

NOMINATING SPEECH OF M. W. LITTLETON

PLACING THE NAME OF PARKER
BEFORE CONVENTION

ENTHUSIASTIC ADDRESS

And One That Abounds in Democratic
Doctrine of the Old Type—
A Stormy Session.

St. Louis, July 9.—Following is the speech of M. W. Littleton of New York, placing the name of Alton B. Parker before the convention.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Convention:

We do not expect here that stupid

peace which smells of chloroform.

We do not wish that unctuous unanimity which springs from the un-

conflicting emotions of a solitary

man. We would not have our har-

mony in a single harness. We, too,

love the stir of a strenuous life; but

we believe in equal strenuousness for

all and special strenuousness for

none. We do not derive our power

from the seats of the mighty, but

from the souls of the humble. We do

not ask for in one agreement springing

from faithless fire; but rather out-

bursts of dissension issuing from ro-

burst freedom. We are not in execu-

tive session, but rather in the commit-

tee of the whole. We were sent here

by the people to select a candidate.

We were not sent here by the

candidate to notify the people.

Our adversaries, by dwelling tenderly

on the simplicity of the lamented

McKinley, managed to endure for

three days the strenuousness of Roose-

velt. By recounting in affectionate

terms the achievements of the one

they evoked an enthusiasm which

they immediately credited to the

other. Through tears that were shed

for the noble dead they saw a larger

outline of the living. Driven by lash

and lured by luck they called on all

the sacred dust to keep their spirits

up. Set to run for three full days

the pendulum petered out, the hands

stuck fast, and only a strenuous shake

could make the wheels go round.

Spiritless in the scullen task, they

worked uphill against the grain and

gravity of the hour. Without the mas-

ter whom they had learned to love

they lingered listless under the whip

of one whom they have learned to

fear. Stripped of premeditated pomp

and shorn of soothing phrase the oc-

casional meant no more or less than

an era of boots and spurs. Take away

the tribute to the dead and all that

is left is a horseman on the slopes of

San Juan. Remove the revered black

that tells of a nation's grief and un-

derneath is a khaki uniform.

Withhold the record made by hands

and hearts now still and all that is left

is usurpation's account. Pull off the

mask that wears the kindly smile of

peace and notice the grim, and firm

set teeth of war. It was the change

from sure and certain ways to the

shifting, eddying currents of the wild

unknown. It was a leap in the dark-

ness of Republican eclipse and four

years hence will find them vainly look-

ing for the light. It marks the place

where a party, rich in years of ser-

vice, forsook the beaten paths and

went on a winding way of untraveled

roads. It makes the gap between the

era of the conservative and the radi-

cal. It looks good now because they

do not see where the old force ends

and the new begins. But as they

drive away to sea the ever widening

span 'twixt craft and land will set

many a life boat toward the shore.

There is much talk of twisting ten-

sions in the race of life of running

out of breath toward the open grave.

The old and honored way is still the

best; but not so strenuous as to

strain yourself, nor yet so simple as

to fall asleep. There is much said by

those who sit on cushioned chairs

about cowards and weaklings in the

nation's life. The suburban farmer

is just as brave as the starred crown-

ed soldier. The man of natural peace

is hero a hundred times to where the

men of artificial war is hero once.

Somehow of late the atmosphere of

our national life is filled with a spray

of blood; somehow the march of pas-

sing sounds of hammered steel; some-

how, although the sunlight of peace

is all about us, there is noy and then

the gloom of bayonets in its radiant

fire and a flash of swords in its

silver beams; somehow although the

constitution is still in force, there is

a sense of failing power and growing

disrespect, which makes us feel that

the venerable old man—so to speak—

is halt and blind with years, and bur-

dens the strenuous household of his grandchildren. Somehow, at times, there runs a sort of shock right down to the foundations of this republic which makes the structure trouble, and all he country pauses and listens and then returns to work. Somehow, although the future welcomes us, it does so with a mailed hand; somehow, although you cannot put your finger on the cause, there is a universal fear the mother watching while her children sleep, now and then she hears the bugle call, the tramp of soldiers, and, staring in the darkness of a dream, she sees the "rigid upturned face." The toiler, turning all his till and sinew into gain whose got, being to doubt that the government is just. The men of means, who puts it out in the active currents of the tide and seething peril of this doubt and the governments compromise with both, begins to feel that it is better hoarded than emptied.

