SUNSHINE BEHIND THE CLOUD.

If you should see a fellow man with trouble's flag unfurled, An' looking like he didn't have a friend in all the

Go up and slap him on the back, and holler

"How d' you do ?" And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a

friend in you. Then ax him what's a-hurtin' him, an' laugh his cares away.

And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day. Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right

out loud. That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

-his world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain; Some days are bright and sunny, and some are

sloshed with rain, And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by,

We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smiling sky. So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at

the pores, Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours ;

But always keep rememberin', when cares your path enshroud, That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the

cloud.

James Whitcomb Riley.

## THE TRIMMED LAMP.

Of course there are two sides to the question. Let us look at the other. We often hear "shop-girls" spoken of. No such persons exist. There are girls who work in shops. They make their living that way. But why turn their occuration into an adjective? Let us be fair. We do not refer to the girls who live on Fifth Avenue as marriage-girls."

Lou and Nancy were chums. They came to the big city to find work because there was not enough to eat at home to go Nancy was nineteen; Lou was Both were pretty, active, country girls who had no ambition to go on the stage.

The little cherub that sits up aloft guided them to a cheap and respectable boarding house. Both found positions and became wage-earners. They remained chums. It is at the end of six months that I would beg you to step forward and be introduced to them. Gentle Reader: My lady friends, Mi.s Nancy and Miss Lou. While you are shaking hands please take notice—cautiously—of their attire. Yes, cautiously; for they are as quick to resent a stare as a lady in a box at a horse show.

Lou is a piece-work ironer in a hand laundry. She is clothed in a badly-fitting purple dress, and her hat plame is four inches too long; but her ermine muff and scarf cost \$25, and its fellow beasts will be ticketed in the windows at \$7.98 before the season is over. Her cheeks are pink, and her light blue eyes bright. Contentment radiates from her.

Nancy you would call a shop-girl-be cause you have the habit. There is no type; but a preverse generation is always seeking a type; so this is what the type should be. She has the high-ratted pompadour, and the exaggerated straight-front. correc! flare. No furs protect her against the bitter spring air, but she wears her short broadcloth jacket as jauntily as though it were Persian lamb! On her face and in her eyes, remorseless type-seeker, is the typical shop-girl expression. It is a look of silent but contemptuous revolt against cheated womanbood; of ead prophecy of the ven-geance to come. When she laughs her londest the look is still there. The same look can be seen in the eyes of Russian peasants; and those of us left will see it some day on Garbriel's face when he comes to blow us up. It is a look that should wither and abash man; but he has been known to smirk at it and offer flowerswith a string tied to them.

Now lift your bat and come away, while you receive Lon's cheery "See you again," and the sardonic, sweet smile of Nancy that seems, somehow, to miss you and go fluttering like a white moth up over the house-tops to the stars.

The two waited on the corner for Dan Dan was Lou's steady comyany. Faith-ful? Well he was on hand when Mary would have had to hire a dozen subpoens servers to find her lamb.

"Ain't you cold Nancy?" said Lou "Say, what a chump you are for working in that old store for \$8. a week! I made \$18.50 last week. Of course ironing ain't as swell work as selling lace behind a counter, but it pays. None of us ironers make less than \$10. And I don't know that it's any less respectful work, either."
"You can have it," said Nancy, with up-

lifted nose. "I'll take my eight a week and hall bedroom. I like to be among nice things and swell people. And look what a chance I've got! Why, one of our glove girls married a Pittsburg—steel maker, or blacksmith or something—the other day worth a million dollars. I'll catch a swell myself some time. I ain't bragging on my looks or anything; but I'll take my chances where there's big prizes offered. What show would a girl have in a laundry?"

"Why, that's where I met Dan," said Lou, triumphantly. "He came in for his Sunday shirt and collars and saw me at the first board, ironing. We all try to get to work at the first board. Ella Maginnis was sick that day, and I had her place. He said he noticed my arms first, round and white they was. I had my sleeves rolled up. Some nice fellows come into laundries. You can tell 'em by their bringing their clothes in suit cases, and turning in the door sharp and sudden."

'How can you wear a waist like that, Lon?" said Nancy gazing down at the offending article with sweet scorn in her heavy-lidded eyes. "It shows fierce taste."

