

POLITICS FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.—I have been to a big political meeting. As the man said before he blew his brains out, "I will do anything once."

The once was worth while. It was immensely interesting. It happened Tuesday night at Madison Square Garden, in the amphitheater where the horse shows and other kinds of circuses are held. There was a marvelous crowd, mostly men—bald-headed men—ivory knobs and black coats, relieved by millions of gray little flags waving wildly, leading color like millions of poppies running up and down the aisles. We were in a box, a box was up by the great gallery, almost touching the stars. The dome was a big American flag and the red hunting stripes waved near at hand over us.

It was fine. The audience below looked like a truck garden resplendent in vegetables thickly sown and divided into neat beds. Where the flags stopped the men's heads were like those multiple miniature ones laid thick on a Salsum platter.

I forgot to say it was a democratic meeting. Of course I wouldn't go to any other kind.

I didn't know I was such a real Democrat, though, until Mayor McClellan got up and told us the Democratic party stood for freedom, for the first and shook his head so vigorously about it until it would surely have dropped off had it not been such a well poised head to shake.

He was the only speaker we could hear. The band began playing "Annie Laurie" and the audience waved and swayed and whooped until I got quite dazed wondering if we were all Scotch admirers of young women whose necks were like that of the swan.

Then I heard a lusty voice from the truck garden below shout, "Go it, George; you're all right!"

George was Parker might be a little too meek and Hill too silently snickered, but "George" was all right. He looked it from the crown of his handsome head to the edge of as much of his broad shoulders and coat tails as I could see.

When he told us in ringing voice how the Republican office holders were stealing public funds, I grabbed my card case containing 10 cents and a powder puff with passionate fervor.

When he asked the audience, amid wild cheers, to choose between Roosevelt and Parker, it seemed infamous that the American people could consider any other than the Democratic candidate.

When he told us what a perfect gentleman Parker is I knew Parker was the man of men. I had always admired, though my former ideal I had been won't to fancy something more on the dramatic style with a good deal of dash and dexterity.

But if Mr. McClellan hadn't insisted so strongly that Parker was "it" and had left me to my own sweet will, I should have pronounced McClellan a far better realization of manhood than the gentleman from the unpronounceable place on the Hudson, and so I am sure would the rest of the audience.

"George" made the bit of the evening. They whooped him up and patted him on the back, and told him he was "the stuff," and they were all for him. They cheered him at every sentence; and then, when he introduced Judge Herriek, amid bursts of melody from two bands, the audience became a mill sea of flags.

Herriek spoke, but nobody could hear him. Then somebody else got up and read something that might have been the multiplication table, or "See-saw, Marjorie Daw," for all practical purposes.

The acoustics of the amphitheater are wretched. Dowie failed there because he could not make himself heard, but Mayor McClellan's voice carried to the breadth and height of the place. So long as he was the attraction there was not an empty box or a spare seat. Then, when the bands played "Swanee River" and "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" everybody felt wild and patriotic and happy. Outside in Madison Square fireworks wereavoring recklessly in the open. Cannon crackers spelling Democracy and Parker exploded enthusiastically beneath the stars of a mild summer night. All the trees were strung with them as if they were Christmas trees with tapers, while toy balloons floated above their blatant mirth as transcendental souls float away from mundane things.

Crowds blocked our way in the streets as we came out—men and boys, fat policemen, drunken hoboes, gentlemen, servants, newsboys and men of all sorts and conditions; and as we passed along I heard from rude Republican lips this utterance:

"He stands about as much chance for it as a cat in hinders without a fan!" Only he didn't say "hades."

It was a shock; a terrible, ruthless shock; and after all that fuss and all those flags and those magnificent utterances, and those cannon crackers and everything!

"As much as a cat in h— without a fan."

How vulgar and pointed; and what a comedown, it brought me to my senses. I wasn't for Parker after all. Then I began to ponder.

Haden! I begged and implored them not to have him Haden! I appealed to all the leading Democrats I knew to put up somebody—anybody else!

