EDITORIAL SECTION

LITERATURE — SCIENCE — ART — DRAMA

Bryan and 16 to 1.

A STRICTLY PERSONAL VIEW.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOMER DAVENPORT.

By Arthur McEwen.

BRYAN AND 16 TO 1.

"Do you think it possible for the Democratic party to win in 1900 on the 16 to 1 issue?" I asked, two weeks ago, a member of Congress who is ranked as a leader.

"No, of course not," he answered, "but for Heaven's sake don't quote me as saying so, for it would ruin me in the West and South."

"If we stand by 16 to 1," said another member of Congress, "it simply means that we are going to get an awful hammering. But it wont do for me to say so publicly. I'd be howled at as a traitor."

Recently I travelled across the Continent and back again and met a good many Democrats, Bryan Democrats, but not one of them saw any hope of victory in 16 to 1. Some of these men were very ardent silver advocates in 1896, and are earnest bimetallists now, but all of them would be more than willing to let go of 16 to 1 if they knew how. So long as Mr. Bryan holds his position of pre-eminence in the party and insists on adhering to 16 to 1 whatever happens, the average Democrat feels in duty bound to stand by him, regardless of the clearly foreseen consequence.

If 16 to 1 were a great principle this steadfastness would be noble. But 16 to 1 is not a principle, it is a mere question of policy about the justice and feasibility of which bimetallists themselves are divided.

Democrats by whom obstinacy is not mistaken for steadfastness, but who regard obstinacy as a weakness of narrow minds rather than as a virtue of large ones, are sick of 16 to 1. Likewise they are wearying of Mr. Bryan, who refuses to recognize facts, and sacrifices his party to an opinion on a matter of policy in finance as to which the majority of his countrymen, including a great many Democrats—not Gold Democrats either—disagree with him.

The 16 to 1 issue does not appeal to men's hearts. Most of those who shouted for it in 1896 knew little about it. It was the party cry, and they yelled it, precisely as soldiers will follow and cheer a flag no matter what its colors may be if it is raised as the banner of their country.

Sixteen to one is grotesquely inadequate to express the spirit of the Democracy which breathed life into the Chicago platform. That platform was a challenge to the plutocracy of the United States—a gauge of battle thrown down to the men who believe in government by the few for the few. It was because he was popularly accepted as the leader in a war for the re-establishment of government by the people for the people that Mr. Bryan got the votes of six million and a half American citizens. It is only as it represents that cause that the Democratic party has a right to li■; and it is only as a leader who is believed to personify that cause that Mr. Bryan is strong. When he narrows the battle to a duel over 16 to 1 he impresses Democrats who think as I do much as an elephant would that in raising his trunk to trumpet defiance to the foe should emit the squeak of a mouse.

"SIXTEEN TO ONE."
(Drawn by Davenport.)

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"
(Drawn by Davenport.)

A large proportion of the millions who voted for Mr. Bryan were willing to risk the experiment of remonetization of silver at 16 to 1 for the sake of getting once more a real Democratic administration—one that should be invulnerable to the influences which now turn the White House and the Capitol into branch offices of the trusts. Those Democratic millions would accept 16 to 1, or any other ratio, in order to get rid of government by the Hannas and Havemeyers. They, being men of sense, understand that mistakes made in altering our monetary system can be readily corrected, and they also understand that the continued domination of the Hannas and Havemeyers, the Carnegies and the Rockefellers, means political disease and the transformation of the Republic into an oligarchy, with the banded millionaires on top and a proletariat below undergoing progressive degradation, both moral and industrial—a proletariat that will need a large standing army to keep it in order.

What scared the ruling class in 1896 was not 16 to 1. It was the aggressive Democracy of the exploited millions which spoke in the Chicago platform that frightened our masters. Because Bryan was taken to signify a revolt against the prostitution of the Government in behalf of special privileges, a common instinct of self-defence moved the wealth and selfishness of the country to combine and fight as they never fought before in the United States. Bryan was thought to be as radical as the platform.