"This waist?" cried Lou, with wide-eyed indignation. "Why, I paid \$16. lor this waist. It's worth twenty-five. A woman left it to be laundered, and never called for it. The boss sold it to me. It's got yards of hand embroidery on it. Better talk about that ugly, plain thing you've

"This ugly, plain thing," said Nancy, calmly, "was copied from one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing. The girls say her bill in the store last year was \$12,000. I made mine, myself. It cost me \$1.50. Ten feet away you couldn't tell it

from hers.' "Oh, well," said Lou, good-naturedly, "if you want to starve and put on airs, go ahead. But I'll take my job and good wages; and after hours give me something as fancy and attractive to wear as I am able to buy."

But just then Dan came-a serious young man with a ready-made necktie, who had escaped the city's brand of frivolity—an electrican earning \$30. per week who looked upon Lon with the sad eys of Romeo, and thought her embroidered waist a web in which any fly should delight to be caught.

"My friend, Mr. Owens-shake bands with Miss Danforth," said Lou. "I'm mighty glad to know you, Miss Danforth, said Dan, with outstretched hand. "I've heard Lou speak of you so

often."

"Thanks," said Nancy, touching his fingers with the tips of her cold ones, "I've heard her mention you—a few times." Lou giggled.

"Did you get that handshake from Mrs. Vau Alstyne Fisher, Nancy?" she asked.
"If I did, you can feel safe in copying it," said Nancy.
"Oh, I couldn't use it at all. It's too

stylish for me. It's intended to set off

diamond rings, that high shake is. Wait till I get a few and then I'll try it." "Learn it first," said Nanoy wisely, "and you'll be more likely to get the

rings. "Now, to settle this argument," said Dan, with his ready, cheerful smile, "let me make a proposition. As I can't take both of you up to Tiffany's and do the right thing, what do you say to a little vaudeville? I've got the tickets. How about looking at stage diamonds since we can't shake hands with the real spark-

The faithful squire took his place close to the curb; Lou next, a little peacocky in her bright and pretty clothes; Nancy on the inside, slender, and soberly clothed as the sparrow, but with the true Van Alstyne Fisher walk-thus they set out for their evening's moderate diversion.

I do not suppose that many look upon great department store as an educational institution. But the one in which Nancy worked was something like that to her She was surrounded by beautiful things that breathed of taste and refinement. If you live in an atmosphere of luxury, luxury is yours whether your money pays for it or another's.

The people she served were mostly wo men whose dress, manners, and position in the social world were quoted as criterious. From them Namey began to take toll—the best from each according to her view.

From one she would copy and practice gesture, from another an eloquent lifting of an eyebrow, from others, a manner of walking, or carrying a purse, of smiling, of greeting a friend, of addressing "inferiors in station." From her best beloved model, Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher, she made requisition for that excellent thing, a soft low voice as clear as silver and as perfect in articulation as the notes of a thrush. Suffused in the aura of this high social refinement and good breeding, it was impossible for her to escape a deeper effect of it. As good habits are said to be better than make a noise like a toy bank."

"The physiopathic ward for the physiopathic ward f than good principles, so, perhaps, good manners are better than good habits. The teachings of your parents may not keep continued to cultivate on \$8. per week. alive your New England conscience: but if She bivouacked on the trail of the great the words ''prisms and pilgrims'' forty times the devil will flee from you. And when Nancy spoke in the Van Alstyne grim smile of the preordained man-hunter. Fisher tones she felt the thrill of noblesse

oblige to her very bones. There was another source of learning in the great departmental school. Whenever deep unerring instinct-perhaps of the you see three or four shop-girls gather in a huntress, perhaps of the women-made her bauch, and jugle their wire bracelets as an hold her fire and take up the trail again. accompaniment to apparently frivolous Lou flourished in the laundry. Out of ber \$18.50 per week she paid \$6. for her for the purpose of criticizing the way room and board. The rest went mainly Ethel does her back hair. The meeting for clothes. Her opportunities for betterm.y lack the dignity of the deliberative ing her taste and manners were few combodies of men; but it has all the importance of the occasion on which Eve and Conference for Common Defense and Exand Repulse upon and against the World, which is a Stage, and Mau, its Chief Usher, who Persists in Throwing Boquets There-Woman, the most helpless of the upon. young of any animal-with the fawn's grace but without its fleetness; with the bird's beauty but without its power of flight; with the honey-bee's burden of was no disloyalty; he deprecated the attensweetness but without its-Oh, let's drop | tion they called to her in the streets. the similes-some of us may have been stung.

