

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

No Sense of Justice In a Republican Congress.

SEATS IN CONGRESS STOLEN.

Outrages Upon the Elective Franchise.

DEMOCRATS WHOLLY IGNORED.

From Sheer Force of Habit the Majority Takes Seats to Which It Has No Right and For Which It Has No Need—Truth of an Old Adage.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Some gentleman once wrote a history of the Emerald Isle. His entire chapter on snakes ran in this wise: "Snakes.—There are no snakes in Ireland." So if I were writing a history of the Republican party I would condense one chapter into the following words: "Justice.—There is no sense of justice in a Republican congress." If anybody challenged that assertion, I would cite for his confusion the record of this congress on contested elections where Republicans claim the seats of Democrats. When the Republican election committee, headed by General Walker of Virginia, who once commanded the "Stonewall brigade," reports against a Democrat in favor of a Republican, that Democrat, irrespective of the merits of the case, has no more chance than a snowball on the equator. And yet the Republican party, which from sheer force of habit steals congressional seats for which it has no conceivable need, once claimed to be the great God and morality party and the sole guardian of the ballot box, boasted of its monopoly of virtue and sanctimoniously thanked God in public places that its members were not as other men. I am grateful also that they are not. So I would have these "election contests" so arranged that when one is on the board members say, "We are holding an election in the house today."

Plowman of Alabama had a plurality of 2,971, yet they bounced him and seated Aldrich. Eyes of Virginia had 2,621 plurality, yet they bounced him and seated Thorpe. Young of Virginia had 2,399 plurality, yet they bounced him and seated Wise, a son of Governor Henry A. Wise, who was one of the most brilliant Americans that ever lived, who killed Know Nothingism as dead as a doornail and who hanged old John Brown of Ossawatimie, whose soul still goes marching on. And yet there are more to follow—more American representatives fairly elected marked for slaughter because their seats are coveted by certain unregenerate Republicans who have no respect for the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not steal," or for any other portion of the decalogue.

High Handed Proceedings.

Witnessing these high handed proceedings one is forced to propound this momentous question: "How long can the republic endure with such outrages practiced upon the elective franchise?" I have no idea that the republic will perish, because I believe that the people will rise in righteous wrath and destroy the Republican freebooters root and branch. Just why about 150 other defeated Republicans did not contest that many seats must forever remain a profound mystery, for, judging the future by the past, they would have been seated by the Republican majority, as the number of votes cast at the election in 1896 has absolutely nothing to do with a member retaining his seat.

The action of the Republicans in the Wise-Young case is another confirmation of the truth of the saying that the dog will return to his vomit and the sow to her wallow. As soon as their sniffling was over about "a reunited country" they went back to their old habit of proceeding to unseat a man as patriotic as any in the house, who had cheerfully voted for every extraordinary measure proposed in the present grave emergency.

It should not be forgotten, for it is an astounding fact, that the debate to oust Young and seat Wise was suspended for 1 minute and 40 seconds to enable the house to pass the bill declaring war against the kingdom of Spain, which was done unanimously, the doomed Young voting as lustily as the rest for "the honor of his country."

I defy any man to name the counterpart of that performance in the entire legislative annals of the world.

A Political Guerrilla.

This bouncing process, however, is used only in favor of Republicans. To the truth of this statement the late Colonel Josiah Patterson of Tennessee would make his affidavit most wrathfully, no doubt. Josiah loved Grover Cleveland not wisely but too well, and Josiah has gone to join his great loss in the political morgue. So perish all traitors! Josiah could not swallow the Chicago platform. He traveled the land over, preaching the gospel of "Me and Grover." It was sent as a gold standard apostle to the benighted heathen of Missouri. But while Josiah was letting the light of his rubicund countenance beam upon us free silver ignoramuses, his dear constituents at home took him by the scruff of the neck and pitched him into that utter darkness where there is no political "pie" and elected a genuine jam up Democrat to congress. Josiah came on to Washington and got him up a contest, never doubting that the Republicans would reward his treason by placing him in a seat to which he was never elected any more than he was elected shah of Persia or ahkond of Swat. But that's precisely where Josiah threw up. Having used him, they threw him away as they would a suck- ed orange—figuratively speaking, cast him into the lion's den, left him out-

