

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Lesson of Vice President Hobart's Career.

IT ENCOURAGES AMBITION.

Shows the Beneficence of Our Institutions.

HENDERSON'S TROUBLES BEGIN.

Overwhelmed by Congressmen Who Want Chairmanships—Speculation as to the New Democratic Leader of the House—Missouri's Claims for the Place—Chances of the Four Candidates—Outrageous Treatment of Schley.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Being one of the congressional delegation selected to attend the funeral of Vice President Hobart, in going to and returning from Paterson, N. J., I reflected a good deal upon what I saw and heard, and my conclusion is that the chief lesson to be learned from his career is the beneficence of our American institutions and the wondrous opportunities they afford the young, the brave, the capable, the industrious, the resolute—an old lesson, it is true, but one that cannot be told too often. Here was a man who began life a country schoolteacher and who 24 years ago went to Paterson to study law with only \$1.50 capital who at the early age of 55 dies worth a million and holding the second office within the gift of a free people, whose funeral is attended by the president and his cabinet, by the supreme court, by a quorum of the senate, by a large number of representatives and by the authorities of his native state, and whose death is sincerely mourned by the nation at large.

In no other country could such a scene take place, and the fact that it can take place here is the greatest incentive to human exertion.

Mr. Hobart was the sixth vice president to die in office, the five others being George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, William R. King, Henry Wilson and Thomas A. Hendricks. Only four presidents have died in office—William Henry Harrison, Zachary Taylor, Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield, the two latter having been assassinated. Mr. Hobart magnified his office—that is, he increased its dignity and prestige both by clearly recognizing the vice president's anomalous position in our governmental machine and by discharging the perfunctory duties of his station with tact, industry and intelligence. I think that Mr. Hobart presided over the senate more constantly than any of his predecessors. Why I do not know. I cannot imagine a more soporific performance. Perhaps Mr. Hobart was bothered with insomnia and listened to senatorial speechmaking to induce sleep, or it may have been that he enjoyed the aristocratic atmosphere which is supposed to pervade the chamber of the ancients. Perhaps it was a conscientious notion that he was paid \$8,000 per annum to preside and that he ought to earn his money. Who knows?

The Line of Succession.

It's an ill wind that blows good to nobody, and two amiable and illustrious statesmen are benefited somewhat by the departure of Mr. Hobart—Hon. John Hay, secretary of state, and Senator William P. Frye of Maine. Senator Frye will, as president pro tem. of the senate, receive an extra salary allowance of \$3,000 per annum and will enjoy certain other extraordinary privileges—inter alia, that of making certain desirable appointments of friends to office.

Colonel Hay's position is better, because he is now heir apparent to the presidency. The line of succession until recently was vice president, president pro tem. of the senate and speaker of the house. As, during the long vacation, there is usually neither president pro tem. of the senate nor speaker of the house, there were only two lives between the government and anarchy. Indeed, when General Garfield was killed, there being neither president pro tem. nor speaker, only one life (General Arthur's) stood between the government and anarchy. After that the line of succession was changed so as to go from vice president to secretary of state and on down through the cabinet in order of the date of the creation of the various departments. So that usually now we have nine or ten lives between us and anarchy. A wise change certainly.

"In the beginning God made round holes and three cornered holes," said Rev. Sydney Smith, who was more wit than preacher, "and he also made round people and three cornered people to fit in them, but the trouble is that the round people have got into the three cornered holes and the three cornered people into the round holes, and nobody fits." The chances are that General David Brewster Henderson, speaker that is about to be, would make his Alfer Davy that Sidney was correct in his diagnosis of the case.

The general's rooms at the Normandie are just now the Mecca of aspiring statesmen in the more numerous branch of the federal legislature. There are 350 of them besides the general himself, and the chances are that if each and every one of them was given carte blanche in choosing committee places there would be 350 chairmen of the committee on ways and means. Perhaps a few—very few—of the most modest ones might select oth-

er big chairmanships, but it's a ten to one shot that the vast majority would unhesitatingly, aye, gladly, assume the grave duties and vast responsibilities of the ways and means chairmanship. What's more, a great many of them, if given a chance, would rise equal to the occasion, for Americans have an astounding adaptability to any situation in which they may find themselves, civil, military or commercial.

The Democratic Leader.

Old stagers here say that the situation touching the speakership contest is anomalous. The strange thing about it is that the Republican nomination, which means high honor, immense power, a snug place in history and \$3,000 extra salary per annum, is and for months has been settled definitely, while the Democratic nomination is the object of the ambition and rivalry of at least a quartet of palpitating statesmen who openly avow their yearning, while perhaps a dozen more have lightning rods concealed about their persons ready for erection and exhibition on the least persuasion, the slightest pressure or the faintest call.

As to the Democratic leadership in the house, only one thing is coesure, and that is that the man who receives 88 votes is a winner. He may win with less.

