

M'KELWAY ON BRYAN.

St. Clair McKelway on Bryan's Madness---  
What the Great Democratic Editor in  
Brooklyn Thinks About the Sad  
Democratic Prospects.

Mr. Bryan insisted (in his Brooklyn speech) upon "referring to silver and gold." He said that he must refer to it because if he did not folk would say that "he had dropped it," and he could not afford to let them say that. This insufficient reason, which was riotously applauded, confirmed his capacity and his determination to vindicate his personal equation at the expense of the wishes and to the cost of the defeat of the democratic party, whose consideration toward him merited a better treatment.

And the vapidness of his pro-silver discourse equalled the vanity of it. He contended that a government stamp on gold or silver or paper creates money, and that the greater the amount of created money the larger the per-capita possession of it. A man who believes that neither intrinsic value nor legitimate labor is the basis of money and of the resources which enable money and credit together to maintain solvency and confidence, who believes that a mere government fiat on metals or on paper is the guarantee and insurer of values, of faith, of enterprise and of prosperity, can believe almost anything. As an economist such a man is stark, staring mad. As an orator he is a devourer of wind and a fountain of fustian. As a poet or a prancer he may be as melodious as a harp, as graceful as a panther, or as cooing as a dove, but as a guide, a councillor or an executive he would ruin his country, and the responsibilities of government would require him to renounce his rhapsodies, if he did not die in a mad-house.

There was no one who listened last night to the plausible ravings of this man who did not put over against them and him the higher prices, the greater industry and the abounding prosperity which have followed on the better times that themselves followed the defeat of him in 1896. His theory that the best money is the worst money and that the most of the worst is the best for nations and for men is the quintessence of nonsense and the climax of moon-struck delusion. If the democracy goes that way it will deservedly go down the steps of dusty death.

The man is shallow. We think he is sincere, but we know that he is as light as paper. He is fluent, but his fluency is the vehicle of an agitator more intent on applause than on reform. He has a pleasing person and an attractive voice, but both are the servants of a manner essentially that of an actor and of arts out of use anywhere except on the stage, and, fortunately, disappearing there be-

fore the light of culture, of naturalness and of study. He has made more capital on fewer resources of statesmanship than any other capering compound of hortation and of histrionism in modern times. That he was ever nominated for the presidency proves a dispensation with reason and with judgment that ought to be incredible. That he will be nominated for it again is likely, but that will only prove a poverty of manhood resources in working democracy and a destitution of capability for great actions and for great honors on the part of that organization which will be lamentable and which ought to be impossible. He is just as certain to be overwhelmingly defeated, if nominated again, as he will be certain to be ineligible for further honors here the day after his death.

It may be that one of the two great parties is fated to play the role of a diverting comedian in a serious period of American history. It may be that the democracy is fated to suffer that melancholy and belittling distinction. If so, more's the pity for the party, but less need be the sorrow for its candidate, if that candidate is again to be found in the airy, voluble and self-confident bohemian who confounded politics with opera bouffe up and down the stage of the Academy on Friday night.—  
Brooklyn Eagle.

THE CONSULAR SERVICE.

We like to have it thought that we are a "business" people and that we do things in a business-like way. The way in which many private and incorporated commercial establishments are managed justifies the belief, and there is an always increasing demand that public affairs be administered with the same regard to economy and effectiveness that a man bestows upon his private concerns. One of the most hopeful signs of progress in this direction is the agitation that is now on foot in favor of reform in the system by which our business interests are looked after abroad. And if all that one hears is so it is certain that notable changes are much to be wished for. Scandalous tales are told of some of the individuals who, by accident or favor, find themselves representing the United States as commercial agents in foreign parts.

It is hard to condemn as too visionary the reformers who propose to secure legislation, which shall require men who are hired and sent abroad to push American trade, to know some language beside their own, particularly that of the land to which they are sent; and also to have some "knowledge of the commercial resources of the United States," as the bill now before congress says. And furthermore requiring those who are located in certain Oriental parts, where the native courts are not entrusted with cases involving foreigners, but offenders

or litigants of other nationalities are brought before their respective consuls for judgment, to be acquainted with some of the rudimentary principles of law.

It is not so by any means at present; in fact, we stand alone among the nations with a consular system a hundred years old. We desire to have a man to look after and if possible extend our trade in some foreign district, but the man whom we send thither and pay a salary for that purpose is some one who has rendered services in a political campaign, some youngster who is ambitious to see the world or some impecunious citizen whose wife needs a sea-voyage for her health's sake. Whether he has any knowledge of affairs or not is left quite out of consideration. Others again are, or have been, appointed because of literary achievements. Literature does not always provide bread and butter; genius must not be left to starve; but our republican institutions do not permit pensions to poets laureate or other word-smiths, so we send them to sell our locomotives and protect our traveling citizens among the nations. Some very funny combinations have resulted—funny at least to those not directly interested.

So now it is proposed that we shall have no consuls under 25 nor any new ones over 45 years of age, and that they shall be chosen from among such as have, in competitive examination, shown that they are to some extent able to render an equivalent for their salaries. As these salaries range from \$1500 to \$8,000 a year, it will be seen that, with the service placed on a more creditable footing and positions made less precarious than at present, they will offer not only honorable but profitable careers to any of our young men for whom America is not good enough.

The reforms herein touched upon are embodied in House Bill 7097 and Senate Bill 2661, now before committees; they are backed by the National Business League of Chicago, and the Chambers of Commerce of New York, Cleveland and other cities; and any one who can turn a stone in their favor, by writing a letter or otherwise, will be doing his mite to advance the nation's prosperity.

SPEARFISH CANON.

This is God's jewel casket, inter-lined  
With white and fleecy velvet fold on fold  
And filled with flashing diamonds set in gold  
More precious than a mortal ever mined.

A thousand pearls are strung on silver chains,  
A thousand silver amethysts are seen  
With filmy lace all gathered in between,—  
And rubies shine like vivid crimson stains.

The gleaming opal with its heart of fire,  
And em'rals such as never monarch wore,  
The sapphire's melting blue, forever more  
Invite the world to wonder and admire.

Above them all a turquoise cover falls,  
Beset with kohinoors of wondrous size  
And barred with onyx of carnelian dyes,  
To guard the treasure hid within the walls.

—ISABEL RICHEY.

Iron Creek, S. D., Dec. 22, 1899.