

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Ghoulish Capers of Teddy Roosevelt.

WAVING THE BLOODY SHIRT.

Big Head Afflicts This Cavorting Broncho Buster.

FOREVER BLOWING HIS OWN HORN.

Poses as the Hero of the Spanish War and Denies His Comrades Their Just Honors—Doing His Best to Awaken Sectional Differences. The Deluded Globe-Democrat—Sold Delegation From Texas—C. A. Towne's Mental Equipment—Republicans on the Run—Repeaters Flocking to West Virginia.

Special Washington Letter: Pained by the hand that draws the bloody shirt from the dishonored grave and waves it in the face of the American people to stir up strife? That's my sentiment and it comes warm from my heart. And that is precisely the ghoulish caper that Governor Roosevelt is now cutting before high heaven. For this unipate and inexcusable performance he deserves and will receive the execration of all honest and patriotic men. No human being has had such an astounding case of big head since Napoleon the Great died on his sudden side and a storm which rocked the world to its foundations, murmuring "Tete d'armee!" The immortal Corsican had a right to be an egotist. He had accomplished marvelous things, but Teddy's achievements, both in peace and in war are mere bagatelles.

Thackeray says that George IV had knighted so many people for heroism on the field and had presented so many banners to returning regiments during the Napoleonic wars that he finally gave up. They ran the subject and concluded that he under the name and style of Colonel Brock had led a tremendous charge of the Scotch highlanders at Waterloo. Teddy seems to labor under the same sort of hallucination. He appears to think that he is the whole thing during the Spanish war. He not only single handed and alone, conquered the denia by land, but he is responsible for Dewey's amazing victory at Manila. Teddy was the captain of that immortal deed and organized that victory to bear him tell the tale. If he keeps on he will finally convince that he captured Vicksburg, conquered at Gettysburg and compelled the surrender of General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox.

The Man Who Blows His Horn. Mark Twain said "Blow" is the man who blows his own horn, but it is not blown." Teddy never has read that bit of sarcastic philosophy written by the great Missouri humorist, and not only has he taken it to heart, but adopted it as the rule and guide of his faith and practice for as surely to man of this generation has so exalted his own horn. He blows it long, loud and on all occasions. But that is a venial sin if sin it be, and injures no one except his fellow sufferers of honors lustily due them. But dragging the bloody shirt out of its tomb for personal political reasons is a sin unpardonable against the Angel of Peace. By so doing Colonel Roosevelt not only writes himself down as a Cheap John demagogue, but as a pestilent distributor of the public power.

Two Kinds of Republicans. There are Republicans and Republicans. A few years ago this summer I had long discussions with Hon. Jonathan Brewster, of Iowa, the new senator from Iowa. Always in enumerating the benefits of the Spanish war he played among them "a reunited country" and that item always provoked applause. Now comes the reporting of the capture of Oyster Bay and knots that drop out from under Brother Jonathan's feet. If Jonathan is right, Jonathan is wrong, and there is no reunited country. If Jonathan is correct, Teddy is a malignant enemy of his country. A man for personal gain seeks to renege the various sections of the country against each other. Of course it was none of my business, except in the most general way, but from the bottom of my heart I wish that Jonathan had revealed that vice presidential nomination instead of Roosevelt. Should McKinley be elected by any chance, though it looks like a 2 to 1 shot against him, and should he die, and Roosevelt succeed, he will lead all his energies to reintroducing the era of hate which would be the greatest calamity that could befall the country, which God forbid!

That is one day, that I have always loved to think about, and that is the 24th of March 1868, when the house of representatives without a man missing—Democrats, Republicans, Populists and free silverites—performed the most stupendous act of confidence witnessed among men since the morning stars first sang together for joy by giving in to the hands of the president without condition and without reserve \$50,000,000 to be used for the public defence.

