

MISCELLANY

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For The Public.

Oh, will Parker ever tell us why he kept so very still
That his views on money were not even told to Mr. Hill—
Were not told until his choosers were about to take their leave.
Oh, will Aiton ever tell us why he wanted to deceive?
If he tells, will his confession truthful be if it is made
Of these words, that few will question: "Dave and I were both afraid."
Better vote for Prohibition, even if drink you don't deplore,
Than for ticket that means boodle and surrender—nothing more.

Happy, happy now is Grover, just as happy as a duck,
As he murmurs: "Oh, most truly, Aiton B. is Wall street's luck."
And how beaming must be Hopkins, as he rubs his blushing (?) ear,
And remarks: "The gavel's echo is the name of Aiton, dear."
Pat McCarren, called by Lawson, "agent of the Standard Trust,"
Now may revel, for his service, in the oligarchy's dust,
Better vote for Socialist Labor, though the act will make you sore,
Than for ticket that means boodle and surrender—nothing more.

Will the men that stood for Bryan, proudly stood, in ninety-six
Be entrapped by Wolfert's Rooster with his coup and golden bricks?
And will blue-eyed Billy Sheehan, with his bee-er's methods, gain
Any man who knows his record, any man who has a brain?
And does the Conventon-Jockey, Belmont, Rothschild's willing tool,
Have a thought for single moment that he will the people fool?
Better vote for Tommy Watson and for what he has in store,
Than for ticket that means boodle and surrender—nothing more.

But the hearts of many people truthfulness and justice swell,
And their lips are like a prophet's, as they thus the future tell:
"Lovers of the flesh pots, listen; all in vain will be your greed;
All in vain your hopes for victory in November. You will need
The battalions that for Bryan fought their way with vallant souls—
You will need them, flesh-pot lovers, you will need them at the polls!"
Better vote for teetering-Teddy, with his bluster and his gore,
Than for ticket that means boodle and surrender—nothing more.

G. T. EVANS.

THE UNOFFICIAL HERO.

Editorial in the Daily Democrat of Johnstown, Pa., for July 11.

William Jennings Bryan emerges from the momentous struggle at St. Louis with laurels undimmed and more than ever the idol of the democratic Democracy of the United States.

He made a gallant fight against terrific odds. He faced forces the like of which no other Democrat in this generation was ever called upon to face. No effort was spared to crush and humiliate him and to discredit the ideas and ideals for which he has so bravely and so magnificently stood.

Yet the essential victory was with Mr. Bryan rather than with those who had sought to discredit and degrade him in the eyes of the country. For Mr. Bryan had based his whole fight, not on any particular man, not even upon any particular issue, but upon the general idea of the Kansas City platform. And the vital principle of this has been preserved. There is no real departure from that deliverance. For the St. Louis platform, like that of Kansas City, declares against imperialism, it declares against protection, it declares against monopoly in private hands, it declares against government by injunction, it declares against militarism, it declares against government by force, it declares against trusts, and by parity of reasoning it declares against the money trust even without specifically naming it.

The gathering at St. Louis revealed the strength of Mr. Bryan even better than it had ever been revealed before. It revealed him as the popular idol in spite of the fact that the actual official leadership had passed to other and more or less unfriendly or unsympathetic hands. It revealed him as the man of courage and conviction who was brave enough to stand up against any odds for a principle and by the sheer force of his irresistible logic and his own sincerity to wrest victory from defeat. No other man received any such attention as he commanded. No other man stirred the hearts of the great unofficial throng as this plain citizen from Nebraska. It was known that he was outmatched in numbers on the floor; it was known that the organization was no longer responsive to his touch; it was known that the nominee would be, not his first choice, but the first choice of those who openly expressed the wish and the intention if possible to drive him out of the party; yet the plain people who gathered from far and near—the unofficial spectators who made up the greatest throng that ever attended a national convention—gave spontaneous testimony to their affection and their unswerving loyalty; and not even the manufactured demonstrations for this one or that approached that which was given freely and without forethought to the man who had no possible honors or preferences to bestow.

