

ISSUES DISCUSSED BY MEN OF ALL PARTIES.

McClellan's Tribute to the Soldiers of Our Small Army.

Progress of the Campaign Commented On by Persons of All Shades of Political Thought—Imperialism No Issue.

A missionary was sent to convert Dewey to Democracy at Manila. He represented the most potential politician in the Democratic party...

Whoever attempts under whatever popular cry to shake the stability of the public currency and bring on distress in money matters...

"Militarism," "Imperialism," are terms used by newspapers, politicians and plat forms to scare the people and catch votes. They are weapons...

All the incidents of the past prove that the army will never have the disposition to jeopardize the free institutions of the country. Our nation would be safe in debt for all time...

There are 6,000 people connected with the glass business in Indiana alone and their votes will make the State go for McKinley. We are only protecting our interests...

Bryan's name is a household word in every Philippine hut. They are thoroughly familiar with his anti-expansion views, and in him think they see their "deliverer"...

Imperialism is a false cry. Never have I seen a Republican who wants to be a king. I am a military man, but I have never been able to find out what they mean by "militarism"...

The Republican party in Wyoming is in excellent shape. The State is quite prosperous. This is particularly true of the wool industry...

We all know that there has ever been a party in this government, since its foundations were first laid at Bunker Hill and Yorktown...

that party I have nothing in common, and the history of my country shows that its power and its croaking prophecies of evil have been disregarded, defied and spurned by the chivalrous spirit of Anglo-Saxon blood...

While I wish Mr. Bryan no ill fortune, I deem his election as President would be a misfortune to him and to the country under present conditions. If elected he would have such a heterogeneous mass of discordant Democrats, Populists, free silverites, greenbackers, anti-expansionists...

Imperialism is no issue at all. There is only one issue in this campaign, and that concerns the business interests—the pocketbook issue. While the people are threatened with another financial panic and business depression their thoughts are not going to be concentrated on any cry of imperialism...

Our Foreign Trade in Corn. Total exports of corn to all foreign countries were, in 1896, 99,992,835 bushels; in 1899, 174,089,094 bushels.

Table with 3 columns: Commodity, 1899, 1896. Rows include Beef, Pork, Bacon and hams, Lard, and Provisions/Fertilizers.

"DEAR BOY" LETTERS—No. 6

My Dear Boy: So your employer, Mr. Skinner, says that "The Filipinos ought to have their liberty and United States soldiers ought to be in better business than making war on an innocent people and strangling the life out of a new republic"...

Since Mr. Skinner has put in a nutshell the substance of Mr. Bryan's speech, I shall dispose of Mr. Bryan and the whole anti-imperialist crew in answering Mr. Skinner. I know that you have but little time to read and shall use the fewest words possible...

1. Our soldiers are not strangling the life out of a new republic, for the very good reason that there never was a republic in the Philippines. A republic is a government by the people through their chosen representatives.

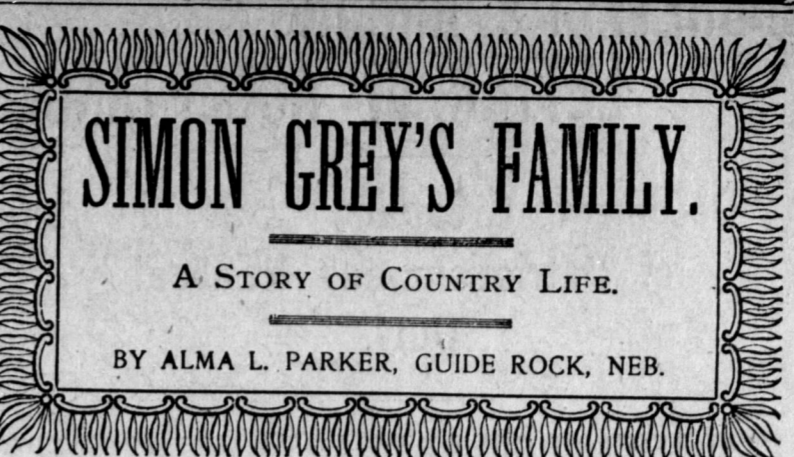
2. The United States has never made war upon the Filipinos. We have not even been engaged in war, offensive or defensive, against the Filipinos as a people. The Filipinos number probably ten millions of people and two millions of men capable of bearing arms...