From noon to noon, from noon to dewy eve—eloquence—patriotic eloquence—was on tap in the house of representatives that day. It gushed like a geyser, it overflowed the audience, it enthralled the American people. We thought for sure that we had a reunited country that day, but now comes Roosevelt to labor incessantly to engender bad blood. He ought to be compelled to commit to memory all the patriotic speeches delivered in the

house that day. It would do him good unless his habit of self worship is absolutely incorrigible. Astonishing Bryanophobia. The intense heat of the last two months has apparently affected the brain of the editor of The Globe-Democrat. Its Bryanophobia is so astonishing that it undertakes to make people believe that Bryan is responsible for the seeming falling off of population in Omaha and Lincoln. I say "seeming falling off" advisedly, for people at all familiar with the facts know that not only in Omaha and Lincoln, but in a great many other cities east and west, there was a systematic and wholesale padding of the census in 1890. The rivalry among cities led to that result. But the Globe-Democrat labors under the delusion—a species of midsummer madness—that because Omaha and Lincoln have shrunk in population—if they have shrunk—the country is depopulated to that extent! What consummate idiocy! Does the Globe-Democrat suppose—really does it—that because a few thousand people left Omaha and Lincoln they expatriated themselves and sought homes in foreign lands? And doesn't the G-D. know that it writes itself down an ass—a malignant one at that—by attributing loss of population—if loss there be—in Omaha and Lincoln to William J. Bryan?

A Fighter From Texas. Certain Republicans are laying the flattering unction to their souls that they can defeat that brave old Democratic warrior, Colonel Rudolph Kieberg of the Rio Grande district of Texas, but they are reckoning without their host. For Colonel Kieberg is a fighter from away back. There are no frills or fuss and feathers about your Uncle Rudolph. He quietly whets his snicker-see and goes after them, and when he gets through they are not the reason why the enemy thinks he can capture Kieberg's district is that the Democrats had a big fight for the nomination. Wonder these Republican editors never learn that Democrats are like cats—fighting—"more fight, more cats." So true is this that when the Texas Democracy was split in twain some years ago The Globe-Democrat mournfully remarked, "Perhaps the Democratic majority in Texas can be kept below the 200,000 mark this year." It's a 10 to 1 shot that the Democrats of Texas will redeem Colonel Hawley's district and send a solid Democratic delegation to congress instead of losing Kieberg's district.

Dr. Richard Bartholdt of St. Louis will have to keep his optic peeled or he will get his congressional tail pulled. The doctor thinks he has a lead pipe cinch on that district. To a casual observer it looks as if he had, as he has been receiving 8,000 and 10,000 majorities. But if the doctor depends on past majorities he is likely to find himself "ausgespielt" for the Democrats have acted with rare good sense and have nominated against him Lieutenant Governor A. H. Boile, who is a splendid man and a magnificent campaigner, especially strong with the Germans, who are not stuck on Dr. Bartholdt's imperialistic ideas. He is a jolly good fellow. I count him among my personal friends, but I do not believe that he represents the sentiments of his constituents on the political issues as they now present themselves. Germans love liberty, and what's more, they came to this country to secure liberty, and I have never believed and do not now believe that they will indulge McHanna imperialism.

Charles A. Towne. Of all the Republicans and Populists now co-operating with the Democrats none has more brains than Charles A. Towne. He is a man of the highest character and highest capacity. His conduct in refusing a vice presidential nomination and in putting his services where they will do the most good is proof positive that he is a patriot. There is no better political literature than Towne's speeches. His silver speech in congress gave him an international reputation as an orator. He maintains the vast reputation then and there made. In his Duluth speech Towne tackled "Teddy the Terror," and the artistic manner in which he flayed that self constituted hero adds largely to the gayety of nations. In speaking of Teddy's St. Paul harangue Towne says:

The speech is, with rare exception, an alternation of exaltation and assertion. In spirit it is a compound of solid and scullion. As to its facts, it abounds in inaccuracies which, if accidental, are excusable as coming from a man who has performed creditably work in history and biography. But the world is accustomed to inaccuracies from Mr. Roosevelt. It has long looked upon him as a professional and incorrigible eccentric. It has given up attempting to explain him or to reconcile him with himself. It is quite impossible, whether it would be worth while otherwise or not, to make an entirely satisfactory diagnosis of a well service reformer in partnership with Thomas C. Platt, a citizen soldier who finds glory in being trampled from an ambush; a hero who boasts of shooting a fleeing foe in the back; a candidate who plays and poses for delegates and galleries to obtain a nomination that he does not want; a gentleman who charges six and a half millions of his fellow countrymen with lawlessness, dishonesty and cowardice; a statesman who, mounted on a hobby, riles roughly at grave questions in economics and politics, swinging his partisan banner and yelling like an intellectual Comanche.

That is as neat a piece of skinning as this campaign will furnish. It is classical, forceful, true and has a Juniuslike finish that is charming.