During this council of war they pass weapons one to another, and exchange strategems that each has devised and for-

mulated out of the tactics of life. "I says to 'im." says Sadie, "ain't you the fresh thing! Who do you suppose I am, to be addressing such a remark to me? And what do you think he says back to

The beads, brown, black, flaxen, red, and vellow bob together, the answer is given; and the parry to the thrust is decided upon, to be used by each thereafter in passages-at-arms with the common enemy,

Thus Nancy learned the art of defense; and to a woman successful defense means victory.

The curriculum of a department store is wide one. Perhaps no other college could have fitted her as well for her life's ambition-the drawing of a matrimonial

Her station in the store was a favored one. The music room was near enough for her to hear and become familiar with the words of the best composers—at least to acquire the familiarity that passed for appreciation in the social world in which she was vaguely trying to set a tentative and aspiring foot. She absorbed the edu-cating influence of art wares, of costly and and dainty fabrics, of adornments that are almost culture to women.

The other girls soon became aware of Nancy's ambition. "Here comes your milapproached her counter. It got to be a habit of men, who were hanging about while their women folk were shopping, to stroll over to the handkerchief counter and dawdle over the cambric squares. Nancy's imitation, high-bred air and genuine dainty beauty was what attracted. Many men

thus came to display their graces before her. Some of them may have been millionaires; others were certainly no more than their sedulous apes. Naucy learned to discriminate. There was a window at the end of the handkerchief counter; and she could see the rows of vehicles waiting for the shoppers in the street be-low. She looked, and preceived that automobiles differ as well as do their own

ers. Once a fascinating gentleman bought four dozen handkerchiefs, and wooed her across the counter with a King Cophetna When he had gone one of the girls

said: "What's wrong, Nance, that you didn't warm up to that fellow? He looks the swell article, all right, to me."

"Him?" said Nancy, with her coolest, sweetest, most impersonal, Van Alstyne

Fisher smile; "Not for mine. I saw him drive up outside. A 12 H. P. machine and an Irish chauffeur! And you saw what kind of handkerchiefs he bought—silk! And he's got dactylis on him. Give me the real thing or nothing, if you please."

Two of the most "refined" women in the store—a forelady and a cashier—had a few "swell gentlemen friends" with whom they now and then dined. Once they included Nancy in an invitation. The dinner took place in a spectacular cafe whose tables are engaged for New Year's eve a year in advance. There were two "gentlemen friends"—one without any bair on his head-high living ungrew it; and we can prove it-the other a young man whose worth and sophistication he impressed upon you in two convincing ways—he swore that all the wine was corked; and he wore diamond cuff buttons. This young man perceived irresistible excellencies in Nancy. His taste ran to shop-girls; and here was one that added the voice and manners of his high social world to the franker charms of her own caste. So, on the following day, he appeared in the store and made her a serious proposal of marriage over a box of hemstitched, grass-bleached Irish linens. Nancy declined. A brown pompadour ten feet away had been her eyes and ears. When the rejected suitor had gone she heaped carboys of upbraidings and borror upon Nancy's

"What a terrible little fool you are! That fellow's a millionaire—he's a nephew of old Van Skittles himself. And he was talking on the level, too. Have you gone crazy, Nauce?"

"Have I?" said Nancy. "I didn't take him, did I? He isn't a millionaire so hard that you could notice it, anyhow. His family only allows him \$20,000 a year to spend. The bald-headed fellow was guying him about it the other night at sup-

The brown pompadour came nearer and narrowed her eyes. "Say, what you want?" she inquired,

in a voice hoarse for lack of chewing-gum. "Ain't that enough for you? Do you want us make a likeness of one who hunts the to be a Mormon, and marry Rockefeller and Gladstone Dowie and the King of Spain and the whole bunch? Ain't \$20,-000 a year good enough for you?" Nancy flushed a little under the level gaze of the black, shallow eyes.

