

KANSAS DAY CLUB.

ADDRESSES

AT THE

FOURTH ANNUAL BANQUET,

JANUARY 29, 1895.

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THOSE PRESENT AT THE BANQUET,
 January 20, 1895.

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Calvin, John H., Topoka.	Gregory, T. J., Wellsville.
Campbell, Phil. P., Pittsburg.	Gregory, P. E., Lyndon.
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Carter, C. C., Alma.	Hall, Clarence S., Lawrence.
Chase, Harold T., Topoka.	Hallowell, Montgomery, Wichita.
Chenoweth, Ed., Ottawa.	Hamilton, John H., Columbus.
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Clark, Walter B., Ottawa.	Hawkes, S. N., Stockton.
Cochran, J. K., Pratt.	Harger, Chas. M., Abilene.
Cole, Geo. E., Girard.	Hendon, M. L., Lyndon.
Cook, W. W., Oswego.	Henderson, J. R., Alma.
Copeland, E. L., Topoka.	Herbert, Ewing, Hiawatha.
Cox, C. A., Chanute.	Hiles, W. C., Larned.
Craw, F. S., Topoka.	Hoffman, T. T., Kansas City.
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 Leornard, Tracy, Lawrence.
 Leland, E. S., Troy.
 Leydig, B. R., El Dorado.
 Little, O. W., Alma.
 Little, E. C., Abilene.
 Lobdell, Chas. E., Dighton.
 Long, Chester L., Medicine Lodge.
 Longoncker, Oscar, Paola.
 Lough, W. J., Altamont.
 Lowe, Eldon, Fort Scott.
 Lusk, H. H., Parsons.
 Macferran, Wm., Topeka.
 Mac Lennan, Frank P., Topeka.
 Madison, Ed. H., Dodge City.
 Martindale, H. F., Madison.
 McCabo, Chas. T., Topeka.
 McCall, B. B., Lawrence.
 McClair, R. H., Lyndon.
 McFarland, E. A., Lincoln.
 McMillan, W. H., Wakarusa.
 McNeal, T. A., Topeka.
 McNeil, C. A., Columbus.
 Menninger, Dr. C. F., Topeka.
 Monohor, W. E., Lincoln.
 Miller, J. M., Council Grove.
 Miller, S. C., Kansas City.
 Mills, W. W., Topeka.
 Morhouse, Geo. P., Council Grove.
 Morgan, W. Y., Emporia.
 Morrow, J. C., Washington.
 Morse, J. C. O., Wellington.
 Mulvane, D. W., Topeka.
 Myatt, A. J., Wichita.
 Myler, E. W., Baldwin.
 Naill, D. W., Abilene.
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 Owen, E. C., Olathe.
 Palmer, L. A., Clifton.
 Parrott, F. W., Clay Center.
 Pairs, J. E., Lawrence.
 Perkins, H. A., Olathe.
 Perkins, L. H., Lawrence.
 Phillips, H. M., Topeka.
 Pickler, R. M., Smith Center.
 Polek, Dr. G. I., Wamego.
 Porter, Herbert, Larned.
 Proshaw, J. F., Wellsville.
 Randolph, John, Pittsburg.
 Randolph, L. F., Nortonville.

Road, Clyde M., Parsons.
 Road, C. S., Fredonia.
 Reynolds, Ed., Baldwin.
 Richards, A. A., Wellington.
 Robinson, R. G., Holton.
 Royce, John Q., Phillipsburg.
 Russell, A. E., Kansas City.
 Russell, W. H., Rush Center.
 Scott, Chas. F., Iola.
 Sedgwick, J. R., McDonald.
 Sells, Geo. A., Larned.
 Selts, H. W., Clay Center.
 Sharp, A. G., Burlingame.
 Shelton, Chas. M., Burlingame.
 Simmons, J. S., Dighton.
 Simons, R. T., Caldwell.
 Sims, John T., Kansas City.
 Slonecker, J. G., Topeka.
 Smith, Edgar M., Smithville.
 Smith, S. S., El Dorado.
 Snively, J. D., Wichita.
 Snyder, K. P., Kansas City.
 Spenser, A. L., Hutchinson.
 Sprout, S., Jr., Topeka.
 Steele, John M., Lawrence.
 Stevens, E. B., Parsons.
 Stiekel, M. J., Baldwin.
 Stine, B. L., Rosedale.
 Taylor, J. Luther, Baldwin.
 Thavis, L. W., Olathe.
 Thomas, Roy. N. S., Leavenworth.
 Thomson, Wm., Burlingame.
 Tinscher, George W., Topeka.
 Trekkett, C. W., Kansas City.
 Troutfetter, P. A., Colby.
 Troutman, Jas. A., Topeka.
 Trower, O. H., Kansas City.
 Tucker, C. H., Lawrence.
 Tuttle, B. B., Clay Center.
 Twiss, Geo. J., Kansas City.
 Ury, I. N., Fort Scott.
 Valentine, D. A., Clay Center.
 Valentine, H. E., Topeka.
 Vincent, R., Washington.
 Walker, Will T., Kansas City.
 Watson, C. D., Topeka.
 Wheatley, G. W., Galena.
 White, Frank, Huron.
 Whitmore, A. J., Washington.
 Wiggam, J. H., Emporia.
 Willber, O. M., Ottawa.
 Woods, Harry L., Wellington.

ADDRESSES—1895.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

PHIL. P. CAMPBELL, PITTSBURG.

I OBSERVE that no glasses are turned down. Every one drinks to the happiness of all. The splendid victory, in November, is our first cause for congratulation. It was more than party triumph. The first acclaim of victory brought forth the Goddess of Liberty from the chambers of night, clothed in the glory of the morning sun. The dew of evening was on her brow. Her face was wreathed in a smile. She quaffed the cup that knows no sorrows and has no cares, then saluted the unfurled folds of the emblem of the free, and led a chorus of a million voices in chanting—

"My country, 't is of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing."

Inclination invites me to consume your time in thanksgiving and praise at the shrine of her who leads the song; but the melancholy reflection forces itself upon me that victories are never complete, and triumphs are only for a time. "Nothing is half so melancholy as a battle lost—except it be a battle won."

Defeat camps close upon the trail of victory.

The vanquished kindle their smoldering camp-fires, and eat crow, in the light of the glowing embers around which the victors quarrel for pie.

The conqueror leaves the field with ejaculations of joy, relaxing his energies; the conquered follows close upon him with the chagrin of defeat, knitting his sinews for another conflict.