There is no probability that one-half or one-third of all these vast numbers of people would consent to be governed by Aguinaldo and the Tagalog tribe which he represents. Many of them would certainly fight against it.

3. The United States troops are in the Philippines for the protection of the people from murder, rapine and misrule, and for the preservation of law, order and property rights. For many years there have been robber bands in the mountains who would from time to time light down upon the villages and rob and murder the people...

4. The possession and control of these islands came to us providentially, unexpectedly and unsought. They are ours by treaty, and a treaty which Mr. Bryan approved. We are responsible to the nations of the earth and to the Judge of all the earth for their care.

5. The United States has never made war upon the Filipinos. We have not even been engaged in war, offensive or defensive, against the Filipinos as a people. The Filipinos number probably ten millions of people and two millions of men capable of bearing arms...



CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Vinnie walked in by her father's bedside. "Vinnie," he said, "I don't want you to ever speak to a Harrington again as long as you live. You will probably meet him at school this morning, but I don't want you to ever speak to him. I want him to know that you uphold me in the fight with his father..."

there has been more business done the last few days than there has been for a long time. Maybe we ain't goin' to starve to death after all. "Just as I expected," said Simon. "It's just a McKinley wave."



FARMER BRYAN'S NIGHTMARE

WHAT IS A TORNADO?

What is a Tornado? is the question you will hear. Asked by every one you meet at this time of the year. It seems so awful stupid, that I often feel inclined...

Now, a full-grown Tornado, it is very seldom seen. It leaves its tracks behind it, and you know where it has been. It comes so very sudden, and as quickly doth depart. That its coming and its going is impressed upon your heart.

Now, I've told you all about it, there is nothing more to know. Until early in November, when McKinley's sure to show. A Monsoon and a Typhoon, with a whirlwind on the side. Galivanting through the country, tanning Democratic hide. —James L. "Bromleykite" Pilling.

Bryan on Pensions.

Mr. Bryan's utterances about the soldiers of the Civil War are worth repeating. Mr. Bryan, as editor of the Omaha World-Herald, passed this Nov. 18, 1892: "The next session of Congress will have to wrestle with one deficiency of \$36,000,000. This is on account of pensions. The appropriation for next year must be not less than \$150,000,000. It is therefore easy arithmetic to perceive that the appropriation that Congress must make must aggregate not less than \$186,000,000. This tremendous sum would in itself be enough to run a reasonable government. One would not complain if it were an honest debt, but a large portion is not a debt because it was never earned by any act of patriotism or heroic service. The government is held up and despoiled of no mean portion of this and it seems helpless to defend itself. One cannot help being curious to know how many more years it will take to exhaust the generation which feels itself injured by the war. It is safe to say that never did a generation display such remarkable longevity."

Railroad Building is Active.

We built 5,100 miles of railroad in the United States in the year ending June 30, 1900. We built 1,650 miles in the year ending June 30, 1895, when free trade had its disastrous trial.

HUGO DENKENSPRUCT.

A Wisconsin Farmer and Ex-Justice of the Peace to His Nephew.

Yes, Jonathan, that Indianapolis speech as you say, is very fine and lots of it. Mr. Bryan is a schmart man enough, but I kvit him for the sake of his "sixteen to one" humbug, and the demonstration at Indianapolis makes me kvit him more. He says he was right then and the people wrong, and that he is right now and the good people must now apologize by electing him President. The other fellows in the convention at Kansas City have not so much faith, but they have hopes, so they compromise with Mr. Bryan and raise a crop of calamity imperialism mixed with the "sixteen to one" old seed, saying to themselves, "Where one don't grow the other will."

Did you ever try to drive in the barn with your hay-load too big on one side—too much hay on one side and too much wheels on the other? Yes, you did; and you didn't say, "Uncle Hugo, we needn't parliament another big lot of hay on the other side; then we drive in the barn all right."