"It wasn't altogether the money, Carrie," she explained. 'His friend caught bim in a rank lie the other night at dinner. It was about some girl he said he hadn't been to the theater with. Well, I can't stand a liar. Put everything together -I don't like him; and that settles it. When I sell out it's not going to be on any bargain day. I've got to have something that sits up in a chair like a man, anyhow. Yes, I'm looking out for a catch; but it's got to be able todo something more "The physiopathic ward for yours!"

These high ideas, if not ideals-Nancy you sit on a straight-back chair and repeat unknown "catch," eating her dry bread and tightening her belt day by day. On The store was her forest; and many times she raised her rifle at game that seemed broad-autlered and big; but always some

pared with Nancy's. In the steaming laundry there was nothing but work, work her first daughter first put their heads to- and her thoughts of the evening pleasures gether to make Adam understand his prop-er place in the household. It is Woman's passed under her iron; and it may be that her growing fondness for dress was thus change of Strategical Theories of Attack transmitted to her through the conducting metal. When the day's work was over Dan

awaited her outside, her faithful shadow in whatever light she stood. Sometimes he cast an honest and troubled glance at Lou's clothes, that increased in conspicuity rather than in style; but this

And Lou was no less faithful to her chum. There was a law that Nancy should go with them on whatsoever outings they might take. Dan bore the extra burden heartily and in good cheer. It might be said that Lou furnished the color, Nancy the tone, and Dan the weight of the distraction seeking trio. The escort, in his neat but obviously ready-made suit, his ready-made tie and unfailing, genial, readymade wit never startled or clashed. He was of that good kind that you are likely

to forget while they are present, but remember distinctly after they are gone. To Nancy's superior taste the flavor of these ready made pleasures was sometimes a little bitter; but she was young; and youth is a gourmand, when it cannot be a

gourmet. 'Dan is always wanting me to marry him right away," Lou told her once. "But why should I? I'm independent. I can do as I please with the money I earn; and he never would agree for me to keep on working afterward. And say, Nance, do you want to stick to that old store for, and half starve and half dress yourself? I could get you a place in the laundry right now if you'd come. It seems to me that you could afford to be a little less stuckup if you could make a good deal more

"I don't think I'm stuck-up, Lou," said Nancy, "but I'd rather live on half rations and stay where I am. I suppose I've got the habit. It's the chance that I want. I don't expect to be always behind a counter. I'm learning something new every lionaire, Nance," they would call to her day. I'm right up against refined and when-ever any man who looked the role rich people all the time—even if I do only wait on them; and I'm not missing any pointers that I see passing around."

"Caught your millionaire yet?" asked Lou with her teasing laugh. "I haven't selected one yet," answered "I've been looking them over." Nancy. odness! the idea of picking over 'em! Don't you ever let one get by Nance-even if he's a few dollars shy. But

of course you're joking-millionaires don't think about working girls like us." "It might be better for them if they did. said Nancy, with cool wisdom. us could teach them how to take care of their money."

"If one was to speak to me, "laughed Lou, "I know I'd have a duck-fit." "That's because you don't know any. The only difference between swells and other people is you have to watch 'em Don't you think that red silk lin-

ng is just a little bit too bright for that Lon looked at the plain, dull olive jacket of her friend. "Well, no I don't—but it may seem so

beside that faded-looking thing you've got "This jacket," said Nancy, complacent-

ly, "has exactly the cut and fir f one that Mrs. Van Alstyne Fisher was wearing the Tue material cost me \$3 98 I other day.

suppose hers cost about \$100 more."
"Oh, well," said Lou lightly, "it don't strike me as millionaire bait. Shouldn's wonder if I catch one before you do, any-

way. Truly it would have taken a philosopher to decide upon t'e values of the theories held by the two friends. Lou, lacking that certain pride and fastidiousness that keeps stores and desks filled with girls working for the barest living, thumped away gaily with her iron in the noisy and stifling laundry. Her wages supported her beyond the point of comfort; so that her dress profited until sometimes she cast a sidelong glance of impatience at the neat but inelegant apparel of Dan-Dan the con-

stant, the immutable, the undeviating. As for Navey, her case was one of tens of thousands. Silk and jewels and laces and ornaments and the perfume and music of the fine world of good-breeding and tastethese were made for woman; they are her equitable portion. Let her keep near them if they are a part of life to her, and if she will. She is no traitor to berself, as E-au was; for she keeps her birthright and the pottage she earns is often very scant.

