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# CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Republican Ante-election Promises.

BENEFITS NOT APPARENT.

Golden Era of Prosperity Fails to Dawn.

CAPITAL REMAINS IN HIDING.

Big Failures and Wage Reductions Mark the Triumph of McKinley.

Tramps More Numerous Than Ever. Public Money Wasted For Armor Plate—Senator Cullom's Toga in Danger—Ship Subsidy Bill a Fat Plum—No Relief From the Trusts.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Some things that were promised by the Republicans before the election and certain other things which have happened since the election do not harmonize with each other, to say the least of it. More is the pity! For instance, they asserted with great vociferation and frequent reiterations that Bryan's candidacy was the only thing that induced the Filipinos to fight on and that those poor benighted heathens who are idiotic enough to desire to govern themselves would immediately lay down their arms, disband and surrender the moment they heard McKinley was elected. It seems to be tolerably well ascertained that McKinley was elected or will be as soon as the electoral college meets. It is presumed that the ignorant savages in the Philippines have heard of the event which happened Nov. 6, as there is cable communication with Manila. But, mirabile dictu, they still fight on, and it looks as if they have no definite idea of stopping. General MacArthur declares that the Philippine war lacks a great deal of being over and that it will take more soldiers and a greater navy to end it. The war department makes like assertions.

We were also assured with a great deal of emphasis that there would be universal prosperity as soon as McKinley was re-elected and that capital, which appears to be the most timid of all things, would come out of hiding as soon as Bryan was defeated. Nevertheless, and to the utter astounding of people who are no kin to King Solomon in the matter of wisdom, one of the greatest failures of years has just eventuated in New York.

We were also frequently reminded of the fact that Democrats were solely responsible for the tramps, and yet the newspapers state that there are more tramps going south and pestering the railroads and the farmers than ever before in the history of the country. The railroad men report that as many as 90 or 40 have to be driven from every freight train going south and that for that reason the force of employees on these trains has had to be doubled. Now, the hobo is a migratory bird, going south in winter and north in summer, so that those who are going south now to deplete on the southern people will be performing the same feat on northern farmers in June and July.

"A Good Enough Morgan."

I am not writing this in a railing spirit or a disposition to find fault with the Republicans. I wish from the bottom of my heart that the Philippine war were at an end; that every man, woman and child within the confines of the republic were prosperous; and that there wasn't a tramp on the whole face of the earth. I am simply stating the facts as they appear to be. When a great many years ago it was charged that the Masons had murdered a man named Morgan in New York because it was charged that he revealed the secrets of the order, Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward and other shrewd political manipulators organized an anti-Masonic party and made great political capital out of the deep damnation of Morgan's taking off. The Masons and their friends strenuously denied that Morgan was dead at all and claimed that he had been spirited away and kept in hiding simply to make political capital out of it, whereupon Weed cynically and satirically remarked, "Whether he's dead or not, it's a good enough Morgan till after this election."

It looks very much in the retrospect as if the rosette promises of the Republican spellbinders of the late campaign were merely "good enough Morgans" until after the election.

about the same interest in their struggle for a senatorial toga as the old woman had in the fight betwixt her husband and the bear when she shouted with great impartiality, "Go it, husband; go it, bear!"

As young Dick Yates seems to have been born under a lucky star and succeeds to the first great office which his brilliant father held—to wit, the governorship of Illinois—his run of luck way continue, and, in the bitter fight to the death between Uncle Shelby and John Riley, Richard may duplicate his father's second great performance and go to the senate.

Ship Subsidy Bill. It is given out from Washington that one piece of work which the Republican congress intends to perform this winter is to pass Mark Hanna's ship subsidy bill, which will cost the taxpayers of the land \$9,000,000 per year for 20 years. This will hardly be taken as an item of news by any well-informed person, for there has never been any doubt that this bill would be passed at the short session. If there ever had been any doubt on the subject, it would have been removed by McKinley's election, for it is absolutely safe to assert that any Republican who runs counter to any of Mark Hanna's plans will be divorced from the pleasure instant and sans ceremony. The only reason they didn't pass it at the long session was because they were afraid to. This is an outrageous waste of public money and is a superfluous largess to a lot of Republican hangers on whose patriotism is measured exactly by the number of dollars they can squeeze out of the government.

The Hon. John Dalzell of Pennsylvania, one of the Republican chieftains of the ways and means committee, informs a startled world that there will be no tariff tinkering at this session. The Hon. John might just as well have saved his breath, for there is not a soul in the United States outside of a lunatic asylum who ever dreamed that there would be any tariff tinkering unless to tinker the rates still higher to further fleece the people for the benefit of the tariff barons. Brother Dalzell might just as well have announced that congress would not undertake to suspend the law of gravitation, for there is just as much prospect of that law being suspended as that the tariff law will be cut down by it. They will not even cut down the tariff on wood pulp or anything that goes into white paper, although a large majority of editors in the United States, without respect to party affiliations, would like remarkably well to see the paper trust knocked on the head. But sapient Republican editors who are seeking relief from that monopoly should remember that the continued existence of the trusts depends upon their all standing together, and they can rest assured that the only way in which they can hope for relief from this particular trust which is crushing them is to join hands with those who are fighting all the trusts. In this way, and in this way alone, can they emancipate themselves from the monster that is crushing out their lives.