In political affairs, some content themselves with a single victory. The curtain to ambition for party triumph does not rise after the first act. Others are applicants for positions which they have earned and which they are compe-

tent to fill, but unfortunately there are not enough places to go around, and too often unjust criticism of administration follows personal disappointment.

Under our institutions, we serve our country through our party. Need I add that it is the patriotic duty of every citizen to be a constant, consistent and unselfish partizan in the organization that brings the greatest good to the greatest number—the Republican party.

KANSAS.

CHAS. M. SHELDON, BURLINGAME.

TO be accorded the privilege of responding to a toast so inspiring as the one just proposed is an honor to any Kansan, and particularly gratifying to one who was born within the borders of the state at a time when it required considerable nerve to be born in Kansas. Though the time allotted for responses is short, yet one could in the time give in detail the entire history of Kansas from inauguration day, 1893, to inauguration day, 1895; that is to say, all we would desire to preserve for posterity. With the exception of two years when Kansas, tired of reading Saint John and being deeply impressed with the remarks of Saint Paul touching the use of wine for the stomach's sake, tried a Democratic Governor, the state has been from its birth up to 1892 under a Republican administration. From this latter date, we have, in public opinion, speedily passed out of the great corn and wheat belt and become known as the great crank and whisker belt of the West.

During these two years our state has wandered in by and forbidden paths, faring worse than the prodigal son, for the swine were so voracious that even the husks were not spared her. Fortunately she had not, like Joseph, been sold into bondage, but had been simply *Leased*, as it were. Often she was in *Close* quarters, never escaping without having *Dust* shaken from her clothing; but the same providence that watched over and protected the historic blue jay spared the life of the jayhawk, on about the same terms; and if the Republican party of Kansas will in the future, as in the past, be true to the trust again committed to its care, Kansas will continue her journey to the stars without another such discreditable interruption as she had two years ago. Our duty as Kansans lies not in retrospect; and while we glory in the history of our state as made by our fathers, let it be our fixed and unchangeable purpose to make such history only as shall be rich legacies to our sons.

A general indictment of Populism has been found by the grand jury of Kansas suffrage, and the verdict that "Thou

hast been weighed and found wanting" was returned last November. This repudiation of the repudiators was a long stride toward the reestablishment of public confidence in Kansas; yet it was merely a condition precedent, and the great responsibility which came with that success is now upon us and needs be treated with gravest consideration.

On account of absence in the East, I did not have an opportunity until yesterday to read our Governor's message. How my heart swelled when I read that message, and how proud I am that he is our Governor! It was filled with hope, not with despair; did not deal exclusively with our liabilities, but called attention to our vast resources; did not juggle with figures, as did our ex-Governor in a recent magazine article, to try and show to the world that every man, woman and child in Kansas was in debt beyond the possible hope of redemption; did not yield to the siren of demagoguery, but fearlessly and courageously expressed honest convictions obtained by years of practical business experience. The message can be recommended as a text-book for the guidance of the Republican party in Kansas.

Kansas has suffered much from causes beyond the reach of the great Populist cure-all, legislation, chief among which have been several successive crop failures in the western part of the state, which have not only caused a general exodus in many counties, but have swallowed up hundreds of thousands of dollars of Eastern money which never will be regained. These loans were injudiciously made, and for years to come will militate against us in the money marts of the East.

Those of us who have been many years in Kansas, and have seen the slow but perceptible westward movement of the so-called rain-belt, have the faith within us to believe that in time there will be sufficient rainfall in the western half of the state to make farming there a reasonably safe occupation; but in the lexicon of Kansas there is no such word as *Waite*. The 1895 edition of Colorado does not contain it either. We therefore hail with intense joy the recent experiments and developments in western Kansas, which lead us to hope that a large portion of our western area is possessed of an inexhaustible underflow of water, which, by the inexpensive method of windmill and pump, can be placed in dirt reservoirs and distributed at will over

land, the fertility of which is only equaled by that watered by the Nile. The establishment of reservoirs, building of ponds, planting of trees and the certain continuous cultivation of a portion of this territory would soon change the entire character of the atmosphere and make farming reasonably safe on lands not under irrigation. Judicious legislative aid in the way of appropriations and rebatement of taxes to persons maintaining ponds should and doubtless will be given. Then, by the adoption by the legislature of the recommendation of the Governor looking to such changes in our collection laws as will again inspire the confidence of the East, it will be possible for us to obtain money to aid legitimate enterprises and developments, and we shall witness the dawn of an era of prosperity that will again cause the eyes of the civilized world to turn in admiration to Kansas.

As I stated before, I was born in Kansas. Ushered into existence, the first sight that met my startled gaze was the dark clouds of civil war. Shrinking from the scene, I was possessed of a sensation strange and indescribable, such, indeed, as doubtless possessed the prophets, enabling them to rend the veil that hides the future. I saw, outlined against the dark and somber clouds, a human form in chains, and standing by its side, as an angel of light, armed with that which is mightier than the sword, and with a look of kindly compassion upon his rugged features, I saw another form. Midst loud hosannas I saw the shackles fall. Again, with darkness lighted only by the lurid lightnings of war, came the rattle of musketry and roll of drums. This is indeed war, and upon Kansas fell the first crimson drops of that awful combat and sanctified as hallowed ground her soil forever.

The vision changes; darkness disappears, and in its stead there bursts upon me in all its golden splendor the bright harbinger of a new and glorious day. Intoxicating in its delight is the scene that greets my eye. Peaceful and pastoral it is. Dotting here and there the lovely landscape are seen the humble cottages of the hardy pioneers, from the chimneys of which cheerfully rises smoke as sweet incense to heaven, while ever and anon can be seen, rearing their spires, temples of worship dedicated to Him who owns it all. Nurseries of learning adorn every hillside, and the busy hum of human energy fills my ears with

melody, and gladness and contentment shine out from every face. This, too, is Kansas. Gentle twilight obscures my view, and in the deepening shades a star breaks forth, and then another, and near it still another. As one by one they take their places in the firmament above, in letters of living light, behold, the Kansas constellation—*Ad astra per aspera!* History illuminated and prophecy fulfilled.

Ad astra, to the stars;
Per aspera, though it be
 Through trials and difficulties
 That have been and yet will be.
 Onward ever, and upward,
 Kansas slowly makes her way,
 'Till the shades of night have fallen
 On earth's last judgment day.