Originally 172 anti-Republicans were elected to the Fifty-sixth congress. The places of Settle of Kentucky and Ermentrout of Pennsylvania are vacant, leaving 170. One of these is a silverite, three or four are Populists and two or three fusionists. These may or may not attend the Democratic caucus.

There are four entries for the Democratic leadership—De Armond of Missouri, Richardson of Tennessee, Bankhead of Alabama and Sulzer of New York. Bankhead's the oldest, Sulzer the youngest, Richardson the tallest, De Armond the smallest, physically, not mentally. Professionally, they stand one farmer to three lawyers.

Geographically, there are one northerner, two southerners, one south-wester.

Politically, all are Chicago platform Democrats.

Missouri's Claims. As Missouri is the greatest and most populous state in the Union that invariably gives her electoral vote to the Democratic presidential candidate, I think she is entitled to this honor, which will appear empty now, but which will land the recipient of the nomination in the speaker's chair in the next congress, and, as De Armond is Missouri's only candidate, he ought to be nominated.

While I would not disparage the claim of any candidate or any state or cast suspicion on the fealty of any gentleman or of any section, it is nevertheless true that in the public mind Missouri is more intimately associated with the Chicago platform and the crusade for the restoration of silver to its ancient place of honor than is any other state, and for that reason also this honor should come to her, De Armond being her sole candidate on this occasion.

It would be a splendid, graceful and well merited tribute to the precious memory of Silver Dick Bland to nominate a Missouri Democrat of his way of thinking, and Missouri presents De Armond to the caucus of the committee on resolutions at the far resounding Pertle Springs convention, which made possible the Chicago platform of 1896.

With a Missourian for leader, the world will not have to be told that the party has taken no backward step on the silver issue.

The old proverb hath it "Good wine needs no bush to proclaim it." Neither does a Missouri Democrat need any certificate of political good character. Not only are Missourians faithful and ardent, but, what's more, they are increasing. The next census will give Missouri three or four additional congressmen and presidential electors, all Democrats, therefore imperial Missouri ought to have this leadership nomination as an acknowledgment of her growth in grace and good works.

The star of empire on its perpetual western journey having shed its light on Iowa long enough to make General David Brewster Henderson's pathway to the speakership plain, it is entirely meet and in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that his Democratic competitor should be a Missourian, in this instance De Armond.

Chances of the Candidates.

The four competitors for this honor will enter the caucus neck and neck. No one will have a lead pipe cinch on it to the Missouri, but Richardson's tact may win or Bankhead's luck, or it may eventuate in the nomination of Sulzer, a Tammany brave, but an out and out silver Democrat. Quien sabe?

The vote being about evenly divided, if the contest is prolonged, particularly if bitterness is engendered, the unexpected may happen once more, and none of the four may get it, but some dark horse may secure the prize. Whether it will bring happiness to the possessor who may know? At a great banquet I once asked John Sherman, by whose side I was sitting, how he regarded in the retrospect his loss of the speakership, as a calamity or as a blessing in disguise. After diving down deep into his troubled memory he replied absently: "Sometimes one way, sometimes 't'her. Who was it that kept me from being speaker?"

All regret the untimely death of Congressman Evan E. Settle of Kentucky, because he was universally regarded as one of the growing men of the house. It was believed that he had a long and brilliant career before him. He had a hard berth to fill, that of representative from the far famed Blue Grass district, which has ab urbe condita been represented by men of approved capacity and fetching eloquence. I doubt if any other district in America ever sent so many illustrious men to the house of representa-

tives. Settle bade fair to rival the best of his predecessors.

To Hon. Lon V. Stephens, chief magistrate of Imperial Missouri, there will come during his term one of the happiest experiences that ever fell to the lot of a governor since governors were first invented, and that is to pay off, count and destroy the last state bond—evidence of Missouri Republican rascality, maladministration and deviltry. I most heartily congratulate his excellency upon being governor when that auspicious day shall dawn. He is a native of the state, was state treasurer, and both as treasurer and governor has contributed all he could to this felicitous consummation. The magnificent commonwealth of Missouri is to be heartily congratulated that in a little more than a quarter of a century from the date of the return of Democratic supremacy she will have removed every visible sign of the wild saturnalia held within her borders by Republicans during their brief and rapacious rule. Nowhere else did the Republican carpetbaggers and scoundrels hold such high carnival as they held in Missouri, for no other state was so rich in resources. Their reign was short, but it was unspeakable while it lasted. It burned itself into the recollections of men. In eight years they plundered the state of \$26,000,000, to say nothing of the hundreds of millions out of which they skinned the counties, townships, cities and towns. Foul birds of prey in human form came from the four points of the compass to fatten and batten on a prostrate state.

