The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter.

TELEPHONES.
Editorial Rooms....166 | Business Office....667

REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By Mail (postage prepaid), in Advance—
Daily, with Sunday, per month.....$0 85
Daily, Sunday excepted, per year..... 7 50
Daily, with Sunday, per year..... 9 00
Sunday, per year..... 2 00
The Weekly, per year..... 1 50
The Weekly, 3 months..... 50
To City Subscribers—
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays excepted.15c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sundays included.20c

POSTAGE RATES.
United States, Canada and Mexico:
10 to 14-page paper.....1c
16 to 32-page paper.....2c
Foreign rates double.

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TODAY'S WEATHER.—Partly cloudy, with occasional light rain; light to fresh southerly winds.

PORTLAND, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30.

RED BLOOD OR DITCH WATER!

Of course, if there is nothing better than ditch water in your veins, you will not care to have the American troops in the Philippines supported at home. You will even take malicious pleasure in hearing of the difficulties they encounter and loss of life among them. You will feel glad that you have encouraged the insurgents to continue their warfare, and will censure the courts-martial that condemn brutal monsters like Captain Novicio, who murder prisoners by burying them alive or by delivering them over to other savages who suck their blood.

If your own blood is ditch water, you will feel no indignation about these things, but will proceed with your cant about "liberty" and "consent of the governed," and will continue to hope that our flag will be expelled from the Philippines.

But if you have red blood in your veins, your indignation will be of very different kind. It will be directed against enemies who are making war upon our people, murdering American and Spanish prisoners and friendly natives of the islands, and trying to destroy the soldiers our country has sent to uphold its flag; and, moreover, against those persons at home who are giving aid and comfort to these treacherous, savage and brutal enemies, in the name of liberty, often misused, as again in this case, for greatest crimes.

Colonel Charles Denby, a veteran of the Civil War, late Minister of the United States to China, always a Democrat, said, in a recent article in the Forum: "Whether the Constitution goes with the flag or not, when the flag is fired on every honorable instinct of our nature rises for its defense. Whatever betide, we will stand by the soldiers who are fighting under the flag; and in this particular case we do it proudly, because no Christian gentlemen ever bore more insult and contumely than they did before—at last and in self-defense—they answered the murderous volleys that were fired at them."

But this man has red blood in his veins, not ditch water. And men who have red blood running in their veins are mighty sure to be better friends of liberty than those who have ditch water creeping through them.

FLAX CULTURE IN OREGON.

With the effort that has been made in the past three or four years to enlist the farmers of Oregon in flax culture, the readers of The Oregonian are familiar. Suffice it here and now to say that much intelligent energy has been displayed in this direction, especially by a number of women, headed by Mrs. W. P. Lord, who took the matter up and worked it energetically. The results were exceedingly gratifying in the sense that it was clearly demonstrated that flax of a superior quality for manufacturing purposes could be grown in the Willamette Valley without greater labor or care (providing these were intelligently bestowed) than the production of ordinary crops requires.

Our farmers, however, were wholly unaccustomed to the culture of flax for fiber, though in some sections the plant has been successfully grown for the seed for many years. Few of them, relatively, were disposed to give the time and attention to the matter necessary to success in the commercial sense, and for one reason and another the experiment urged upon farmers did not meet with anything like a general response. Still, quite a number have planted each a few acres to flax within a few years, and in most cases the fiber produced met the commercial test in strength, length and fineness in a most gratifying degree. Here, however, the question of flax culture in Oregon practically rests. The matter is, in common phrase, "up to the farmer."

A correspondent of the Salem Statesman, who is probably personally interested to some extent in flax manufacture, points out in a recent issue of that journal several reasons why Oregon farmers should interest themselves in flaxgrowing. These reasons are such as apply to diversified agriculture generally, and he adds to them the assurance that capital is ready to do its part in erecting machinery at various points in the Valley where the grower will be able to dispose of his dried, unretted flax at figures that will give him a net profit in excess of that received for the average product of his fields. However this may be—and the statement, in the light of experiment, is not unreasonable—he speaks truly when he says that "there is no reason why the sacking and twine our farmers use cannot be produced at home." There is some doubt whether home production would, as further alleged, prevent an advance similar to that recently made by the Calcutta manufacturers, of half a cent per bag. Prices are subject to the laws of supply and demand, and the price of the Oregon product in twine and bags would be governed thereby. Still, loyalty to our own manufacturing interests would, perhaps, enable us to stand the advance on a home-manufactured product, the material of which was the product of our own soil and labor, with a better grace than could be mustered when meeting an advance on a foreign product. Certainly the farmer would get back something of his outlay for the manufactured product in supplying to the mills the raw material.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