In this atmosphere Nancy belonged; and she throve in it and ate her frugal meals and schemed over her cheap dresses with a determined and contented mind. She already knew woman; and she was studying man, the animal, both as to his habits and eligibility. Some day she would bring down the game that she wanted; but she promised herself it would be what seemed to her the biggest and the best, and noth-

ing smaller. Thus she kept her lamp trimmed and burning to receive the bridegroom when be

should come. But, another lesson she learned, perhaps unconsciously. Her standard of values began to shift and change. Sometimes the dollar-mark grew blurred in her mind's eye, and shaped itself into letters that spell ed such words as "truth" and "honor" and now and then just "kindness." moose or elk in some mighty wood. He sees a little dell, mossy and embowered, where a rill trickles, babbling to him of rest and comfort. At these times the spear of Nimrod himself grows blunt.

sian lamb was always quoted at its market One Thursday evening Nancy left the store and turned across Sixth Avenue westward to the laundry. She was expected to go with Lou and Dan to a musical

So, Nancy wondered sometimes if Per-

Dan was just coming out of the laundry when she arrived. There was a queer, strained look on his face.

"I thought I would drop around to see if they had heard from her," he said.
"Heard from who?" asked Nancy. 'Isn't Lou there ?" "I thought you knew," said Dan. "She said the brown pompadour, walking away. hasn't been here or at the house where she lived since Monday. She moved all her things from there. She told one of the

> Europe.' "Hasn't anybody seen her anywhere?" asked Nancy.
>
> Dan looked at her with his jaw set grimly, and a steely gleam in his steady gray

> girls in the laundry she might be going to

"They told me in the laundry," he said, harshly, "that they saw her pass yesterday -- in an automobile. With one of the millionaires, I suppose, that you and Lou were forever busying your brains about."

For the first time Nancy quailed before a man. She laid her hand that trembled slightly on Dan's sleeve. 'You've no right to say such a thing to me Dan-as if I had anything to do with

"I did's mean it that way," said Dan softening. He fumbled in his vest pocket. "I've got the tickets for the show to-night," he said, with a gallant show of lightness. "If you—"

Nancy admired pluck whenever she saw

"I'll go with you, Dan," she said. Three months went by before Nancy sa Lou again.

At twilight one evening the shop-girl was hurrying home along the border of a little quiet park. She heard her name called, and wheeled about in time to catch Lou rushing into her arms. After the first embrace they drew their

heads back as serpents do, ready to attack or to charm, with a thousand questions trembling on their swift tongues. And then Nancy noticed that prosperity had descended upon Lou, manifesting itself in costly fure, flashing gems, and creations of the tailors' art.

"You little fool !" cried Lou, loudly and affectionately. "I see you are still working in that store, and as shabby as ever. And how about that big catch you were going to make-nothing doing yet, I sup-

And then Lou looked, and saw that something better than prosperity had descended upon Nancy—something that shone brighter than gems in her eyes and redder than a rose in her cheeks, and that danced like electricity anxious to be loosed from the tip of her tongue.

"Yes, I'm still in the store," said Nancy, "but I'm going to leave it next week. I've made my catch—the biggest catch in the world. You won't mind now Lou, will you?—I'm going to be married to Dan—to Dan!—he's my Dan now—why,

Lou !" Around the corner of the park strolled one of those new-crop, smooth-faced young policemen that are making the force more endurable-at least to the eye. He saw a woman with an expensive fur coat and diamond-ringed hands crouching down against the iron fence of the park sobbing turbulently, while a slender, plainly-dressed working girl leaned close, trying to console her. But the Gibsonian cop, being of the new order, passed on, pretending not to notice, for he enough to know that these matters are beyoud help, so far as the power he represents are concerned, though he rap the pavement with his nightstick till the sound goes up to the furthermost stars .- By O. Henry, in McClure's Magazine.

-Ten year old Fred was going to a party for the first time. "Here's a balf-dollar, Fred," said his father; "if it rains, be sure you take a cab

But Fred reached home drenched through "Why didn't you take a cab?" said his father "I did, father," said Fred; "and I sat

on the box all the way home. It was glorious."

