

FOLK'S ASSAULT.

Oh, shades of Aristides and the immortal Plato! Oh, all ye mighty spirits that have gone before! Sit tight on your coffins and grip your tombstones, for Gov. Folk, of Missouri, will disturb you.

Speaking of the tariff in a speech at Nashville recently, he had the following to say, among many other things:

"Masked in the guise of protection to American industry, dissembling as a friend to American labor, the protective tariff operates as a cloak for cunning, as a shield for monopoly, a tax upon industry, a fine upon labor, and, finally, in its last analysis, it is a graft and a false pretense, conceived in greed and brought forth in avarice."

Say, spirits of William McKinley and James G. Blaine, and hundreds of others who went down to your graves fighting for this principle dear to every Republican's heart, did you catch those words? What think you of your lives misspent? What infinite labors were those you put forth for such an avaricious cause? Did you hear that ribald riot of words spewed upon the great work that you did for your country?

Yes, the mighty Folk sets you down as hypocrites and cormorants. What a monster of machination Hamilton must have been when he set the running-gear of this government in motion, and how blind Washington was to become accessory to the greed, cunning and graft of his matchless secretary. According to the world-renowned Missourian, American history is chock full of birds of prey in the guise of statesmen, and evil men have used the tariff from time immemorial to further their wicked ends. They have robbed the people mercilessly, and scourged the nation's honor almost to death.

Let us look at this popin-jay who deigns to wallow around on the graves of the mightiest statesmen that have ever graced all the mighty tide of time. Who is he? What experience has he in legislation? From a chicken-court lawyer he rose to be Attorney General of Missouri, and then became Governor because of the notoriety he gained by prosecuting a lot of grafters in the city of St. Louis. His fame is not that of a statesman, but rather that of a dare-devil in sensational politics. He would not be where he is, had it not been for blind luck. And yet he is the juggernaut that would grind into disdain even the names of our greatest and grandest men. He is a fair sample of the modern tribe of Democrats.

A little further on in his senseless ribald he says:

"All the great factories of America now sell in competition with the entire world abroad. The law of supply and demand regulates the price of labor. The protective tariff cannot be for the benefit of the working man."

A statement like that is a dandy, isn't it? Everybody outside of the asylum knows that the Dingley tariff puts an import duty upon most foreign manufactured goods, so as to protect our own manufacturers. Were it not for this law, our manufacturers could not operate. America cannot compete with the world on a free-trade basis. The cost of labor here and abroad is so different. American labor is the most expensive in the world. It costs something to hire a man to do a day's work in this country, whereas in some countries abroad you can hire labor for a song. The law of supply and demand does not regulate the price of labor. Protection does in this country.

American workingmen are proud that they get more for their labor than any other workingmen in the world. They appreciate the fact that employment and opportunities are so abundant in this country. How different it was under the Democratic tariff of a dozen years ago! The change for the better is no accident. There can be no other reason given under the sun for the present status of American wages than protection. And when Folk or any other windjammer attempts to give any other reason, he is talking through his hat. Remove the tariff and see how long it will be until our shores will be the dumping-ground of the world. With duties wiped out, all the shopworn rubbish of Europe would be dumped upon our markets, and American enterprise would die dead in six months.

The bombast of a wordy school-boy is about as valuable as Folk's tirade at Nashville. What say the millions who work for wages in this

THE DEMOCRATIC ROUNDER AND THE NEGRO VOTER.

The following is a pen picture of what happens in many a Southern community along about election time. Has it ever happened in your locality?

Judge Tabor and several candidates for county offices had a night set to address the negro voters in their little dirty school house on the outskirts of the town. The Judge was not a candidate himself, but he was a rounder, and had a great influence over the negroes. He was an ex-judge of the District Court, and owned much property in and around the place, and three fourths of the negro population had worked for him, off and on. In fact, many of them looked to him for their bread and meat. He would give a negro picnic once a year on his place out about a mile from town, and the negroes for miles around would come to eat "de Judge's barbecued meat." This he did to win them, of course.

