

open Sunday in Cleveland."—Cleveland Plain Dealer, of Jan. 26.

THE VALUE OF AN IDEAL.

Portions of a speech made by William J. Bryan, delivered at the Jackson day banquet of the New Haven Democratic club in New Haven, Conn., January 11, 1904, as reported in The New Haven Union of January 12.

What is the value of an ideal? At what would you value it? Go into the home of some man of wealth, a man with an only son for whom there is no necessity to work; brought up in idleness. Instead of realizing the hopes of his parents, this son goes astray, and sinks down and down, until he is beyond all hope of reform. Then, ask that father what he would give for an ideal that would have raised that son to the pinnacle where he had hoped to see him, and he would tell you that he would give all the money he possessed. That is the value of an ideal—the difference between success and failure.

My talk will not be so much on politics, for between campaigns we must talk on ideals, for it is ideals that will win campaigns. An ideal must be high enough above us to keep us looking up to it all our lives, and far enough ahead of us to keep us following it all our lives. It is the greatest misfortune for a man to catch up with his ideal, for when he does his progress stops. "Evergreen" is a good motto, for evergreen is ever growing.

Circumstances change plans — they have changed mine. I have had three ambitions in my life, two so far back that I can hardly remember, and one so recent that it seems I can never forget it. My first ambition was to be a Baptist preacher, but when my father took me to see an immersion and told me that was part of the business, I changed my mind. Some of my Republican friends have said that I manifested the Democratic dislike for water even at that early age.

My next ambition was to be a farmer and raise pumpkins, and apparently half the American people are glad to see that I have the opportunity, unhampered by any cares of office. My third ambition was to be a lawyer. That ambition led me through boyhood and college days, and I went to Nebraska to practice law, and not to go into politics. This is proved by the fact that the State, the county, the district and even the ward in which I settled were Republican. And I must say that they have not changed to any appreciable extent.

I got into politics by accident, and I have stayed there by design. I was nominated for Congress, not because they thought I would be elected, but because they thought I wouldn't. If they had thought I could be elected, I wouldn't be here now. But the study of the great subjects that perplexed our people have so interested me that I have not been able to withdraw from it. Now, the ideal controls the life. You don't know how it is coming; you don't know when it is coming, or whence. An ideal will not only control a life, it will also revolutionize it.

I have known some people to reject religion because they couldn't accept the miracles. Why, I have seen things so much more wonderful than any miracle that miracles never bother me. In the spring I go out and plant potatoes and onions and watch them grow. These plants all draw sustenance from the same earth, and the same air, yet they come up in different colors and different shapes and different species. These mysteries don't bother us in the dining-room, only in the church. Of all the miracles, the greatest ever known is a change in the human heart, when a man begins to love the things he hated and hate the things he loved. Material philosophy cannot explain that marvelous transformation that takes place in the heart of a man who would sacrifice the whole world to his own advancement, to a man who would give up his life for an ideal. This ideal tells what a life shall be, for as a man thinks in his heart, so is he. I know no better thing a parent can teach his child than to give good service for pay, rather than to serve for good pay.

I've sometimes blushed when I've read of some of our international marriages, because I feared the old world would measure our American ideals by these marriages. I don't mean where hearts have really reached and met across the water, but the other kind. The international marriages I condemn are those in which a girl in this country trades a fortune she never earned for a broken-down man who bears a title which he never earned. Then, there are ideals in our professional life. Take the doctor—he must make money and must be enabled to live that he may help others live. But what would you think of a doctor who only practiced for money alone?

Does a lawyer have an ideal? Yes. Sometimes several. I've known men to boast of the number of clients whose acquittal they have secured, when they

knew them to be guilty. Did you ever watch the influence of a lawyer's ideal on his life? Show me one who has tried to obliterate the difference between right and wrong, and I will show you one who doesn't know the difference between right and wrong. Show me a man who has spent a lifetime trying to discern the right, and I'll show you a man more valuable because of his power to see the truth.

Not only must we have our ideals in these occupations and professions, but we must also have them in politics. What we need in this country to-day is the raising of the political ideal in America. One of the burning sins of the day is the use of money in politics. Many people regard the spending of money and purchasing of votes, to-day, like the woman of a hundred years ago, who was asked if it wasn't a pity that her husband gambled. "Oh, I don't know," she said, "he nearly always wins." If we are going to stop corruption in politics, we cannot do it by corruption. If we are going to stop corruption it must be by an ideal. We must repel money by something stronger than money—conscience! And I appeal to the conscience of the country; not to the Democratic conscience nor the Republican conscience, but the American conscience. Now, the Democratic party has just enough corruption to discourage any disgusted Republican who may want to change, and not enough purity to encourage him to come over. We must have an ideal in our national life. It is the greatest gift one man can bestow on another. You can give a man food, but he will soon grow hungry; give him clothing, and it will wear out. But give him an ideal, and it will give him a broader idea of his relations to his fellows. What we can give of values is an ideal that will lift men to higher things.

They tell me the Anglo-Saxon civilization has reached the summit and can go no further. I am grateful to the Anglo-Saxon civilization. It has taught man to protect his own rights, but let American civilization go further and teach man to respect the rights of others. They say a man is great who would die for his own—better if he would die for rather than trespass on the rights of others.

MULLIGAN, AFTER READING COLERIDGE'S PIPE-DREAM, HAS A DREAM HIMSELF, WHICH HE RELATES.

"Hov ye composed anny pomes since ye'r Panama hat song th' other noight, Donovan?" asked Mulligan, as he