He was not and is not. The new and untried have no attraction for Mr. Bryan. Were 16 to 1 an innovation instead of a restoration it would seem much less fascinating in his eyes.

Sixteen to one puts Democracy in a false position. The party wants to fight Hannaism, McKinleyism, plutocracy. Mr. Bryan would contract the battle to a squabble over a point in finance—would have a war for human rights degenerate into a debate suitable to a bankers' convention.

The Democratic party wants to go gunning for big game—for the carnivora of trade and politics that make prey of American institutions and suck the blood of republicanism. Mr. Bryan demands that his party shall give exclusive attention to 16 to 1, to a hedge-clipping incidental.

The enemies of Democracy know thoroughly well that the forces behind Bryan's candidacy for the Presidency mean larger and profounder things than that, if Mr. Bryan does not.

There is a double false pretence in the situation. The Democrats of the United States, like the members of Congress I have quoted, are tired of 16 to 1, both because of its inadequacy as an expression of the spirit of their party and because it is in itself a losing issue. They know that the triumph of their party would mean immeasurably more than the remonetization of silver—that it would mean, or ought to mean, the destruction of that communism of pelf against which Grover Cleveland in a manly and Democratic moment lifted an American voice. The Hannas and Havemeyers know this, too, and while affecting to fight 16 to 1 really fight against popular government and for government by themselves for profit's sake.

Why not make the issue frankly? What is to be gained by a cowardice which shrinks from fronting facts?

Mr. Bryan does not stand for Bryanism, because he persists in standing pre-eminently for the petty issue of 16 to 1. He cannot rally the manhood, the enthusiasm, of the country to his support while his candidacy signifies nothing more thoroughgoing than a change in the basis of our money.

Sixteen to one is not fundamental. It makes no appeal to human nature. It bears no more upon the vital things that make men Democrats or Republicans than a technical rule of procedure bears upon the merits of a trial in which a man's life is at stake. A great party cannot afford to pettifog.

Mr. Bryan is afflicted with the wisdom of the politician. Sixteen to one has drawn the enemy's fire. He believes that that fire will not be as effective a second time, and that it would be a tactical mistake to offer new and larger targets. That is a theory of warfare which leaves out of account the need for recruiting your own army. It means too much thinking about the probable action of the adversary, too little about the necessity of bringing to your support the masses, who when they are united in devotion to their own welfare and to simple liberty are irresistible. Mr. Bryan, for reasons that seem to his mind artful and sagacious, refuses to be as broad as his cause, or rather the cause of his followers. He is a politician and lawyer and so stakes all on a detail, and imagines that in doing this he exhibits superior footwork and outgenerals the enemy.

There would be no abandonment of principle were the National Convention of 1900 to declare for bimetallism, leaving the ratio, whether 16 to 1, 20 to 1 or 30 to 1, to the determination of Congress, the wide parting of the metals in their commercial value being recognized.

"IS THIS DEMOCRACY'S LAST WORD?"
(Drawn by Davenport.)

Why not?

Where is the sense, what is the use, of making 16 to 1 the test of an American's Democracy?

It is narrowness reduced to a razor-edge to do it—mindless obstinacy unworthy of a political party having in trust the interests of the many as against the few. And a leader who demands this test, in view of the peril in which Democracy finds itself, faced by triumphant and intrenched plutocracy, is no leader, but a guide to defeat.

A great man, with Mr. Bryan's opportunity, would be a Liberator. A small man in his circumstances would mistake the causes of his popularity, misread the heart of the people, and bear himself as an attorney with a brief for a contention rather than as a Jefferson, with humanity for a client, elemental rights to plead.

IN FUTURE.

Great General—We must not forget to see that the preparations are complete for the official investigation that will follow this battle. Are the men who have been detailed to act as witnesses posted at the proper stations, with blank affidavits?

Aid—They are, General.