The statement in regard to the Boers as prospective citizens of the United States, embodied in the letter of W. S. U'Ren, from Natal, published in the latest issue of The Sunday Oregonian, may be taken to represent men and conditions as they exist, in the Transvaal. That these conditions cannot be transferred to American soil is as true as that the men are unfitted for progressive citizens of a real republic. Men ignorant of the world and its ways—stolidly and preferably ignorant—who can neither read nor write, do not want to learn or to have their children learn; who are absolute lords over many servants, and are themselves indolent to absolute do-nothingness, and who cannot see any good in the ways of modern civilization, need at least half a century of training in competitive industry based upon individual energy to fit them for American citizenship. England, having through the fortunes of war undertaken this training, will pursue the task in hand—not oppressively, but through methods that have the approval of time and experience, and may be depended upon to win, though not until the present generation has passed away. The task is not an easy one, and no attempt will be made to compel quick results.

The Boers may not, in their hatred of everything English, exceed the Yankees of the first generation following the Revolutionary War. It indeed required a full century to outgrow this feeling in America toward the English, and yet these Americans were a progressive people, exulting in victory instead of smarting under defeat. As the Cape Dutchman quoted by Mr. U'Ren has it, "It is different in the United States now—it will be different in the Transvaal sixty years hence." While no doubt a few, relatively speaking, of the Boers will follow Kruger into voluntary exile, the vast mass of the people will remain in South Africa and gradually accustom themselves to the new conditions inaugurated by English rule. The hardship they will experience in doing this will be the result of stubborn unyielding to the ultimately overpowering dictates of change. The horse that, being led to pasture, pulls back at every step, will get there just the same if the power at the forward end of the halter strap represents even, uncompromising strength. Such hardship and inconvenience as result from the movement will be due to blind, unreasoning resistance to the moving force.

Even under the hated dominion of England and the changes foreign to their desires that English methods will inspire, the Boers will be much more prosperous and better contented in their native land than they could possibly be in, the United States. The difference in climate, in industrial and agricultural methods, in language and customs, would make these people, if here, strangers in a strange land, without hope of assimilating, except through the slow processes of growth, with their new conditions and surroundings. We do not want them; they do not want our civilization or our citizenship. They are shrewd enough to know this—let us be candid enough to declare it, not in an offensive way, but plainly, in the interest of all concerned.

COPPER'S COMPETITOR.

Professor John Trowbridge, of Harvard, follows Professor Tesla in the estimate of aluminum as the coming metal that is to supersede or supplement copper in electrical appliance. In connection with the high price of copper, as the result of the great increase in electrical industries within the past few years, he asks, "Are there not substitutes for the metal which will come into use and necessarily force the price of copper to a lower level?" Answering, he says one naturally thinks of aluminum as a promising substitute. It is ductile, strong in the sense of tenacity—being not far from certain grades of iron in this respect—and is universally diffused in the materials of the earth's crust.

The aluminum industry owes its present magnitude to electricity, since the invention of the dynamo made it possible to produce it in large quantities. This debt it is likely to pay by its adaptability to electrical purposes. Once regarded as almost one of the precious metals from the labor and expense necessary to free it from the baser elements in which it was confined, aluminum has steadily decreased in price since electrical appliances have been applied to its production. In 1859 it cost $90 a pound; in 1889 it had fallen to $2 a pound, and now aluminum castings can be obtained for 65 cents a pound.

Professor Trowbridge does not rate it as yet as a dangerous competitor of copper, in the wider uses to which that metal is applied, in industrial life. In a few instances it is employed on a large scale, as at Niagara Falls, where great conductors of aluminum are used to transmit electrical currents from the power-house to the works. These conductors are aluminum bars 25 feet long, 6 inches broad, and ¼ of an inch thick. Four of these are riveted together at the ends, and each group of bars is connected to aluminum cables, the core of each cable being an inch and a quarter in diameter. The amount of aluminum in the conductors is 22,000 pounds. The same work in copper would require 48,000 pounds. The conductivity of aluminum as compared with copper is 63 per cent, but for the same weight it is more than double.

There are, however, many difficulties in working aluminum that must be solved before its general adaptability to electrical appliances will be such as to displace or to any considerable extent force down the price of copper. Aluminum may be, as Professor Tesla predicts, the metal of the future, but copper, iron and steel are still kings in the industrial world—aluminum being as yet scarcely more than a pretender, though of many good parts, and pushing rapidly forward in development.

