

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

War Tax Piling Up a Great Surplus.

UNNECESSARY AND UNJUST.

A Standing Invitation to Every Rascal in the Land.

REPUBLICAN LEADERS UNHAPPY.

Fear of Impending Defeat Renders Them Irresistible—Cannon and Hepburn Quarrel—Billingsgate in the House—Protest of the Soldiers—In the Grip of Successors—Senator Hoar on True Statesmanship—Indiana Elections.

[Special Washington Letter.] An unnecessary tax is an unjust tax. The federal treasury contains a vast surplus which is increasing every day and which is produced by the continuation of the Spanish war taxes.

Therefore these taxes, being unnecessary, are unjust and should be abolished.

But the signs indicate that the Republican leaders will not permit any change at this session of congress of any feature of the Spanish war revenue bill, not even of those features which are the most irritating to the people and the least productive of revenue.

Everybody knows that the bill was hastily prepared, passed under whip and spur as a temporary measure and shrouded in credit and inequities.

Still we are not to be permitted to change it, even in the estimation of a hair, because the Republican bosses have so willed it.

The stamp taxes on medicines are 20 times what the rates are on John D. Rockefeller's products, but no change must be made, because the bosses don't want it, don't you know?

Stamp taxes on small notes, contracts, mortgages, etc., are more productive of profanity than revenue, but they must stand, because the bosses have so willed it.

By the end of the year the surplus, at the present rate, will be about \$50,000,000 and \$70,000,000, but the bosses appear to deem that an evidence of statesmanship, bragging to their breasts the delusion that people don't know that every dollar of that surplus is unjustly wrong from the overburdened taxpayers of the land.

A surplus in the treasury is a standing invitation to every rascal in the land to move on Washington with some scheme to deplete Uncle Sam's patriotic pocketbook, but the bosses decree that matters shall remain in statu quo.

Thomas Jefferson's declaration is as good and wise today as when first made—"Economy in the public expense that labor may be lightly burdened"—but the bosses care nothing about labor or its burdens so long as they can point with pride to a huge surplus, the result of unnecessary taxation. They could easily double the surplus by the simple process of doubling the taxes. There is no end to such a plan, except the exhaustion of the people's patience.

Republicans Irritable. What seems to be the certainty of impending defeat renders the Republican leaders irritable, querulous and Kilkenny catlike. They yowl and howl and claw and otherwise disparage themselves to the infraction of the public decorum. They use loud, violent, abusive and tumultuous language toward each other in such a reckless manner as to disturb the peace of their Democratic neighbors, who are in a peculiarly lumpy frame of mind contemplating what reforms they will work when they come into possession of the government at high noon March 4, A. D. 1901.

During the debate on the Nicaragua bill Uncle Joe Cannon of Illinois, chairman of the great committee on appropriations, and Colonel William Peters Hepburn of Iowa, popularly designated Colonel Pete, chairman of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce, committed mouth assaults upon each other with intent to kill and murder—at least to do great bodily harm.

On the 7th day of this month Uncle Joe was 64 years old, has been in the house a quarter of a century and should know better than to quarrel like a fribwife.

Colonel Hepburn is past 66, though he does not look it. He has been in congress many years, was once solicitor of the treasury and it would appear that he has seen enough years to "cool his heart of fire."

Not so, however. These two veteran statesmen fell a-foot of each other, like two Greco-Roman wrestlers, and tugged, strained, tore up the ground in such disgraceful manner that Charlie Wheeler of Kentucky demanded that they be called to order, but nobody paid any attention to his call, as everybody wanted to see the two illustrious Republicans wool each other to their hearts content, but it must be confessed that when a row gets too hot to please a Kentuckian things are liable to melt. Perhaps Wheeler was disgusted because they were confining themselves to shaking fists and hurling epithets instead of adopting the Kentucky plan of settling difficulties, which plan was recently illustrated by Colonel David G. Colson, when he killed three men at one time.

