

yellow, pig-tailed patriots, the Boxers, carve up missionaries and yell "China for the Chinese," every self-respecting Anglo-Saxon is disgusted; when the lusty American patriot kicks the Chinaman and black-jacks the Tagalog and cries "America and everything in sight for the American," the country weeps tears of passionate joy. * * *

The American patriot of 1900 can look back with pity and contempt upon the ragged rebels of '76 who had neither money nor chattels nor the hope of a pension; their conduct was neither useful nor edifying. To-day we have a rich, fat, juicy country; a country that is neither ungrateful nor ungenerous if properly worked; a country in close "touch" with its patriots. * * *

Next to plunder, politely termed trade, patriotism is the dominant passion of America. It is the handmaid of civilization, the stepmother of religion, the maiden aunt of ethics, the bride of death, disease and destruction; we will cease to be patriots when we cease to be predatory.

For how can men do better than kill at 60 rods

The race that wears the fetters of the nasty, heathen gods.

—Joseph Smith, in Life.

A CONVENTION PRAYER.

The prayer offered by Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, of Cincinnati, at the opening of the silver republican convention, Kansas City, Mo., July 4.

Our Father who art in heaven. May thy spirit of truth preside over this convention. If we have any claim upon thy favor or any right to call thee Father may it be because we have not knowingly trampled upon the rights of any of thy children.

Hallowed be thy name. May the reverent heart find thy presence everywhere and seek to work in harmony with the mighty forces that make for righteousness and peace.

Thy kingdom come. May we speed its coming by making the acts of our legislatures accord with the eternal laws of that moral government which is supreme above the nations.

Thy will be done on earth as in heaven. May we prove the sincerity of our faith by practicing in senate chambers the lofty precepts which we profess in the sanctuary.

Give us this day our daily bread. We do not ask for the bread of others. Give us the bread that is ours by right of useful labor. May the claims of justice be satisfied in the laws of the land that all may have bread, that the starving millions may be fed, not by the

hand of charity, but by the labor that wears no chains and owns no master.

Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. Save us from that egotism which magnifies the faults of others while blinded to our own. Grant us, in the name of eternal justice, grant us only that measure of liberty which we accord to the weakest of our neighbors.

Lead us not into temptation. Grant us the moral courage to turn our back upon the alluring visions of the kingdoms of this world and their glory, remembering that righteousness alone exalteth a nation.

Deliver us from evil. Now, when the chains are being forged and the golden padlocks are being fashioned for our lips; now, when men are forgetting the faith of the fathers and putting their trust in the might of armies and the majesty of fleets; now, ere the choice goes by forever, deliver us from the greed that takes refuge in the sanction of law, save us from the thrice accursed murder that kills in the name of the Prince of Peace.

On this day of freedom's birth we consecrate our hearts anew to the liberty which our fathers purchased with so great a price. Before the sacred altar of our fathers' God we pledge renewed devotion to the principles which have made the flag we love an emblem of hope to the oppressed of all the world. On that solemn day which comes to men and nations, when the seeds of our sowing shall have borne fruit in national character and the destiny shall be revealed which our hands are shaping, forbid that we shall then have to point for justification to thrones and altars founded upon the bodies and souls of our fellowmen; standing before the tribunal of history may we be able to point with confidence to the fact that we have followed the golden rule of justice.

May we never covet the gold that drips with the tears of bondmen. May we never feel strong enough to do wrong. May we do justly and love mercy and walk humbly with our God, and to Him shall be the Kingdom and the power and the glory, forever.

MR TRUSTLEY RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED SHOCK.

For The Public.

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Trustley.

"Why, papa," said little Eddie, timidly, "I only asked if you got any records of the democratic convention for our kinoscope and phonograph machine when you were in Kansas City?"

"You only asked me that, did you?" Isn't that enough of an insult? Don't

you know, Edward, that your question carries with it the intimation that I was present at the so-called convention, and that it is tantamount to hissing in my ear: "Traitor?"

"But, papa, didn't you go to Kansas City?"

"Certainly I went to Kansas City. Why should I have reduced my rebate account by getting a pass from the railroad agent if I did not go? But, Edward, I went to Kansas City to meet that conspicuous example of strenuousness, Col. Roosevelt, and to accompany him on his triumphant journey to Oklahoma. And, oh, my son, it was an inspiring sight to look upon the vast crowds that gathered to hear the ringing eloquence of the Empire state's governor. When he opened his mouth to articulate his unique words of wisdom the people fairly roared with admiration and when he told of his transcendent exploits on the bloody fields of Cuba the audience could hardly be restrained from crushing his sturdy frame as they pressed forward to congratulate him on his many marvelous escapes from death. Well did he sow the living seed of fealty in the fertile path over which he traveled, and in November the ballot boxes will burst with the fruits of an enormous republican harvest. The hordes of —but what is the matter, Eddie, boy? Why are you crying?"

"I read in the News that the democratic convention was so exciting, and I wanted our machine to—"

"Exciting? It was outrageous. It was a mob. It was a distressingly accurate exhibition, on a small scale, of the state of anarchy into which the democrats would plunge us were we to be so distraught as to give them the opportunity. And, Edward, my son, mark the fact that that disgraceful assemblage was not a mere pandemonium, a personification of disorder. It was far worse; it was an instrument of sacrilege. The sacred words of our glorious declaration of independence were actually recited in the presence of that gang of nation destroyers. That precious document, which patriotic gratitude would protect in a translucent glass case, and which the true American citizen approaches only with uncovered head, was treated as a common, every-day screed! Shame be it that this base proceeding was not prevented by a federal injunction! And we must see to it that a repetition of such profanity shall never more be possible. Just think what a cry of horror would have been raised if we, at the republican convention, had erred as did our benighted