side the breastworks, wouldn't take him in out of the wet, wouldn't reward his treachery with \$10,000 salary besides mileage, stationery, etc. When the vote was declared confirming the title of his rival to his seat, Josiah must have realized politically the meaning of St. Paul when, speaking as to things spiritual, he expressed a fear that after preaching to others he himself might be a castaway. Josiah preached to the Missourians vociferously. He warned them to flee from the wrath to come. He whooped it up amazingly and unctuously. He gloried in his shame. Now, 12 stalwart Missouri Democrats represent that imperial commonwealth, and Josiah is out in the cold with his comb cut, his wings broken, his tail feathers gone, as General Groveson described him in 1896, "a political guerrilla," and as some other Republican then described him "a political tramp."

Uses of Adversity. But it's an ill wind that blows good to nobody. Even Josiah's adversity had its sweet uses—it was the cause of two new members demonstrating extraordinary capacity and making for themselves enviable positions in the house—Stephen Brundidge, Jr., of Arkansas and Edward W. Carmack of Tennessee—the latter being the man whose seat Josiah was longing for. Private John Allen of Mississippi also made a great speech and roasted Josiah to the queen's taste, but as John is a national character and is in the habit of making great speeches I will not write further of him at this time. Of the others I will speak. They are worthy of note. My readers will hear of them many times, I am sure, in the days to come. If they live up to the golden promise of their congressional youth they will become commanding figures in the house. Brundidge, who greatly resembles Speaker Crisp in his physical make up, is not an orator in the popular sense of the term, but he is a logician of the rarest sort. His speech, as a legal argument, has not been excelled during my three years in congress—strong, incisive, luminous, clear as crystal. In style of speaking he recalls Judge Turner of Georgia, who was universally regarded as one of the finest lawyers in the house.

The strange part of the story is that while Brundidge and Carmack had spoken in the house before—Carmack several times—and had spoken well they had not made any unusual impression.

An Audacious Speech.

On this occasion their splendid success was universally and ungrudgingly admitted. This is only another evidence of the fact that the right sort of opportunity is required to incite any man to do his best. Perhaps Patrick Henry would be utterly forgotten but for the stamp act and Wendell Phillips would have remained in obscurity had Lovejoy not been killed. In this case Josiah brought on the engagement, and Brundidge chopped him into mince meat with his logic, thereby fixing his own status securely among the strong men of the house, while Carmack delivered an oration so splendid in its diction that it charmed his hearers, varying from gay to severe, from the beautiful to the caustic, from honey to gall, from the airy to the pathetic, with such suddenness and such skill that his audience were laughing, applauding, weeping and laughing again before their tears were dry. I believe it was Danton who had for his motto "L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace." It appeared to me while he was speaking that Carmack had adopted that motto as his own, for truly it was a most audacious speech. Many thought he was spoiling his case by his daring performance. I confess I thought the Republicans would bounce him for defying them and skinning Josiah, but I so admired him that when he had concluded and before the vote was taken I said to De Graffenried of Texas, "If I were Carmack, I would rather have made that speech and be bounced than not to have made the speech and serve out the term," and that is my solemn conviction now.

The Washington Post's Warning.

When some mawkish Republican reads my comments in the first part of this letter on Republican sins, he may try to ease his conscience by saying, "Champ Clark is a Missouri Democrat; therefore a prejudiced witness." For the benefit of such I quote here a significant warning from the Washington Post, very ably edited, calling itself independent, and in fact as nearly independent as a paper can be which is edited by a virile character. If it has any bias, it is in favor of Republicans in general and of the McKinley administration in particular. It comes as near being an unprejudiced witness as can be found. I commend to candid men everywhere every word of The Post editorial, headline and all:

NO TIME FOR PARTISAN ZEAL.