When all states throw off the bondage
 Of the tenement of clay,
 And to the stars above
 Joyously wing their way,
 Among the bright stars shining
 In the region of the blest,
 Purified by much refining,
 Kansas will outshine the rest.

WHY SHOULD KANSAS HAVE A DAY?

WM. C. HOOK, LEAVENWORTH.

WITHOUT attempting to analyze my own emotions, I presume there is some satisfactory philosophical explanation of the fact that when we are beginning to feel the weight of our few years, and our heads are slightly bared to the blasts of time, we assemble together as a young crowd and rekindle the fires of our political enthusiasm upon the altars of our young state and congratulate ourselves that we are not as those old gray-haired fellows, steeped in wiles, intrigues, and iniquity, whom we designate to hold the offices and bear the burdens thereof.

While I may be a new member of this club, I am not a recent convert to its principles, and may say that in respect of my allegiance to the common cause of those assembled here I am not unlike old John Randolph, who, to testify his devotion to the cause of cotton, said that he would walk a mile out of his way to kick a sheep.

Kansas was born in the travail of a revolution. She came from the furnace of war finely tempered to the necessities of the times. Young, strong, and clean-limbed, she became among her sister states the pioneer who blazed the way to human rights and liberties. With her face toward the east and the rising sun, and a motto of high endeavor, she has always been the exponent of progress and advancement in morals, civilization, and the science of government.

Why, then, should Kansas have a day, when the eternal years of God are hers?

We have a state of a million and a half of plain, earnest, honest people, backed by no ancestral ties and recognizing no class distinctions but those based on personal merit. The patent of Kansas nobility is executed by the President of our Nation, and conveys to the recipient the land embraced in his homestead entry. If we have a nobility, they are the pioneers who put their hands to the plow and look not backward, and though they are toil-worn and their faces are seamed with lines of care, yet they find time to rear their offspring in the love of their native state.

In politics the Kansan is generally a Republican; (a few of them are stalwart Democrats.) He is not a political weathercock, a watcher of the atmosphere, nor does he so much think what he says as say what he thinks. Principle is the pole towards which the needle of his adherence always turns at last.

The up-to-date Polonius, not speaking of Kansas, says: "My son, patriotism is peculiarly an American disease. It first breaks out in the mouth, where it rages violently for the while, and then through a metastatic process it finally reaches the pocket, where it mysteriously disappears"; but the patriotism of Kansas is the kind that stops bullets with bodies, and that denudes the farm, the workshop, the factory and the office of men in defense of honor and the flag. It is true that we are sometimes derided and envied by our sister states, but we may console ourselves by remembering that envy is the tribute that failure pays to success.

Our temporal religion, if I may be permitted the expression, is, "once a Kansan always a Kansan," and the worst apostate and backslider never gets beyond "formerly of Kansas."

What state or country can compare with ours in the number of its statesmen or in the fertility of their resources? They—or should I say we, in deference to those assembled here?—are as numerous as the autumn leaves "that strew the brooks of Vallambrosa"; and who can say that, when a matter of great pith and moment arose, a Kansas statesman ever failed in the emergency?

The Kansan is born to troubles. He goes to his county-seat to transact necessary and important business, and finds that it has been removed to the southern part of the county. He goes there, but it has again escaped him, and is located perchance in the northern part, and there he goes only to find that it has been again moved, and in patient resignation he returns to his home and waits until the county-seat comes along the road that passes his farm, and then he goes quietly out and records his deed. He knows that everything comes to the Kansan who waits. In one day he sees fertile fields of corn, grown almost to maturity, shriveled and burned by the scorching blasts of the south wind. The next day, down in eastern Kansas, he sees his crops washed out by floods that come as though the very heavens

were opened in wrath. Again, his humble dwelling-house and barn are distributed over adjoining townships, and his farms look as blasted as the tree which Christ cursed on the road to Jerusalem. The cholera attacks his swine; the tax-gatherer comes; the ever-present mortgage is defaulted, and the bubble of his fancied prosperity is burst and resolved into its elemental suds. His wife has been perceptibly under the repeated blows of misfortune, and their little wonder-eyed children look at them in nameless apprehension. What does he do? Why, he girds up his loins, thanks God he is a Kansan, and tries again.

What state, what people, have more sad trials, more heart-rending trials, more tribulations, and yet retain more faith, more hope, or more charity? And why should Kansas have a day, when we, her sons by nature or adoption, standing almost in the threshold of her statehood and seeing with prophetic eyes the rolling years ahead of her, know that she is not of an age but for all time.

COLLEGE MEN IN POLITICS.

M. J. STICKEL, BALDWIN.

I AM glad to come here to-night as a representative from the Baker University Republican Club. We have various clubs at Baker. Our friends in the State University can testify that we have, in the past, had clubs connected with the gentle game of football. We have a Prohibition club, a Midnight club, a Dirty Dozen club, and were once afflicted with a Populist club; this soon went to the wall, however, because the only member quarreled with himself for all the offices. But above them all in promise for the good of the state stands the Republican club.

While to appear here to-night as its representative is a source of great pleasure, yet this temporary happiness comes mingled with some very peculiar feelings which I think about tally with those of a young theologian in Mr. Spurgeon's great school, who was given but ten minutes to prepare a sermon on the story of Zaccheus, which was to be preached before the students and faculty. He nervously took his Bible and read how Zaccheus was greatly interested to see the great Miracle Worker, and how, being small of stature, he climbed into a neighboring tree that he might the better observe. He read the story over once and then marched resolutely to the front of the rostrum and began: "I will treat my theme in the observational method. I observe, first, that Zaccheus was a small man; so am I. I observe, secondly, that he was greatly in earnest in this matter; so am I. I observe, thirdly, that he was up a tree; so am I. I observe, fourthly, that he hastened down; so will I." I think you will all agree with me that this man had missed his calling, and that he should have been a politician. His third observation suits my case exactly; and to act in accordance with the fourth would also afford me great pleasure.

But I am to speak to-night on "College Men in Politics." The field is a broad one. We might go back and run over the list of men who have been prominent in the politics of the world and discover how many were college men. We would find that, since the institution of colleges, college

men have been the leaders in a large part of the important political movements. In our own country, while but one in five hundred has had college training, yet from this small part has come "thirty per cent. of all our congressmen, fifty per cent. of all our senators, sixty per cent. of all our Presidents, and seventy-five per cent. of our judges of the supreme court." Nor is the reason for this percentage difficult of discovery. A man, to become a leader in public affairs, must be possessed of a thoroughly trained intellect.