Great General—Are the cyclometers on the gun carriages in perfect order?

Aid—They are.

Great General—Are the self-registering time dials properly set?

Aid—They are in perfect readiness, General.

Great General—Is the man with the kinetoscope all ready?

Aid—He is, General.

Great General—Then, forward! Double quick! Charge!—Chicago Tribune.

IN NO HURRY.

There is a good Scotch lady in Detroit who has long wished to revisit the scenes of her childhood, and last Fall her sons decided that they could gratify her wish. When informed of this the practical mother replied:

"Aweel, aweel, I'm thinkin' I'll bide a wee. It's been a gae wet Summer, and I've nae doo't the sea is unusual deep."—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Blame Him.

"What," thundered Mr. Meekton's wife, "do you think of this man who married three wives, and then wants to come to Congress?"

"Well, Henrietta," he answered, as he gloom[illegible] tapped the edge of the table, "I dunno's I blame him for wanting to get away from home and go to Washington for a little while."—Washington Star.

DOOLEY ON ZANGWILL AND CAINE.

HE MISTRUSTS THE CHICAGO LITERARY MOVEMENT.

WHAN iv th' things that ye'd notice about Chicago, Hinnissy, if ye'd lived here as long as I have," said Mr. Dooley, "is th' sthrong way we've come along on lithrachoor. Whin I was a young man th' only lithry guy we had was Tim Scanlan, that wrote 'Th' Jacket's Green'—ye know th' song. It begins 'Whin I was a maiden fair an' young'—Scanlan was an ol' bachelor an' had no hair—an' Long John Wentworth, that owned a newspaper an' inthroduced th' first steam fire injine iver seen in th' West. I mind whin a man be th' name of Char-les Dickens come here—he was a Sassenach—an' thried f'r to separate us fr'm our good money, an' they was a ball that night iv th' Happy Sons of th' Gloryous West, an' th' la'ad talked to th' man that had his books on sale an' the janitor iv th' hall. All th' other pathrons iv lithrachoor wint to th' ball.

"'Tis diff'rent now. They'se as manny authors in Ar-rchey road as I've unpaid tabs in th' dhrawers. About th' same number. Young Hogan is prisidint iv th' Sons iv Saint Joseph an' O'Mara Khy-am Sodality. He tells me that this here O'Mara is an alias f'r a lithry guy be th' name iv Fitzgerald. I've knowed a few Fitzgeralds. Wan iv thim used to r-run a hall down be Halsted sthreet, an' they was another in th' wather office, but I wuddn't name Casey's cow afther ayether iv thim, let alone a sodality. An' instead of th' young ladies' sewin' society they've started th' Mrs. Humphry Ward an' Pleasure Club, an' Molly Donahue's th' head iv that. What do they do? Well, 'tis this way. Whin anny man writes so manny pieces f'r th' paper where he lives that no wan'll have annything to do with him, they sind him a letther askin' him to come out an' r-read his pieces to thim. Thin they give a ball f'r to pay th' ixpinses an' sind the proceeds to him. If he's a good man, an' don't dhrink, he comes out. They put him in th' finest r-room at th' Transit House that two dollars can buy, an' young Hogan gets th' rayporther iv th' Halsted Street Gazoot f'r to intherview him. 'What d'ye think iv our Worid's Fair City?' says th' rayporther. 'Rotten,' says th' lithry guy. 'Have ye seen anny iv th' lithry projuce iv Chicago?' 'I niver eat annything canned.' 'What's ye'er opinyon iv th' Bible?' 'A vastly overrated wurruk. Th' char-ackters is not dhrawed fr'm nature an' th' language is coorse.' 'Ye have a poor opinyon iv Shakspere?' 'Th' worst in th' wurruld. Have ye a pitcher iv me? Well, here's twinty. Go, now, ye impydint outcast an' see that they're printed in yer scand'lous an' odjous newspaper, which I despise,' he says. 'Th' vileness iv th' press iv America,' he says, 'is beyond annything I know,' he says. 'Manny an' many's th' time th' privacy iv me r-room has been invaded be rayporthers, an' th' secrets iv me ar-rt an' me life wrinched fr'm me, an' thin they didn't print more than half what I said,' he s[illegible]. 'Go,' says, 'an' vent yeer cur-rsed spite on me,' he says. 'Tell thim ivrything about me,' he says. 'Tell thim I'm th' gr-reatest livin' author; tell thim I'm the mos' fash'nably dhressed man,' he says. 'Tell thim women go mad over me,' he says. 'Expose me naked to the wurruld,' he says. 'Ye'll find a pitcher iv me there in a goold bathtub, attinded by th' Prince iv Wales,' he says. 'Alas,' he says, 'that a man iv my standin' shud be so threated,' he says. An' he weeps an' gives th' rayporther an eight-cint seegar an' a vollum iv his well-known thranslation iv Butthrick's Pattherns fr'm th' original Greek.