It occurs to us to suggest to the Republican majority in congress that the present is a good time for calling a halt on purely partisan proceedings. Surely the party is strong enough, in the house at least, to refrain from further exercise of its power so far as concerns contested election cases. We are willing to admit, for the purposes of this controversy, that there may be reasonable doubt—even grounds for deliberate action—in the instances that have thus far been brought to the house's attention. We are willing to acknowledge as a general proposition that members who have been seated as a result of fraud and violence should be, in the interest of justice and pure politics, unseated at the earliest possible moment. Our contention is that for the present such questions are of very subordinate importance and that the Republicans in congress can well afford to ignore them in view of the emergency that confronts us now. The country has before it much more serious matters than partisan contests for seats in congress. We may safely assert that what we most urgently need at this time is patriotic harmony in the councils of the government. As we see the matter it is never particularly wise or useful for a majority in either house to go behind the official record returns in order to exploit a party which is normally stable in its position in the interest of a party which is already large enough to insure party supremacy in legislation. Those interferences only breed resentment and inner dissension, and they distract the eyes of the thoughtful and very far-sighted and sobering future of the nation. But existing conditions only aggravate a party which is normally stable in its position. They not only emphasize the unpopularity of the present administration, they show us what unhappy consequences may result at a time when our greatest need is a harmonious sentiment and a patriotic harmony.

It seems to us that the present is not an opportune time for the exercise of party power on one side and the consequent provocation of party resentment on the other. Such conflicts could well be postponed in the face of questions that touch our common welfare and call for our harmonious action. Better a temporary neglect of this or that individual interest than the fomentation of grievances and resentments which may obstruct the formulation of national policies and paralyze the execution of national plans. The present is no time for merely partisan considerations. What we need most urgently at this moment is a subordination of party selfishness and a suppression of academic controversy in the interest of a harmonious and concerted patriotism. Let us turn from the unpatriotic performance of Republicans unseating duly elected representatives in 1898 to an event that happened 109 years ago—an event which was a potent factor in making us what we are.

Washington's First Inauguration.

Taken all in all, Washington's first inauguration stands forth as the most marvelous political fact in the entire history of the human race. How it came to pass is also remarkable. It is the only instance where a people deliberately made all arrangements to establish a government at a certain and somewhat distant date and held themselves in abeyance and on their good behavior while waiting for that date—the 4th of March, 1789. Perhaps the most interesting feature of Washington's inauguration is that he should have been so reluctant to enter into his exalted office and fulfill his high destiny that he deferred taking the reins of government into his own hands from the 4th of March to the 30th of April. None of his successors has been behind time in arriving at the seat of government and taking the oath, and it is absolutely safe to say that none of them ever will be until human nature has been remodeled and regenerated. Should any of them so far depart from the beaten path of human conduct as to be two months late the world would hardly contain the newspaper comments on the strange event.

More historic characters participated in that splendid pageant than in any other single scene in American history. Of course Washington was the central figure. He was sworn in by Robert R. Livingston, himself a great historic personage, destined to link his name forever with the Louisiana purchase, the wisest, most astounding and most beneficial act of statesmanship and finance ever accomplished in this world, and to still further increase his fame by becoming the munificent patron of Robert Fulton. Near him, and biting his lip with envy, stood old John Adams, who was a strange compound of patriot, statesman, madman and egotist. Conspicuous in that glittering throng was the slight but martial figure of Alexander Hamilton, the mighty man who was the evil genius of Washington's administration. In the shadow was a small man of magnificent mental equipment destined to fill a great place in American annals and to exert a wholesome and commanding influence on our affairs through all time—James Madison, "The Father of the Constitution," the neighbor, friend and pupil of Thomas Jefferson. Close by him was the soldierly Virginian, his successor in the presidency, a man of whom Jefferson said, "He is so pure that you might turn his soul inside out and not find a blot upon it"—the American whose name is at this juncture most frequently mentioned—James Monroe. There was one youth in that assembly—a sober sided youth—foreordained to hold more offices than any other American from boyhood to trembling old age, finally dying in the nation's capitol with harness on his back—John Quincy Adams.