And the great plain people who were not there except in spirit—the men in

the furrows and in the mines and in the mills—responded sympathetically and spontaneously to the thrill that ran through that splendid gathering; and each in his own way has given some proof of the same affection and loyalty. He is still their leader, still their hero, still the voice that gives utterance to the thought that burns in the Democratic breast, still the knight with shining lance who is without blemish and without reproach as the champion of peace, of justice and of that righteousness which exalteth a nation.

MAYOR JONES OF TOLEDO: A REDEEMING FORCE IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

At the Vine Street Congregational church in Cincinnati, O., July 17, 1904, the pastor, Herbert S. Bigelow, spoke on the ideas of Mayor Jones.

With the death of Mayor Jones, the most unique figure in American politics has passed away.

Mark Hanna and Sam Jones—In these two personalities were summed up the opposing forces of the age: The golden rule or the rule of gold.

On Ohio soil were produced these masterful spirits—the one believing in the supremacy of money and organization; the other believing in loving justice and freedom; each achieving in his way extraordinary success and leaving upon his generation an unmistakable impression.

Politics and business: in this dual kingdom Hanna reigned. In statecraft and in commerce Hanna's god was Jones's devil. A sharper contrast were scarcely possible.

In politics Hanna was the boss and Jones the bolter, each without a peer. Hanna demonstrated what money could do with the aid of a subsidized press and a powerful machine. Jones showed the world how a single man, when once he has the love and confidence of the people, can win victories without money and in spite of machines and in spite of papers.

After he had served three terms as mayor the politicians and the newspapers and the franchise grabbers and the preachers joined hands and said: "We will put an end to Jones."

There was but one English paper in the city that would publish the news that he was again a candidate; and this notice was paid for at advertising rates. It was a conspiracy of silence. The newspaper readers could not have learned from the papers that a campaign was in progress.

Without a party, without a paper, he made his appeal direct to the men in the street. His son played the cornet,

and he talked and sang with the people his own homely songs. It was not a political campaign. He asked no man for his vote. Rather it was the preaching of a new and strange evangel. The people knew that the politicians were not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes. They heard his message gladly. He came out of the contest with almost as many votes as his three opponents combined.

The defenses of Plutocracy are like wooden blocks, before any man who comes upon the scene at the psychological moment, commanding the confidence of the people. Men will arise as the times ripen, and what has happened in Toledo will happen in the Nation. The shout of the people will shake the foundations of monopoly, and these new-made thrones will come tumbling down.

There are many who feel that Mayor Jones lacked a definite philosophy and programme, and that a more practical man might have turned his victories to better account.

But to know the man was to feel the nobleness of his aims and the intensity of his democratic nature. He once told me that he ate with the men at the shop as often as possible, because he wished to avoid being waited upon by the servants in his home. He would not interfere with the ways of his family, but the big house and the servants were luxuries which he could not endure. The miseries of the poor were always on his conscience. More and more his life became a vicarious atonement for the social sins of the world. Humanity's yoke he felt with crushing weight. He always seemed to me like a man whose heart was breaking with the sorrows of the race. It was broken at last, and the weary and heavy-laden have cause to mourn.

MAYOR JONES ON EQUAL RIGHTS.

Portions of an article contributed by the late Samuel Milton Jones, mayor of Toledo, to the *Woman's Journal* of July 21, 1900, and reprinted in the *Woman's Journal* of July 16, 1904. The article was written in answer to the question: "What can women do toward good city government?"

What can woman do toward good city government?

The first thing that woman as well as man can and must do is to get an intelligent conception of the purpose of government, why we want government, what we want to be governed for, and what a well-ordered government would do for us if we had one. This they must do if they propose to have any part in building the more orderly society of the future.