--- "Now, Alec, don't be selfish," said his mother; "baby's only going to play with your marbles for a little while." "No, mother, he's going to keep them always if he can. 'Oh, no, dear."

"I'm sure he is, mother, 'cos he's trying to swallow them."

Former Judge Gordon Flays Bosses.

Former Judge James Gay Gordon, of Philadelphia, delivered the notification speech for the Democratic party to Lewis Emery, Jr., at the Pittsburg meeting. He said:

"We live in momentous times. Some of the profoundest problems of social life are in process of solution. Questions vitally affecting the well-being of the people and that a little more than a year ago were scarcely discernible above the political horizon are now being debated at every crossroads store, on every platform and in the columns of every newspaper.

"Within the last twelvemonth a flood of light has been let in upon the methods and morals of the influences that control the capital of the country and the markets for the necessaries of life.

"State and municipal governments have been laid bare in all the hideousness of corrupt deformity. The nation has staggered appalled at revelations of financial dishonesty, corporate oppression and governmental crimes that the holdest critics of our institutions had never suggested.

"Shame has covered this people as with a garment and we have bowed our heads in humiliation at the hissing derision of the nations.

"But the light of inquisition that revealed the disease disclosed also the cause of the malady. Every abuse. every oppression, every crime was found to be linked to a corrupt political machine that protected, if it did not engender it.

"No matter how remote the iniquities seemed on their surface from political connection, yet investigation showed that they ultimately rested on party bosses and party machines for support and protection.

Abandoned Wharves a Landmark.

"No locality and no political party had a monopoly of the infamy. From the turbid waters of the Missouri to the abandoned wharves of the Delaware-from Kansas to New Yorkfrom St. Louis to Philadelphia-the same unvarying lesson was taught:

"That public plunder has no politics and the corruptions of our financial and political institutions are united as by an umbilical cord with our party bosses and machines.

"Some may dispute the statement that the tariff is the mother of trusts. but in the light of recent revelations none will deny the proposition that the political boss is their godfather. "It was with these revelations and this lesson before it that the Democratic party of Pennsylvania assem-

bled in state convention last June. "It had seen, moreover, what a free people will do when once thoroughly aroused to a sense of wrong and be-

traval.

"It had seen the aggressive, ardent and impartial district attorney of St. Louis, Folk elected to the governorship of Missouri, in spite of the Democratic machine, whose crimes he had unearthed and punished.

"It had seen another district attor ney, ostracised by his party for his fearless administration of justice, ap peal to the people as an independent candidate and carry the great metropolis of the nation over all factions and

bosses. "It had seen likewise, at the same election, the Tamany candidate for mayor barely escape defeat by meth-

ods of dubious honesty and legality. "Above all, it had seen in Philadel phia and Pennsylvania, the Gibraltar of corrupt boss government, an outraged Republican constituency that had voted for Roosevelt the year before by half a million majority, defeat its party state machine by nearly a hundred thousand.

Honest Citizens Redeemed City. "In Philadelphia a fusion of honest

citizens of all parties redeemed that city from a rapacious political organization, the most powerful, all-controlling and debased in the annals of municipal government. "The Democratic party when it as-

sembled in convention last June was therefore, confronted by an extraor dinary condition of public affairs and a delicate and difficult problem.

"A great national party with a continued history of more than a hundred years, it would have been natural had it looked upon the disruption of its great political rival as an opportunity for a party advantage.

"There were those in the counsels of the party who sincerely entertained this view of political and public duty. They supported their advice by illustrations and arguments that were difficult to confute and that, in normal times, would have been prevailing.

"But these are not normal times and a new issue is before the people of Pennsylvania, and new duties have devolved upon parties. The new issue is the destruction of the boss-governed political machines that have brought shame upon the nation and woes innumerable upon the people.

"The hope of the future lies first in the emancipation of parties from the thraldom of boss-controlled organizations. Reform will follow only when parties become responsive to the will of their voters.

"In Pennsylvania, more than any other state, this issue is emphasized A protesting body of independent and patriotic Republicans emphasized it when, under the name of Lincoln Republicans, they placed a ticket of their own in the field in opposition to the

Machine Republican nominees. "This body of protesting Republican integrity arrayed itself upon a platform of principles that represent the urgeni reforms earnestly demanded by honest men of all parties.

