

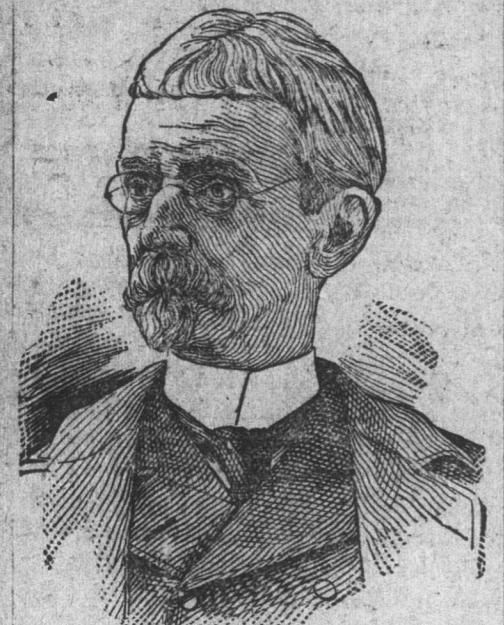
A TALK BY INGALLS.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH THE
CELEBRATED KANSAN.

THINKS SILVER IS A DEAD ISSUE—SAYS THE
POPULISTS HAVE A STUPENDOUS PROBLEM
IN KANSAS—REPUBLICAN PARTY HAS A
TREMENDOUS TASK AHEAD.

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls spent a day recently in Denver on his way to Wyoming to fill lecture engagements. The senator was in his usual fighting trim and expressed himself freely and forcibly concerning the recent election in Kansas and the great sociological questions that are occupying the public mind.

"I spent four months or more campaigning Kansas for the Republican ticket," said he, "but the result showed that I might as well have been somewhere else. The Populist victory in Kansas was one of the phenomena of politics for which there is no explanation. I really think the victory were as much disappointed at the majority as we were surprised and startled by its proportions. The Populists not only elected six out of the eight congressmen, but they secured five out of six appellate judges and have two out of three members of the supreme court, the governor and all the state officers and a majority over all in each of the branches of the legislature. It is the first time in the history of any American state when all the different parts of the government



EX-SENATOR INGALLS.

have passed into the hands of a party which proposes to reorganize society. It is a great responsibility, but I am not sure but that it is the best thing that could have happened.

"The developments will be quite interesting," remarked the reporter.

"Yes, from a sociological point of view, the situation in Kansas will be very interesting. It is the only state that has ever submitted to a trial of those stupendous problems with all the resources in the hands of the people who want to make the experiment. In Nebraska the Republicans hold the courts and I think here in your state, under the reign of Waite, there were barriers. The Kansas test will be an example of what may be expected if the Populists gain control. Kansas has been the ground for experiments in morale and politics for a quarter of a century, and it seems destined to lead in this."

"What is the Populist programme?" was asked.

"It is very extensive," replied the senator. "How far they will be able to put it into operation depends upon the harmony that may be brought about among elements somewhat discordant. The more violent of them contemplate a war of spoliation against society based upon practical confiscation and a redistribution of assets of the community. It includes war on railroads and other corporations, the abolishment of laws for the protection of creditors and a redistricting of the state for congressional and legislative purposes that will retain the party in the possession of power for an indefinite period."

"Are you alarmed at the prospect, senator?"

"No, I don't regard the situation with any great alarm," replied he. "I have great confidence in the capacity of the people for self government, and the ultimate appeal to reason and fair play is a distinguishing characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. The possession of power makes men conservative, and my impression is that the incorrigibles and implacables will be restrained and prevented from carrying out anything like the revolution indicated in the platform. The man who was elected chief justice was formerly a Republican. He is a man of high private character and professional attainments, but he is an avowed socialist. In his speeches he declared that the users of property had rights paramount to the owner and said if he was elected chief justice he would search the precedents of a thousand years to find some law for the poor man."

"The election of 1896," remarked the visitor, "contained many phases not covered by the silver question. It was the attempt of the laboring and producing classes to readjust themselves to changed and changing conditions. Silver, in my opinion, was merely a symptom. There are 100 causes for the spirit of unrest. How to meet these problems is a question that is going to test the statesmanship of the future. The right to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness is at stake. In fact, it is the greatest problem that has ever faced any people, but I believe the Republican party is equal to the emergency. Democracy and Populism have both been tried and found wanting. The Democrats offered free trade in 1892 and Bryan offered free silver in 1896. The American people refused to accept the situation offered by Mr. Bryan."

"Silver will win in four years, will it not, senator?"

"No; I cannot say that it will. If the Republican party does not find some remedy for the evils, some other party

will step to the front. Trusts? We hear a great deal about trusts. Nobody hates trusts more than I. Mr. Bryan and his advocates all forget to say that there is a law now in existence which aims to strangle all trusts. The law was the creature of Mr. Edmunds, the most practical legislator of the age. Edmunds strangled polygamy to death, and he formulated the antitrust law. Mr. Olney and Mr. Harmon have failed to prosecute offenders under the law, and it remains for the Republican administration to take hold and carry out the law.

