CONVERTS GOLDBUGS

BRYAN'S GREAT SPEECH CONVINCES THEM.

Four Boston Papers That Opposed Him in 1896 See the Force of His Argument—They Have Grown in Wisdom in Four Years.

Following are extracts from four of the leading newspapers of Massachusetts in reference to Bryan's great speech at Indianapolis. One of these journals has a larger circulation than any other paper in New England. We believe that every one of these papers opposed Mr. Bryan in 1896.

A Revelation.

Mr. Bryan's speech of acceptance at Indianapolis is as great a revelation to his opponents as it is a source of joy to his friends. It is unquestionably the most statesmanlike address that has been made in recent years by a presidential candidate. It is devoted in its entirety to a discussion of imperialism, which by the very force of this speech would be made the issue of this campaign if it had not already been such. The tremendous subject is pursued to its utmost ramifications and the argument and its deductions are in every respect sound and logical.

There is no resort to invective and little reliance is placed upon mere oratorial effect. The speech is that of a man thoroughly in earnest and sincerity shines in every sentence. We believe that the arguments advanced against the imperialistic policy of the Republican party cannot be so controverted as to carry conviction to any unbiased mind. Mr. Bryan has taken up Republican claims one after another and with calm but earnest reasoning has torn them into shreds and flung them, valueless, behind him.

No adequate idea of the strength and compass of the masterly address can be given in editorial limits. It is one of the greatest and most statesmanlike utterances of our history. It establishes the paramount issue of the campaign and proves that Americans today stand at the parting of the ways. We must either cling to the honored traditions of our forefathers, to the constitution and the Declaration of Independence, or we must follow the imperialistic policy to its inevitable conclusion—to militarism and high taxation at home and to dominating oppression abroad. There is no alternative.—Boston Traveler.

Calm and Patriotic.

Mr. Bryan was introduced to the country four years ago in a single burst of popular oratory. He has inaugurated his second campaign at Indianapolis with an address which must merit and receive permanent distinction for the calmness of its tone and closeness and sobriety of its reasoning, and for its breadth of statesmanship. The contrast marks and epitomizes the growth of the man.

No one ever before nominated for the presidency was so little known to the nation at large as Mr. Bryan was in 1896, but since that day in Chicago there has been a continuous unfolding of a remarkable character under a sunlight as fierce as any that ever beat upon a throne. His rigorous honesty, his constant frankness, his unfailing courtesy, his undaunted optimism, his intense patriotism have availed to penetrate the clouds of partisan and factional prejudice until these qualities are conceded by his antagonists and become the reliance of his followers.

While the Indianapolis speech of acceptance is not lacking in skill and elegance, the reader will search it in vain for idle symbols or mere flowers of rhetoric. He will find instead an unbroken thread of earnestness and candor running through it, with no disgressive appeals to irrelevant passions. In it Mr. Bryan has not planted himself upon an epithet but upon a principle. Call the course of Mr. McKinley in the Philippines imperialism or benevolent assimilation, as you please, the Democratic candidate takes his position squarely and boldly in opposition of it.—Boston Globe.

Bold and Aggressive.

The presidential campaign of 1900 was opened boldly and aggressively by Mr. Bryan in his speech of acceptance of the Democratic nomination at Indianapolis yesterday. The occasion was one of much interest, not only by reason of the impressive formalities of the proceedings, and the great enthusiasm of the large assemblage, but because the utterances of the candidate fixed definitely the paramount issue of the campaign which the party in power has done its best to belittle and cover up.

Mr. Bryan makes his stand squarely on the issue of republic or empire. In his speech of acceptance the minor and contingent questions of public policy with which this election is concerned do not receive consideration. The solemn duty of the people in the preservation of the principles of our government overshadows everything else at this crisis. It is a question of national life or national decadence, and on this line the great struggle is to be waged. Mr. McKinley has taken up, with his party, the position of defense. Mr. Bryan opens the attack with vigor.