BRYAN AND MEXICO.

After his defeat in 1896, Mr. Bryan made a trip to Mexico in order to observe and study the conditions existing there under the free coinage of silver. If he should tell the truth, he would be obliged to say that he found that the employers of labor in Mexico were paying that labor in dollars worth 48 cents, while they are selling the products of labor to gold-standard countries for dollars worth 100 cents. Day laborers in Mexico get from 19 to 50 cents a day in Mexican money, so that they are actually paid from 9 to 24 cents a day. The Mexican laborer supports his family on from 5 to 10 cents a day, while $2 50 to $5 a year purchases his clothing. Brakemen on trains in Mexico get from $35 to $75 a month; bricklayers get $1 to $1 50 a day; street-car conductors get from 50 cents to $1 a day; laborers in factories, working eleven hours, get from 50 cents to $1 a day; skilled miners get $1 to $1 50 a day; unskilled miners get 50 to 80 cents a day; policemen are paid $30 to $50 a month; stone masons get $1 to $1 50 a day; tailors get $1 to $1 50 a day, and printers $7 to $8 a week.

The figures quoted are in Mexican money, or dollars worth 48 cents each. The agricultural laborer in Mexico gets from 9 to 24 cents a day, while the negro laborer on a sugar plantation in Louisiana gets 60 cents a day in gold for nine months, and $1 20 a day for three months during the grinding season. He has, in addition, a comfortable home and medical attention provided free, and is given a piece of ground and time enough to cultivate it as a vegetable garden almost sufficient for his support. The farm laborer in Dakota, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota, who receives in 100-cent dollars as much in one day in the harvest season as the Mexican agricultural laborer gets in a month in 48-cent dollars, is not likely to throw up his hat for free silver at 16 to 1.

In Mexico, just across the river from El Paso, Texas, carpenters are paid $2 and $3 a day in Mexican money, while in El Paso carpenters are paid $3 a day in gold. The American miner earns from $1 50 to $7 a day in gold, while in Mexico skilled miners get from 50 cents to $1 50 a day and unskilled miners from 25 cents to 75 cents a day. The American workingman is well paid, well fed, well clothed and well housed, while the Mexican laborer lives on cornmeal and beans, has scanty clothing, and lives in a hut erected by his own hands. There is no difference in the scale of wages in Mexico now and ten and fifteen years ago, when a Mexican dollar had slightly less purchasing power than an American dollar. While the Mexican dollar has lost about half its value, wages have been by no means doubled. But the necessaries of life have increased in price.

Our Southern States are not voting on the issues of National character in this campaign. They see nothing but the negro, and feel they must keep him out of politics. Hence they adhere to the Democratic party. But they do not like Bryan nor approve Bryanism. Bryan has forced issues on the party which are at variance with their wishes and opinions, and the press of the South, with scarcely an exception, does not hesitate to say so. The South, in fact, is for expansion and for the gold standard. It is wholly for a local reason that it adheres to the Democratic party. There is very little socialistic sentiment in the South. But there is a vast body of it in the North, and Bryan caters to it, because he must have some Northern votes, or fail. Circumstances make the South his stronghold, when in fact on the actual issues of the campaign the South is not with him at all. Southern Democrats, now resident in Northern States, are very largely against Bryan, for the reasons stated by Dr. O. B. Reese, of Brownsville, Linn County, whose letter appeared in The Oregonian yesterday. If the negro question were out of politics in the South, there could be no doubt that the South would vote with substantial unanimity for the gold standard and National expansion.

Rev. L. Verhaag, of Centerville, has written a pamphlet on "Dancing," considered in relation to its abuses. There is a good deal of literature in this pamphlet of sixty-four pages, since it contains a great many quotations from ancient and modern authors, both secular and ecclesiastic, on the evils that notoriously attend this custom. "Dancing," says Father Verhaag, "will go on in the future as it has in the past"; but he trusts "those who read this booklet may open their eyes and see the danger of this questionable amusement." It is certain that all writers on morals, in all ages, have condemned dancing as practiced where the sexes are intermingled; and Father Verhaag's pamphlet is a valuable compilation of these opinions. Only one slip we notice, and that is the attribution of Terence's famous line, "Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto," to Cicero.

Brother Lord, of Portland, Oregon, and other "representative clergymen" who are masquerading in politics as "anti-imperialists," perhaps may feel a pride in finding themselves allies of the assassins, blood-suckers, head-hunters and cannibals of the Philippine Islands, for whom they are pleading in the name of "freedom" and of "love, not force." Your clerical sentimentalist, when he gets into affairs of politics and state, where vigor and manly common sense are required, is about the most tedious person in the world. Christianity never got ahead that way. It was a fighter. But in the hands of namby-pamby people it is nothing.