Of course, I was just a woman, and they were also uncomfortably cognizant of the fact that I didn't know anything about politics and never read a newspaper; so, perhaps, after all, it was rather natural they shouldn't mind me when I had begged for Gorman or Cleveland or anybody rather than Parker.

New Gorman—well, he might have been defeated, but it would have been a picturesque defeat. Gorman has the looks and presence to carry off failure as magnificently as success. Gorman could have made silence dramatic; Parker only makes it a pusey-in-the-corner affair.

A dangerous looking silent man gets respect, but a meek-looking one is liable to be stoned in the streets.

A politician ought to study his style very closely for the role he is going to adopt. Parker's role seems to be a jolly role. With mustache and mild mediocrity expression, what could he do with silence. He ought to be hunting. He ought to declare himself. He ought to have some snap and aggressiveness.

He doesn't look like a snarled ox or a bull dog. He isn't big and portentous with a self-contained, Buddhist expression. People do not regard the silence of such a meek, comely fellow gentleman with awe or respect. John Drew playing "Hamlet" in mustache and dress suit would be about as impressive.

John Drew and Judge Parker are nice men, but Napoleon and Wellington and Abraham Lincoln were not. They were men. McKinley was a man. Gorman is a man. Grover Cleveland is a man, though, personally, I do not care for him. He is too fat. I never think of fat men as anything but just fat. I hate fat people.

I'd like to see Gorman where Parker is. There would be a difference. There would be more real strife, more aggressiveness, more vitality. People either hate or are devoted to Gorman. He strikes fire. His reserve would be super; his presence picturesque.

If I were a man and were going into politics, I'd shave off my mustache, if I had one. I'd do that first, whether I tended to be silent or loquacious, and then—I'd study my role.

I believe I'm a Republican, any way. The Republicans get everything. I'm a Republican free-trader, though I'm told such a thing is impossible.

But, from the woman's standpoint, I don't believe much in Republican governments; I believe in a limited monarchy. It is not a bit more expensive and it is far more picturesque. Under it all their arts flourish. Politeness is prevalent, existence is more polished, easier, more refined and attractive.

Monarchs do not grind down the workmen as much as the trusts do, nor do they put a stone about the neck of any man. They admit big men, too. The claim that they do is all nonsense. Our political life is a chaos, a disgrace. Under present conditions it is a despotism and a menace of the worst kind.

How do I know? Oh, well, I believe it, and when a woman believes anything she knows it. I believe Parker was the wrong man. I believe American politics is abominable. So there you are.

I believe McClellan is all right, and he is. He's a man. You can see he's a man and not any old purr-purr puss-puss thing in trousers. He has a firm mouth and a strong line and strong eyes. He would do for Adam or a Crusader.

Oh, have I been told, with fine scorn for my frivolous derision of some man of parts, that men never go far on their beauty—that mere beauty never bought a dollar to a man's pocket or a vote to his credit. But men think when a woman talks of looks that she likes pretty men. Now every real woman hates a pretty man, but she likes a man to be what she terms nice looking, and a rugged, rough looking man may be the very nicest looking man imaginable.

Women like a sense of reserve and power in men. They admire big men, but don't draw the line on small ones, if, like the immortal Beveridge, they have the clear cut features and leonine jaw of which that statesman boasts.

Listen to Beveridge a half hour on himself and you will believe that the only kind of man on earth is a Beveridge man. The Gibson man is what racing men call a "selling player" in comparison to the Beveridge man miki this latter gentleman's enormous, while Remington's tall soldiers and Indians are hulking shells of manhood hiding poor brains and weak purposes and ennobling ambitions beneath the magnificent delusion of superb physique.

Beveridge says tall men are weakly at the top—though he does not always specify Fairbanks.

Suffice it to say, Beveridge is not tall. All men, according to the junior senator from Indiana, all men who are great, have jaws like his own, the same breadth of brow and the same strength of chin. He did not specify about his topknot—that being suit generic evidence of particular personal pulchritude.

Benjamin Harrison, among Americans, is Beveridge's ideal of the gentleman and statesman, and Beveridge is about the only man in the open. Cannon crackers far more talkative on personal subjects.