The issue of imperialism is discussed in Mr. Bryan's speech thoroughly, with entire fairness, with great force and in a spirit of high patriotism. It is a remarkable address, ranking perhaps higher than any of its author's previous efforts, in that rhetoric is held throughout subordinate to logic, and brilliancy of effect to convincing strength of statement. It is an address which defies condensation, so compact is its argument, so close knit its premises and conclusions. It is a speech that carries conviction and that impresses the reader, as it manifestly impressed those who heard it, with the entire sincerity of the man.—Boston Post.

The Popular Idol.

The people's candidate for president has delivered a noble speech, solely devoted to the supreme question. Quarrel with him as we may on other issues, criticise as we may his past treatment of this issue, the fact remains that he rather than McKinley places the paramount issue where it belongs—at the forefront of the discussion. Whatever the past, Mr. Bryan rather than Mr. McKinley has ranged himself and the great party behind him on the right side of the debate. He throws the whole organized power of the Democracy into the fight against the imperialist program.—From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican-Independent.

WHY HE CHANGED.

This is the simple story of how John Smith came to change his party. His father was a Republican. His grandfather was a Whig. John himself had always voted just as his father did. From his early youth he had always evinced an interest in politics, but it was a quiet interest. He didn't go much on getting into arguments. He was always content to believe that the Republicans were more right than the Democrats, so he voted a straight Republican ticket every time.

John keeps small store in the suburbs of a large city. He sells groceries, oil, candies, stationery for the school children and deals a little in meat, especially in the winter time when it is easier to keep meat than in the summer.

John has noticed of late that his profits amount practically to nothing, still he does a fair amount of business; he is steady and does not spend his money extravagantly, tries to buy pretty good things for his store, although he never buys very much and he keeps things neat and clean about his place.

A few months ago John got hold of a newspaper with some interesting articles regarding the growth and destructiveness of the trusts. His business was quiet, he had nothing else to read, so he glanced over the article. Very soon he became interested and read them very carefully. As a result he is in a predicament, is worried considerably. He can no longer accept the presentment of the Republican side of the case as he used to. The other day he read in a paper about the great prosperity throughout the country, about the enormous amount of goods shipped and bought by Uncle Sam, of the increased amount of business being done and of the increase in the amount of money in circulation. He does something now that he never did before. He questions the truth of these statements. For instance, he wants to know where the money goes. He is not making any; his friends in business tell him that they are not making any money. Some years ago they used to make money and they used to spend it liberally, too, but now they are forced to play close to the cushion.

John is doing a little figuring now all by himself and is doing considerable thinking. He wonders why it is that he and his old friends, those he knows in town, are not making any money. He figures that there are more people around town than there were in the days when business was good. He figures that they should eat as much as ever, in fact should spend about as much money as ever. But do they? He answers himself by saying that he does not spend as much money as he used to spend; he doesn't get hold of it to spend. He figures that what is true of him is true of other people. The question, who gets the money? is what he is trying to figure out. He looks about the store at his small supply of goods and recalls from whom he buys them. Nearly everything he has in stock is handled by trusts. There is no competition. He must buy from that one party or not buy at all. They bull the price. He has to pay a large sum for the goods, but he cannot always charge a large price, because the people won't pay it, for what is equally as bad, they can't pay it! What is the result? The result is that the trusts make the money. The merchant is forced to buy his stock from concerns that tolerate no competition. He is forced to sell his goods in competition with his fellow merchants, owing to the combines that are formed, the profits of the wholesale houses are never cut. If the prices of the goods are raised to the small merchants, it simply follows that its profits are diminished. The merchant's loss is the combine's gain. And it is equally true that the combine's gain is not only the merchant's loss, but the public's as well. This is the fact which John Smith has discovered and about which he is energetically telling his friends and neighbors. And as a result of having at last seen the light upon the trust question he has decided to vote against them by casting a ballot for Bryan. Thus ends the simple story of John Smith.

Republican ex-President Harrison, ex-Speaker Reed and ex-Senator Edmunds, having also put themselves on record against criminal aggression, are dismissed with an epithet—"They are 'has beens.'"

Republican Senators Hoar, Wellington and Mason, having denounced the colonial policy of the administration, are contemptuously dismissed by Mark Hanna with the remark: "Let them sulk."

CURIOUS FACTS.

The sword blades forged at Toledo by the Saracens could be coiled up like a clock spring and would resume perfect straightness as soon as released.