America's Greatest Happiness.

In the crowd, but not near the president—for he was no friend to Washington—was a boyish lieutenant colonel of the Revolution, with leonine heart and wondrous piercing black eyes, with a brilliant military record behind him, with a high career and appalling fate before him, the most fascinating and enigmatical character in American history—Aaron Burr—around whose life romance has woven a glittering and impenetrable veil. And Governor George Clinton was there with his strong Scotch-Irish face, and Daniel D. Tompkins, who rose to exalted station, and John Jay, the first chief justice of the United States, and Elbridge Gerry, who died in the vice presidency, and Horatio Gates, the conqueror of Burgoyne, and brave old Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and John Marshall, the immortal jurist, and young DeWitt Clinton, with his head full of lofty ambitions, and a host of other worthies whose names will never die. And the ladies—"Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The awful significance of the scene was that a people having conquered freedom by the sword after seven terrible years of blood and having preserved it through seven even more terrible years of doubt and gloom were now establishing it on a firm and enduring basis—a new and unheard of basis—that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." There have been more spectacular scenes in the world—Napoleon's coronation and his second burial, for instance—but none so fraught with such vital consequences to the human race. When Washington had taken the oath, representative government was upon its trial—a fair, full and comprehensive trial, a trial which has eventuated so happily that kingship is dead, really dead, throughout the world. There are kings yet, but they are mere figureheads, emblems of the ground. Initiative is the sincerest battery, and every republic on earth is an imitation, a copy, a reproduction of ours. Fortunately in all things, America's greatest happiness was in having a Washington to inaugurate. Blessed be his name forever!

Champ Clark

A SOCIALIST PARABLE.

(By Herbert N. Casson.)

Once upon a time there was a village in a beautiful valley. It was entirely surrounded by steep and lofty mountains, which sheltered it from the storms of winter and the heat of summer.

The soil of the valley was very fertile, and all manner of grains and fruits grew in abundance. Although there were frequent drouths in the country around about the valley, it never lacked for water, even in the hottest of the summer months.

A never failing stream, sparkling like molten glass, flowed merrily down from the highest mountain, ran in a sportive, zig-zag way through the valley, and passed into a wide cavern at the further end of it.

The stream was the special pride of all the villagers. They shielded it from all pollution, built fancy bridges over it, and planted bright flowers along its banks. They believed it to be a gift from the gods, as they had an old tradition to that effect; and they would not allow any one to set foot upon the sacred mountains from which it came.

The villagers were all very happy and prosperous. Every one was free to drink of the stream, and to nourish his garden with it, for it belonged alike to all, and no one had a right to say, "This is my stream, and not yours."

Every villager possessed his own house, and not his neighbor's, and the land of the valley was equally divided among them. There was no man who did not do his share of labor, and no one who was burdened with overmuch work.

Every morning they were awakened by the singing of birds, and every evening the men and women sang songs together, and taught the little children to dance and to play on the musical instruments.

But in the course of time one of the villagers, who was deformed in his mind, became a financier, and wickedly determined to obtain grain and fruit without doing his share of the work.

To accomplish this infamous purpose, he climbed the sacred mountain, discovered the cleft in the rock from whence the stream issued, and stopped it up with rocks and logs. Then he descended unperceived to the valley, and joined the alarmed villagers, who had discovered the stoppage of the waters.

According to their tradition, they believed that the stream came from the gods, and therefore they brought many sacrifices, and offered them upon alters at the foot of the holy mountain, but of course no water descended.

They chanted hymns and repeated prayers, and fasted every third day, but their thirst increased more and more.

At last the financier spoke to the others and said: "If ye will give me one hundred bushels of grain I will even risk my life for ye all. I will climb the mountain and intercede with the gods, and persuade them to send us the stream again."

And the villagers accepted his offer with great rejoicing, and in the evening when it became dark, he ascended the mountain, rolled away the rocks and logs, and let the stream flow once more to the valley.