President Mitchell, of the Miners' Association, congratulates, and with good cause, the miners on their good behavior during the strike. Such congratulation, accompanied by an order to resume work on a basis of demands acceded to, is something new in the history of great strikes in this country. That the compliment was well deserved reflects credit upon the men and their leaders, while the basis of settlement attests the justice of their cause.

The Oregonian has not predicted panic and disaster, in case Bryan should be elected. It doesn't want to do that. But it has confessed to a fear, in no wise yet relieved or diminished, that if Bryan should be elected there would be serious decline of business, industry, wages and prices, in consequence of an inevitable distrust and uncertainty throughout the business and financial circles of the country. Change not only of monetary policy, but of the whole course of policy on which present confidence and activity in industry stand, is promised and pledged by the Bryan platform. It is natural to suppose that success of a party pledged to such total change would give the business of the country pause. This, in brief, is the reason why The Oregonian should fear, and actually expect, a backset to business and prosperity, in case Bryan should be elected.

Elsewhere appears one of the most impressive contributions to the literature of the present campaign—a scathing arraignment of Bryan and Bryanism, by Don M. Dickinson, eminent lawyer and statesman. For a long time Mr. Dickinson, who has no love for McKinleyism, hoped that he might see his way clear to stay away from the polls this year and lose his vote. But the dangers of Bryanism, as revealed in Bryan's recent speeches, have impressed him with the duty of all to resist those dangers by their ballots. Mr. Dickinson's letter should be read by every Democrat and independent.

The relief that follows suspense, even when the worst is made known, has come to the sorrowing mother and sisters of brave Arthur Venville. His fate claims the pity of his countrymen, while those personally bereft by it receive their sympathy. The savages who devised the hideous means whereby his death was compassed are among the people for whom the demand for self-government is being urged by Bryan and his mouthpieces. The demagogy of the demand is only exceeded by its inhumanity and folly.

It seems that an "anti" has left the United States for active service in Luzon. At least, this is the legitimate conclusion from the statement that the band of insurgents that attacked a detachment of the Twentieth and Twenty-eighth Regiments recently, near Looc, was led by a white man. As far as known, however, no member of the "anti" band in this country is missing, all being down at their knitting at last accounts, or reeling off yarn for Bryan.

How many Democratic votes will be made by labor troubles of Chicago can only be conjectured, but it is idle to expect that McKinley will carry the city by the vote he had in 1896, when Cook County gave him 222,000 to Bryan's 152,000, or a plurality of 70,000. Yet if this entire plurality in Cook County should be wiped out, the rest of the state would pull the Republican ticket through. McKinley's plurality in Illinois was 143,000.

Great crowds follow Bryan about. It is doubtful, however, if they are so great as the crowds that followed him four years ago. Yet the number of idle, curious, shallow persons who run after every stir and noise, and crowd round every mountebank, will always be large. Such persons live only in their shallow sensations. Fortunately, they are not a majority of the American people.

There could be no more severe demand or exaction upon any rational newspaper than to be required, or expected, to run through its columns for two or three months the everlasting slush and slumgullion of Bryan's campaign oratory. Fortunately, there is but a week more of it, and then charlatanry will be given a rest.

It was figured up yesterday that there are 14 vessels of different descriptions in the harbor waiting for the bar to moderate before venturing out.—Astorian, Oct. 27.

Is it possible that Portland will yet have to seek an outlet to the sea through Puget Sound? Some of these vessels which went from Portland without delay on the river have been at Astoria many days.

Croker is an Anglomaniac. He apes the Prince of Wales and breeds British bulldogs. How he can love the English and the ways of royalty and yet be a true Jeffersonian is an enigma for Democrats to answer. We are friendly enough with the English already, say the antis. Do we want a closer alliance?

Bryan says it is more important for us to have a republic than any particular money standard. Does he actually mean that Bryan is superior even to the divine ratio of 16 to 1? Here is a new apotheosis among campaign issues. Perhaps it is the real "paramount."

Bryan promises to suppress trusts, if elected. He promises to remove the tariff from trust-made articles. What will Carl Schurz now say? If Bryan could do all this, could he not do as much for silver?

Ex-President Cleveland's language precludes the possibility of his voting for Bryan. He writes about "this exceptional and distressing campaign," and lets it go at that.