Doubtless many youths who trod the beaten tow-paths along Ohio's winding rivers had as great natural intellects as James A. Garfield, but none subjected these nature-given intellects to the rigorous course of training which developed their possible powers as did he. Other men have received this training through being early forced to fight, single-handed, the battles of life; others, studying by the light of a candle after a hard day's labor wielding the ax or behind plow-handles. These are at best but tedious and unsatisfactory methods; too roundabout and slow for this hurrying age of shortest roads. Thus men have sought, and are seeking, in constantly increasing numbers, the college course as a means of mental training—not because they love to study, but because they see in the college the means of the most satisfactory and economical mental development.

Since mental discipline became recognized as an essential factor, men have tried many methods of achieving it. It has been a sort of "survival of the fittest" struggle between rail splitting, soldiering, plowing, business professions, and the college. So we find that, as the age of culture has advanced, men, in seeking the shortest road, have turned to the halls of learning, and it is not strange that such a large number of our leaders have been college men. If this has been true of the past, what may we say of the immediate future? Men are turning to the colleges in numbers never before equaled. Droughts, nor Populist administrations, with their attending hard times, can keep them away. Kansas colleges are fuller than ever before. The people begin to realize that the time is fast passing when their sons can achieve success along any line without first having had thorough mental training, and that the college course stands unequalled as the means through which it may be achieved.

If, then, the college is the source from which are to come our leaders—to say nothing of the thousands who will enter the rank and file—the first duty is to see that college men are under the proper political influences. Here the young man, fresh from the sweet influences of home, is as potter's clay, to be molded by the associations of college life. Here he adopts the principles and doctrines by which his whole career will be governed. Here, then, is the place where the Republican party should plant and keep alive the glorious principles and doctrines of Republicanism.

In the first place, a reform is badly needed in the text-books from which political science is taught. There is scarcely a standard political economy adapted to the use of college classes which does not at least lean toward the pernicious doctrine of free trade. Many English texts, extensively used, teach the veriest rot along these lines, and college men in the crucial age of school life are being deluded into free-tradeism because a fair view of both sides is not afforded them. Think of studying a text which teaches that the entire abolition of all protective duties would work for the best interests of any country, at the very time when the whole nation was in financial chaos through fear of a mere reduction in duties! At such a time the empty depths of the student's pocketbook cry out to him that free trade is a humbug!

After placing the right text-books before the college man, give him a chance—a splendid chance—to become acquainted with Republican principles, and then, if he doesn't have enough of gumption to join the Republican forces, he shows that there is innate in him but feeble power for the discernment of truth, and he carries the birth-mark of a Democrat or Populist. Little need we fear for the Republican party if all the principles of every party are presented truthfully to the intelligent college men of this state and Nation.

That Republicans might not be behind in this matter, an American Republican College League has been organized. It is doing a glorious work, but it is a new organization. College men are busy men, and its officers must needs sacrifice much of time and energy to carry on its work. Young Republicans of Kansas, lend us your aid in the work of organizing a Republican league in every

college in Kansas! Boom it in your papers. Make it popular through speech and press. I am sure that an appeal will not fall on deaf ears when a subject that concerns the vital interest of the party and the state is presented to the young crowd of Republican politicians.

I have brought before you as best I could in these few words the part college men have, and are to have, in politics; and now, before I put into effect the fourth observation of the young theologian, let me add another word, in asking you to help us, not only in getting college men into politics, but in getting the right kind of politics into college men; and by the "right kind" I mean that grand old system of public affairs which stands without a rival as a system of government for a free and intelligent people, and which has stood and will ever stand under the name of "Republicanism."

THE KANSAS PARENTHESIS.

B. B. TUTTLE, CLAY CENTER.

SPEAKING of the administration of President Tyler, Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, said: "When the history of this Nation shall be written, his administration may be put in parenthesis"; and he defined, from Lindley Murray, a parenthesis to be: "A clause of a sentence enclosed between blank lines or brackets, which should be pronounced in a low tone of voice, and might be omitted altogether without destroying the sense."

For the past three years Kansas has been constructing upon the pages of her history an elaborate parenthetical clause. From the nature of the subject-matter enclosed between the brackets, however, it would be extremely difficult for a Kansan loyal to his state to pronounce this clause in a low tone of voice. It has been characterized by noise, bluster, fanatical railings, and pessimistic political thunder. It has abounded with the tramp of martial feet, the trumpeting of fureial warfare, the bellowing of commands from iron-throated, steel-chested reformers; the rude tattoo of sledge-hammers, beating grim, resounding music on oaken doors; the reveille of tapping ball clubs upon the pavements of the capitol; the reverberant snoring of jaded statesmen sounding "taps" as they bivouacked in our legislative halls. It has been too loud to justify a subdued tone of voice.

But those who through the gloom of early years saw Kansas pressing upward from obscurity to an honored place in the councils of the Nation; those who with tender solicitude have watched the alternate shifting of dark cloud and silver lining; those who have seen the mists of an obscure morning dispelled by radiant noon; those who, with sturdy arm and valiant soul, through inconstant seasons, have labored for the upbuilding and betterment of our great state, will agree that this parenthesis in our history might well be omitted altogether, without marring the context or detracting from the whole.

It is now over a third of a century since the cradle of the Nation first pillowed the infant Kansas. For it there was

no dainty array of fine linen and lace. No crooning lullaby of tender nurse or love song of doting mother soothed its waking hours. No gentle foot touched the rocker of its rude crib to woo refreshing slumber. But the infant missed not those gentle ministrations. It was born of sturdy mold. It came into the world with wide-open eyes; with its baby hands doubled into defiant fists, ready to do battle for itself. It required no alternate dashing of hot and cold water to produce the first sound from its lungs indicative of life. *It was born yelling!* No one handed the precocious youngster a diverting rattle of artistic ivory. It just reached over the side of the cradle, clutched a mass of sunflowers and bluestem, and listened with wide-eyed wonder to the onrush of Jim Lane's mighty army "putting down the rebellion," or the far-sounding crack of guerrilla rifles along the border.