Colonel Hepburn cast aspersions on Uncle Joe's sincerity, Uncle Joe, with

many gesticulations, genuflections and gyrations, reflected on Colonel Pete's integrity and good faith. Colonel Pete, white with rage, gave Uncle Joe the lie conditionally, and when Uncle Joe taunted him with putting in the conditions, Colonel Pete, fairly sizzling with wrath, giving the lie direct to the venerable Sucker. To one hilariously disposed this exhibition of Republican intelligence, this exposition of Republican manners, was better than a circus.

A Contest of Billingsgate. Now, be it remembered that this was a scene between Republican statesmen, and the Democrats had precisely the interest in it, and no more, which the old woman had in the fight between Bruin and her Hege lord, when with perfect impartiality, she encouraged both by first shouting, "Go it, husband!" and then, "Go it, bear!" First and last Republican Pharisees have had much to say about the sweetness and purity of Republicans and much about "the plantation manners of Democrats."

O what some power the giftle give us To see ourselves as others see us!

If some New England transcendentalist will write an essay on "Sweetness, Purity and Good Manners" as illustrated by this billingsgate contest of Uncle Joe and Colonel Pete, I will cheerfully agree to incorporate it in these letters for the delectation of my hundreds of thousands of readers. As matters stand I think Colonel Hepburn got a little the best of Uncle Joe, but the latter, like Major Joe Bagstock, is "sly, sir, devilish sly; tough, sir, devilish tough," and he will bite his time.

The quarrelsome spirit seems to have entered into all Republicans.

Down in Tennessee, where they have only Republicans enough to elect two congressmen, two factions, one headed by Pension Commissioner Colonel H. Clay Evans and the other by Congressman Brownlow and Gibson, are waging against each other a war of extermination. On with the dance!

Even the ex-soldiers are becoming disgruntled as to the way things are being run by this administration, as is shown by the following letter, which explains itself:

Dear Sir—There is a proposition in congress to give to the present adjutant general of the United States army—when, of course, we have nothing personal—the rank of major general. The Union Veterans union, which I have the honor to command, respectfully, but most earnestly, protests against this.

In every possible manner attempts are being made by individuals and branches of the public service to get something more out of the colored revenues which are being collected and for which the people are being heavily taxed. The expenditure for the pension is already swollen to an enormous extent. Instead of giving the people's money away, but under extravagant, even these revenues do not seem to be sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds of a wretched little war in which we are engaged and which costs more than the entire pension roll, every obstruction is laid to be put in the way of paying the pension in order to save (if money) if this be true, it may be remarked that such does not embrace the proper idea of retirement. Retirement does not consist in avoidance of payment on the part of the soldier, it consists in presenting the public money to shoulder straps of other individuals and unaccountably increasing salaries.

In addition to the fact that it appears frivolous to increase the rank of the adjutant general without increasing the rank of the heads of the other staff offices of the war department and to the fact that increasing the rank of the adjutant general is a reflection upon the efficiency of the adjutant general's office of the civil war, when we had an army of more than 2,000,000 men and the rank of the adjutant general was that of brigadier general, it would seem to be untimely and particularly wrong to give him increased rank and thus increase the cost of his office, while and merely to increase our liability in increased expense if unavoidable, expense. This, especially when the duties and responsibilities of the adjutant general's office are as present as nothing compared with the duties and responsibilities of the adjutant general's office during our civil war, when, as above said, the rank of the adjutant general was that of brigadier general. Very respectfully,

R. G. DRAZOSZ, Commander in Chief, U. V. U.

A Case of Dog Eat Dog. Colonel John W. Gates has recently given the country a startling object lesson in operating trusts and in fleecing the lambs of Wall street. He moved on Gotham, shut down several wire mills in order to influence value of stocks, ruthlessly threw out of employment thousands of innocent, industrious laborers and cleaned up a million or two. Now the Wall street gang are talking of indicting him as a common cheat and swindler. With the result of the controversy between Gates and the Wall street outfit I am in no way interested. It was a clear case of dog eat dog, and the more they eat each other the better the world will be off, no doubt. So let the merry war go on. But my guess is that it will not go on. Perhaps Colonel Gates ought to be in the pen. I am not expressing any opinion on that point. Perhaps the Wall street gamblers whom he skinned ought also to be wearing the stripes of a convict. And perhaps if they indicted Gates he will follow suit and do the same thing to them. Stranger—far stranger—things have happened. They are as deep in the mud as Gates is in the mire. He beat them at their own game.