That man is sordid who wants to know about free silver. Bryan has made some progress since 1896.

Why Sherman Was Weak.

Springfield Republican.

The late ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, while chatting with a companion at one of the anniversaries of the Hampton Institute, was asked why John Sherman had always been given only the half-hearted support of the Ohio delegates in Republican National conventions, and so failed of the Presidency. General Hayes, who spoke of Mr. Sherman with great respect, replied that the explanation of this Ohio lukewarmness was not hard to find. He pointed out that during a long political career John Sherman had been a potent influence in the distribution of the Federal patronage. For every man he had been able to please, a dozen or more had been mortally offended. These enmities had been awakened among influential men of the party, and the sum of these made Mr. Sherman fatally weak in his own State. His prominence in public life gave him the right to aspire to the Presidency, and so his name was repeatedly brought forward for the office, but he never had the honest and united backing of the Ohio delegations. The theory of ex-President Hayes was that patronage killed his Presidential hopes.

Disfranchising Negroes in Georgia.

Chicago Tribune.

Following in the wake of Mississippi, Louisiana and North and South Carolina, Governor Candler, of Georgia, recommends to the Legislature the conditional disfranchisement of the negro vote of the state, and a bill to that effect will be introduced, with every likelihood of its passage. Georgia is a Bryan state, but Bryan's favorite doctrine of the consent of the governed does not apply there any more than it does in the Carolinas, where it has been entirely eliminated. As Mr. Bryan has declined to state what he thinks of a government without the consent of the governed in North Carolina it will be useless to expect him to pay any attention to a similar condition now threatened in Georgia. In Mr. Bryan's ethics black men have not the same rights which he claims for brown men. Bryan wishes the negroes to vote for him in states where they are permitted to vote, and he doesn't care what becomes of them in states where they are not permitted to vote. Such states are sure for Bryan, anyhow.

GERMANY'S AMBITION.

In China She Looks for the Chance to Supersede Great Britain.

London National Review.

Germany is driven by great forces—by a passionate race ideal that is now inseparable from material necessity, and by the impetus of a practical success, which, since 1870, has never known a check. We shall do well to understand the profound energy and determination with which the Germans repel the suggestions we make them, that the future belongs irrevocably to the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav. They are resolved that it shall not be so, and they believe—their history has given them the right to do so—that, as Moltke said, a great people carries its destiny within itself, and that inward strength will realize its proportionate external expression in spite of every political obstacle. Germany is a country of 55,000,000 of inhabitants—a people already more numerous than the whole white inhabitants of the British Empire, and increasing at the rate of a million a year, and with a relative rapidity greater than that even of Russia or the United States. In five years she could place a majority of Germans in Australia; in seven more she could swamp, if she were allowed, the present population of Canada and South Africa. For Germany, as a world power, the question of finding a home under her flag for her surplus swarms will soon become a matter of life and death. A few years ago she hoped to acquire both South Africa and the Philippines, with colonies in South America. It was the Anglo-Saxon that blocked the way everywhere, and it is against that race, but obviously against the more assailable branch of it, that the naval and colonial policy of the German Empire is directed. She cannot cease her course in this direction if she would; for, like ourselves, she has paid the penalty of transforming herself from an agricultural to an industrial nation—she is no longer self-supporting, and eight millions of Germans depend upon seaborne imports for bread. We appear to scout the idea of serious naval competition from Germany, for the reasons, no doubt, that she holds the Atlantic record; that her steamship fleet is growing by such gigantic strides as last year, when we were beaten for the first time in our history, not merely by the relative, but by the absolute increase in tonnage of a rival mercantile marine; or, which is probably the chief source of our security, that the United States naval attache lately reported to his Government that German ship-building for organization and perfect completeness now far excels anything in England. Her future lies on the water. Stretching out her hand to the trident, avid for empire, believing that colonies belong of right to those who can fill them, and markets to those who can excel—Germany's real struggle is not with the Slav, and her fundamental conviction is that in China the work of superseding the British Empire shall begin. There, above all, the relations of the two countries must resolve themselves into the attempt of two solid bodies to occupy the same space.

BEHOLD, THE WAGE-EARNER!

Disgustingly Caricatured in the Bryan Organs.

New York Press.

The self-respecting American workman will scarcely recognize the portrait drawn of him and published every day by the unmitigated yellow sheets whose chief aim is the making of anarchists and the deification of Bryan. These Bryanite pictures represent the laborer as a disgusting, nondescript, famined and whining set, in the midst of dirt, squalor and wretchedness. His wife is lampooned by the Bryan sheets as a slatternly hag, and his children as starveling gamins gaunt and consumptive. Every face is pictured with a begrimed and crust-hugging appeal for the charitable nickel.