The North and South each wearing scars that tell of war, almost forgiven and forgot, feel the fear again that a problem which only time can settle right, will be forced upon them wrong. Behind these fears and doubts and startled ——— and vague misgivings is many a hidden game. But never ——— is one at least revealed. For Lincoln said in the sadness of his great soul, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with faith in the right as God gives us the wisdom to see it." And Roosevelt said, in the glory of his self-contemplation, "Tread softly and carry a big stick." And between these, the beginning and the end of Republican growth, in time and temper, is all their wild, descending flight. With all they know and feel of the country's question of their course, the Republican party yet claim every fruit of soil and sun, of brain and soul. They say that by a wise administration of nature's laws they brought abundant harvest from the soil. They say that by careful direction of scientific search they aided untold volumes to the store of common knowledge. They say that invention, under their control, has lifted loads of labor from mankind. They say that religious long sleep was broken by the stimulus of Republican virtue and they point with pride to the churches all over the land. They say that education was unpopular until they took it up and that now almost everyone is willing to be educated. They say that while population has been increased some, there was never any steady advance in general increase until the Republican party came into power. When attention is called to the economic, industrial and administrative views resulting from their incompetence, they say that after all there are some things which the all wise providence insists upon doing without giving any particular reason for it. So, on the whole, we may conclude that whatever the Good Lord done in administering this good that turns out to be good they credit to themselves; and whatever the Republicans do in administering the government that turns out bad they charge up to the Lord.

Gentlemen of the convention beyond the exciting passions of war and the distracting panics of peace; beyond the reach of disasters, dread appeal and the dead pasts dying wail, we meet in the clear and rational calm of common sense, to reason together for the well being of our country and our party. No man here can have his exact way. No leader can take us along the narrow ledge of his unquestioned logic. He section should swerve us from the courage that leads to unwise fellowship. No faction can divide us into weakened parts and leave us on the field of battle in front of the enemy. No man is greater than his party and no party is greater than its principles. There is no principle which does not rest upon a condition, and there is no condition which may not change. There is no credit that is down in white and black that we forever stripped, as to a corpse. There is no platform which can last forever, unless it be made of abstract things incapable of demonstration. The world is moving in its majestic course and every dreary detail of its toil works out some mighty change. Civilization in night and day working with its countless hands, and its influence runs ahead to where we cannot see or hear. A political party is an agency in the hands of these material and multiplied figures if ——— to interpret events with intelligence it will be departed. The recent past is followed with a record of ——— disagreements. Many of us would change that past if it were within our power—most of us would not—but whether we would or not, the point is it is past. If we intend to settle here the question as to who was right and who was wrong then we are foredoomed to failure. For if we do not settle it then how can we succeed now. If you tell me I was wrong and I tell you you were wrong and we held there to thrash it out that is the ———. But if you tell right or wrong we meet again after a short, sharp separation at the

Democratic altar and that we must clasp hands in a natural alliance of Democratic faith and find some common ground upon which we each may stand with honor, I say it does not matter who was wrong, the point is, we are together again. The science of sensible government is founded on compromise. The integrity of party existence rests on the homely rule of meeting each other half way. A platform is not a photograph of party faith—it is a composite sketch of party compromise. A policy is an approximation, not a precise plan. It is better to give us some, untimely doctrine and occasionally succeed than to hold them all faithfully and always fail, for if we could become master of a few things, we might become ruler over many. To plan success in disregard of principle is more intrigue; to plan failure by holding to an outlawed issue is mere folly. Winning is not wicked, strategy is not a sin. It is far better for the country to relish the fires of Democratic hope by success coming from convention than it is to put out what is left, by failure fastened to a formula.

Gentlemen of the convention, we come together in this historic valley of the Mississippi at a time when uncounted millions of men are making a patriotic pilgrimage to a shrine erected by Democratic wisdom and foresight. Surely as you gather here, with the present Democrat and sainted jurist of our own state—Alton Brooks Parker—and the delegates selected by this convention are hereby instructed to present and support such nomination at the approaching national convention, and said delegates are hereby further instructed to vote and act as a unit in all matters pertaining to said convention, in ——— of the majority of the said delegates." and this was adopted. The other resolution was "Realizing that the electoral votes of New York are absolutely essential to Democratic success, we submit to our brethren throughout this country that Alton B. Parker, a Democrat in the prime of life, has been elected by a majority of over 60,000 to the chief position in the judicial system of this state, and for over six years has discharged the duties of his high office with such unvarying dignity, shining ability and scrupulous fidelity that if his party were to expire this year he would undoubtedly be chosen to succeed himself by the concurring votes of all his fellow citizens."