But there is a much more serious question connected with the matter than the circus between Gates and the Wall street outfit and that is that Gates or any other man shall be permitted, for gambling purposes, to shut down mills and throw out of employment thousands of honest, industrious men who are anxious to earn their own bread and the bread of their wives and little children in the sweat of their faces. That concerns the public welfare. Gates could have cut no such brutal caper had he not been the head of the steel wire trust, which is no worse and no better than scores of other trusts. A man who steals a loaf of bread is a thief and is sent to jail or to the penitentiary, but a man who takes in a cool \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000 by taking the bread out of the mouths of thousands of men, women and children is a financier and hero, with aspirations for a seat in the senate of the United States. O Mores! O Tempora!

Senator Hoar's Plea For Justice. Here is a paragraph from Senator Hoar's great speech, than which few, very few, finer ever fell from human lips. I commend it to the boys of the land as a thing to be treasured up and committed to memory:

Mr. President—Our friends who take another view of this question like to tell us of the mistake of great men of other days, who have said that it is better to let a poor man protest against acquisition of territory. One worthy and most exuberant gentleman in another place points out to his hearers the folly of Webster and Clay, the delusions of Charles Sumner and contrasts them with the wisdom of Jefferson and Tyler and Polk. Mr. Jefferson declared that the acquisition of Louisiana was unconstitutional and wanted a constitutional amendment to justify it. I think the general sense of the American people is that in that particular Mr. Jefferson was in error and that our power to admit new states clearly involves the power to acquire territory from which new states are to be made. I wonder, however, if there is any man now alive who now holds what ever did the man who said, "I do not believe in either house of congress willing to say that, having taken an oath to support the constitution, he would, for any purpose of public advantage, forego himself for the sake of real estate, or to do good to his country. I hope and believe that the spirit of Fletcher of Saltoun, who said he would die to serve Scotland, but he would not do a base thing to save her, is still the spirit of American statesmanship. That exuberant gentleman contrasts the statesmanship of Polk and Tyler with that of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay and Charles Sumner. Somehow or other the name of Webster and Clay and Sumner live in the hearts and on the lips of their countrymen, while the men who brought on the Mexican war in the interest of slavery are forgotten. I do not mean, I hear of men building statues to those conquerors or celebrating their birthdays or writing their lives. In all generations the statesmen who have appealed to righteousness and justice and freedom have left an enduring place in the loving memory of their countrymen, while the men who have counseled them to walk in the path of justice and wrong, even if it be in their own day, are forgotten and despised. Ah, Mr. President, that gentleman says we are the apostles of the Lord, as the Jews were the apostles of the Lord. But the Jewish empire is forgotten. The sands of the desert cover the foundations of her cities. The spider spins its threads; the worm makes its midnight perch in their palaces. But still those little words: "Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not covet; that that is thine neighbor's; whatever he would that thou shalt do to him; do ye even so again unto him," shine through the ages, plain and undimmed. Mr. President, you may speculate, you may refine, you may doubt, you may deny, but the things that stand in our history, the foremost action in all history, is the writing upon its pages those simple and sublime opening sentences of the Declaration of Independence, who the man will stand in this hall live in the eternal memory of mankind; and the men who depart from it, however triumphant and successful in their little politics, shall perish and be forgotten or shall be remembered only to be despised.

Coming Statesmen. One purpose of these letters is to introduce to the notice of my readers the rising members of the house, especially new and young Democratic representatives who give unusual promise of future eminence. In the great debate on the armor plate feature of the naval appropriation bill a trio of young men—William Walton Kitchin of North Carolina, Charles Kennedy Wheeler of Kentucky and Willard Duncan Vandiver of Missouri. They put up a magnificent fight for the people and led the Democrats to a notable victory.