This has been wefully overdone. Does the American workman gaze at these infamous presentments pridefully? Does he contemplate with gusto these more bedraggled and loathsome caricatures of himself than ever a Cruikshank drew of the morbid mental anatomy of Charles Dickens? Does this alleyway libel of his decent conditions fill his soul with joy? Is this public pose that has been thrust upon him agreeable to his manhood?

We think not. We think he has a self-respect and a temper that have been heating during these past months. We believe that he will have his own answer to make to these slanders, that paint him a scared scarecrow and a desperate ragamuffin. We believe that he will answer with a storm of ballots that will rattle on the empty brain-boxes of the originators of this senseless and insulting cartoon propaganda like Dakota hail on a tin roof.

Sizing Up Bryan.

Boston Herald, Ind.

One of the best estimates of William J. Bryan that we have seen recently comes from Franklin MacVeagh, of Chicago. Mr. MacVeagh is a Democrat, with independent tendencies, and he is a decidedly able man. He has been the projected candidate of his party for United States Senator, and would have strengthened Illinois in the Senate could he have been chosen to that body. Like many others, he is debarred from Democratic usefulness now, however. He says of Bryan:

He is a man of half-truths—the most dangerous sort of man for great responsibilities. And, as might be expected of such a man, he is responsive to any radicalism under the sun. He has a bright, lively intellect, but no power of profound thought, no capacity for deep study, and no taste for wide reading or experience. He is unsafe, having no serious gift of statesmanship. He was at first frank and open and courageous; he now has deteriorated, and resorts to campaign tricks, unfairness and disguise.

This diagnoses Bryan alike as he was and as he is. The Herald at one time commended him for being "open, frank and courageous," but it now fully agrees with Mr. MacVeagh that he has badly deteriorated.

The Mythical "Silent Vote."

Boston Herald.

Party adherents sometimes leave their party, and independents make choice of one party or another in our elections, but it is a mistake to suppose their action is out of the popular vision any more than is that of the bulk of party followers. Their action is a part of the Presidential canvass; its effect is as much estimated in it as its other features. It was well known in advance that independents were to vote for Cleveland in 1884; it was well known in advance that independents were to vote for McKinley in 1896; we may add that it is well known that independents are to vote for McKinley this year. Some of them are to vote for Bryan also. But the intentions of neither are concealed to an extent that should mislead the observer as to what are likely to be the proportions in the case. The truth of the political situation as it is apparent is that the Republican party is better united in the support of McKinley than the Democratic party is in support of Bryan, and that the Republican party is, in the nature of things, aside from this, the stronger party. It is that which is carrying the election for McKinley, and no sagacious political observer can fail to recognize that such is the condition of affairs. There is nothing unknown or mysterious in the political world that is at all likely to reverse that apparent decision in Republican favor.

BRYAN IN SHAKESPEARE.

Jack Cade's Summary Methods of Punishing Superior Ability.

Chicago Tribune.

When Shakespeare depicted the character of Jack Cade in "King Henry VI" he portrayed for all time the type of ambition that seeks to gain power by appealing to the baser passions of men. Cade's harangue to the Kentish mob when he was preparing to march to London and crown himself King of England has a strangely modern sound. His promises of "reform" are of a kind that show him to have been the Bryan of his day. He called it "reformation," and his methods were cruder, but his point of view was essentially the same.

Jack Cade did not talk about killing "trusts," but he declared his intention of killing all the lawyers because he hated law and order; and it was one of his cardinal principles that any man who could read and write should be beheaded. He believed, like Bryan, that superior ability of any kind should be suppressed. He set out literally to "run a mowing machine over society and cut off the heads of all the tall men." Having never worked or earned anything, he shouted for having all things in common. This is how a Bryanite harangue sounded 450 years ago:

Cade—Be brave, then; for your Captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass; and when I am King, as King I will be—

All—God save your majesty!

Cade—I thank you, good people; there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me, their lord.

The original Jack Cade promised that when he came to power "there shall be no money." The modern Jack Cade promises his followers that 50 cents shall be a dollar. By comparison Bill Bryan is only a half-hearted "reformer." Cade told the mob that he would make seven half-penny loaves to be sold for a penny when he became King, and Bryan tells the workingmen that he will have their wages raised when he becomes President. The words of the original Jack Cade were worth as much as those of the modern one. The talk in both cases is that of a demagogue.

