc stretcher, carried to a zinc hospital and, if he dies, is buried in a zinc coffin. The town is called "the zinc city."

No woman ever went through a church service without feeling to see if her dress was all right in the back.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

Ben fit of Bimetallism.

Suppose the premium on gold should go to 10 per cent. here, while gold prices in England remained unchanged, and they could not fall except from a decrease in the supply of gold, and if gold went to a premium here its tendency would be to go to gold standard countries, so that if prices changed at all in such countries the tendency would be to rise and not to fall. This premium would amount then to a bounty on exports of 10 per cent., precisely as in the case of the fall of silver in the trade between England and India. For, as it would take 10 per cent. more goods, in the case assumed, to get the same amount of gold here than it would in England, goods would go to England, until either by overstocking the market there with American goods, or from the scarcity of gold, prices in gold-standard countries would come down. But, as before stated, prices would be upheld in such countries by the inflow of gold from this country. On the other hand, just as in the case of India, this condition would cause imports into the United States, for the reason that, gold prices not having changed in gold-standard countries, goods could not be shipped to the United States to be sold for our money, and this money reconverted directly or through merchandise into gold again without loss. Hence the statement recently made in the London News that a premium on gold in the United States would operate as a protective tariff is entirely true; but it would do more than operate at the same time as a bounty on exports. Consequently, bimetallicism for the United States would not only benefit us under conditions of a stable par between silver and gold, but should gold, under conditions of free coinage in the United States go to a premium, it would still, and in a still greater degree, redound to the benefit of the United States, and make possible a degree of protection that is impossible under the single gold standard.

Destroyers of Confidence.

The apostles of "sound money" are always in a terrorized condition lest "confidence" should be destroyed. If a silver man ventures to say anything about the principles of monetary science, he is instantly charged with being a "repudiator," and a disturber of public confidence. They are in mortal fear of "agitation" (unless they can do the agitating), and every time one of their prophecies has failed and they have all failed, the failure has been ascribed, in part, at least, to the circumstance that some silver man has said something. But when a gold man ever hesitates to "agitate" and destroy "confidence," if he could gain anything thereby? Perhaps someone can inform us. The truth is that in the first place the gold men got in their work secretly, and demonized silver without anybody knowing it but themselves. Of course, silver could not be restored without discussion and argument, or as they choose to term it, "agitation." Nor can any reform be inaugurated without "agitation." Those who are beneficiaries of a wrong are nearly always opposed to its undoing, and an effort to that end is characterized as "agitation." But when they make an effort to increase their advantages, that is more elegantly designated a "movement for reform."

Silver Night Schools.

The Silver Night School Leagues prepared for the campaign of 1900, take together, make a handy manual for campaign workers, showing by arithmetic problems the cause and effect of low prices, the number and extent of foreclosures resulting from low prices, production and distribution of wealth, and what every champion of the people's rights should know, something of the profits realized by so-called "trust" corporations.

The Conquest of the Vernacular.

Mrs. Fremont, in her sketch of the life of her father—Senator Fremont—tells the following of the French Bishop at St. Louis, at the time of the purchase of Louisiana: "It was a point of honor among the older French not to learn English; but the Bishop needed to acquire fluent English for all uses and for use from the pulpit especially. To force himself into familiar practice, the Bishop secluded himself for while with the family of an American farmer, where he would hear French. Soon he had gained enough to announce a sermon in English. "My father was present, and his feelings can be imagined when the polished, refined Bishop said: "My friends, I'm right down glad to see such a smart change of folks here to-day!"

Novel Bait for Catching Fish.

Dutch fishermen make astonishing catches by means of the following simple plan: They put a number of live worms and insects in a bottle, partially filled with water and then cork it securely. The bottle is dropped in the water, the fisherman sinking line alongside. It appears that the sight of the wriggling contents of the bottle so excites the appetite of finny tribes that they fall easy victims to the baited hooks.

Hartland, in Devonshire, has only three vicars since 1700. The present vicar has held the place since 18 years before, and succeeding an incumbent who served thirty-seven years.