

the Declaration of Independence, and lead them into the way of all truth and holiness and submission and obedience to us. Fill their hearts with devout thankfulness that they may, for the first time in all their heathen history, have the opportunity—the God-sent opportunity—to toil in our vineyards, and to earn our bread by the sweat of their brows.

JOHN TURNER WHITE.

### THE RESPECT OF FOREIGN NATIONS.

For The Public.

There is a man in this city who a few weeks ago was by everybody considered honest beyond any question—not an honest fool, but a man whose intelligence and abilities were as unquestionable as his honesty. Whenever in conversation sneering expressions were made use of, and slurs cast upon the pretense of perfect integrity, upon the claims of honesty put forth for well-known characters, this man was always excepted—mentally excepted—from suspicion and reproach by every one taking part in the conversation. Everyone unreservedly respected and admired him. Yet everyone felt some little sense of embarrassment and reserve in his presence, although he was uniformly courteous and genial, because he was manifestly a character above and apart from others.

This man has quite recently been convicted by public report and a complete chain of circumstances of sharp practice in business in several instances, though nothing that would render him criminally liable, at least nothing that could certainly be brought within the criminal statutes. He has simply fallen into the ways of business men generally, and shown that on occasion he is ready to take advantage of others if opportunity offers.

It is noticed now that people no longer feel reserved and embarrassed in the presence of this man. He is greeted with an appearance of friendliness and cordiality that was wanting before. People have been observed even to offer familiarities, seeming to intimate:

"Well, well, you are one of us after all."

Some go so far as to make rough jokes.

With all this apparent friendliness, however, and cordiality, there is some reason to question whether this man is actually respected and admired as before. Sometimes as he passes on the street, men may be seen to exchange a

grin, and one is almost certain to hear the remark:

"Another good man gone wrong."

But it may be, all the same, that the cordiality with which America is welcomed into the "concert of nations" is all right, and that the United States stands higher in the respect and admiration of other nations because she has thrown aside all those principles for which she has been heretofore distinguished.

ALDEN S. HULING.

Topeka, Kan., Oct. 15, 1900.

### BRYAN AND ROOSEVELT IN CLEVELAND.

Correspondence of The Public.

If the rest of the country rises up on election night like Cuyahoga county, Bryan's electoral vote will exceed the vote cast for McKinley in the electoral college of '96.

As elsewhere and everywhere, the campaign here is very quiet. The Bryan and Roosevelt meetings of the past week, however, were magnificent in more ways than one.

The attendance at the Bryan meeting in the armory was about 12,000, and four times that many on the outside.

What brought the people out? Surely not the many democratic committees, for they are more concerned as to who shall swing bridges and clean corridors for the next two years than they are in a cessation of hostilities in the Philippines. A mayor is to be elected next spring, and every little democratic smooth-bore imagines he was born to be chief executive of this city. Verily, men who cannot run a coffee mill aspire to run the state.

What then brought out the people?

Bryan, and the cause he represents.

And what an ovation he got! The fish horn man was absent, but the thinker was present.

With a wave of his hand he quieted the multitude, and for an hour he held that jammed audience spellbound. With his irresistible force, his keen wit and biting sarcasm he completely routed the enemy. A second speech he had to make to the thousands on the outside. Then it was that the size of the crowd could be fairly judged. It so frightened the republicans that the county committee of that party, before Bryan left town, met and changed their plans for the Roosevelt meeting, which was to take place two nights after.

Every corporation slave, minus the children, however, was compelled to march. Clubs were brought from all over northern Ohio. But notwithstanding the corporate power, a united

committee, brass bands and red fire and beer, the crowd did not outnumber the outpouring two nights before.

And what a difference in the crowds! What a disparity in the enthusiasm! I have never read of such a difference, to say nothing of witnessing such a contrast.

Roosevelt's first meeting was in the south end. To hold the crowd in the armory until the man with the teeth could arrive, United States Senator Foraker was billed to speak. He was billed—that's all. I sat within 50 feet of the stage, and the words: "I trust," and "I proceed," is all that I heard. It was a sight that beggars description. A United States senator stood before the people. He talked, but the people heard him not. He frantically moved his arms, but they only laughed. He then turned and spoke to those who were seated on the stage. He seemed to strike a responsive chord for about 200 who could hear him. He quit. The band played "America." He arose when their band stopped playing, and again faced the audience. He met with the same success, and then, livid with rage, talked to the reporters, and sat down amid thunderous applause.

I suppose you think it was democratic noise, but it was not. It was a rebuke meted out to him by his thousands of erstwhile supporters. For years they had admired him for his opposition to Hanna. Now they despise him for the partnership he has formed. And no one knows it better than Foraker himself.

After a long and tiresome wait, the man with the teeth arrived. He received a noisy ovation. It was a duplicate of the one tendered Foraker. He spoke about 20 minutes. Less than 2,000 people caught a word the first ten minutes. Absolute quiet did not come until two or three minutes of the close.

I shall remember that meeting as long as I live, and so will Foraker and Roosevelt.

Altgeld was here two weeks ago. We gave him a grand reception. Friends and enemies alike agree that his speech was the greatest political speech ever delivered in this city. He was presented with a bouquet of roses, tied with a white ribbon on which was printed the words:

To Hon. John P. Altgeld, from his many Cleveland admirers, for his many civic duties unflinchingly performed.

The reception, the complexion of the audience, and the speech, whether taken singly or collectively, was the most magnificent rebuke the local plutocrats ever got.

PETER WITT.