The English adventurer of the fifteenth century tried to stir up class hatred by denouncing superior ability in every form, just as his modern disciple is doing. In Jack Cade's day the most noticeable proof of ability was the power to read and write, so he declared this a capital crime. In Bryan's day the proof of ability is found in the power to build a great factory or to conduct a large commercial enterprise and make it pay, so this is the crime that meets his displeasure. He would deal with successful corporations as Jack Cade dealt with Lord Say, who was killed because he could speak French, or as Cade dealt with the inoffensive Clerk of Cheatham, who was charged with the monstrous crime of being able to "read and write and cast accompt."

Cade—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man?

Clerk—Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All—He hath confessed; away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade—Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. (Clerk is taken out and executed.)

It was Cade's role to "love the commons" and to promise the mob all sorts of rewards at the expense of the well-to-do. Having stirred up actual rebellion on a basis of class hatred, he led his rabble into battle with the watchwords that have been the stock-in-trade of the demagogue from his day to Bryan's:

And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one Lord, one gentleman;
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon.

This is the policy of the modern Jack Cade—to pose as the champion of the incompetent against the competent, of the idle against the industrious, of the worthless against the thrifty. "Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon." Any man who can make money must have his head lopped off. Any man who has saved enough money to live comfortably deserves the envy and distrust of other people. It is the gospel of hate and covetousness, the ancient and dishonorable instrument of the demagogue. Whether attended with blood and rapine, as in Jack Cade's day, or with economic chaos and dishonest money in the hands of a Bryan, the principle is the same. In both cases the demagogue is willing to ruin everybody else for his own personal ends.

On Their Natural Level at Last.

Baltimore American.

As Bryan's struggle for the Presidency ages it becomes more violent. With election day two weeks and more away, the candidate has left the extremes of 1896 far in the rear, and his canvass has resolved itself into a campaign of hate, envy, prejudice and base desire. At the outset Bryan posed as the champion of a principle which was labelled "the paramount issue." His canvass started on a lofty plane, and the candidate deported himself with a dignity something like that demanded by the office to which he aspires. But as "the paramount issue" faded away until it became a chimera, the Democratic campaign and the candidate began to sink. Ever since they have been plunging downward, until now they have reached a level lower than which it is seemingly impossible for them to go. Bryan is no longer the exponent of a great principle. The righteousness there was in his opposition to so-called imperialism and militarism has been wholly forgotten, and Bryan has become the eager office-seeker, caring for naught save a victory, and caring not whence or how it comes.

Bryanism Is Not Democracy.

Providence Journal.

Another member of one of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinets, Don M. Dickinson, announces his intention of voting against Mr. Bryan. He points out, and properly, that the Democratic candidate is preaching the gospel of discontent and hate, and there is "scarcely a vestige of Democratic principle in either the Chicago or Kansas City platform." In such circumstances he feels it necessary not only not to vote for Mr. Bryan, but to vote for the opposing candidate. His example will be followed by thousands of Democrats who are as proud as ever of the historic party name, and hope for the time to come when they can once more conscientiously cast their ballots for a Democratic Presidential candidate.

Cleveland Democrats.

Chicago Tribune.

If all the men who voted for Cleveland in 1892 were to vote for Bryan in 1900 probably Bryan would be elected. It is precisely because the Cleveland Democrats do not approve of Bryan and will not vote for him that the result of this election is already practically determined.

The Belshazzar Feast.

Indianapolis News.

The Bryan-Croker dinner threatens to become historic. The idea of the great tribune of the people consenting to partake of a dinner that cost $12 a plate is shocking! And the country is full of people who cannot afford to "wear shoes" or to spend their Summer at a watering-place!

NOTE AND COMMENT.

"The silent vote" is not likely to be cast for the man who is never silent.

Perhaps Croker will give Bryan a fat job on the force after November 7.

It is the same old story about the police force, and it is to be continued.

Bryan has asked his questioners just as many questions as he has refused to answer.

A week from tonight, Mr. Bryan will be reading a tragic story on the bulletin-boards.

General Apathy has given the conduct of the campaign into the hands of General Enthusiasm.

Mr. McKinley continues to receive invitations to attend Thanksgiving dinners in Washington, D. C.

General Coxey is not supporting Bryan this year. He would rather operate a factory than lead an army.

Mayor Van Wyck intends to answer the ice trust charges. He might as well wait till after the election, now.

