

NOMINATING SPEECH OF M. W. LYTTLETON

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 unconflicting emotions of a solitary man. We would not have our harmony 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 agreement springing from faithless fire; but rather outbursts of dissension issuing from robust freedom. We are not in executive session, but rather in the committee of the whole. We were sent here by the people to select a candidate. We were no 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 Roosevelt. 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 pattered out, the hands stuck fast, and only a strenuous shake could make the wheels go round. Spiritless in the sullen task, they worked uphill against the grain and gravity of the hour. Without the master 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 occasion 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 underneath is a khaki uniform. Withold 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 yays to the shifting, eddying currents of the yild unknown. It was a leap in the darkness of Republican eclipse and four years hence will find them vainly looking for the light. It marks the place where a party, rich in years of service, 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 radical. 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 seas twixt craft and land will set many a life boat toward the shore.

There is much talk of twisting tensions 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 sunburnt farmer is just as brave as the starred crowned 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 passing sounds of hammered steel; somehow, although the sunlight of peace is all about us, there is now and then the gloom of bayonets in its radiant fire and a flash of swords is 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 half 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 you cannot put your finger on the cause, there is a universal fear of 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 sowing 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 growths, 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 advancing, general increase until the Republican party came into power.

When attention is called to the economic, industrial and administrative views resulting from their incompetency, 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. His 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 doomed 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 intriguing; 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 surveyed 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 repudiating the virtue of a constitutional law ac-

— 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."

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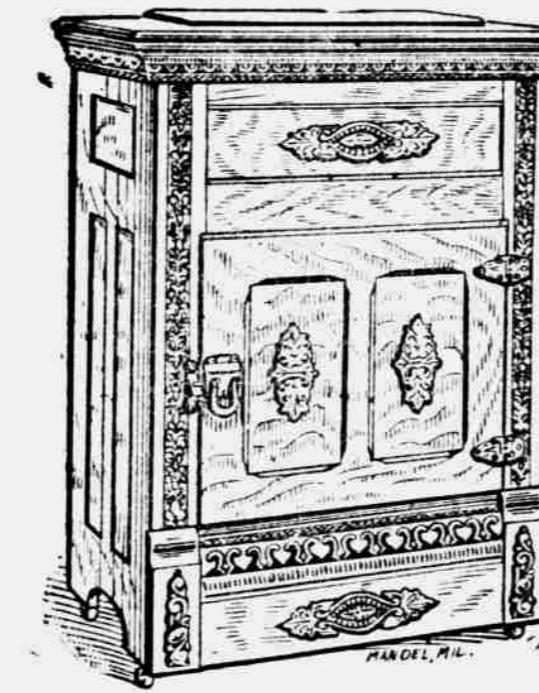
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