Concerning Wood Pulp. Last spring I went personally to Mr. Chairman Payne and to Governor Steele of Indiana and to Mr. Dalzell, leading members of the ways and means committee, and asked them if the committee would give me a hearing on my bill to put wood pulp on the free list, a measure intended to kill the paper trust. They said they would give me the hearing, but that it was only fair to inform me in advance that no action would be taken upon that bill or any other bill of a kindred nature. As it is utter nonsense to do futile and superfluous things, I declined to do anything so preposterous, and so the matter rests that way.

These Republican editors who are against the wood pulp and paper trust might just as well make up their minds that that trust is going to ride them like the Old Man of the Sea until they come to their senses and help elect a Democratic president. The truth is that the paper trust is not a white horse that they appear to be. When a great many years ago it was charged that the Masons had murdered a man named Morgan in New York because it was charged that he revealed the secrets of the order, Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward and other shrewd political manipulators organized an anti-Masonic party and made great political capital out of the deep damnation of Morgan's taking off. The Masons and their friends strenuously denied that Morgan was dead at all and claimed that he had been spirited away and kept in hiding simply to make political capital out of it, whereupon Weed cynically and satirically remarked, "Whether he's dead or not, it's a good enough Morgan till after this election."

When God created the world, he made salt nearly as plentiful as the water we drink and the air we breathe. Neither man nor beast can live without it. It is a prime necessity of animal life. It is a crime to place an undue price on salt. Thomas H. Benton, the great Missourian, fought for 20 years to place salt on the free list, and when he succeeded he said in his pompous way that he imagined he could hear the flocks and herds on a thousand hills bellowing out their love and gratitude to him. It was a splendid conception, though somewhat whimsical and fancifully expressed. A farmer who will vote for a party that will enable the salt trust to thus rob the people ought to be taken out and tinned for the simple. No remedy less heroic will do him any good.

The wire and steel trust put up barbed wire to almost triple its former price, an article that has been a great boon to farmers, especially those living in a prairie country. A farmer who votes for the party that enables that party to fleece him ought to be compelled to sit on a coil of barbed wire the rest of his life.

An Unsolved Mystery. In this country we are confronted with and confounded by this enigmatical anomaly: Everybody worthy of citizenship takes an interest in politics, more or less intense, owing to temperament and environment, which is also

rather laudable. A majority of voters would not object to office, a large minority desire office, a small minority seek office, an infinitesimal minority abuse the politicians and ascribes to them divers and sundry sins of omission and commission of which they are as innocent as newborn babes. It would have puzzled even King Solomon with his wondrous headpiece to have solved this mystery. I can understand all of it except the abuse. When I was attending the Cincinnati Law school, I heard George H. Pendleton, "Gentleman George," as he was popularly named, then in the prime of his splendid powers and in the full bloom of his manly beauty, declare in the Grand Opera House that "the sweetest incense that ever greeted the nostrils of a public man is the applause of the people," and "Gentleman George" was correct. Deny it if he will, disguise it if he can, it still remains true that the average American craves the good opinion of his fellows, and he believes with all his heart that the most feasible plan for his fellows to manifest that good opinion is by voting for him. Love of fame is the master passion of the human mind. It ennobles and glorifies our race. It is a desire for fame more than greed for money which induces most men to become candidates for public station. The worst and most appalling feature of running for office is that from the moment a man announces his candidacy until he finally retires every scoundrel in the country appears to have carte blanche to lie about him, and the scoundrel lives up fully to his privilege.

A Statesman Defined. The most incomprehensible part of the whole story is that those who are the victims of obloquy and detraction while living are regarded as sages and patriots after they have departed hence. This idea has been crystallized and immortalized by Thomas Brackett Reed in one of the best of his countless epigrams. When asked to define a statesman, that masterful, great man growled, "A statesman is a politician after death."

We of the present generation are prone to believe that George Washington was loved and revered by all his contemporaries even as he is loved and revered by us. He surely deserved to be, but he was not. Americans of that day were willing to make him commander in chief of the army which achieved our independence; they were willing to elect him president so often as he would accept the office, but they always reserved the right to criticize and revile him. When he quit the presidency, a large number of newspapers fervently thanked Almighty God that the old tyrant had stepped down and out at last.

Thomas Jefferson is now universally regarded as the profoundest philosopher that ever devoted his life to statesmanship—as the chief priest, apostle and prophet of civil liberty. In his day and generation he was bitterly and brutally assailed as an enemy of organized society. New England preachers took him for their text on Sundays and anathematized him as the anti-christ described in the Bible, yet in the recent campaign both imperialists and anti-imperialists claimed to be justified in their theories and their conduct by the doings and sayings of Jefferson. Verily, the stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner!