The Hoosier Republicans had hardly adjourned their more or less perfurated state convention before the spring municipal elections were held, in which the grand old party was the recipient of a most righteous but most astounding wallop. The Porto Rican bill did it; the Philippine imperial propaganda did it; the Cuban scandals did it; the Macrum exposures did it; the Hay-Pauncefote treaty did it; the Gage-Hepburn dark and damnable performance did it; the administration's pro-English tendencies did it; it's evident lack of sympathy with the heroic Boers did it; the pro-English gold standard bill did it; Mark Hanna's ship subsidy bill did it; Colonel John W. Gates' bold and brazen trust caper did it; Beveridge's speeches did it; Fairbanks' presidential aspirations did it; Governor Steele's thrilling oration on shirtless Caribbeans did it; but, whatever did it, the Democrats of Indiana didn't do a thing to the Republicans! Oh, no! They trampled them in the mud; that's all.

Quay and Hanna. In some respects General Charles Henry Grosvenor of Ohio is the unluckiest of mortals. The newspapers are always pestering him. They represented him as publicly congratulating Senator Mark Hanna on the undoing of Matthew Stanley Quay, whereupon the general publishes a card avowing that when he fell figuratively at least, on Mark Hanna's side, it was because he thought that great and good man for some kind and complimentary remarks personal to himself. Whether Quay will believe the explanation I am not authorized to say, as I am not in the confidence of the ex-Keystone boss. Lord Byron says, "Sweet is revenge," and far stranger things have happened in this world than that ex-Senator and ex-Chairman of the National Committee Quay should find some way of evening up the score with Senator and Chairman of the National Committee Hanna. It may be that he will avenge himself on Mark's protégé, William McKinley, or he may be satisfied with defeating Mark's ship subsidy bill. If the newspapers are to be believed, that palpitating patriot, Senator Tom Carter of Montana, meditates the latter method of revenge for Mark's part in taking off his friend, the late senator from Quay's vault.

It would be awful on the Republican side to lose that \$180,000,000 steel, but no so bad as to lose President McKinley. Rats instinctively leave a sinking ship. Senator Wellington of Maryland deserts the Republican party, or, more correctly speaking, he claims that the Republican party has deserted him. Anyway, he announces that he will not train with the McHannaites this year. It affords great and genuine pleasure to a lover of his country and his kind to observe the multiplying signs of disintegration now manifesting themselves in the grand old party, whose battlercy has so long been, "The old flag and an appropriation!"

Some Good Advice. The New York Journal suggested to the great missionary council that met the other day that it send some experienced missionary of the Ecumenical Congress to the darkest New Jersey and labor with the officers of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad who compel their coal shovellers to work on Sunday in violation of the state law.

These officials, who ignore the law, are church members who know how to pray, and who would feel horrified, if adjoining their summer homes, some farmer should harvest his crops or plough his fields on Sunday.

Let the worthy missionaries forget the heathen for a brief time, and on Sunday next go over to Port Reading or South Amboy. They will see men begrimed and soiled, and brutelike, forgetting God in their efforts to support their families by violating the law in violation of the barges and cars on the Sabbath.

It is said that the work done by these men on Sunday could quite as well be postponed for a day, but the railroad officials will not permit it. Of what avail is it for capitalists to pass the plate and to make donations for the heathen of foreign countries when they raise and perpetuate colonies of heathen in their own land?

And what peculiar twist of New Jersey justice will give them the right to violate the statutes without paying the penalty?

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Lincoln to McKinley. With the spirit of prophesy resting upon him, Lincoln seems to have uttered the following words more for this generation than the generation in which he lived:

"Those arguments that are made that the inferior race are to be treated with as much allowance as they are capable of enjoying; that as much is to be done for them as their condition will allow—what are these arguments? They are the arguments kings have made for enslaving the people—not because they wanted to do it, but because the people were better off for being ridden."

Two-Handed. Trenholm's New Place on North 10th street, opposite the Farmers' Grocery, is the largest second-hand store in the city. He has two floors and basement for salesrooms, with a line of New Furniture, Stoves and Ranges to exchange for old. And third floor used exclusively for storage and packing of goods to be shipped. Goods sold on commission with entire satisfaction. Has a large line of Queensware, Tinware, Cutlery, Glassware and Plated Ware, Trunks and Cases, Second hand Organs, Pianos, Straw Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Lace Curtains, Portiers, Go-Carts and Buggies, or in fact anything you want at astonishing low prices. Mail orders given prompt attention. J. H. TRESHOLM, 233 N. 10th street, Lincoln, Neb.

