

WE WANT NO CHANGE

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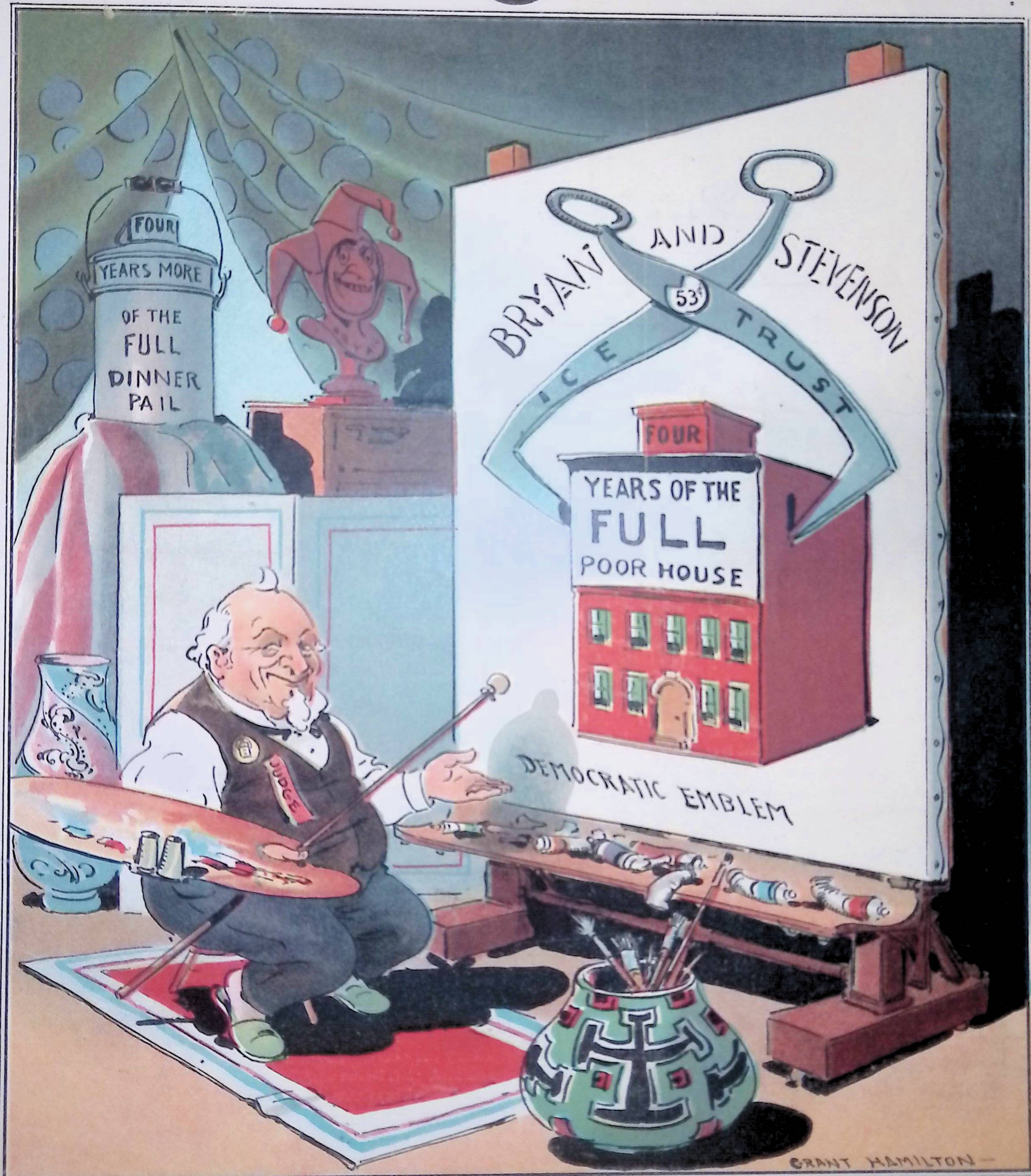
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# Judge

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## THERE IS NOTHING MEAN ABOUT JUDGE.

The Republican national committee having adopted Judge's "full dinner-pail" as an emblem and campaign cry, Judge now designs an emblem for the Democratic party, which every Democratic newspaper in the land is at liberty to use, and we hereby give the Democratic national campaign committee the right to adopt and use regardless of our copyright.





Judge

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THE SARATOGA CONVENTION—"And not a wave of trouble rolled across its peaceful breast."

MR. BLACK was received back into good Republican company by Mr. Platt with the open and glad hand. Mr. Platt always was good-hearted.