Abuse of Great Men. The opposition papers from 1828 to 1896, both inclusive, represented Andrew Jackson as a ruffian, a gambler, a tyrant, a murderer, the stealer of another man's wife, yet there is not a citizen of the republic worthy of his birthright of freedom who would be willing to blot from the history of the republic the pages glorified by the deeds of the lionline hero of New Orleans.

While he lived Abraham Lincoln, by long shot the greatest Republican that ever lived and easily one of the four great presidents, was denounced not only by his Democratic opponents, but also by his Republican enemies, as an ape, a baboon, a boor, a vulgarian, an imbecile and a despot, though he is now universally recognized as a statesman of vast capacity and as possessing one of the most generous hearts that ever beat in human bosom.

It is difficult to feel any great pity for Senator Marcus A. Hanna. He is so truculent and so domineering that he arouses all combativeness and all the evil passions of his opponents, and yet there was something almost pathetic in his appeal for a milder verdict on himself when, before an Indiana audience, he said, "I appear here tonight to demonstrate that I have not horns and hoofs."

Abuse is the fool's argument. It is a bad cause which has to be supported by slander and vilification. In the language of citizens of Boyville, a public man should be given a chance for his white alley. Personal merit where it exists should be freely accorded to a candidate. It should be a matter of pride with the people—it closely concerns the perpetuity of the republic—that our public men should possess "spotless reputations, the richest treasure mortal time affords."

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord, Is the immediate jewel of their souls; Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands; But he that filches from me my good name Robs me of that which neither heaven nor earth Makes me poor indeed.

My plea is for justice to public men. The old saying, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," is small consolation to a living man. It should read, "Say nothing except that which is good concerning either the living or the dead."

Champ Clark

The Future of Our Legs. Professor Yung of the University of Gnef, Switzerland, entertains great fears concerning the future of our lower limbs. This sage is of the opinion that within the next thousand years human beings will have forgotten how to use their legs, and that these limbs, if evolution will not do away with them, will serve as mere ornaments to the rest of the body. Professor Yung states that at the present age human beings show a decided aversion to personal or physical locomotion, and this is more manifest every time a new automatic traveling instrument is invented and rendered practical. Steam, electricity, cable power and the different velocipede machines all bear an influence over us and create a dislike for walking, and the future generations will likely have the convenience of steerable airships at their windows and electric automobiles at their doors, and these conveniences will be so cheap that almost every one can own them, and this means the doom of our legs. The latter will be regarded as superfluous appendages, no use will be made of them, and who knows but that they may disappear altogether? But so much more will our arms develop in length and strength. These are the cruel laws of evolution, and it will be due to their pranks that future generations will again resemble the apes. There will come another epoch of short legs and long arms.

Compiled With the Law. "A certain well known Middle lawyer, who was lame and had something of a reputation as a fighter," said a southern gentleman, "was at one time attorney in a suit that caused much ill feeling. He won the suit for his client, and the loser vowed vengeance. 'In pursuance of that same,' in the language of Truthful James, he one day went into the lawyer's office and subjected him to a tirade of abuse that would have caused a salt water captain to die from pure envy, such was his talent in vituperation. 'The lawyer answered him nothing, to the surprise of two or three men who were present, but getting out of his chair, began to hobble backward. His enemy, thinking he was retreating, followed him up, with more abuse and threatening gestures. 'The lawyer's foot finally struck against the wall, when he suddenly straightened up and saying, 'Gentlemen, I call on you to witness that, on account of this wall, I have retreated as far as possible' (the general law of homicide), drew out a derringer and shot his opponent. 'At the trial he was acquitted, his witnesses being the men present at the time of the killing, who testified to the lawyer's having retreated as far as possible.'—New York Tribune.

A Cold Night in Canada. The sky at night is a deep dark blue, and the stars are like drooping balls of fire, so close they seem to be almost within reach. The northern lights look as if a titanic paint brush had been dipped in phosphorescent flame and drawn in great, bold strokes across the heavens. As you pass the electric lamps you see very fine particles of snow caught up by the wind and glittering high in the air like diamonds. But it is a cold night, and you are not sorry to get into your room. First of all, you take a blanket or so from the bed, for there are people in Canada who sleep all the year round with only a sheet over them, to such a pitch of perfection have they brought the heating of their rooms. After you have tucked yourself in the stillness of the night is broken occasionally by a report like a cannon. Have you ever been inside a bathing machine when a mischievous boy threw a stone at it? And if so, do you remember how you jumped? When the walls of a wooden house crack in the bitter cold, the effect is similar, only magnified. But you know what it means here, so you only draw the clothes closer round you, thankful that you are snug and warm. And so good night.—Blackwood's.

Always Face the Engine. In his prime the late Mr. John Cook, the great tourist agent, was a man of iron frame. But when years of railway traveling, which averaged annually some 40,000 miles, produced certain alarming symptoms, he made a discovery that may be worth giving to the public. He found that the threatened trouble, something spinal, disappeared when he no longer sat with his back to the engine. He always thereafter faced it, and that the principle is sound will be borne out by other whom he advised to do the same. All who are called upon to do much railway traveling will be wise to sit "facing the horses."

It is astonishing to notice how those women who have the smallest hand wish to live on the largest footing.

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