On the night in question about a hundred and fifty negroes had gathered to hear him tell them how to vote. He took the floor and began:

"My colored friends, I need not ask you who your friends are. They are these people right here among whom you have been raised. There is no reason for you to vote the Republican ticket. The Democrats love Abraham Lincoln just as good as you do, but this does not lead them to act the fool and vote the Republican ticket. These candidates sitting around here are all my friends, and, of course, they are your friend. You have known them from boyhood. You have confidence in them. You know me, my colored friends. I have been watching over your interests here for about forty years. You know I would not advise you wrong."

The colored school teacher, who had drifted into the place from another state the year before, and who had not come under the Judge's influence like the other negroes, took the floor when the Judge sat down and got permission to ask a question.

"I do not wish to appear as a leader among my people, or to antagonize the honorable Chairman of this meeting, but I want to know what the Democrats meant in the last legislature by trying to disfranchise the negro voters of this state?"

"You are mistaken," spoke up the Judge. "The Democrats attempted no such thing."

"Well," the teacher made response, "I have a pamphlet here in my hand, which was sent me from the office of the Secretary of State, and it tells me that such a bill was introduced, but failed to become a law."

"Say," roared the Judge, "you have no voice in this meeting. We called it for our colored friends."

"But I'm a voter in this county," replied the teacher, "and I supposed your invitation for the negro voters to meet you and the candidates here included me."

"I say you have no voice," retorted the Judge.

"I say I have," came the reply, coolly.

At this the Judge sprang down from the rostrum with his cane and drew it back to hit the teacher. The candidates present interfered. The negroes in the audience began to get excited. The Judge soon regained control of himself and said:

"I swear that every nigger that votes against these candidates that are the regular nominees of the Democratic party, shall never get another lick of work from me, and I shall see that this town and the surrounding country gives them the cold shoulder in the future. Do you hear?"

The old colored parson took the floor to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"De Judge am right," said he. "You niggers owe him er whole lot. If it hadn't been for him some of you wouldn't have been here. 'Cose you'se gwine ter vote de Democratic ticket jes' de same as you alwus has. What business have you Southern niggers votin' de Republican ticket, anyhow? Doan you know dat you makes dese good Southern white foaxes mad every time you do it? De brudder, er—er de Professor, I mean, doan know dese white foaxes lak we does."

The candidates then presented their respective claims. Some of them grew very eloquent in their praise of the negro race, and especially that portion of it that lived in that particular county.

When they had finished, the Judge took from his grip a handful of bil-

lots. He stepped to the edge of the rostrum and asked:

"How many colored voters in the audience will vote the Democratic ticket to-morrow? Those who have your minds made up to do so, hold up your hands."

Every negro's hand in the house went up, except the teacher's hand. The Judge gave him a piercing look. "Well," continued the Judge, "I have the tickets already made out and I will deliver them to you. Every one of these ballots must be voted to-morrow just as I hand them out, or you know the consequences."

He handed the ballots out and the negroes folded them and put them in their pockets. Then he turned to the teacher and said:

"I guess it would not be best to let the sun rise on you in this town. Do you understand? You are not fit to teach this school. My colored friends, I'll see that you have a teacher that will not teach you to hate your friends."

The meeting broke up and the negro teacher walked out with bowed head, went direct to his boarding place and got his valise, and left the place that night. The other negroes went to the polls next day and voted the Democratic ticket as they had been instructed. The ticket was elected, of course, by an overwhelming majority.

THE BLACK PERIL.

Now as politics are getting lively all over the country, listen for negro depredations. The Democrats will take up every little mole-hill and make a mountain of it. Negro crimes will be exploited to the country for political effect. The Democracy of the South especially grows wild-eyed in political campaigns over the "Black Peril," as they call it. They paint the bad nigger as a veritable beast that roams the country but to kill and to ravage.

We believe in a negro staying in his place, and it is far from us to defend a single negro for a dastardly crime. But it seems to us that it is time to drop this negro business out of American politics. It only serves to suggest the crimes that the bad negroes commit to the peaceable negroes. To agitate the negro question in political campaigns tends to disturb the efforts of those who are endeavoring to work out the negro problem.