Therefore, I repeat, that this is the unanimous voice of New York inviting the country to consider the fitness, ability and availability of our candidate. The country, anxious to win in this great crisis, called upon New York as the hostile ground. New York appears with a candidate who carried the state by 60,000 majority. The country called upon New York for the best of its brain and blood, and New York answers with a man who cut his way through poverty, and toil until he found the highest of power and honor in the state. The country called upon New York for a Democrat and New York answers with a man who learned the simple lessons of Democratic faith in the furrowed field, who took them with increasing strength to the bar and finally honored them by his exalted station on the bench—a man, who throughout his career, poverty to ———, never in fair weather or foul forsook the standards of his party faith or departed the colors of his command. The country called upon New York for a Democrat free from factional dispute, and New York answers with a man friendly to all factions, but a favorite, and afraid of none; a man who will take annual and courage of both, but who will take the bitterness of neither—a man who will not stir the hatred of the past nor share the serenity of the present, but who will lead us up toward the future into a cloudless atmosphere of party peace. The country called upon New York for a man who measured up to the stature of this lofty place and New York answers with a candidate she knew from youth to man in the humble walks of life who lived and learned that all our common folk must live and learn; a man who ripened with advancing years in the rich attainments of the law until he went, by choice of those who knew him best, to hold the heavy scale of justice at the highest point of our great judicial system, where, with the masters who moulded state and nation, and the men who drive commerce o'er the wheel of time, he surmounted to the very ground every inch of this great Republic and saw with expanding vision the material growth and glory of his state.

The country called upon New York for a man to fit this, the critical hour and place in our national life, and New York answers with a man who puts against the ——— play of a swaggering administration, a simple faith in all the perfect power of the constitution; a man who puts against an executive republic the virtue of a constitutional ly ac-

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public, a man who puts against executive usurpation a change and a deep love for the balance of its three great powers; a man who puts against the steady hum "with the big ———" a faithful observance of constitutional restraints. The country called upon New York for a man of stainless character in private and public life, and New York answers with a man whose path leads from the sweet and simple firesides of his country home where he enjoys the simple society of his family to his place of labor and honor at the head of one of the greatest courts in Christendom. And now here through his active and useful life has asked by honest praise found uttermost on the lips of those who know him best. If you ask me why he has been silent, I tell you it is because he does not claim to be the master of the Democratic party, but is content to be its servant. If you ask me why he has not outlined a policy for this convention, I tell you that he does not believe that policies should be dictated, but out of the sovereignty party is unrecalled judgment and wisdom of its members; if you ask me what his policy will be, if elected, I tell you that it will be that policy which finds expression in the platform of his party.

With these, as some of the claims upon your conscience and judgment New York comes to you flushed with hope and pride. We appeal to the South, whose unclouded vision and iron courage saw and fought the way for half a century; whose Jefferson awoke the dumb defiance of development into a voice that cried out to the world a curse upon the rule of kings and a blessing upon a new born Republic; whose Madison translated the logic of events and the law of progress in the constitution in the country, whose Jackson re-claimed the lost places of the far South and Democratized the policies of the nation, and those soldiers showed the wondering world the finest fruits of the brain and nerve and heart that ripen years in temperate zone and through all the sons she lost, and all the sons saved and all the tears she shed amid the sorrowful ruins of war ——— and through all the patient loyalty and labor of after years so wrought for human happiness that all the world exclaims "Her greatness in peace is greater than her valor in war."

We appeal to you of the old South to join in the contest of the Democratic party. We appeal to the West

whose frontier struggles carried our civilization to the Pacific slopes, whose courage conquered the plain and forest and whose faithful labor has built beautiful cities clear through to the Rocky Mountains. We appeal to you as he did follow your leadership through eight long years of controversy you turn and follow him now when victory awaits us in November. We appeal to New England, faithful sentinel among her historic hills in the name of all her unfaltering and brilliant Democrats, living and dead to join us in our labor for success.

We appeal to every Democrat from everywhere to forget the bitter warfare of the past; forget the strife and anger of the older, other days; ——— all the grudge and rancor of party discontent, and recalling with ever increasing pride, the triumphs of our fifty years of a constitutional government of liberty and peace—here and now resolve to make the future record that resplendent reach of time in which liberty and praise went up and down the nations of the earth, building their kindness in the hearts of men and gathering the harvest of genius and toil; in which reason struck from the hand of force the sword of hate and plucked from the heart of war the germ of greed; in which conscience smote the thoughts of wrong and filled the mind with mercy's most restraint; in which honor or great in the human brain, but refused the shelter of a glittering crown; in which the people of all lands and tongues, awakened to hope by the inspiration of our example, followed with the march of years the luminous pathway leading to a destiny beyond the reach of vision and within the providence of God. In this spirit New York nominates for President of the United States Alton B. Parker.

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