After lying in the dead letter office for thirty-seven years, a letter has been returned to a Smith Centre (Kan.) man, with the memoranda that his brother cannot be found at the address.

A seventy-two-year-old recruit recently passed the doctors' examination for the Imperial Yeomanry. He had served twenty-eight years in the Black Watch, the Gordons and other Highland regiments, and has six sons serving in the army, four of them at the front in South Africa.

The costliest crown in Europe, experts say, is that worn by the Czar of Russia on State occasions. It is surmounted by a cross formed of five magnificent diamonds, resting upon an immense uncut, but polished, ruby. The ruby rests upon eleven large diamands, which in turn are supported by a mass of pearls. The coronet of the Empress, it is said, contains the most beautiful mass of diamonds ever collected in one band.

In Germany the use of wooden bells for telephones is being adopted, owing to the disagreeable sound of metal telephone bells, particularly when there are a number of them in the same room. It was found, however, that these wooden bells were apt to split through changes in temperature and other causes, so a bell has been recently invented made of a composition which gives a muffled sound distinctly heard at a considerable distance.

In Philadelphia until the year 1795 a cowherd stood every morning at the corner of Dock and Second streets, blew his horn, tramped off to a distant pasture, followed by all the cows of his neighborhood, who had run out to him as soon as they heard the familiar sound. He led them back to the same place at night, when each returned alone to her own home. Sheepherds or shepherds in Colonial days also took charge of the sheep of many owners in herd walks or ranges by day and by night in sheep folds built with fences and gates.

Large numbers of plants have been worshiped among the nations of the East, including the lily, the myrtle and the onion, the latter having been an object of worship among the Egyptians. The Jains, a religious sect very numerous in Bombay, worship five grades of life—first, trees and plants; second, worms; third, ants and creeping things; fourth, winged creatures, and fifth, all higher animals. In the Tonga Islands of the Pacific Ocean the natives lay offerings at the foot of particular trees, with the idea of their being inhabited by spirits. The Talein, of Burmah, before they cut down a tree, offer prayers to its "kaluk," or inhabiting spirit, and the Siamese offer cakes and rice to the takhien tree before they fell it, and believe the inhabiting nymphs or mothers of trees pass into guardian spirits of the boats built of their wood. In Ceylon the Bo tree is found in the precincts of every Buddhist temple. At Anarajapoora there is one of these trees of peculiar sanctity, to which thousands annually repair to offer prayers for health and prosperity.

The Pocket Gopher.

One of the worst enemies of alfalfa is the pocket gopher, which digs its runs three or four inches under the surface, cutting off the roots that happen to lie in its path, but worst of all it throws up a chain of mounds along the run which renders mowing very difficult. If unmolested this pest will carry on its depredations to such an extent that the field will have to be plowed up. No preventive has been found. Trapping may be employed, but it is tedious and unsatisfactory. Poisoning is, perhaps, the easiest method of destroying the gopher, and if properly done the pests may be almost entirely exterminated.

To poison them as soon as a fresh mound is seen get some potatoes and cut them as for seed and procure a bottle of crystallized strychnine. With a knife slit the pieces and put a crystal of strychnine not larger than a wheat grain in the slit, so it will lodge near the middle of the potato. The potato being moist the strychnine will soon be dissolved and carried all through it, and it should be used as soon as poisoned. With an iron rod poke into the ground around the fresh hill until the run is located, and open it with a spade. Drop in a potato and cover up. Gophers are very fond of potatoes, and one dose is usually fatal. If too much strychnine is used, or the potatoes are not used when freshly prepared, the poison is not so effective. If the field is gone over once a week, the old hills leveled down and the new ones given a potato, the gopher's work will soon lessen.—Santa Fe New Mexican.

Protected Carrier Pigeons.

Thin bamboo tubes are fastened to carrier pigeons in China to protect them from birds of prey. When the bird is in motion the action of the air through the tubes causes a whistling sound, which alarms predaceous birds and keeps them at a respectful distance.

Calcium Carbide in Italy.

A new industry which has now assumed considerable importance in Italy is the manufacture of carbide of calcium, which is used chiefly for making acetylene gas. The United States and France occupy the first and second places as producers of carbide. Italy comes next.