The elder sisters of the child viewed its arrival with varied emotions. Those of Southern birth glanced at it with a scornful scowl of hate. Its Northern predecessors in the national family looked interestedly at its sturdy form, saw that it had come into the world unmarred by the red birthmark of slavery, and then left the youngster largely to its own resources. The fellows who had been hanging around the premises in anticipation of the event crowded awkwardly around the cradle and gazed at the child with curious affection; and the child, looking up into the honest eyes of a stalwart band of patriotic pioneers, let out so vigorous a yell of infantile delight that each man jumped for his horse and involuntarily reached for his gun, in anticipation of another onslaught of "border brigands."

The child matured young. Incidentally it may be remarked, that though now only of the age of thirty-four years, it has a son who wields the gavel in her legislative halls, undisturbed by the buzzing of the "bald hornet of the Neosho," a component part of the Kansas parenthesis, so annoying to his immediate predecessor.

It came to pass in the history of the child that a few of the young fellows who had run after the doctor during the interesting period preceding and immediately following its birth, and had stood around the barn and shot at a mark—the mark usually being a nomadic bushwhacker of proslavery ideas—began to assume a sort of proprietary interest in the maiden. In this they were joined by numerous

companions who had made her acquaintance at a much later date. They patted her patronizingly upon the back chucked her lovingly under the chin, and modestly strove to impress upon her mind that whatever of fame and good repute, whatever of wealth and material prosperity, whatever of happiness and contentment, she had acquired, had been due largely to their own untiring, unselfish and patriotic devotion. They early developed a consuming desire to serve as members of her official household — always for an adequate consideration — and with kindly forethought endeavored to relieve her from the annoyance and responsibility of looking after and choosing her own hired help.

Soon dissensions arose. Other fellows who had been "in at the bornin'," or who had arrived later on the field of action, began to make mean remarks. They said that the men who were constantly boasting that they had "molded the destinies of Kansas" were now permitting her destinies to mold. From behind straw stacks and hedges they hurled offensive missiles at the self-constituted mentors of Kansas, but the garbage glanced from toughened shoulders and bespattered the fair garments of Kansas with contaminating pollution. Meddlesome neighbors took a hand, and, with reckless aim, missed the garments of Kansas and soiled the raiment of the Nation with rabid denunciations. Cadaverous financiers, with more wheels in their heads than there is in a Waterbury clock, seized the opportunity. Strange jargon floated on the evening breezes and jarred upon the careless ear of the maiden, Kansas. Through the windows of the wooden schoolhouses, far out on the prairies, came a confused conglomerate murmur. "Plutoerats," "bondholders," "money sharks," "enslaved people of a dying republic," "demonetization of silver," "Government warehouses" and "sixteen to one" chased the peaceful A B C's and the traditional "three R's" into temporary retirement. Biliousness and dyspepsia began to pass current for statesmanship. Hirsute adornment was accounted a sign of wisdom. The agrarian masses were told by blatant demagogues that the earth was theirs, and the fulness thereof; and then the demagogues would compromise the assertion by leaving the farmer the soil and appropriating unto themselves the "fulness thereof" at the nearest drug-store. The cowhide boot with battered heel greeted the congress gaiter with jeers, and the jumper and the overalls joined with the

jeans pantaloons in a ghost-dance of death around the store clothes and the linen collar.

This was the initial bracket of the parenthesis. The has-beens, those who never were but think they were, and those who always wanted to be, said it was a mere passing breeze that would soon spend its force; that there were "only a few of 'em"; that everything would be "all right in November."

With the election of 1892 the parenthesis began in earnest. Those who had claimed that there were "only a few of 'em" found themselves in the predicament of the urban gentleman who had made a merry night with some country friends and started alone to return to a neighboring residence. Thinking to shorten the distance, he started across fields. Soon he encountered an old-fashioned Ohio worm fence, eight rails high. He struck it endwise and laboriously climbed the angle that blocked his way. He would climb over one angle, and in a few feet strike another and surmount that, and so on until he had climbed the entire length of about forty rods. As he sank exhausted upon a friendly stump and gazed ruefully at his tattered garments and bleeding shins, he exclaimed: "Either this is a great country for fences, or I've been comin' mighty fast."

Candor compels us to state that the Kansas situation of 1892 covered both these contingencies. We struck fences rapidly, and we came across country with the speed of the Empire State express.

In the halls of the national house of representatives we fell from high estate at the head of the table to a wearer of cap and bells, the court buffoon. From the forceful and picturesque in the senate we descended to the stupid and whiskerosque. From firmness, dignity, ability and unswerving loyalty in our state officials, we sank to vacillating incompetency and inane stupidity. Our legislators tore *Ad astra* from our honored motto and proudly nailed the tattered remnant to their masthead. Among all the states of the Union none could be found so poor as to do us honor.

Fellow Kansans, the parenthesis is closed. The final bracket has clicked into the composing-stick. From out the painted sepulchers of political prostitution Kansas has come forth "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." Clothed and in her right mind, she has surmounted one

more obstacle in her journey to the stars. A new day has dawned, and, as the ascending sun of our returning honor and prosperity lights the horizon with colors more brilliant than ever flowed from brush of artist of enduring fame, may we not with reason hope that the generations which come after, coming in humble cot or stately mansion this page of our history, as night's gray shadows creep across the plain, will pronounce the period of our dishonor and disgrace in subdued and forgiving tones? Out of it all may there come to the loyal sons of a redeemed state, gathered 'round this board this evening, a renewed devotion and an abiding resolve that no act or thought of ours, through the years that are to come, shall render possible a recurrence of "The Kansas Parenthesis."

THE FIRST PARTY AND THE PARTY OF THE SECOND PART.

R. M. PICKLER, SMITH CENTER.

THE present spectacle reminds me of a lot of old thoroughbreds, trained down for a race of four miles, viewing with glee and delight the antics of a green scrub in a dash of one furlong. And beloved, when the oil of your lamp is consumed, and you reach that other Kansas in the skies, and you stand, quaking and trembling, before good old St. Peter, and you are asked to give an account of the good you have done in this world, may you not then be informed that all speeches are limited to seven minutes.

I have witnessed with some trepidation a tendency to cruelly dissect our lately lamented adversaries; and that, too, with an entire absence of sweet charity, the queen of the graces. This is unseemly. The subject should be canvassed with profound earnestness. There has only been a repetition of history, and the student of ancient events is reminded by the Populist party of the book of Genesis—of the birth, the prospects and the fall of man.

Mark how striking the resemblance!

It was the "first People's Party on earth."

So also was Adam.