"They had a Jew man out here th' other day, the author iv a pome called Childer iv th' Get-to-hell-out-of-this I think Hogan called it. I niver give th' Jews much credit f'r being' lithry, an', be hivens, they niver give me much credit f'r annything else. But this lad was a lithry guy, all r-right. He talked in th' school hall, undher th' auspices iv th' O'Mara Khy-ams, an', says he: 'I'll make an ipigram,' he says. 'This is th' wor-rst town, an 'this audjeence th' wor-rst mob iv imported immigrants I iver see,' he says. He didn't put it that sthrong, but it sounded that way. 'I'm surprised to see ye here tonight,' he says, 'f'r none iv ye look as if ye iver arned more than thirty cints in th' laundhry,' he says, 'or had brains enough,' he says, 'to buy a ticket,' he says. 'As I said to an audjeence th' other night, in me style that's been so much copied ivrywhere,' he says, 'th' sea iv upturned faces befure me makes me want to go out an' hang mesilf f'r fear I'd be dhrowned,' he says. 'I doubt if anny iv ye'll undherstand annything I say,' he says, 'but I'll go ahead an' r-read fr'm th' wurruk iv th' gr-reatest author that was iver foaled,' he says. 'That is,' he says, 'mesilf,' he says. 'Th' first selection,' he says, 'will be "Th' Pawn Shop That Me Gran'pa Left to Me,"' he says. 'A wurruk,' he says, 'that I ha've universally admired,' he says. An' I come away an' wint down to Finucane's hall an' broke into th' dance iv th' Gluemakers' Union, an' had a time that reminded me iv th' good ol' days iv Chicago, befure th' r-run iv books was larger thin th' r-run iv hogs."

"Why didn't ye poke him wan!" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"That aint th' thrue lithry feelin'," said Mr. Dooley. "That was th' feelin' befure th' Ar-rt Institoot was built, whin they used to give a gr-reat author th' time iv his life be takin' him out to me ol' fri'nd Armour's an' lavin' him belt a steer over th' head with a sledge-hammer."—Copyright, 1899, Chicago Journal.

THIS $50.00 SILVER TOILET SET FOR A RECIPE.

SUPERSTITION.

"We must part!" he exclaimed, pale with anger. "I have discovered that you have been married twelve times before!"

She opened her great blue eyes wonderingly.

"Dear me!" she faltered. "Now, who would have picked you out to be superstitious? Well, I declare!"

After all, perhaps, it was better thus than to have him marry her and then leave her because he saw the new moon over his left shoulder or something.—Detroit Journal.

ANXIOUS TO PLEASE.

"Of course, you wouldn't think of saving yourself at the expense of some one else," said the French soldier's friend.

"Well," was the answer, "you know the popular cry now is 'Long live the army!' So, as a part of the army, I feel it my duty to live as long and comfortably as possible."—Washington Star.

TOO TRUE.

"Dearest," she murmured, "I'm so afraid you'll change."

