

NOT McKINLEY. The widespread disaffection and disgust as to the dilly-dally, wishy-washy, namby-pamby policy of the present administration, are as much in evidence as the bad quality of much of the canned and other beef which was furnished our army in Cuba. This dissent and this denunciation are largely within the membership of the republican party. The anti-McKinley element in that organization is daily growing in vigor and dimensions. Even in Ohio it is an un concealed fact that Senator Foraker will contest with McKinley for the delegation to the next republican national convention. Foraker has a strong following among the republicans of Ohio and is quite likely to secure a delegation from that state in favor of his nomination to the presidency. Everywhere there is increasing and intensifying antagonism to the smug and indecisive McKinley. Everywhere he is recognized as a weak man entirely incapable of acting independently upon his own judgment and out from under the influences of plotting politicians of small caliber, by whom he is constantly surrounded.

Mr. McKinley has come to be known as a very fat and juicy specimen of the tree-toad variety of politicians. The tree-toad, as all students of Nature understand, is always the color of the bark to which he is attached, and McKinley is merely a reflection of the tints, hues and colorings of Hanna, Steve Elkins, Matt Quay and other profoundly dyed statesmen of their breed. It is not too early to declare that the prospect for McKinley's being beaten for the nomination to the presidency in the republican convention next year brightens from day to day. Tom Reed, though he may be located in New York; Foraker, of Ohio; Allison, of Iowa; and Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, are, any one of them, stronger with the masses of the republican party and stand higher in the estimation of all parties throughout the country, than does McKinley. Any one of them is admittedly of more ability and experience. Any one of them, not excepting even Allison, has more self-reliance and capacity for governing others.

SILVER IN THE SOUTH. The civil war ended in 1865. More than a generation has passed to the great beyond since the surrender at Appomattox. During the first years of peace the South was overrun by carpet-bag statesmen who governed and robbed without mercy. Only the conservative citizenship of the Northern states protested against the terrible wrongs thus inflicted upon decent people during the hybrid reign of negro ignorance, white rascality and greed. Only the older and better leaders of the Northern democracy, like

Seymour and Tilden, and Hendricks and Hancock and Francis P. Blair organized to resurrect and protect the personal rights of Southern men and women.

But not until 1884 did democracy succeed in electing a president of the United States who had the wisdom to see and the courage to assert the rights of American citizenship for the men of the South.

To President Cleveland the South owes its political rehabilitation. He extended to Southerners a forgiving and fraternal hand and under his leadership they came up onto the same social and political plane which the constitution intended them and all other citizens of this republic to occupy. No other democratic leader did so much for the restoration of law and order and prosperity to the South.

But during the second administration of President Cleveland, which began March 4, 1893, a great financial panic (the logical result of bad financial expedients and makeshift legislation, combined with high tariff fallacies) swept over the United States.

That panic took men off their business feet and crazed them with new and untried monetary theories. And in their distress and madness they forgot to reason, to analyze and to seek the causes of their trouble.

The Bland-Allison act, a primary and potent cause of the panic, was not called in question. The Sherman act, which was also an error and a mere attempted mitigation of the Bland-Allison evil, was repealed, to be sure, but after the mischief had been accomplished.

Then there sprang into life the lunacy of silver, and its free coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one as a remedy for all pecuniary ills. And the South unmindful of the fidelity with which the older and more experienced leaders of democracy had defended the rights of its citizens against forcebills and all other abominable legislation and forgetting how those same leaders had saved the social and political status of the Southerners from abject degradation, went off after the fallacy of free silver and under the leadership of a "Boy Orator."

This phenomenal lawyer who never had a client, this resonant statesman who never drafted a statute, this skilled financier who never made a dollar, this soldier who never fired a gun nor saw a battle is again in the saddle and hoarsely commanding the South to follow him once more to disaster and defeat.

But the free South is not indebted to the apostles and advocates of free silver. The freedom and prosperity of the South were not formulated out of the brains and efforts of those men who led the democracy to discontent, disintegration and defeat in 1896. Nor will prosperity be conserved or evoked by wildly following again the orders and commands

of those who preach dishonesty in the payment of debts and exhort for the debasement of the national standard of value.

The South needs good credit. It can have that by voting always for sound money against repudiation public and private and in favor of paying all debts in money equivalent to that in which they were contracted.

It needs good money and plenty of it for the development of its unlimited possibilities in agriculture, horticulture, manufacture and commerce. And all these things the South will have when free silver and Bryanarchy shall have been renounced and abjured; but never until that time.

NOSE, ROSE. THE CONSERVATIVE

has long been an admirer of "Driftwood" and, for many years, a faithful reader of all that Bixby has written in The State Journal. But now the said Bixby who knows all flowers, and revels in bowers, where the rose, he knows, always grows, implicates a senatorial nose because upon it may repose the intense color of the red, red rose. And without reverence for Troubadour Thurston he plunges into parody and mocks the lofty languor and majestic sentimentality of that top-loftical organism of vocabularies and vacuities with the reviling verses hereunto appended as an awful example of what a man who knows may say about a nose or rose:

I said to my nose: "O, nose, red nose,
Will you say to me, honor bright,
What the hidden cause in the matter was
That you came to be such a sight?"

I said to my nose: "O, nose, red nose,
You shame me at every turn,
And whenever I run in the hot old sun,
You blister and blaze and burn."

I said to my nose: "O, nose, red nose,
Is there any relief in reach?
Is there any old dye that I can buy
That will work as a nasal bleach?"

The red nose lifted itself a notch
And answered me, "Aber nit;
If you'd drink less grog and more water, hog,
It would whiten me out a bit."

The World-Herald of Omaha maintains a poet of voracity, veracity, perspicacity, sagacity and digestive capacity. But he has no reverence for that tender and true troubadour, the Hon. John Mellifluence Thurston. See:

I said to my lunch: "O lunch! Late lunch!
Will you lie on my stomach tonight;
Will you nestle there, or rear and tear
In a huge nightmarish fright?"

I said to my lunch: "O lunch! Late lunch!
Will you thrill me with aching pain;
Will your fits and jerks bust my stomach
works
So I never can lunch again?"

I said to my lunch: "O lunch! Late lunch!
Will you throb like a stonebruised toe;
Will you double me up like a poisoned pup
And fill me with grief and woe?"

And my late lunch gave a dyspeptic hump
And answered me fair and true;
"I'm onto my job and I'll jump and throb
Till the air with your cussing's blue!"