Eve was manufactured from the discarded bones of another party. So was the "party of the second part."

Both were allowed to inhabit a garden spot of the world for a time, and both, soon after their birth, became entangled in the snares and wiles of the devil.

Neither party was blessed with an abundance of raiment, and both were dead broke and knew nothing of work.

As soon as Adam could talk he commenced calling all things names.

Just so with the "party of the second part."

The action of Adam, our patriotic sire, and Eve, our sainted mother, in eating the apple, was not because they really cared for the fruit, but it was simply a protest of the common people against the plutocratic idea that any one being should own a monopoly of any commodity in the garden.

Both resolved to educate on economic questions, and both, by thus educating, brought upon themselves the death penalty.

And in both instances, when a weary and outraged Maker finally called them, they were in hiding and answered not.

But for a time the second party flourished, and occupied the land. And they got in work; good work, smooth work; just such work as was needed to build up a gigantic organization. Their leaders were brave and cautious, fairly won their spurs and wore them, and proceeded to harvest the brazen coin.

Our Populist friend feasted and was happy. As Job, our patient and long-suffering relative, said of the wild ass: "The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he thirsteth after everything green."

But from high living they waxed fat and proud and haughty, and the heavy hand of the Lord fell upon them, and in the bleak November they were brought low.

Defeat was followed by despair. As we read in the book of Jeremiah: "From the cry of Heshbon even unto Elealeh, and even unto Jahaz, have they uttered their voice from Zoar even unto Horoneam, as a heifer of three years old."

And the day after election, he who in the pride and flush of victory and strength was styled the "greatest political manager of his time" with streaming eyes was seeking the consolation and the refuge of religion; and, opening the Bible, he read the words of good old Job: "My bone cleaveth to my skin and to my flesh, and I am escaped with the skin of my teeth."

It is said of Theophilus, the Roman emperor, that a poor woman threw herself at his feet, to complain of a powerful neighbor, the brother of the emperor, who had raised his palace wall to such an inconvenient height that her humble dwelling was excluded from light and air. On proof of the fact, the sovereign adjudged to her the use and benefit of the palace and grounds, and the unfortunate patrician was stripped and scourged through the public places of Constantinople. And a like fate awaits all who stand in the light or block the pathway of the party of advancement. The neck of the vanquished is chained to the chariot of the victor, and his lands and tenements are confiscated, together

with his goods and chattels, offices, franchises, "feenances," and everything belonging or in anywise appertaining thereto, and as far as the eye can reach the good old party seems to occupy the land.

But as ye are powerful be ye also merciful. In your county you have plenty of Populists left. In our county we have entirely too many. They serve not a useful purpose, either for comfort or display. We want some of them back where they belong.

It is said when God the Almighty designed to create man, the various angels of His attributes came in their order before Him and spoke of His purpose. Truth said: "Create him not, Father. He will deny the right, deny his obligations to Thee, and deny the sacred and inviolable truth. Create him not." Justice said: "Create him not, Father. He will fill the world with injustice and wrong. He will desecrate Thy holy temple, do deeds of violence and blood, and in the very first generation he will wantonly slay his brother. Therefore, create him not." But gentle Mercy knelt by the throne and whispered: "Create him, Father. I will be with him in his wanderings. I will follow his wayward footsteps, and by the lessons he shall learn from the experience of his own errors I will lead him back to Thee."

The victory is supreme and complete. Kansas was slumbering. The frown that hung about her brow was but the shadow of a nightmare, the wraith of a crazy dream. Never again will the ambassadors of the people be caged in the building where the laws are born and cradled. Never again will the good right arm of their leader wield a weapon against the locks and bars placed by muttering, misguided men to impede the course of constitutional government. Never again will a military officer be tried in mockery and his decorations torn from him because he would not train the guns of the state on the loyal citizen who loved his country and obeyed its laws.

The sun still shines, the waters still seek the ocean, and the world still turns round and round. Strange as it may seem, John Sherman was neither crucified nor burned at the stake, and even a representative of a despised and outlawed class—a banker—has not only been able to sneak back into society, but is actually the Governor of the state. The stone the builders rejected has become the head of the

corner. It is not the omen of evil the sailors now desery, but it is the welcome gleam of the St. Anthony's fire—the harbinger of good luck, of safe and peaceful sail.

Our wayward brother is coming home, and let us welcome him, though he has been a Populist; welcome him even though he hath been a Prohibitionist, with long knife and notch-stick, eagerly and relentlessly seeking to lift the hair of the only friend of his cause.

KANSAS REDEEMERS.

ED. H. MADISON, DODGE CITY.

IN 1892 the men who rallied to the cry of "Stand up for Kansas!" were by our Populistic friends styled the "stand-uppers," and in 1894 those who sought the redemption of the state from misrule were sneeringly called "the redeemers." And I am expected, in the great (?) length of time allotted to each of the speakers this evening, to pay a tribute to the men who carried the torches, rode for miles in the scorching sun or braved the chilly blasts of November to attend meetings of the orthodox kind, and whooped it up all along the line until it was possible to wear upon our proud bosoms Joe Hudson's roosters, which so "loudly" proclaimed the redemption of Kansas and the death of Populism.

I have always thought that the men who deserve the greatest praise, the sincerest gratitude, from their fellow men, were not the men who led in battle, who managed great campaigns, for to them was given the inspiration of the hope of fame, the building of a name that would be celebrated in song and story, and that monuments of costly marble and enduring bronze would be erected to their memory; but that the Nation's heart should go out in warmest tenderness and sincerest gratitude to the men who, without hope of glory or promise of reward, endured the vicissitudes of war because they loved their country. In the conflict that has just passed, the true redeemers were those who did not figure that a victory would bring them a soft berth in the state-house, but worked and voted for the redemption of Kansas because they were tired of the insult and contumely that had been heaped on Kansas because of the disgraceful doings of our Populistic rulers; because they were tired of being represented by men whose speeches in congress were composed of words and who scornfully rejected ideas as something pertaining only to plutocracy; because they were disgusted with disgraceful legislative wars, with abuse of courts of justice, dishonest railroad and Pullman-car assessments, tramp circulars, Coxey armies, boodlerism, and rank hypocrisy in high

places. Those redeemers desired once more to see Kansas the synonym of good government, sobriety, honesty, progress, and prosperity; and with such ideas, and not the hope of political reward, they entered the conflict.