Republicans on the Run. The Republicans are on the run everywhere. They are scared. Straws show which way the wind blows. Up in the old Granite State Hon. William E. Chandler is trying to pull himself back into the senate for another term by going about bawling at the top of his voice that Senator William A. Clark of Montana is endeavoring to compass his defeat, just as he re-elected himself once by exhibiting to his sympathizing constituents the ear which Joe Blackburn pulled nearly off. If the New Hampshire people can be fooled by any such cheap and transparent trick as that, they are big-

ger fools than Thompson's celebrated colt, which swam the Mississippi river to get a drink. Chandler says that Clark has sworn to spend \$300,000 to compass his defeat. The chances are that Clark wouldn't give 100 cents to beat Chandler, and nobody knows it better than Chandler himself. He is simply making his race under false pretenses in order to keep a Democrat out of the senate and to lift himself in again.

Out in Indiana the friends of Hon. Charles B. Landis are also scared and, strange to say, are endeavoring to work on the Hoosier voters a game of bunko very similar to the one Senator Chandler is playing up in New Hampshire. The Landis rooters, seeing him about to lose his seat in congress to a Democrat, have raised the hue and cry that Brigham H. Roberts of Utah is raising heaven and earth and expending a large sum of hard cash to beat Landis. What arrant nonsense! What cheap demagoguery! What miserable claptrap! Landis had no more to do with putting Roberts out than did a dozen others, not much more than about 200 others, and Roberts knows that. Then why should Roberts single out Landis for vengeance any more than Judge Lanham of Texas? It's all bosh and shows the sore straits in which Republican candidates find themselves.

By the way, it appears that Landis is not the only Republican statesman who uses Roberts as a bogey man. Hon. Robert W. Taylor of Ohio started the same canard to save himself from being defeated for the nomination, and, wonderful to tell, the trick worked like a charm. I really wonder how many more of them are going to try to save their congressional bacon by yelling: "Help, good people! help! That man Roberts is after me!" Roberts, even if fool enough to undertake it, would have to be richer than Croesus to do much toward punishing the men who bounced him. I helped to do that thing myself. I took a humble part in the purification of congress. I helped to keep him out, but I am not idiot enough to believe that Roberts could control even one vote in the congressional district which I have the honor to represent. Landis must have a marvelous lot of constituents if he fears the malignant influence of Roberts upon them. He really believes nothing of the sort, and the Roberts business is a bold, bald play to the galleries.

Repeaters in West Virginia. But in West Virginia the badly scared Republican leaders are playing a more substantial game. Even at this early date they are importing colored heeled and repeaters by the carload "to work on the railroad." You bet they will "work on the railroad"—one day—the day of the election! After "working on the railroad" the first half of that day they will journey over into Kentucky and "work on the railroad" some more. Nothing like having a few thousand nonadmic colored brothers "to work on the railroad" on election day. Republicans are scared, but it should be remembered that they are most dangerous when most scared, and Democrats should be more vigilant than ever. Democratic managers everywhere should see to it that we have a fair deal this time and that no such wholesale colonization and stuffing of the ballot box are permitted this time as took place in 1896. If elections are always to be conducted on the corrupt plan of 1896, we might as well save the expenses of the farce and boldly and openly put the offices up at auction and knock them down to the highest bidder.

Violent Jab at Teddy. But Mr. Towne is not the only person that seems disposed to take a fall out of Colonel Roosevelt. That bright and sparkling independent journal, the Washington Post, makes this vicious jab at Teddy:

This is not the first time Teddy the Terrible has been compelled to wriggle out of an undignified predicament. It will be recalled that the question of tax paying slipped into his gubernatorial campaign. As a friend and constant reader of The Post I voluntarily and without charge advise it to "look a leddie out" or the hero of Oyster Bay will swoop down upon Washington, lasso it and dump it into the Potomac. Just as he is blossoming out as the great apostle of purity and light, it is bad manners in The Post to jog the people's memory about Teddy's career as a tax dodger, and recalls Bourke Cockran's great argument against the income tax, to wit: "That the passage of the income tax bill would force the poor persecuted downtrodden plutocrats of New York to commit perjury in order to escape payment." If a hero is not permitted to dodge his taxes, what's the use in being a hero? Let the Washington Post answer that or forever hold its peace.