Editor Independent: "You don't know how strong Bryan is with the people; he is so down on Imperialism and Expansion by force and the Porto Rican tariff bill, this is what makes him so strong with the people, and he will be the nominee of the populists, democrats and silver republicans. This conversation was heard between two republicans: "McKinley isn't a bad candidate, and if he was, I'm tired of this everlasting cliche about the people. Damn the people! I am in favor of nominating whoever the politicians want and cramming the ticket down the throats of the people. Who are they, anyway? A lot of old mad sills who would like to drive all salaried men out of office except the honest man out of office. The politicians have to put up for the party, run its machinery and elect its men. If they didn't nobody would be elected; they ought to have something to say about who should have the office. "Seems as if they have something to say," said one of the delegates. You bet they have—and they are going to have more, for they will not support a man that wants to turn a free republic into an empire, although the leaders deny it now, for the coming people are going to have lots to say who shall be the next president. The Porto Rican tariff is the first step to an empire and then expansion by force all goes to show what the leaders intend to try to do in this campaign, the people will have lots to say next November." "When the seizers would seize on the knees of the nation; and tumble and humble the whole population; when democrats change all of our plans by pure nomination, let all heroes be found at the polls. "Yes when cables and copper heads, seesh and traitors; Are puffing themselves up with hot-air inflators; Lord, watch the republicans roll—up he will be the hero to down imperialism and expart by force. No crime is so dark and unwise as that the republicans will attempt it." "Well, do you want to see McKinley beaten?" "No." "Then will you come down with a hundred to be used by his friends?" "He will be beaten." "Let him." "It will ruin him." "I will not give one dollar for corruption." "Will you lend a hundred to day?" He needs it to buy a few votes, the only way he can beat Bryan is with money." "Well, there are lots of fellows who can be bought, and will vote the republican ticket, if they can get enough to drink and smoke on election day; will vote any way for a little whiskey. No difference how corrupt the candidate is so he gets in office; this has been the case for twenty years. Aurora, Neb. W. M. LAKIN.

The attention of all fusionists is again called to the article in last week's issue entitled "Where the wage workers belong." In our view of the growth of the social democratic party in Nebraska and elsewhere, it is imperatively necessary to show that the fusion forces still stand for the interests of labor, whether it be on the farm or in the workshop. We have here in Lancaster county an old populist and labor man who in 1894 made a splendid race for commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings, polling \$3,286 votes with a straight democratic ticket in the field. We refer to Mr. S. J. Kent, now deputy commissioner of labor and treasurer of the state populist committee. Mr. Kent is an old trade unionist and has a national reputation as such. For years he has held positions of honor and trust at their hands and is universally esteemed because he has proven himself at all times able and true. In him the labor people will have a clear, conservative representative of their interests. Lancaster county should again give him her solid support for commissioner of public lands and buildings as she did in 1894. He will add great strength to our ticket and will be overwhelmingly elected.

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"PLAIN DUTY" DONE.

—Washington Post.

It seemed certain that her death would follow the birth of the child—how help came after the doctors despaired. The sacrifice of a woman at the altar of motherhood is not an unusual event, but how unnecessary such sacrifices often are will be seen from the following interview with Mrs. C. R. Simmonds of 140 Mineral Springs Ave., Pawtucket, R. I. Mrs. Simmonds, whose husband is a well-known and popular grocer of Pawtucket, says:

"When my child was born on April 22, 1899, I suffered such an excessive loss of blood that I was utterly prostrated and had no strength whatever. Blood poisoning set in and my life was despaired of by two of the prominent physicians of this city. "Before my marriage I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People with good results in building up and purifying my blood and when the doctors gave me up, I decided to give the pills a trial, although the case was desperate. "My husband bought some of the pills and by the time I had taken three boxes I had gained so much strength that I was able to leave my bed for the first time in two months. I continued taking the pills and in another month could go about as usual. My appetite was good, the color returned to my cheeks and I gained rapidly in weight. "I very gladly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to anyone afflicted as I was."

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