To those who have been in the capital since the inauguration, who have looked upon the crowds that daily surge through the corridors of the Copeland, it may have seemed that there were no such people in Kansas as I have described; but there are thousands of them, and they have but one reason for being Republicans: they believe the Republican party is right upon the great political questions of the day. And if the party would retain them it must remain right, and be true and honest to and with the Kansas redeemers.

All who contended for the redemption of the state from the ills of Populism deserve their full tribute of praise. The redeemers were not confined to any class, sect, kind, faith, trade, or profession. In the ranks was the business man, with his conservatism, his integrity of purpose, and his hope for a better condition. Young men from Atchison, whose chief ambition in life is to wear creased trousers and yellow shoes, figuratively touched elbows in the ranks with the farmer from western Kansas, the basement of whose trousers had long since been supplanted by the useful gunny-sack. The old soldier ceased his traditional occupation of shouldering his crutch and showing how fields were won, and bundled his boys and sons-in-law into wagons and repaired to the old soldiers' reunions and cheered with delight as Ingalls and Phil Campbell threw the harpoon into Hoke Smith, or lambasted the life out of the Pops. In the ranks of the redeemers imbued with the one idea were

“The saint who enjoyed the communion of Heaven,
 And the sinner who dared to remain unforgiven.”

For were there not to be found among the redeemers the Rev. Bernard Kelly and Steve Osborn?

There were others who deserve to be classed as redeemers who owned not the faith of Republicanism. We all met them during the campaign. They were men who bore the image of Andy Jackson engraven upon their hearts. They wore matted chin whiskers, and upon their backs they bore the moss of many seasons; upon their shirt fronts was traced in delicate amber lines a map of Missouri. Any one

of these men, when accosted as to his politics, would reply, “Yes, sir, I am a Democrat,” and then, drawing himself up to his full height, and with an air of conscious pride, would add, “but I aint no d—— Pop.” Such men cast an honest vote representing a sincere conviction, and one that assisted in the redemption of the state.

The Republican redeemers were men of sublime faith. They believed in the man who headed the Republican ticket. His simple eloquence touched their hearts, and his frankness and candor won their confidence. They believed also in your Uncle Cryus Leland and his knowledge of political warfare. They loved the man that stood exposed to the enemy's attacks, and had complete confidence in the general in control of the battle.

And now that the flambeaux have been stored away, that the sound of the hewgag and tocsin are no longer heard, the redeemers have rested from their labors, proud and glad because Kansas is redeemed, and confident that the state government is in the hands of loyal, honest, patriotic men, and that a brighter day is dawning for the grand commonwealth that is the redeemers' joy and pride.

WHY I AM NOT A POPULIST.

B. B. McCall, Lawrence..

I FIND myself this evening before this enthusiastic gathering of young Republicans, flushed by the events of recent victory, called upon to tell you in a few short moments "Why I am not a Populist."

I am impressed with the feeling that it is well to be here with the representatives of that party which has always stood forth for aggressive politics, for higher qualities of statesmanship, for integrity, and for political honesty.

We have seen some very eventful political history the past four years in Kansas politics. We have witnessed almost as it were the reversal of the very laws of nature herself. We have seen a wave of insanity sweep over our fair state, blighting her prospects as the hoary frosts of winter. We have seen a bribe offered to ignorance, and a reward placed in the hands of credulity. In fact, we have experienced so much that we were almost ready to doubt the existence of positive attributes of nature, and as to whether life was an optical illusion or an Indian ghost-dance. But this evening we gather 'round the festive board knowing that outraged justice is again enthroned, and we are to-day stronger in the belief of the "survival of the fittest" than we ever were before.

The Populist party came into power upon false theories of government. It was a party built upon the two chief corner-stones, class prejudice and the intensified misfortunes of mankind; a party that depended for an existence upon fostering a spirit of unrest and discontent; a party that appealed solely to the lower motives of men's reason instead of those higher, nobler qualities so essential to good citizenship and patriotism. The party was created and led forth to political action by a class of men who were neither statesmen nor diplomats, and many of its leaders were dishonest and grossly incompetent. They forgot that a great political party must possess well-defined and fundamental principles of government, broad enough in their conception for the grouping of all classes, regardless of social conditions or professions, and that any attempt to

build a political party upon such theories of government as are embraced by Populism is erroneous, impracticable, and likewise impossible. And the Populist party—that great organizer of unrest and disquietude, the ferment of revolution—while at one time it assumed gigantic and terrible proportions, like some specter of the *fata morgana*, must eventually collapse and ultimately dwindle to the last point of attenuation.

We have been told the last few years by the Populist party that the theory of all government in the past has been wrong, and a new dispensation is preached unto us, namely, that it is the exertion of the state in running printing-presses at the rate of fifty dollars per capita that makes the citizen great and prosperous. We are told that the great competitive system is an evil, and that monopolies and all branches of public industry must be absorbed by the General Government; that paternalism is the only safety to the future Republic. As we trace the converging lines of past progress, we find that nations have become great by the exertion of the individual citizen. Rome became great through a Caesar, France through a Charlemagne, while Germany won distinction by a William. The history of the great achievements of our own country are but the illustrious deeds and acts imprinted upon her by her great statesmen, scholars, poets, and soldiers. Each great achievement of the past stands forth in vivid portrayal as an incentive to future generations to place along the trend of civilization landmarks to guide the wandering footsteps of plodding humanity. I am not yet ready nor willing to sink all identity and individuality in the common cesspool of paternalism, and thus allow all society to fall from its present high pinnacle to one low level of common mediocrity.

The Populist party has justly been called a party of isms and chimerical schemes. The more visionary the scheme, the more hypothetical the leader, the greater has been the ardor and adherence of the party. But as the dawn of better and more enlightened judgment dispels the delusions of the people, so is the party destined to a sudden and rapid decline, and as a political factor it will have exerted no permanent influence except the socialistic tendencies which it has manifested. And in 1896 will be added to the little group of mounds in the burying-ground of deceased polit-

ical parties that have had their day and exerted no influence upon the political cast of the country one newly made grave, which shall mark the last resting-place of the "rag baby," and inscribed upon its monument we and our posterity will read the epitaph printed in bold letters, "Fiat," which shall stand as the last remnant of a fiat party, with a fiat platform, a fiat record and reform.