The Globe-Democrat is the Mark Tapley of American politics. It is always cheerful, forever hopeful. Just at present it is trying to delude itself and its readers by asserting that Democratic leaders in Missouri fear a slump if not a defeat. I commend to it a careful perusal of the following beautiful poem by my friend Ripley D. Saunders:

HOT TIMES IN OLD MISSOURI. HOT TIMES in old Missouri. When August days come round, And campaign speakers make the state A big debating ground. Hot times! Hot times! But the game must still be played— Hot times with orators at One hundred in the shade! Hot times in old Missouri. When August days chip in With politics to make the blood Like lava in your skin. Hot times! Hot times! But not a soul dismayed! Bring on your oratory at One hundred in the shade!

Champ Clark

He's At It Again

W. E. Curtis, the Chicago Record correspondent, seems determined that the reputation he has acquired as the most accomplished liar of the last decade of the Nineteenth century shall not become deteriorated. A while ago he went down to New York and fairly maintained it by writing letters to the effect that Croker and Hill were engaged in a conflict to the death and that neither one of them would do the least thing to help in the election of Bryan. Then he wrote some letters and found that they were destroying his reputation as a liar, for in them he acknowledged that Croker was in earnest, and that Hill was a danger to the effect that Croker and Hill were engaged in a conflict to the death and that neither one of them would do the least thing to help in the election of Bryan. Then he wrote some letters and found that they were destroying his reputation as a liar, for in them he acknowledged that Croker was in earnest, and that Hill was a danger to the effect that Croker and Hill were engaged in a conflict to the death and that neither one of them would do the least thing to help in the election of Bryan.

"Eight or ten cars of coal are the result of an ordinary day's work, for which the miner is paid from 70 cents a car upward, according to the character of the vein of coal in which he is working. That is determined by the superintendent. Thus a first-class miner who produces ten cars of coal gets \$7 a day. From this he pays his assistant \$1.60 a day and his powder bill, which is \$1 or so, and finds himself with \$4.40 or thereabouts as the net earnings of the day." "The women claim that when their husbands are paid in cash they speedily seek the saloons and generally come home drunk, with empty pockets, on pay day, whereas if they are paid in store orders such misfortunes cannot occur. As a rule the miners are drinking men, and pay-day always is attended with more or less domestic disturbance. The dissolute miners are said to be behind the demand for the abolition of the company stores."

These "pluck me" stores in which miners are forced to trade have long since been abolished in every civilized country except this, but now comes W. E. Curtis, chief staff correspondent of the Chicago Record, and says that the dissolute miners are the ones who want these skinning shops abolished. The Independent has been greatly improved until it is now the best people's party paper in the United States. Many of our subscribers are delinquent for subscription. We wish to urge upon them the necessity for them to pay the amount due at this time together with their renewal in order that we may have funds to continue improving the paper and thus accomplish greater good in the present momentous campaign. If you are delinquent, send in your subscription. Don't delay the matter longer. Do not make it necessary for us to send you a dun. You will feel better if you voluntarily pay and we will be saved the labor and expense of dunning you. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Although not the largest, one of the most handsomely decorated and attractive windows in the city is that of the Lincoln Cloak and Suit Co., S. E. corner 13th and O sts. Do not fail to see it.

The Poet For Bryan

W. A. Crofut of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., the author of the World's Fair poem, who was formerly editor of the Minneapolis Tribune, and who now proudly describes himself as a Bryan republican, has reached South Dakota and will meet the Democratic leader at Yankton. He has been on the stump for Bryan for several weeks and will spend some days in South Dakota.

What Steuffer Did

Editor Independent: I write you to recall a little of the record of William Steuffer, candidate for state treasurer on the republican ticket. As a member of the senate of 1895, he served on a committee to investigate the solvency of Bartley's bondsmen. Bradstreet's agency furnished all the information the committee got hold of, which was to the effect that of all the men on the bond only two were solvent and they together were worth to the bond about \$700,000. Notwithstanding this adverse report on the part of the agency, the republican majority of the committee consisting of Messrs. Akers and Steuffer reported to the senate that the bond was absolutely good for the \$2,000,000 it called for. When Bartley went out short \$600,000 he had the money farmed out to friends. Dietrich and Steuffer are bankers. If elected they would be members of the board of school lands and funds. This shows connection between the present and old gang of republicans and the possibilities in store if they are elected. J. N. CAMPBELL.

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