"Thus stood the Republican voters of Pennsylvania when the Democratic

convention met. The old, unregener ate, guilty and convicted Machine, with its cohorts of disciplined dependents on the one side, and on the other the enthusiastic, ardent, honest but unorganized independent Republicans, seeking to save heir party from the continued rule of the despot and their state from the continued shame of the

spoiler. "In this emergency what did the Democracy do? Rising to the highest duties of patriotism, putting behind it the promptings of selfishness, recognizing a common cause in the struggle for political freedom, it proclaimed a truce to partisanship and turned its united organization over to a common leadership in the war of emancipation from Machine serfdom.

"By this act of renunciation the Democracy established at once its sincerity and its greatness. The oldest party in the nation and destined probably to endure for many generations to come, it nevertheless has not hesitated for the accomplishment of a great immediate public good to fall behind the leadership of the youngest of all parties.

"Placing, therefore, at the head of its ticket the nominee of the Lincoln party for the office of chief executive of the state, the Democrats gave him three colleagues of highest character and eminent fitness to do battle at his side.

"By the command of the Democratic state convention, it devolves upon me to give those candidates formal notification of their nomination. This I do by announcing that you, Louis Emery, Jr., Republican, are the Democratic nominee for governor, and you, Jeremiah S. Black, Democrat, are its nominee for lieutenant governor, and you, William T. Creasy, Democrat, its nominee for auditor general, and you, John J. Green. Democrat, are its nominee

for secretary of internal affairs. "The Democracy is fulfilling its mission when it refuses to strive for a parkaran victory that would fasten chains on honorable foes. Democrats must stand for liberty first and always. Partisanship will be a helpful manifestation of public spirit when it ceases to be an asset by which the boss maintains his power.

"Political bosses are never partisans. They preach partisanship to their followers, but themselves practice the most miscellaneous libertinage. They are professed monogamists, but practical Mormons. The politics of a boss and a corporation are the same. An irresistible affinity for the party in power and an inveterate hostility to unrepresented minorities.

## Rests With Independents.

"The hope of the coming campaign lies in the fact that a united Democracy will bring more than 400,000 votes to the ticket. It now rests with the independent Republicans who love decency more than dishonor, righteousness more than regularity, to say whether they will lift up their party out of its degradation and the state

Fortunately, the issue in the campaign will not be obscured by diverting personalities. The Republican Machine has placed a ticket in the field composed of gentlemen of unimpeachable personal character. It is due to them to say that their defeat will be no

reflection on their personal fame. "The Machine platform, likewise, is in the main unexceptionable. Every vital line of it, however, is a recantation and repudiation of its past. But will the independent voter trust the reform cause to the defiant bosses who have made the reforms necessary?

"Would a 'corrupt and criminal combination masquerading as 'Republicans' be any more trustworthy when masquerading as 'reformers'? Is it safe to continue the reins of political power in the hands of those who have used that power to create the monstrous abuses against which the nation is now in arms?

"The Machine in Pennsylvania has not been whipped into abdication, but only frightened into false pretense. It retains power and only surrenders prom-

"Some malignant growths are so deep-seated that the only hope of life is the surgeon's knife. But you can not expect the cancer to operate on itslef. Neither can you expect the Machine to commit suicide.

"Remedies to be effectiev must be applied with a view to the duration and extent of the disease. When Hercules undertook to clean the Augean Stables he did not use a lace handkerchief, but turned the bed of a river upon the foul mass and washed the festering filth into the sea. Only Herculean methods will serve for the disinfection of the Pennsylvania political Machine.

"When a political boss or his Machine is in danger he immediately turns reformer-that is, he writes reform platforms. The greater his danger and the more manifest his guilt and wickedness, the more radical will be his reform professions. The father of the present Republican Machine often and successfully played this ruse to save himself from disaster.

"Greater Than Clay Or Webster." "He was the greatest of all reform verbalists-greater than Webster, or Clay, or Roosevelt.

"So the platform on which the present Machine candidates stand is loaded with sound doctrine and reform promises. It is specially radical in its denunciation of the wrongs of railroad corporations. This from those who until now have been the most servile tools of all corporations is sardonic

in its insincerity. "It raises the question whether the real and vital reform of Mr. Cassatt in abolishing all free passes is not thus

countered by threats of reprisals on Continued on page 3.