His is, however, a wonderful and interesting personality, despite the fact that he is the most splendidly developed egoist in an age of egoism. He can forget himself for one thing only. That is his party. When he talks of his party, even to an audience of one, he becomes an inspired spellbinder. His topknot fairly rattles in the fierce storm of his enthusiasm.

He persuaded me to be a Republican except about the tariff. Of course, I couldn't think of that. Every woman who has ever run the gauntlet at an American custom house is perforce of necessity a free trader.

This is not a serious political letter, but it is quite as sensible and far more honest than many you will be asked to take seriously in this campaign.

POLASKI'S RECORD IS BAD.
Attempt to Secure Pardon for Portland Criminal Brings Montana Record.

Lincoln Working, county attorney for Lewis and Clark county, Montana, writes Governor Chamberlain, giving him in the letter some of the history of Paul A. Tomacheck, alias Count Polaski, now confined in the Oregon state penitentiary under a three-year sentence from Multnomah county for larceny.

Mr. Working says that he is led to write the letter by a visit from "Polaski's" wife, in which she appealed to him to intercede with the governor of Oregon for the purpose of aiding her in securing a pardon for her husband.

This the attorney refused to do, stating that he thought Polaski was where he should be. He says that the count was at one time salesman and window trimmer in a store there, and that he had access to every part of that store, and while in this employment he accumulated something from every part of the store. He was arrested there and tried for grand larceny, but the jury acquitted him on the sympathetic act being played. Later the house began a civil action against him and recovered most of the stolen goods.

It seems that Governor Chamberlain also thought Tomacheck was in the right place, for he refused to pardon him.

Legal Blanks, Statesman Job Office.

COMMISSIONERS COURT

OCTOBER TERM, 1904.

OCTOBER, 1904—COMMISSIONERS COURT.

Roads and Highways.

Name Old All.