WHAT'S THE USE?

What's the use o' workin'
Or a-diggin' in the ground
To get a livin', when there's one
A-livin' all around?
What's the use o' workin'
When the sun's a-shinin'
On the fields and medders,
So's it sets a feller pinin'
To git away into the woods
Where the crick sounds cool an' sweet?
Sometimes fellers in the sun
Is overcome by heat.
Seems 's some people
Must be hoein' corn or plowin'—
Workin' day an' night now,
An' every one allowin'
To take a rest sometime
I'd ruther sit or lie
Around now, while it 's pleasant,
An' work—mebbe—by-an'-by.
—Puck.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

Said mother: "Willie's Uncle Dan
Has sent a lovely bike to him."
"Indeed!" said pa; "what led the man
To take such strong dislike to him?"

Mrs. Esau—"What is the matter with that mess of pottage?" Esau—"That is 'the kind mother used to make.'"—Brooklyn Life.

Friend—"Did fortune smile on you?" Rejected Suitor—"Well, she gave me the laugh, if that's what you mean."—Syracuse Herald.

"Do you believe the old saying, 'Laugh and the world laughs with you?'" "Not if you persist in laughing at your own jokes."

"He's generous to a fault." That's true!
But then it's always shown,
The fault that he is generous to
Is just one of his own.
—Catholic Standard.

Father—"Who prepared this pudding?" Mother (looking at her daughters in succession)—"I mustn't tell—the author desires to remain anonymous."

"What's the difference between knowledge and wisdom?" "Well, it takes knowledge to build an automobile, but it takes wisdom to run it."—Chicago Record.

Business Man—"Say, did you sweep the office out this morning?" Boston Office Boy—"No, sir, the feat you suggest borders upon the impossible. I swept the dirt out, sir."—Chicago News.

"Jane, How do you feel towards me?" "John, I can't tell you until I know how you feel towards me." "Well, but you know that all depends on how you feel towards me."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Neighbor—"You mean to tell me you didn't notice those cats yowling all last night? What a sleeper you must be!" The Other Neighbor—"I wasn't asleep. Neither was the baby."—Indianapolis Pres.

Farmer Honk—"I hear that that long-necked young city feller that is boardin' with you has got pajamas?" Farmer Summertime—"It's a lie! He's been at our house nearly two weeks now, an' he ain't drank a drop all the time."—Puck.

Graphter—"Hang it. I left my pocketbook home, and I haven't a penny in my clothes. Say, lend me a fiver, will you? I'll return it to-morrow." Phoxy—"I'll do better. Here's a nickel; you can go home and get your pocket book."—Philadelphia Press.

"A pretty lot of children you are for a minister to have," exclaimed a West Side pastor whose children were misbehaving at the dinner table. "Then, why don't you change your business, papa?" asked four-year-old Nellie.—Trained Motherhood.

"It is claimed that a Chinese poet wrote the original of 'Poe's Raven' several thousand years before Edgar A. was born." "I wonder how he rendered the 'Nevermore!'" "That's easy, 'Allee samee no comee some bumby yettee.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Foyer—"You seemed to enjoy the vaudeville show hugely last evening." Lobby—"It was terrible." Foyer—"But you laughed as though you'd die." Lobby—"Yes; I couldn't help thinking how funny it was that I should sit there and be tortured."—Boston Transcript.

Incident of the Mexican War.

Three men were looking over the bulwarks, evidently called there by the challenge of the steamer—to whom Parker, proficient as a native in Spanish, spoke. But there was no faltering; we boarded her at once, and as the clash of our cutlasses betrayed us, one of the Creole's crew of seven hailed the sentry on the castle. The alarm had been given as the cutter's crew gathered together the men of the vessel, and the officers plunged into the hold to fire the vessel. Heaping against a light inflammable bulkhead the sails of the craft and bits of wood lying about, the mass was ignited. It burned slowly, and then flickering, it died out. The officers added to the pile the tails of their shirts, and one glowing ember being found, Hynson emptied upon it the entire contents of his powder flask, starting the fire again, but severely scorching his hands, arms and face. The clamor from without came to them above the hiss and crackling of the increasing conflagration, and when they saw that their efforts were eminently successful they hurried on deck.—Robert C. Rogers, in Harper's Weekly.

