

OPEN LETTER TO MR. BRYAN.

It is often a thankless and sometimes considered an ungracious task to write a public letter to a public man. Believing, however, that my thirst for knowledge justifies the course, I shall take the chance of both contingencies.

In case that you may feel disposed to combat my right to question you in this manner let me point out to you that you are asking of me and my fellow citizens the greatest gift that it is in our power to bestow. You want us to make you president of the United States—that is, you want to become the most trusted and highest salaried employe of the greatest concern on earth.

Well, I am a plain business man, and I choose to look at this matter in what I consider a common-sense—that is a business way. Rest assured that I am not going to call you "liar" or "coward" or to use any other terms of a similar character that have already been employed, this early in the campaign, by the blatant person you have selected to operate your press bureau.

I choose to consider you honest in your convictions till you are proved otherwise. But I want some information, and it is every man's privilege to obtain that if we can, is it not?

You are a young man, Mr. Bryan, as presidential candidates go, though in this distinctively young men's age that is nothing to your discredit. In order that you may not misunderstand my motives or cavil at my sincerity I wish to place a parallel before you. If any person comes to me and asks me for a position, particularly one of great trust, and I have such a vacancy, I naturally try to find out something of his capacity, his honesty and his reliability.

Now, in this case I do want a president—no denying that. And I make bold to say that I want to see a good one occupying that honored place just as much probably as you do, and certainly without any of the personal ambition you possess with regard to the position. Indeed, I feel that I may be less prejudiced than you are. Do not misunderstand me when I talk of your "ambition." I use the word in its best sense. It is an honorable striving that you need not be ashamed of.

So, holding that ambition, you come and ask me, and many millions of my fellows, for this exalted post. Our general office is the blue arch of the sky, and here you stand before us with your bright face and your magnetic and pleasing personality—no mean asset for an applicant—ready to be examined concerning your qualifications.

Stand up, please, Mr. Bryan. Let us reason together.

A man at the head of a great institution must necessarily have a keen insight into the future. So first let us see how you stand that test. In your speech before the democratic national conven-

tion delivered on July 9, 1896, you made this statement, as reported in the official volume of the national committee by the official stenographer of the convention:

"Mr. McKinley was the most popular man among the republicans and everybody in the republican party three months ago prophesied his election. How is it to-day? Why, that man who used to boast that he looked like Napoleon, that man shudders today when he thinks that he was nominated on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Not only that, but, as he listens, he can hear with ever-increasing distinctness the sound of the waves as they beat upon the lonely shores of St. Helena."

Now, really, doesn't that sound a little, just a little, foolish? I have searched diligently through every published speech of your opponent made in that campaign, and I can find nothing to equal the wonderful accuracy of its prophecy, its manly treatment of an honorable foe or its utter absence of bombast.

Some misguided persons seem to have got the impression that you are a "quack." That is a very great error. A quack is a man who has one medicine that is warranted to cure all the ills that exist in the world. His remedy is just as efficacious for consumption as for falling hair. But you reverse that theory. You secure a new and entirely different remedy for the same disease every four years.

In another part of your address before the convention of 1896 you made this emphatic declaration:

"Now, my friends, let us come to the great paramount issue. If they ask us here why it is we say more on the money question than we say on the tariff question I reply that if protection has slain its thousands the gold standard has slain its tens of thousands. If they ask us why we did not embody all these things in our platform which we believe, we reply to them that when we have restored the money of the constitution all other necessary reforms will be possible, and that, until that is done, there is no reform that can be accomplished."

But what you choose to term "the money of the constitution" has not been "restored," and the country still lives, and worries along fairly well. More wonderful still, though the things that were facts four years ago are facts today, you have already changed the medicine.

Let us take a case in point. Suppose that four years ago members of your family were taken down with a serious illness. You called in a physician and he prescribed a remedy that he praised till he was blue in the face not only as a certain, speedy and wonderful cure, but as the only cure under heaven that would do the afflicted ones any good. You did not like his ways and sent for another doctor, who restored the family

to perfect health in a very little while, and by treatment radically opposed to the whole theory of the other man.

Three years later, with your family still in perfect health, the first doctor comes round again and tries to convince you that the folks are very sick.

"But," you protest, "they are not sick."

"Oh, yes they are," he says. "You may not know it, but they are."

"I'm perfectly satisfied with our present physician," you reply. "Besides, the nostrum you offered four years ago would have killed them. If they were really sick now, which they are not, I suppose you would want to try your old infallible remedy on them?"

And, to your amazement he replies:

"Oh, no, indeed! I've a new cure that beats that all to smash."

What would you say to that doctor, Mr. Bryan?

Postponing the further investigation of your qualifications for a little while, believe me, yours very respectfully,

A CHICAGO BUSINESS MAN.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

EXAMPLE FOLLOWED.

Nature and nurture work together in the scion of the peerless and matchless Bryan. His son, whom Gen. Joe Wheeler saved from headlong death recently, was only emulating and imitating his illustrious sire when he hung out of an upper window and, with a string and sounding cymbal, attempted to attract the attention of those in the basement while those above ground could not fail to wonder at him.

The old man has given the boy, by heredity, an over-weaning taste for the stage and transmitted a keen ambition, while living upon a comfortable competence acquired in the show business, to circulate and scintillate among the upper strata of society and still hold the love and acclaim of the basements—"the poor man" and "the plain people." Blood will tell. Example will influence. Hanging out of upper-story windows and assuming the grand and spectacular is a family characteristic.

NEW GOODS.

The Nebraska City Canning Manufactory is the largest and most successful establishment of the kind in the state of Nebraska.

It cans corn which is tantamount to all other canned goods. But it is like the Kansas City convention because, after its tantamount corn, it packs a paramount tomato. A packery that cannot, in these competitive days, put up tantamount and paramount goods, can't amount to as much as a catamount in a lion's den. Call for canned tantamount corn or canned paramount tomatoes and you will uphold goods of miraculous perfection.