

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,