"Darling," he answered, "you'll never find any change about me."

Which was painfully true in a double sense.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHO WANTS A SILVER TOILET SET?

THE JOURNAL WILL GIVE THEM AWAY.

HAVE you got a complete toilet set of solid silver?

If you haven't, don't you want one?

The Journal is giving them away, and you might as well have one.

Of course, you know some original toilet recipe that is the "best in the world." What woman hasn't some famous toilet secret handed down from mother, grandmother or even great grandmother? Some preparation or manipulation that will give one teeth like pearls or hair like spun sunshine, eyes like stars or the complexion of a rose leaf; lips like the gates of heaven, or hands, feet and figure to put Venus herself to shame.

Just write that recipe out and send it to the Journal before 12 noon Monday, January 16.

For the best recipe received the Journal offers **a Magnificent Fifty-Dollar Solid Silver Toilet Set of Twenty Pieces.**

The Journal recognizes that there have been many books on the art of beauty written, but many recipes of almost priceless value to womankind have never been printed, and it desires therefore to secure just this information for its hundreds of thousands of fair readers: hence this offer.

The toilet set is from the well-known firm of Adams & Co., on Sixth avenue, from Twenty-first to Twenty-second street, and consists of the following articles:

The comb, brush and hand glass, with backs and handles in repousse silver, usually cost over $15; the velvet brush $5; the cosmetic jar, in crystal, with wreathed silver top, $4; the bonnet whisk, with heavily worked silver handle, $3.25; the button hook, shoe horn and whisk broom, with long, floral silver handles, retail at over $5; the puff box, of crystal with silver top, usually $4; the dainty puff, with fine silver handle, is $1; the nail polisher and nail brush, with large, hammered silver handles convenient for grasping, are $2.25 each; the tooth brush handle, to which a new brush can be fitted at any time, is $1.75; the soap box, entirely of silver, in large coffer shape, with cover, might be taken for a small jewel case, from its size, shape and decoration, while the glove stretcher, hair curler, manicure scissors and knife, with lovely embossed handles, will bring the cost of the entire set to over $50, which any woman can secure by sending in the best toilet recipe known and tested in her personal use.

The recipes are limited to 300 words, the briefer the better. Write only on one side of the paper and state carefully if you do not wish your name used in case your recipe is printed.

Address all letters to

SHIRLEY DARE,
The Journal,
Toilet Recipe. New York.

The Journal will publish all the good recipes, as well as the one winning the prize.

Spoiled for Him.

"Your little boy seems to have a bad cold," said the kind passenger. "Won't you let me give him a piece of licorice? I find that it always does me good, especially when my throat is a little sore."

"I should not object to your giving him a piece of licorice," the boy's mother answered, "but it would be impossible to get him to eat it."

"Why, that's queer. Licorice is good. It tastes like candy. Won't you have a piece, little boy?"

The little boy shook his head negatively, and his mother explained:

"You see, somebody once spoke of licorice as medicine before him. Previous to that time he never could get enough of it. But he doesn't like it now."—Cleveland Leader.

Filing His Claim.

Tuffold Knutt—Mister, 'xcuse me. Aint you the man that wrote some poetry 'bout "The Man in Rags"?

Literary Celebrity—Yes. What can"——

Tuffold Knutt—You got a lot o' money fur it, didn't ye?

Literary Celebrity—Perhaps I did. To what purpose——

Tuffold Knutt—Mister, I'm the man you wrote about. I reco'nize it by the description. Reckon ye can let me have a quarter on the stren'th of it?—Chicago Tribune.

Similar, but Different.

Diggs—Did you employ a typewriter to copy your manuscript?

Biggs—I thought I did, but on looking over the work I discovered that I had employed a typewronger.—Chicago News.

The Thoughtful Pose.

"Did you fall?" asked the officious one of the man who had slipped on the ice.

"Fall!" roared the man witheringly; "no! I merely sat down to think calmly over this expansion question."—Philadelphia North American.