But as we have said often, eliminate the negro from Southern politics and you take the winning issue of the Democratic party in that section. The Republicans have long since given up the idea of getting a square deal in the South for years to come. Because the Republican party advocates treating the negroes as a race fairly and squarely it has been accused of being a negro party. It is often called "the black Republican party."

When it comes to the negro's vote, it doesn't cut any ice in our national elections. In that section where the negro votes the Republican ticket, his ballot is not counted. Take Mississippi and Louisiana, for instance. If every negro was allowed to vote his sentiments in those states, what would go with their Democratic majorities?

Our idea is to let the negro alone. Don't put foolish notions in his head by dragging him as a bone of contention into political campaigns. Let him go about his business so long as he obeys the laws, but so soon as he violates them, jerk him up and make him pay the penalty. We advocate the same kind of treatment toward white law-breakers.

Such men as Tillman and Vardeman do incalculable harm by running around over the country and continually shooting off their heads about the negro. The masses of the American people are tired if it. Over in California the other day they wouldn't let Mr. Tillman hold out on his favorite negro theme. They told him plainly that he had to talk about something worth while, or he couldn't get off his bazoos in their midst. Well, that's business. The people all over the country ought to do the same thing. Let it be understood that this negro question is a threadbare question, one that you have heard discussed from your earliest childhood up, and that you have heard it a-plenty.

The price of the peace conference was \$1,300,000; which was mighty high, when most of the nations that participated need the money with which to build battleships.

DEMOCRACY APPALLED.

The Democratic press is frantically beating the air and wildly-screaming about a little incident that happened on an east-bound trans-continent train from Los Angeles, Cal., to Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth were returning to their home in Cincinnati the other day from a trip to the Orient. It appears that they desired a drawing room in a Pullman coach. The right sort of people will be apt to laud their desire to shun the gaping curiosity which loves to lionize the daughter and son-in-law of the President of the United States. The desire for privacy is commendable in such folk, under such circumstances. As bad luck would have it, however, there was but one drawing room in all the Pullman cars hitched to the train upon which the Longworths were traveling, and this had been pre-empted by two Russians, who were occupying it. "Nick" appears to have used the long leather string of his prominence to displace the foreigners, who vacated the apartment under protest, and after having their money refunded to them, "Nick" and Alice took possession.

The Democratic press has taken up the incident as a monumental piece of imperialism. Upon what sort of meat, they ask in a heaven-filling chorus, has this our national son-in-law fed that he has grown so great? Is no man hereafter to be safe in his Pullman berth, they shriek, if "Nick" and Alice are aboard the same train? Must the traveller's sweet dreams be disturbed by an order from "Nick" to get out and let him in? Where are our ancient rights and boasted liberties, they ask in thunder tones, if a puppy royal couple can travel abroad and make other people bow to their will in sweet humility and get out of bed in the middle of the night and let the blooded pair snug in where common people have no right to snooze? One editor, especially, who is rooting a little deeper than the rest for a paramount issue in the coming campaign, paraphrases Patrick Henry's outburst of eloquent and mounts the stairs himself and ascends into the empyrean in the following language: "Is prosperity, then, so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased with the price of Pullman tickets? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

Suppose the displaced passengers had been Japanese instead of Russian, oh, Rod of Moses, wouldn't the Democrats have shrieked and pawed? But as the Russians were first to arrive and first to leave Mukden, there will be no diplomatic exchanges touching the incident. The little occurrence—who knows?—may be driven athwart the political sky by Democratic winds, and a paramount issue made out of it in the 1908 campaign. Imperialism means kingly power. And the Dem editors say emphatically that "Nick" acted just like a king. So the great question that now overshadows this mighty land is imperialism. Let all loyal Republicans be getting their boots and saddles together for the impending fray, while the Democrats are currying their jacks.

POT-SHOTS AT THE CONSTITUTION.