In the maps of Europe which were used in the Filipino schools under the Spanish regime, a large place in the center of that continent, usually occupying more than one-half the page, was marked Spain; all the rest of the countries were scattered about the edge. Thus the young Filipino came to have a very distorted idea of the magnitude of the country of his oppressors. Even Aguinaldo was surprised to learn that America covers a greater area than Spain.

A Philadelphia hotel recently engaged a valet, who agreed to serve the guests of the house without wages, depending upon the tips. But a number of New York drummers upset this arrangement. Seeing that they had struck a good thing, they sent for all their old clothes, which they gave to the valet to clean and press. At the end of three days the tips of the latter had amounted to 50 cents. Since then the signs have been altered. The word "gratuitous" has been eliminated, and the valet has an understanding with his patrons before he does their work.

The young women students of the University of Chicago have protested against the colloquial style of Professor Oliver J. Thatcher, who lectures on English history. When telling about a King of England who was shot while hunting, Professor Thatcher's version, it is said, was: "Somewhat of a knight had a scrap with his attendant, got a drop on the King and put him out of the ring." Then when the son sat on the paternal throne he "had no kick coming," for he had "a mortgage" on the coffers of the realm and "the bulge on" all comers. So those Kings did "any old thing" they pleased.

The story comes from Salem that a Populist Sheriff took a convict to the Penitentiary, and upon going to the Secretary of State's office to get his warrant for expenses, asked one of the clerks to make out the formal claim. The clerk figured up the expenses incurred by the Sheriff and made out the claim against the state for the total, $19 05. The Sheriff, grateful for the favor, told the clerk to give him the $19 and keep the 5 cents to pay for his trouble.

That the mutton sheep was driving out the wool sheep in this country, our Department of Agriculture has more than once pointed out. With the growth of population, and perhaps some change in the taste of the people, for many years ago mutton was little esteemed in this country, the demand for mutton has increased, and the sheepraiser has found to his advantage to meet it in spite of all legislative efforts to keep up the price of wool. It is rather more singular that some such change has been going on in Australia, and on a very large scale in Argentina, the largest sources of the wool supply. The process of refrigeration has enabled these distant countries to ship meat to England, and the mutton sheep has at once taken a more prominent position than it formerly occupied.

Considerable "McKinley money" seems to be offering at the principal hotels, the odds being 2 to 1 against Bryan, but so far no takers have appeared. One man—a Spokane miner—has $10,000 at the Perkins which he desires to risk on the general result. He has received one application, on the basis of 3 to 1, but declined, the Bryan supporter only having $100 to risk. The McKinley backer says he will not take any 3-to-1 or 4-to-1 bets, as he thinks 2 to 1 is giving Bryan money odds enough. The only Bryan money, however, appearing thus far is a few big, iron dollars, large as saucers, which were coined in the campaign of 1896 and silvered over to suggest what would happen if Bryan were elected. The metal in them is called "Nebraska gold." If Bryan's chances can be gauged by the value of his stock in Portland, his electoral vote will be confined to the ultra-Southern States and some of the sparsely settled Rocky Mountain commonwealths.

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS

Her Hope.—Mistress—Mary, didn't I hear you kiss that young man last night when he went away? Maid—I hope not, mum.—Detroit Free Press.

The Doctor—Here I carried that patient through a desperate sickness, only to— His Wife—Have him object to your fee? "No; drop dead when he saw my bill!"—Life.

"Well, little chap," said the stranger in the family, picking up one of the children, "what are you going to be when you're a man?" "Nuffin'," said the child. "Nothing? Why?" asked the stranger. "Because," said the child, "I am a little girl."—Tit-Bits.

Repartee.—He—There's no use mincing matters, my dear; the fact is, you are not an expert cook. She—I think the trouble is that you do not know what good cooking is. He—And evidently you do not intend I shall ever become any wiser.—Boston Transcript.

No Early Advantages.—"Things might have been different with me," said the convicted burglar, "if I had a good edducation an' good Sunday school training." "Poor man!" said the visitor, sympathetically. "Yes—I might have been a trusted cashier an' skipped out with the funds, an' I might be livin' like a fightin'-cock somewhere out of the country."—Puck.

The Renewal of Trouble.

Chicago Times-Herald.

My darling's brow
Is wrinkled now,
And sadness weighs her down;
The smiles of yore
I see no more—
She wears a constant frown!

Her whist club's in full blast again,
Her head is full of rules,
And, somehow, all her partners play
Like silly little fools!

The prizes she would like to win
Her rivals take away,
And "if" and eke "it might have been"
Are things I hear her say.

My darling's brow
Is wrinkled now,
And often she's as glum
And cross with me
As she can be—
The card club days have come!