I will tell you a little true story which reminds me of this loading-up at Kansas City with the reaffirmation business and the "paramount imperialism" on the top. A very nice talking man called on my father one day to enquire for sheep and calves to buy. They soon struck a bargain in which he was to pay twenty dollars for two calves and six sheep. That was before greenbacks. He offered my father a twenty dollar bill, but as he was afraid of "wild cat money" (there was plenty of it in those days) my father said he wanted hard money. After much nice talk from the man my father said: "No, I rather have the sheep and calves." Then the man went on with his fine talk and complimented the Germans, saying pleasant things about the "German independence of character."

So they were about to part on friendly terms when the dealer took an awful kvick fancy to one of our horses. Pretty soon a bargain was struck for one hundred dollars. When the buyer came to pay, however, he pulled out eighty dollars in silver and gold and that same twenty dollar bill. Then there was talk till you couldn't rest, but my father said at last: "No, I rather have the horse." The stranger answered: "Well, I give you my note for the bill," but my father replied: "No, money not good enough to buy sheep won't buy a horse; perhaps you pay your note with such a bill."

COUSIN GERTRUDE'S YOUNG MAN.

Perhaps you don't remember, Jonathan, when your cousin, my Gertrude, used to have calls from a dandy young man. He sometimes sent her fine roses by his little brother from the village. I got suspicious of that young man, Jonathan, and by and by he stopped all at once coming to see Gertrude. You want to know why, Jonathan? Because one day he was driving by, down the road, and I said very kindly and sociable like to him: "My young friend, I guess you needn't trouble to bring or send any more roses to Gertrude because she says she likes 'em fresher than when you send 'em—she has permission to help herself."

You see, I watch that young man when he goes home late one early morning, and I saw him steal my roses on the way out of the front lot, and in the evening next following he sent 'em to Gertrude. If he only keeps the roses for his partikler friends in the village it wouldn't be so much matter; but when he steals them to make himself solid with my little Gertrude, he reminds me of Bryan quoting from Abe Lincoln's speeches to try to make the people think how much his party loves the people—when all the time before, the Democrats had no use for Mr. Lincoln. Lincoln was a great Republican, whom to love is fashionable, even with Democrats now. But when their great man, Mr. Bryan, offers Republican voters roses out of Lincoln's garden they naturally feel like Gertrude—they like 'em fresher, and they have permission to help themselves.

WILLIAM E. ANDERSON.

Gold Supply Nearly Doubled. Mr. Bryan said in 1896, "We want the free coinage of silver because there is not enough gold in the country to run the finances." When he said this the amount of gold in circulation was \$498,449,242. Since then the amount of gold in the country has increased to \$814,063,155 in May, 1900, and is almost doubled. Is this "enough" for Mr. Bryan, or has free silver some peculiar supernatural power over human affairs, that Mr. Bryan still insists on the 42-cent dollar? A cloud "with a silver lining" still befores his brain.

CHAPTER IV.

Cynthia Grows Skeptical.

Two or three days had passed by, and the report had been confirmed that William McKinley, of Ohio, was to be the next President of the United States. Political Simon was able to be "up and around," as Cynthia expressed it, though his face was slightly disfigured. He had stayed away from Boonsville quite a while, it seemed to the people of the town.

"Pa," said Jimmie, "if you stay at home much longer people will think you're ashamed of your face." "Well, I'm not, my son. Many a martyr before me has worn a disfigured countenance."

"Then you'd better get a move on you and go down town and pay up what you bet on Bryan." "Simon," said Cynthia, "did you bet on Bryan?"

"Not much, Cynthia, but still we shall feel the loss of it now." "Well, I am surprised," said Cynthia, in astonishment. "How much did you bet?"

"Twenty dollars, the money I got for the old, speckled cow, but you see I expected to get forty dollars back, or two cows for one."

"I hope, Simon, that you have learned a lesson. Went and took the last dollar we had and fooled it away. What would you think if I had done such a thing as that?"