I may be somewhat of an enthusiast, but I hope to see the day when the fountains of greed and avarice run dry, and bring at last to the weary and heavy laden of all nations equal and exact justice. But I am not looking for that in the idle philosophy of a Henry George, or the nebulous dreams of an Edward Bellamy, predicting incredible social conditions. I do not see the amelioration of mankind in a Coxey or a Debs; neither do I behold in Jerry Simpson a Moses gifted with the superhuman power to lead the children of Israel out of the wilderness.

Young man, you who have a life of usefulness and influence before you, you who are able to shape and mold for the future and prepare the way to a higher and nobler realm of statesmanship and government, I beseech you not to cast your influence with the turbulent political elements, so-called Populism, but turn to the teachings of Lincoln, Grant, Blaine, and Harrison. Take your stand with that party that has always been the friend of Kansas; the party that in her earliest existence, when she took her first tottering step in self-government, when the dark cloud of human slavery threatened to overshadow her, and an invading horde of outlaws threatened to strangle the liberties of the people—stand with that party that came forth to her rescue; the party upon whose banner perched victory for law and liberty; the party that has stood by her in all her trials and afflictions; the party that in a quarter of a century has made her the home of a million and a half as brave and grand a people as ever graced civilized earth. Thus let us strive forth for her future prosperity and happiness; let us develop her bountiful resources; and once more, as of old, we shall see her forging her way through difficulties to the bright zenith beyond.

PRESERVING THE FRUITS.

A. W. DANA, TOPEKA.

THE Italian campaign is over. The Austrian eagle is in flight. The tricolor of France is triumphant. The great Corsican addresses the victorious legions of the republic: "Soldiers, Lodi and Marengo are behind us. The fertile plains of Lombardy, the art and treasure of the Vatican, are ours. The battle is ended; the victory is but half won. Italy is ours; what shall we do with it?"

Thus might some great Republican leader address the Republicans of Kansas now: Our Lodi and Marengo are behind us. The fertile plains of Kansas are redeemed; Populism is defeated; socialism and anarchy at our feet, suing, as did the legions of Austria, for peace; law and order enthroned again; national policies and national honor in the hands of the Republicans; Kansas, that central luminary in the union of states, which has shone with such peculiar and increasing splendor for thirty years, passes out of her eclipse, and shines with her old-time brilliancy, full and fair, into the gladdened faces of her sister commonwealths. The battle is ended; the victory is but half won. The fruits of the conflict are ours; how shall we preserve them?

Politics is government. No legerdemain can deprive this ancient word of its original meaning. It is the science as well as the art of popular rule; it is the knowing as well as the doing. It is greater in a republic than statesmanship, because each man must possess it. Its full scope and final purpose is the greatest good to the greatest number, determined by the educated conscience of that greatest number. Rightly understood, government protects but does not support. It throws a hedge about the already secured rights of the individual, and by education enables him to support himself. This is the great opportunity of the Republican party, of all others in our history, the party that had its origin in the educated conscience of its founders and adherents—the opportunity to perpetuate republican government by continuing to educate the conscience as well as the head of each American citizen, to the end that he may

support and govern himself. The Lord meant what He said when He told Adam that he should eat his bread in the sweat of his face. Evidently he did not mean that Adam should eat his bread in the sweat of some other man's face or in any other man's favor. The government should protect, but cannot support. It should protect the rich and poor alike, and each from the other, and from Wall street as well as the Western farmer, and from you as well as me.

Teach respect for law. The maxim that every man is a law unto himself, applied to government, is a menace to the Republic; and a similar application of the modern construction of that Christian postulate that every man is his brother's keeper, as meaning *fiat*, on the theory that the right of the user is superior to that of the owner, and that what is yours is mine, and that the Government is the public crib for the underlings, is fraught with equal danger to the Government and the individual. That is all right as Gospel; but the law and the Gospel are the way they have come down to us—the law first, the Gospel afterwards.

We need more patriots at Washington and other capitals, fewer parrots; more patriotism, less sectionalism; a patriotism larger than Kansas—that realizes that Kansas is but one state in the great family of states, whose family ties should be stronger than bands of steel; a patriotism large enough to take in this whole country. To work for one's locality is a manifest duty, and to champion manfully and courageously the interest of one's state is one of the highest virtues; but to array class against class, trade against trade, section against section, is unwise and unpatriotic. The North can no longer say to the South, "I have no need of thee"; nor yet the West to the East, "I have no need of thee." The great lesson of the hour in patriotism is that each interest, locality and state must yield something for the good of the Union. National policies cannot be dwarfed into local issues. They are as broad as the Republic.

Stand up for state and home. A man who is less jealous of the credit and good name of his state than of his own reputation is a knave and a coward. Let us be honest, then, pay our debts, and drum out of the state every man who says that Kansans desire to repudiate their just obligations.

Ours is a philosophy of hope, not despair; success, not failure. We have had enough of that now-fangled doc-

trine of political science which would seem to teach that to be conspicuous in party councils, to be eligible to high office and entitled to the trust and confidence of his fellow citizens, one must be a conspicuous failure in his own business; and to be fit to govern others he must have developed a supreme contempt for law and order.

Let us make success once more respectable in Kansas, and dignify labor by making the laborer worthy of his hire. Let us agitate less, cultivate more. Let us do business once more in Kansas. Before we attempt to dictate to the East the terms of its surrender, we shall pay the East what we owe it. Before we attempt to revolutionize the world we should improve our business methods. Legislation and salvation should go hand in hand; but the supreme duty of this hour is the enforcement of morality already enacted into law, rather than the incorporation of every ism, however lofty, into a statute. We must execute the laws we have.

Kansas was once the Mecca for young men of energy, enterprise, and ability. Return her to her own, by making it worth their while to come to Kansas and make their homes with us. Make them feel less as though they wanted to lie down in the furrow and die or leave the state, by lifting the cloud that has so oppressed and discouraged them for the past few years, by letting in a ray of hope for a successful and useful career and encouragement manfully to do their part in the development of the state in its progress toward the stars. To this end, to preserve the fruits of the victory of 1894, we take our stand for a broader patriotism; for law and order; for the payment to the last dollar of every just debt we owe, both public and private; for the execution of the laws; for the appointment of fit men to office; for a dignified, conservative, economical and efficient administration of affairs at home and a better representation abroad; and withal, we will reestablish Republican doctrine in Kansas and rededicate ourselves to Republican principles. There never was a more propitious time, never more inviting prospects. Kansas

"fronts the sun.
 In the distance the virgin future lifts her veil of snow;
 We look backward—an arch of splendor bridges the gulf of long ago."