When the financier returned, the people greeted him with great joy, and carried him on their shoulders to his home; for they said in their simplicity, "It is he that has saved us from thirst and famine and death."

And the financier, when he saw how easily the people were deceived, said to himself, "This whole valley shall be my garden, and all these people shall be my slaves."

And becoming more and more greedy of gain, he soon began to stop the stream up twice a week.

So in a short time he became the possessor, not only of all the grain and fruit, but also of the land and the houses, the furniture, and even the musical instruments.

And until the very last house was taken, most of the people believed in the financier, and carried him on their shoulders when he returned from the mountain. They spoke loudly of his patriotism and philanthropy, for whenever he received from them one hundred bushels of grain he always restored them one bushel to feed the poor. He likewise gave many bushels of grain to the clergy, and to the schoolmasters, and to the men who wrote the chronicles of the village.

And the few who suspected the financier to be a rogue, were afraid to speak their thoughts among the others, for fear he should drive them from the valley.

But as the unhappy villagers became poorer and more destitute and miserable, they began to think upon their former prosperity, and wonder why they should be starving in the midst of plenty, and why they should have to pay so much grain and fruit to the financier. And a few of the more intelligent ones began to inquire saying, "Why can we not go up the mountain ourselves and cause the water to flow?"

But this seemed a terrible and dangerous saying to the simple minded people, for they had never thought of it before.

The clergy thought it was blasphemous, and the schoolmasters said it was ignorance, and the chronicles said it was anarchism; and so for a long time the people remained in poverty, and many of their little children died for lack of food.

But at last several of them even dared to climb the mountain one day when the stream was dry, and they discovered the rocks and logs with which the financier had stopped the waters, and they removed them and set a guard upon the spring.

And when all the people had heard of it they laid hands on the financier and said to him, "Why did ye do this thing?" And he said, "It is the law of business." And he brought them to have confidence in him.

But they said, "We can not have confidence in a lie," and they took back their grain and their fruit and their land and their houses and furniture and musical instruments, and restored unto every man what was his own, so that they were once more

prosperous and joyful.

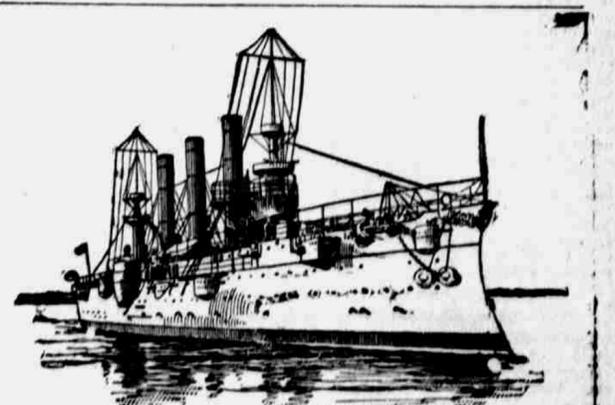
And after much reasoning together they set free the financier, and allowed him to live in the cavern at the end of the valley, and gave him a herd of swine to watch, so that he might be useful to the people.

And though at first he made a great outcry, when he afterwards considered what the thing was which he had done, he was very thankful that the villagers had not taken his life.

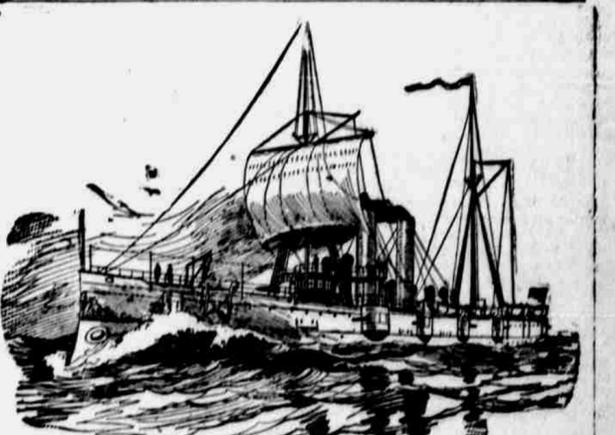
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