Lewis Arthur 1.50 1.50

Barriek W. S. 3.00 3.00

Seitzinger Albert 1.50 1.50

Bilyon Glen 1.50 1.50

Bird Bert 1.50 1.50

Braden 10.50 10.50

Brown Lee & Son 24.48 24.48

Brown Bros. 6.41 6.41

Butler Oliver 1.50 1.50

Burnett J. M. 2.00 2.00

Byrne Prince 8.00 8.00

Campbell A. B. .75 .75

Cannon Chester 15.00 15.00

Cap. Lamb. Co. 24.07 24.07

Capital Stables 6.00 6.00

City of Hubbard 147.44 147.44

Clark W. T. 1.50 1.50

Condit L. W. 6.00 6.00

Gombas Geo. 8.00 8.00

Crabtree Marble 6.00 6.00

Davie Victor 4.50 4.50

Dawson A. 7.02 7.02

Downing Alex. 1.50 1.50

Doyle Henry 3.75 3.75

Doynes Lumb. Co. 42.62 42.62

Eades G. G. 4.00 4.00

Eggiman Albert 10.50 10.50

Elton August 2.90 2.90

Eskew J. M. 65.05 65.05

Evans Mrs. Eliza 2.70 2.70

Ewald F. G. 73.30 73.30

Fessler Stephen 3.00 3.00

Fisher Julius 4.50 4.50

Forrest Ed. 9.00 9.00

Gardner J. W. 16.00 16.00

Gard Frank 2.75 2.75

Goeders Edward 1.50 1.50

Griffin Walter 8.74 8.74

Griffith Alonzo 12.00 12.00

Harrison Thos. 1.50 1.50

Hodges C. W. 15.00 15.00

Holmes Everett 1.50 1.50

Huntley Wheaton 6.00 6.00

Jette Lumber Co. 263.36 263.36

Jones W. A. 10.80 10.80

Kuffman S. H. 6.24 6.24

Kniiskers A. A. 15.00 15.00

Lang L. 8.00 8.00

Lais A. J. 6.20 6.20

Lee Toy 3.48 3.48

Lynes Geo. 9.00 9.00

Manning & Ferguson 15.21 15.21

Martin & Co. Jesse 2.00 2.00

Mason H. 1.50 1.50

Massey Jesse 15.00 15.00

May H. D. 10.50 10.50

Miller Mrs. John P. 4.26 4.26

Morley Walter 13.97 13.97

Mortenson Wm. 77.71 77.71

Mulkey Wm. F. 1.00 1.00

McCracken S. P. 73.10 73.10

Neal, Walker & Kimzey 85.46 85.46

Neal Bros. & Arnold 1.63 1.63

Nelson Hans 3.00 3.00

Nelson A. K. 4.50 4.50

Olsen Martin 42.50 42.50

Owen W. E. 10.85 10.85

P. States T. & Co. 1.50 1.50

Payne E. F. 4.50 4.50

Pettyjohn A. D. .75 .75

Plank J. F. 3.00 3.00

Phole & Bishop 25.00 25.00

Rabens W. H. 3.00 3.00

Randam Geo. 4.50 4.50

Ramsden W. T. 3.50 3.50

Reeves Ray 3.00 3.00

Robinson Alex. 7.50 7.50

Rossell Chas. 3.00 3.00

Russell R. E. 12.80 12.80

Ryan R. R. 7.83 7.83

Schwab John 36.00 36.00

Schmidt Chas. 6.00 6.00

Scott John H. 3.40 3.40

Seckard Robert 8.74 8.74

Shaw Allen 3.00 3.00

Shepherd Jesse M. 7.50 7.50

Siewert A. D. 2.25 2.25

Siewert Ed. 9.00 9.00

Silhuavy Frank 3.25 3.25

Smith Jos. 9.00 9.00

Snyder A. C. 33.00 33.00

Krams Wm. 9.00 9.00

Bachert M. 7.50 7.50

Neift C. 19.50 19.50

Sorensen B. P. 2.50 2.50

Stayton Gilbert 9.00 9.00

Starr J. N. 16.00 16.00

Tanzer Elmer 12.00 12.00

Taylor J. 2.40 2.40

Threker Sam 3.00 3.00

Stravens J. B. 2.70 2.70

McCormick Chas. 2.10 2.10

Klock John 1.70 1.70

Langford F. 5.00 5.00

Judah N. J. 3.85 3.85

Gibson D. W. 2.80 2.80

Judah N. J. 3.85 3.85

Gibson D. W. 2.80 2.80

Turner H. H. 14.80 14.80

Donaldson H. O. 6.00 6.00

Judah N. J. 1.70 1.70

Talbot Chas. 1.70 1.70

Patton J. G. 1.70 1.70

Murray D. G. 1.70 1.70

Patterson Geo. 1.70 1.70

Turner H. H. 1.95 1.95

Turner W. J. 3.30 3.30

Turner H. H. 9.30 9.30

Turner W. J. 6.30 6.30

King W. H. 4.70 4.70

King H. E. 4.50 4.50

King Mary 4.50 4.50

King Ray 4.70 4.70

King Harry 1.70 1.70

Turner H. H. 7.35 7.35

Turner W. J. 5.40 5.40

Johnson H. A. 2.10 2.10

Gans G. 2.10 2.10

Turner H. H. 12.00 12.00

Culver W. J. 7.00 7.00

Norwood R. H. 3.10 3.10

Skipston Jas. 1.70 1.70

Croze Harvey 1.70 1.70

Barton Guy S. 1.70 1.70

Minto H. P. 1.70 1.70

Osborn J. A. 1.70 1.70

Turner H. H. 5.95 5.95

Culver W. J. 2.80 2.80

Jail Account.

Culver W. J. \$106.41 \$106.41

Mattuck Mfg. Co. 5.00 5.00

Steiner Drug Co. 2.00 2.00

Assessment and Collection of Taxes.

Atwood Helen \$62.10 \$62.10

Silverston Appeal 3.00 3.00

Statesman Pub. Co. 1.80 1.80

Stayton Mail 2.55 2.55

Election Expense Account.