Species of the American Skunk.

There are distinct species of the American skunk—the jet black and the black and white striped. The latter is regarded as one of the most beautiful creatures of the animal kingdom. Its pelt is highly prized, as it makes the prettiest of muffs, wraps and neck boas. The jet black pelt is also highly prized, but is not so valuable as the black and white striped. The pelt of the latter can always be sold for one dollar. The oil from the skunk is worth fifty cents an ounce, and is used in severe cases of croup, colds and kindred diseases. The oil does not have the unpleasant aroma of the skunk.

My Shadow.

I have a little shadow that goes in and
out with me,
And what can be the use of him is
more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels
up to the head,
And I see him jump before me when I
jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the
way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which
is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller,
like an India rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that
there is none of him at all.

One morning very early, before the sun
was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on
every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and
was fast asleep in bed.
—R. L. Stevenson.

Three Boys and Their Dogs.

One summer when I had grown to be quite a big boy, father and mother said I might take my two younger brothers camping, if I would be very careful of them and of myself, and write home at least three times a week.

We boys were very much delighted, and made all sorts of promises about not getting drowned and not burning up the tent.

Father helped us buy and pack our outfit, and as he had been camping lots of times himself, we didn't forget many things we ought to have; and our "stuff" made a pretty big load when we got it all together.

So we started off for Mallett's bay, an arm of the lake, about eight miles away, and one of the most beautiful camping places in the world. Of course our three dogs went with us—"Vickel," the pointer, "Crusoe," the little, ragged, faded spaniel, and "Don," the great, good-natured, homely, laughing dog belonging to my brother Charlie.

It was a sizzling hot day, but, we three boys and the three dogs walked all the way to Mallett's bay, getting there ahead of John Manor, who had to drive slowly with our big load. By the time he arrived with our things we had hired a boat for three weeks and gained permission to camp on one of the high wooded points jutting out into the bay.

We had a hard and puzzling time getting all our stuff into the boat, and when we finally did get it stowed away, there was just room left for one person to sit on a thwart and row. I got in to row the boat over to the point, but Bob and Charlie declared it was so terribly hot they wouldn't stay there and wait. So as they seemed just ready to cry, I told them to climb in on top of the stuff. When they did this, of course, the three dogs had to come, too, so we were loaded down to the water's edge, and must have made a funny picture. Don sat up on top of the tent and blankets, in the bow, grinning. Crusoe was hugged up against my back, on the bread-box, and every time I bent back, rowing, I would knock him almost off the box. Vickel, Rob and Charlie sat in the stern, on top of the big grocery chest and the sack of potatoes. It looked as if the slightest tipping of the boat would throw them into the water. We all felt that it was a ticklish voyage we had started upon, and that we must sit perfectly still if we wanted to come out of it alive.

We had almost reached the point, and were getting into shallower water, when a big, buzzing, biting fly lit on Don's side, and before he realized what he was doing he had thrown over his big head to snap at it, and splash!—all the boys and dogs went into the water, except me, and if I hadn't been low down on the seat, I would have gone, too.

It was a terrible scare. The boat had not quite tipped over, but it had taken in about a barrelful of water and was just on the point of sinking. I was so flustered I didn't know what to do, and if it hadn't been for Don I am afraid some of the party might have drowned. But Don seemed to realize that the blame rested on him, and that he must do what he could to set things right. So he swam around the boat (Don was a splendid swimmer), and let Rob and Charlie catch hold of him—one had hold of his ear and the other of his tail—and just towed them to where the water was shallow enough for wading. I rowed the boat as near to land as it would go.

Then we three boys, standing up to our knees in water, got the stuff out of the boat as fast as we could. Luckily, it didn't get so very wet, either. Not until we were all drying ourselves on the rocks, with the things spread out in the sun, did we say a word about our adventure. And then we laughed, as boys will, and Don—the rascal!—wagged his jaws and laughed at us.