THE MAN who goes around seeking quarrels with negroes is delicately constructed, and likes to have his feelings hurt that he may exhibit his aristocratic instincts.

A FEW Democratic newspapers are so indignant over the dinner-pail suggestion that one almost suspects them of a design to reproduce the empty vehicle of food which prevailed during so many Democratic administrations.

AS WE HAVE SAID, Timothy Woodruff is just the man for the position, and he must remain as faithful to it as Mrs. Micawber always was to her good husband. This is no time for strange gods and ill-considered wanderings.

JAMES K. JONES, chairman of Bryan's national committee, is the head of an octopus called the American round-bale cotton company, with headquarters in Arkansas, and is one of the richest men in that state. He acquired the means to octopusing subsequent to his repudiation of trusts, but he will not give up his wealth.

IN CASE of Bryan's election the silver business might and might not create a great financial row; but it surely would be productive of universal surprise and apprehension and would hurt the credit of the country the world over. There is no doubt about that; and it is very good argument on the part of Mr. Schurz and other Democrats that Bryan may be safely voted for because a Republican congress can hold him in check, even if it should happen not to be so and weak as it is so far as Mr. Bryan's good name is concerned.



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VERMONT holds her own and perhaps a little more; but she doesn't go with that excessively heated bent that characterized Maine in the days of Governor Kent. The lesson of her election is that the Republican party will win, but it can do so only with the most earnest and persistent work. The Democrats of Vermont worked faithfully, and the Democrats of the rest of the country are equally in earnest. Too much Republican confidence is as damaging as too much Democratic zeal, and we hadn't better forget it. Watch out!



NOT YET TOO LATE.

HENRY WATTERSON says that Grover Cleveland got scared directly after the publication of his tariff message to congress and wanted to repudiate it, but was persuaded to let it stand. Well, everybody else has repudiated it, and he might follow their example now.



WHERE, INDEED?

**M**R. CROKER claims that he had a perfect right to hold ice-stock, but we notice that he seems anxious to have people know that he has sold his share of the American. If, however, his stock was boomed at the expense and to the sacrifice of the poor voter, where comes in the Democratic condemnation of trusts?

## TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.

THE ENDLESS PRAYER proposed by the women of the big society for the defeat of McKinley is an invitation to a combination of church and state which most people will readily condemn; and it is founded on an ignorance of the temperance situation which is surprising, a careful investigation of the matter having shown that the army canteens, or places from which decent liquids are dispensed, prevent the purchase by soldiers of a vast amount of soul-killing and body-destroying liquids from irresponsible persons. Indeed, such temperance men as have looked into the matter are more than favorable to a continuation of the canteens.



## HARMONY WITHOUT A CLUB

AN OLD POLITICIAN at Saratoga complains of a lack of excitement, such as the Republicans used to have. Mr. Platt certainly does have the power of harmony to a surprising extent. There wasn't a hitch or a jar at the convention. There was not a fight. There was no unnecessary hubbub or noise of any kind. The machinery was well oiled, and the men who handled it were in that condition themselves. The harmony was so great it might have been cut with a knife. It was not a Sunday-school, but a few hymns would have made it appear so. There was enthusiasm enough, but it was of the genteel, undemonstrative kind which has no desire to make a fuss and break things. Truly Mr. Platt is a great man, and he grows greater as he grows older.

THE DINNER-PAIL AS AN INSULT.

AFTER IAINFUL THOUGHT Mr. Hearst's principal editor here evolves the proposition that the full dinner-pail is an insult to the workman. We hadn't thought of that. A full stomach is not the politest thing in the world, consoling as it is; and we used to be told of young ladies who would never satisfy themselves at table, but preferred the surreptitious lunch, after the manner of the man who takes his liquid behind the door. But it doesn't necessarily follow, because men like to eat, that they are coarse, disagreeable persons, or that the popular sandwich or the bunched and pailed dinner is not as respectable as the elaborate Delinonico feast—really it doesn't. It serves to keep up life and hope and lots of good things—it may even be said that it fills a niche. For, if there are coarse methods of eating, hunger of itself is entirely legitimate, and if it goes too far it is respectably but painfully dangerous and it must be satisfied. Mr. Hearst and his editors should think of this. They damage their cause by looking upon the poor man's dinner-pail as a coarse instead of a necessary and desirable thing. Shall we find them presently printing rules and regulations for general eating, and barring out the dinner-pail as a plebeian utensil unfit for gentlemen and scholars? Have they contempt for that sweat of the brow which will not permit a worker to eat at all times in a spike-tail coat and a broad shirt-front? Tut, tut! This will never do.



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Constance