"It wouldn't have been very proper in a woman, but men, who are supposed to know about such things, often make piles of money this way."

"Yes, you tell how much you have made," Cynthia said sarcastically. "Cynthia! Don't be unreasonable; half of the bets made have been won. I just happened to be unlucky, but not much more unlucky, after all, than any one else. McKinley's election will be a detriment to all laboring classes, and in regard to his victory, we may as well all be considered unlucky."

"Simon, they say down in Boonsville hogs have gone up 15 cents a hundred since last Tuesday (election day), and corn 2 cents a bushel, and they say

there has been more business done the last few days than there has been for a long time. Maybe we ain't goin' to starve to death after all. "Just as I expected," said Simon. "It's just a McKinley wave."

"Well, if that's the kind of waves McKinley brings, I say he's all right." "You can't understand about these things, Cynthia. Women never can. But you see these gold bugs that have control of the markets will raise prices just a little, to catch farmers in their trap. It's simply another Republican scheme, and the reason there is so much business done is because the farmers are smart enough to take advantage of 'em, and sell before they go down."

"Maybe we'd better sell our hogs now if that's the case." "They are hardly fat enough for the market."

"Well, I don't see what we're goin' to do. You have gone and bet away that \$20. Maybe we'd better sell our sheep and cattle during the McKinley wave."

"I would, Cynthia. I'd be tempted to make a clearing sale, were it not for the looks of the thing. You see Harrington and some others would say I was ashamed to live here since the fight and was goin' to move away."

"I don't see, Simon, as we'd have to move away if we did sell everything." "No, not as long as the money lasted, and they didn't close the mortgage. But then I suppose we'd either have to move to the poorhouse, or to Mexico, or India, where people have good times."

"Well, if you ever take such a ridiculous notion as to move down there in Mexico, and live among them Greasers, you will go alone. I'd never go with you."

"But suppose we move to India?" "Simon Grey! Are you crazy? Why, they're all heathen over there, and I've heard that there's more people there now than there is room for. Besides, where on earth could you get money enough to take us all that far? Why, such a suggestion is ridiculous. Maybe when Joe Harrington hit you he knocked out some of your sense."

But no sooner said than Cynthia realized that she had struck the wrong chord, for such a remark was an insult to Simon, who had long been noted for his wisdom. It roused his anger every time he thought of the fight, and when Cynthia referred to it, in this fashion, it riled him beyond all reason. He jumped up from his chair, and madly stamping his foot on the floor, swore that if she said another word he'd go to India or Mexico, and he wouldn't ask her to go along, and when he arrived there he'd probably marry again, and she'd never know the difference. Cynthia was so amused she laughed. "Wouldn't you look pretty, Simon, with one of them Greasers for a wife?"

"Referring to that old cuss Harrington again, are you? He was the one that told you the Mexican ladies are Greasers. No doubt in my mind but what it's another blamed Republican scheme to make people think the Mexicans are not as good as we are. I dare say they're whiter than you are!" and he shook his fist in her face, to emphasize it.

"Simon," said Cynthia, "take those eggs and go to town. We need some groceries, and maybe a little fresh air might calm you. You know the doctor said your brain should not be irritated." "I'll attend to my brain," retorted Simon, "and also to the buyin' of the groceries. I want some tobacco for one thing. Anything else we need?" "I suppose we could all live if you had tobacco; but if there's any money left you might get some sugar and coffee." Simon then started for Boonsville, and Cynthia was left at home with her two little boys. "Pa looks kinder dilapidated, don't he?" said Jimmie, as he watched his father disappear down the road.

Many remarks similar to Jimmie's were made by the people of Boonsville when they saw Political Simon. He did indeed look dilapidated; his figure was less erect, and his feathers seemed to be drooping. "Hi, there, Simon," somebody said; "up again, are you?" "Yes, sir," said Simon. "Up and ever ready to defend my honor." And then the fellow laughed. "To bad you were so unfortunate." "Oh, you needn't grieve about it. I ain't any more unfortunate than you are. The election has put us all in the same boat—the boat of slavery and despair."