What was that you said, Mr. Bryan? Do you actually believe that the constitution of the new state of Oklahoma is better than that of the nation? What is the matter with you, anyhow? We had the idea concealed about our old clothes that the national constitution was about the best yet. Things have come to a pretty pass when our great fundamental law looks like thirty cents to a man who is dying to be President of the United States. A man actuated by due appreciation of constitutional government is not going off half-cocked touching our fundamental law. Did you hear that? The constitution needs no defense, in an argumentative way at any man's hands. It is bigger than any man's opinions.

The peculiarity of our national constitution is very noticeable. Its power grows less or greater as the will of the majority is for or against it. From the standpoint of the individual who believes in it strongly, and who is willing to give his life in its defense, it is almost perfect. From the standpoint of him who looks upon it as a bundle of out-of-date mandates, it falls short. The

constitution of the U. S. was never meant for a court room document. It was meant to be a guide for the enactment of statutory law.

There is an element in this country who know very little of the constitution, and yet they are having a very great deal to say about it. The present administration has been criticised because it did things that were not expressly stipulated in the constitution. Those who have thus criticised the Rooseveltian policies forget, or have never learned, that there are implied powers in the instrument.

The Republican party stands fast by the national constitution. It went to war for it when its power was scoffed and disputed, and it is pledged to enforce it to the last. It has raised the instrument to the highest point or zenith of political achievement. It made a glorious constitution. It has put it far ahead of every other political instrument in the world. It has made it to shine like a glittering star.

It is not a partisan instrument, but a great party has championed it. A blow dealt it is a blow to that party that has for its chief object its protection.

Those Democratic statesmen who so delight to take pot shots at the constitution are going to wake up one of these days and wonder who hit Billy Patterson. They are attacking one of the most sacred instruments that has been written since the Mosaic law was traced on tables of stone.

CARRIE, THE MARTYR.

Carrie Nation, of hatchet fame, has been arrested several times lately for making curbstone talks against the deadly cigarette and the rum demon. The authorities have her taken into custody because she blocks the sidewalks and disturbs the peace. In Washington, notably, has she been thus interfered with in her temperance crusade. The officers, if they but knew it, are pursuing the right course to martyrize her. Even anarchists have been allowed in most of the large cities to expound their pernicious doctrine without further molestation than to be warned that they must not preach violence or treason. But who has had the boldness to accuse Carrie Nation of being an anarchist? No one has yet had aught to say against her sincerity. All agree that she is nothing more nor less than an erratic temperance reformer.

Deluded she may be, but there are a great many people in the United States who think with her that the saloon and cigarette are corroding the very heart of the country. She may be a fanatic and a star performer of a sensational role, but no one can deny her earnestness. Her method of campaigning may be a little too strenuous to receive the sanction of public opinion, but she is getting attention. Everywhere she goes the people give her a hearing, until she is jerked up by the police, rammed into a hoodlum wagon and rushed off to the calaboose.

It must not be forgotten that Carrie is from Kansas. She is from a strenuous state. When people ask, "What is the matter with Carrie?" they must expect the same answer to be returned as is vouchsafed when that other question is asked, "What is the matter with Kansas?"

It cannot be denied that the enemies of Carrie Nation are her best advertisers—her hustling press agents. She is beginning to loom up before the nation as a martyr. The people where she is arrested take up a collection to pay her fines. Her humiliation at the hands of the officers serves only to boost her for the next town. Upon one occasion when she was being rushed off to a city tribunal for trial, she said to her conductors, "This makes me think of how they treated my Lord and Master about two thousand years ago in the wicked city of Jerusalem." She says she is willing to sacrifice herself upon the altar of temperance and sobriety. Her zeal is like unto that of the Christian martyrs of the dark ages. It appears that she is determined to stamp her identity upon the great temperance movement that is now sweeping the country.

The American people pay no attention to the talk of a panic by the stock gamblers of Wall Street. What do the great masses care if that whole robbing outfit goes to the wall? The stability of this nation lies in the brain and brawn of the millions who sow and reap. Let this be understood once and for all.