It is hardly probable that the founders

of this government had any but the most vague conception of equality when the Declaration of Independence was written, but I can see that any scheme that proposes to develop a just social and political order must be based on absolute equality. This thought has hardly gained a foothold even yet among the people of the United States. We glibly say that we believe in it; but, as a rule, our lives demonstrate that we have no conception of it. Indeed, when we think of equality in connection with government, our thoughts are mainly for equality among men. Men have thus far held all, or nearly all, the sinecures, as well as the offices where real service is performed, and, with the exception of a very few "progressive women," there are none, I am sure, who ever think that an absolutely essential first step towards liberty is the recognition of this principle of equality of the sexes. The few women who understand this principle are making their contribution to the cause of liberty by proclaiming it, but so complete and abject has been the servitude of women that only quite recently, indeed, has it become "respectable" for a woman to believe in such a heresy as I am setting forth. Even to-day "the woods are full" (particularly the fashionable woods) of women who pride themselves on their inequality, or, better, inferiority; who freely say that they want to play the "clinging tendril to the sturdy oak" to their husbands; they want to "feel that they are cared for;" in short, they want to be regarded as a toy, or, what is perhaps worse, a mistress. Although they do not say it in words, that is what the position of such women amounts to in the world.

Men are not responsible particularly for the limitations that are placed upon women under our government. In a certain sense, our government—municipal, State and national—is as good as we deserve. We have as much liberty as we will use, and we cannot get more except as we use what we have. This is a law of nature and a law of God: "To him that hath shall be given." The inferior position of women politically is due to the lack of desire for a position of equality. This longing must be awakened in the woman heart, and the men and women, indeed, who have been born again, who have received the new light of the higher life, have resting upon them a great responsibility to present properly and adequately to the women of America their duty as equals, as co-workers together with God and with man in the great scheme that is eventually to bring forth the perfect woman, the perfect man, and the perfected democracy, the ideal nation.

Whitman, with prophetic vision, has told us that this is "not the man's nation only, but the woman's nation, . . . the land of splendid mothers, daughters, sisters, wives. . . . The idea of the women of America (extricated from this daze, this fossil and unhealthy air which hangs about the word lady), developed, raised to become the robust equals, workers and, it may be, even practical and political deciders with the men—greater than man, we may admit, through their divine maternity, always their towering, emblematical attribute—but great at any rate as man in all departments; or rather, capable of being, so soon as they realize it, and can bring themselves to give up toys and fictions, and launch forth, as men do, amid real, independent, stormy life."

UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

Printed from the original manuscript.

Dear John: I'm still interested in politics. The Republicans have won a great victory at St. Louis. They are the boys to do it. They put money into the elections in 1900, and into the Democratic primaries, to get the delegates. In 1904. The new trick is hippodrome conventions. They let the political horses go through the races, but it is all fixed beforehand who is to be winner, and the winner's family photographs for four generations have been given to the press, which issues his prepared biography with the news of his nomination.

I've had two hippodrome conventions this year, and if you don't want to vote for a Republican plutocrat, why then it's a free country and you can vote for a Democratic plutocrat. As to the St. Louis ticket, I vum I dunno. As the Irishman said of the hash, "Bedad, the fellow that chewed it may ate it!" I'm afraid I'm goin' to be mighty busy with my corn crop in November.

You see, John, if Parker was a rallsplitter, like Abe Lincoln, he'd touch the popular heart. If he drove a lame horse to a clam wagon, even, he'd go in hands down; but will the tough old hickory farmer Democrats turn out for a man who drives clipped horses? Will Tammany rally to a silk stocking? Will the laboring men knock off work to vote for a man in sympathy with gold, and the Colorado anarchy? What have they to vote for? How are you going to warm up Bryan's yelling six million, to the dumb, cold, plutocratic oyster of Esopus? The Palmer-Buckner Democratic kite never did carry much tail. There was enough of 'em for delegates to St.