This was our first adventure. But, after we had got our tent set up and were living in fine shape, we had another adventure which wasn't our fault at all. The weather had been terribly hot. We had been four days in camp. During the evening of the fourth day a tremendous black storm came up. We watched it blotting out the sunset and piling up from the west. Finally it grew almost pitch dark, and away out on the lake we could see what looked like a swaying black curtain, with a white fringe at the bottom—the storm driving across the water.

We got inside our tent and fastened the flap. The air was full of a low, rumbling sound, and beside the growling and crashing of thunder, and pretty soon we began to hear the trees lash and roar. The next moment the squall struck us with the force of a big pneumatic sledge hammer, and over our tent went as neatly as a tenpin!

There we were, three boys and three dogs, squirming badly under the canvas and trying to find some place to get out. The rain and hail were drumming on the tent like a shower of buckshot, and the wind was uprooting great trees and flinging them down on every side of us.

I tell you we almost suffocated before we got out from under the heavy soaked tent! And then what a time we had getting the dogs out! Poor dogs! They couldn't feel around for the edge of the canvas, and lift it up, as we did. They could just flop around and howl and struggle, tossing the canvas into waves, and twitching it out of our hands when we tried to raise it and let them out. The tent got more and more tangled up, and it was not until the storm was almost over that we saw our faithful dog companions emerge. I didn't know as we were ever going to lay eyes on them alive. But at last we got them released and they ran howling off into the woods. Not one of them would come into the tent again all the time we stayed.

During the last two weeks of our stay several funny things happened, chiefly on account of the dogs.

Charlie gave Don his fish line to hold one day when we were out in the boat, and a 10-pound pike got hold of it and came near pulling the big dog into the water. The line snarled in his teeth, and he howled terribly. Rob finally caught hold of the line under water, and we got the fish.

Another time the dogs got so hungry that they hunted up the lard pail, rolled it down the bank on to the rocks, smashed off the cover, and ate the lard. We had left them in charge of the camp, and my, how sheepy they looked when we got back.

I shall never forget the fun we had in camp that summer. We got tanned like Indians, and our appetites simply couldn't be satisfied. We caught fish by the dozen, but they were all gone by the time the next meal came around. We drank four quarts of milk a day, and swept the neighborhood clean of eggs. Finally we just had to go home to get filled up. The poor dogs were nothing but bags of bones. They would sit around in a circle and look at us sadly while we ate. Sometimes Crusoe would creep up and nudge Rob's arm with his nose. But there was never anything left. We meant to save something for them, but when it came to the point we couldn't. So we had to go home to prevent their starving. And when John Manor came out for the stuff, you never saw such dog antics in your life! I really believe, if John hadn't been 80 years old, and as dried up as a beetle nut, Vickel and Don and Crusoe would have eaten him on the spot.—Little Folks.

A Surprised Organ-Grinder.

An amusing story is told of a young school teacher. She was one day returning from her class with her hands full of flowers, the gifts of her pupils, when she met a friend, and the two stopped to speak to each other.

While they were thus engaged, an old Italian, whose companion was grinding melancholy tunes out of a worn-out hurdy-gurdy, approached and stood beside them, shaking his hat in dumb show of begging.

The teacher had no purse with her, and, therefore, paid no attention to the man; but so persistent was he that she thoughtlessly and impulsively turned and said:

"I have no money; Here, take these flowers!"

The Italian, unusued to such a favor, which, in his native land, is considered a great compliment, looked at her for a moment in startled surprise, but quickly recovering himself, he bowed low, so that his hat almost touched the ground, and with a smile, in which humor and gratefulness struggled for supremacy, he repeated again and again, while he continued to bow and scrape:

"Nica lada! Gooda lada! Nica lada!"

The chagrin of the teacher may be imagined, as she hastily left the group of laughing bystanders; but the Italian was unabashed, and continued to call after her:

"Nica lada! Gooda lada!"

Knew Arithmetic Anyhow.

A teacher of music in one of the public schools in the south desired to impress the pupils with the meaning of the signs "f" and "ff" in a song they were about to sing. After explaining that "f" meant forte, he said: "Now, children, if 'f' means forte, what does 'ff' mean?"

Silence reigned for a moment, and then he was astonished to hear a bright little fellow shout:

"Eighty!"

Delight in our neighbor's inferiority does us more harm than any act of his.

The man who is taken in is usually out.