Yet there are certain Simple Simons who dream of Missouri becoming Republican. She will not do so as long as man retains the faculty of memory. Never! The older citizens remember vividly the awful nightmare of Republican misrule, when grand larceny was the fashion among officeholders.

When the last Republican bond is paid off and burned, we will have such a jubilee out there as will startle the man in the moon. We invite honest men everywhere to jubilate with us on this example of "applied Democracy." We will put the big pot in the little one, kill the fatted calf and prepare a feast fit for Lucullus or Epicurus. The year we burn the last bond Missouri will give 100,000 Democratic majority. Our example of "applied Democracy" is this: In 24 years we have paid off nearly \$26,000,000 state bonded debt and at the same time have reduced the tax rate 75 per cent. Match that performance who can.

Maryland Redeemed.

There's no place like the old place, the place where we were born.

Where we opened first our eyelids to the glories of the morn.

This great truth is illustrated by the following poetical editorial in the St. Louis Republic, written, no doubt, by Colonel Joseph A. Graham, managing editor, who was born and bred in the balliwiek of Arthur Pue Gorman. Colonel Graham's editorial is not poetic in form, but it contains all the poetic fire of a great lyric. What it lacks in elegance it makes up in emphasis. It is a regular poetic cock-a-doodle-doo over the result in Maryland and runs in this wise:

"The spoiler's heel is off thy deck, Maryland, my Maryland! Old Lowndes was jolted in the neck, Maryland, my Maryland! The Democrats have made a coup; Republicans are in the soup. Throw out your chest and give a whoop, Maryland, my Maryland!"

It would appear that Colonel Graham's muse has been keeping company with Tom Sharkey, Jim Jeffries and other eminent professors of "the padded fist philosophy," but she leaves nothing for explanation in the voicing of her jubilation.

A Republican Lie.

Certainly the blindest and most preposterous lie ever told since Ananias and Sapphira had that ill starred land transaction is that the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill was a free trade measure, and yet not a week passes—scarcely a day—in which some Republican editor does not repeat that foul slander. Of course they know they are lying like a gas meter, but they keep on at it. It's their beastly nature, I suppose, and they can't help it.

Now be it known once and for all that the Wilson tariff bill, which Grover Cleveland aptly characterized as "an act of perfidy," carried an average tariff duty of about 40 per cent. The trouble with the thing was that it contained not too much, but too little, free trade, and free traders voted for it because it did cut down the McKinley bill rates 8 per cent and because it was all the reduction they could get. They voted for it holding their noses.

One of the inexplicable mysteries and puzzles of our times is the outrageous treatment accorded Rear Admiral Schley by the navy department, headed by Secretary John D. Long, ex-governor of Massachusetts. Schley unquestionably gained the battle of Santiago, and it was a glorious victory, which practically ended the Spanish war in the fashion in which Dewey began it at Manila. All the mean, petty persecution of the navy department cannot deprive him of the high honor to which he is entitled. The average American citizen endeavors to be just and fair, and his verdict is that Schley should have his full meed of praise as Admiral Dewey has his. Nobody but Rear Admiral Crowninshield seems disposed to disparage Dewey's immortal performance. Everybody is to be discredited, everything is to be warped, to place on Sampson's brow laurels which do not belong there of right. Wherefore? Nobody appears to be able to explain the enigma. One thing dead sure—the persecution of Schley for gaining a great victory helped the Democrats redeem Maryland, my Maryland.

Champ Clark

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TURKEYS TURKEYS TURKEYS in our south meat market window is a 25-lb white turkey; there is also a glass of beans and peas and with every purchase of one dollar you get one guess on the number of peas and beans in the glass; the person guessing the nearest will get the large fat turkey free on Wednesday evening.

OTHER GOOD THINGS. 4 quarts cranberries.....10c Lots of fine celery.....10c 4lbs new shelled popcorn for.....10c (Guaranteed to pop fine.) 2lbs ginger snaps.....15c

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Without exception we have the finest lot of corn fed turkeys and chickens ever shown by us; it will pay you to see ours before buying.

Fine fresh oysters. 4 cans Beatrice corn.....25c 4 cans early June peas.....25c 4 cans wax or string beans.....25c 4 3-lb cans pumpkin.....25c 3 cans salmon.....25c 2 cans Columbia river salmon.....25c 2 cans pears.....25c 2 cans new plums.....25c

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Underwear Women's heavy ribbed grey cotton fleece lined regular 25c grade, this week, per garment..... 15c Women's part wool vests and pants, natural grey, 50c grade, per garment..... 39c Boys' extra heavy, silver grey fleeced shirts and drawers, all sizes, per garment..... 25c

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No. 3—Solid oak, cane seat, golden finish dining chair. We have 25 dozen only to sell at 90c each.

No. 5—An exceptionally good value, solid oak, cane seat, golden finish, embossed back, at \$1.20 each.

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7 Garnet Base Burners for hard coal only; full nickel trimmed.

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