"The money power in its organized capacity had just as much to do with the campaign of Mr. Bryan as it had to do with the campaign of McKinley. There is no more gigantic trust on the earth than the silver trust, and the silver mine owners were all supporting Mr. Bryan. A trust is a thing that knows no politics but plunder and no principles except spoliation of the human race. It is puerile to say that the election was bought with money. The proportions of the victory repel such an idea. In any event I cannot bring myself to believe that there was any more open use of money on the side of Mr. McKinley than on the side of Bryan. The fact is the brains of the country are in the Republican party. It is the party of progress and aggressiveness, and always has been."

"Aren't the socialists becoming unpleasantly aggressive?" was asked.

"Purely aridian," was the reply. "A lot of dreamers, sentimentalists who have visions, but nothing practical. They are the St. Johns of the political dispensation, crying in the wilderness, and some time, as Emerson says, the dreamers of yesterday become the realities of today and the statutes of the future. The dreamers are like the Garibaldi and Beechers of the war, but when strong men are needed Lincolns and Grants appear and carry the projects forward to a final accomplishment. There will be no bloodshed, for the American people are too capable of self government. They are a people of peace. We talk about solving a problem. It is a mistake. Lincoln never moved until the people were ready. Nobody solves a governmental problem. The problem solves itself. Under this government a man is entitled to the fullest use of his powers as long as he uses his powers honestly. The question is not whether a man shall make \$100,000,000, but whether he shall be entitled to bequeath \$100,000,000 to his son. The right to tax, in the opinion of the supreme court, is the right to destroy. When it comes to a question of leaving a vast fortune to a son, the society may have something to say in order to insure its own preservation."—Rocky Mountain News.

TREED BY A BEAR.

Terrible Experience of a Schoolteacher In Sullivan County.

Lucretia Ritter, a pretty little schoolteacher of Sullivan county, N. Y., had a terrible experience recently. She is in charge of a country school in a lonely portion of the Shunk mountains, in the vicinity of Elk lake, and boards at a farmhouse over a mile distant. For convenience the young teacher has been accustomed to take a short cut through a lonely woods, thus saving herself a long walk.

As she was traversing the path on her way to the schoolhouse she observed what she supposed was a yearling calf lying directly in her path. She bravely waved her lunch basket to scare the animal, but was almost petrified with horror when she discovered that it was a full grown bear. The bear made a rush for her, and the girl in her fright climbed partly up a crooked tree. To add to her terror, her clothing became fastened to a broken limb of a tree, and the frightened girl was unable either to ascend or descend. The bear in the meantime had devoured her lunch basket and the flowers off her hat, which were dropped during the girl's flight.

The bear kept the girl a prisoner for over three hours and was finally frightened off by the arrival of Farmer Swartz. After Miss Ritter had been released from her perilous position she fainted and was carried in Swartz's arms to her boarding house, a distance of almost a mile. She is entirely prostrated since her terrible experience, and it is feared that the shock may prove fatal.—Philadelphia Times.

WANTS EVERYBODY REGISTERED.

Dr. Arthur McDonald, the Washington criminologist, thinks that every man, woman and child in the country should be measured according to the Bertillon system and the resulting data preserved by a government bureau, with branches in every township. This, he says, would not only almost put an end to crime by making detection practically certain, but it would be of service in scores of ways among perfectly respectable people, like lawyers, bankers, insurance men and all others to whom questions of identity are of great importance.

Gold In Illinois.

It has been discovered that a gold mine lies underneath Cairo, Ills. At the artesian well which Major E. W. Halliday is sinking quartz was brought to the surface which shows unmistakable signs of gold. The find was made at a depth of 753 feet. Jeweler John A. Miller examined some specimens and is positive that the yellow streaks contain gold. It is thought that at some point in southern Illinois the stratum may be reached nearer the surface, so that mining may prove profitable.

A Physician's Novel Plan.

A New York physician who has a large office practice has a simple but effective plan for the entertainment of waiting patients. He has provided half a dozen ingenious puzzles, which are strewn carelessly around on the tables and on the mantel in the waiting room. Frequently there will be a score of persons in this room, and for some of them, especially the nervous ones, the waits would be very fatiguing if it were not for the little jokers.

SONGS OF FOOTBALL.

INTERESTING FEATURE OF EVERY BIG GAME.

Ballads Manufactured by Loyal College Poets to Urge on Their Team to Victory or Rally Them In Defeat—Some of the Best That Have Been Sung This Season.

One of the most interesting features of all the big football matches and one in which many of the spectators take as much interest as in the game itself is the cheering and singing of college songs that goes on before and during the progress of the game. Every year before a game the poets of the different colleges set to work to evolve new songs to inspire their teams on to victory.

This year the number of songs has been more profuse than ever, and much time was spent by the students in learning the words and airs of their new ballads. Here are some of the lyrical gems at the Yale-Princeton game in New York. The Yale men sang this to the tune of "Hold the Fort."

Line up, rushers! line up briskly;
Line up with a will!
We have always beaten Princeton,
And we always will.

CHORUS.
Hold the ball, for Hinkey's coming;
Fincke will signal still;
Benjamin goes through the center—
Win we must and will!

Baird will try in vain to drop kick;
Chadwick rushes through;
Hildebrand is fun for Rodgers;
Cochran's looking blue.

Bass and Connor tackle surely,
One at either end;
Chamberlain holds fast at center;
Murray will not bend.

Murphy makes a hole at tackle;
Hine will make his gain;
Princeton tries to stop Yale's rushes,
But she tries in vain.

Line up, rushers! line up briskly;
Line up with a will!
We have always beaten Princeton,
And we always will.

Another song given with a ring goes to the air of May Irwin's song, "The New Bully." These are the words: Have you heard about Old Eli? He's just come to town.

He's round about Manhattan field to throw Old Nanner down.

He's looking for the Tiger. It must be found.

He's a battle scarred old hero, and he don't allow—

Any Jersey jingled Tigers with him to raise a row.

For he's going to catch the beast and tame him now!

CHORUS.
Then we'll give a cheer for Yale, Yale, Yale,
Yale!

Then we'll give a cheer for Yale, Yale, Yale,
Yale!

Then we'll give a cheer for Yale!
We're looking for the Tiger, to twist his tail!

When this song is sung by a chorus of Yale voices, the air will vibrate:

Eleven sons of Eli, dressed in quiet blue. They're here to kick the Tiger, and you bet they'll do it, too.

For when they get the ball they will go right through!

It's hard to tell who is the best, they're all so very fine,

And Princeton's men will know it when they try to buck our line.

To find that they are blocked there every time

[Air—"Oh, Give Us a Drink, Bartender!"]

Oh, rush them along, Old Eli, Old Eli,

As you did a year ago.

For you know that we're all behind you,

And behind you.

And will cheer you as you go!

Our stone wall line they can never open,

Our backs go easily through,

Give three cheers for our sandy captain;

Three cheers for the boys in blue!

Brak-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax,

Brak-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax,

Parabolab—Yale, Yale, Yale!

Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,

Yale!

Princeton had some favorites which she sang with a will, notably the old song known by every true son of Old Nassau, "The Orange and the Black," as follows:

Although Yale has always favored the violet's dark blue,

And the many sons of Harvard to the crimson rose are true,

We will hold a lily slender; no honor shall it lack;

While the Tiger stands defender of the orange and the black.

Through the four long years of college,

Midst the scenes we love so well

As we win athletic victories

Or the football field or track,

Still we'll work for dear old Princeton

And the orange and the black.

Another is:

[Special music.]

Right through the center!

Now round the ends!

Shove 'em through, striped Tigers of Princeton,

Shove 'em through, shove 'em through.

Here are some of Pennsylvania's best songs:

AND THE BLOW ALMOST KILLED HARVARD.

Fair Harvard came to Franklin field
One chill day in November. At
And tried to teach us how to play—
Perhaps you may remember.

Their backs did all that men could do

To drive the leather forward.

But they couldn't beat the red and blue,

And the blow almost killed Harvard!

[Tune—"The New Bully."]

Have you seen that new football team that's just come to town?

They have come down to Franklin field, Old Penny to down.

And to drag the red and blue upon the ground.

Oh, the Indians came down here, with their ax in their hand,

And vowed that they would surely swipe Old Penny from this land,

But our good team was more than they could stand.

CHORUS.

When we put the crimson down, down, down!

When we put the crimson down, down, down!

When we put the crimson down, down, down!

Then a single Harvard rooster won't be found.

[Tune—"Marching Through Georgia."]

Oh, come, ye jolly sons of Penn, and make the welkin ring;

Raise ye up your voices and a song of triumph sing.

Let Old Johnny know that on the gridiron Penn is king.

While we go marching through Harvard!

Hurrah, hurrah, we're in today to win!

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll pocket Harvard's tin!

Our team was never better, so let's raise a joyous din.

While we go marching through Harvard!

Oh, we all remember well the games of ninety-four.

HIS NINE YEAR SLEEP.

THE RIP VAN WINKLE SLEEPER OF A PENNSYLVANIA MAN.

His Wife and Three Children Have Passed Away While He Slept On—Wife Saved Him From the Knife—Long Delayed Operation May Now Be Performed.

In a little farmhouse at Nicholson tunnel lies a man who bids fair to outlive Rip Van Winkle as a sleeper. This man's sleep has already lasted more than nine years, and if Michael Fern