

Champ Clark's Letter

Evidence of Republican Conflict Underlying Democrats Coming Back—There's a Row in Quaysylvania

[Special Washington Letter.]
If anybody has any doubts that the G. O. P. is becoming thoroughly factionalized, he ought to have been present to hear the bitter speeches made by Republicans about each other on the Cuban reciprocity bill. In cold type they are undeniably correct, but when they are being uttered by the lips and tongues of Republican orators they are worse. Word, face, manner, gesture, all showed that they were in dead earnest, that their differences are irreconcilable and that they will go on getting wilder and wider apart until a permanent split comes—which will undoubtedly be a great and glorious thing for the country. Things have been said by Republican leaders in open debate about each other which can be neither forgotten nor forgiven, and it is reported that these hard things said in open house are mild and complimentary when compared with the epithets which they hurled at each other in caucus. Between the Republican factions there is war, eternal war.

Inconsistency.
 Republicans are always howling about Richard Croker playing boss in New York. To hear them tell it, bosses are known and tolerated only among Democrats. These Republican Pharisees and hypocrites should consider the truth contained in the old saying that consistency is a jewel of great value. In the Bible they are admonished to remove the beam from their own eyes before they undertake to extract the mote from the eyes of others. Our Republican friends would do well, before they begin to remark upon bosses, to turn their gaze upon George B. Cox of Cincinnati, who has just announced his intention of changing the Cincinnati delegation in congress in toto, and he appears to be able to do so with the same ease and expedition with which other men change their shirts. "Coxie, old boy," is a great Republican.

A Doubting Thomas.
 Hon. Charles Emory Smith, late postmaster general, having rescended the tripod of the Philadelphia Press, appears to be a sort of doubting Thomas. Indeed he gives signs of falling from grace in the Republican church, not to say of committing leze majesty. He actually has the gall to insinuate that the verdict in the Waller case will not be accepted by some people, and the Washington Post intimates that it is highly probable that Charles Emory's fear in that regard is based on a rather sound foundation. Waller was tried and acquitted for killing prisoners of war notwithstanding the proof was perfectly clear against him; so Charles Emory and the Washington Post had both better look a little out or they are liable to be yanked up and tried for treason for talking about humanity.

Unexpected Heat.
 Hon. Chauncey Mitchell Depew is as mild a mannered man as ever stirred up a hornets' nest in the "most august body on earth," but that is precisely what Chauncey did not long since, very much to his own surprise, no doubt. He in his most suave manner proposed some sort of modification or substitute for Mr. Crumpacker's plan of gouging the southern states out of their representation, in whole or in part, on the plea that they have suppressed the negro. Senator Joe Blackburn and others jumped Chauncey and wooled him vigorously, but he perpetrated a fine mot about Dolliver's Ohio speech, if Mr. Vandiver of Missouri is to be believed.

"I just happened to fall in with Senator Depew on the trip up town the other day," observed Mr. Vandiver of Missouri, who has a joke on oleomargarine which has not yet been perpetrated.
 "The senator remarked to me something of his admiration for the speech of Senator Dolliver of Iowa in favor of the anti-ole bill."
 "Don't you think it remarkable, senator," I said, "that so much humor and eloquence as Mr. Dolliver displayed can be invented on such a dry subject?"
 "Ah," rejoined the senator, "you must remember that Mr. Dolliver was not talking about the dry crop."

Spreading.
 Notwithstanding our performances in the Philippines and England's performances in South Africa, it appears that the idea of "government of the people, by the people and for the people" is still spreading. A new republic is liable to be born at any moment in Belgium. The little kingdom is in turmoil, and out of the travail may come a representative government. Old Leopold was made king of the Belgians in the first place by foreign governments, and if they keep their hands off the chances are that he will soon join the large if not goodly company of royal vagabonds. The row grows out of the question of suffrage. The people are clamoring for manhood suffrage—one vote to one man—instead of the present arrangement whereby every man has one vote and some men have several votes based on the quantity of property they possess. So "Long live the Belgian republic!"

Birds of a Feather.
 There is an old saying, "Birds of a feather flock together," which is finding a new illustration in President Roosevelt's appointments. Colonel Roosevelt is a literary man himself, an author of renown, and he takes kindly to men of that class notwithstanding so distinguished a Republican states-

ed them all as "damned literary fellows." But Simon is dead, and we have a new regime. At last the veterans of the civil war have won out in their long fight on H. Clay Evans, and he is to go—so it is said, to a higher and better office, but go nevertheless. In his stead the president nominates Eugene Ware of Kansas, soldier, lawyer, statesman and poet. It is not recorded anywhere, I believe, that Colonel Roosevelt himself ever wrote any poetry, though it is a ten to one shot that he has done so, as he has essayed about everything that anybody else has ever done. If he courted the muse, he has kept the matter to himself, as a youthful indiscretion perhaps. At any rate he appointed a genuine poet pension commissioner.

It is also whispered that he is about to appoint ex-Senator John M. Thurston of Nebraska as secretary of the Interior, vice Hon. Ethan Allen Hitchcock of Missouri, who is slated to go. Now, Thurston is a poet himself, a thing which he probably regrets, for on dit that certain amorous verses which he wrote to "A Rose" helped land him outside the senatorial breastworks, but Teddy appears to be determined to have literary men about him.

Getting Sick.
 The signs of the times indicate that certain Democrats who in 1896 and 1900 followed President McKinley into the wilderness appear to be growing sick of their company and are fixing to return to the old Democratic household. We are ready to welcome the prodigals. There is no mourners' bench in the church Democratic. While we are willing to receive them and will not too closely inquire into their antecedents, they must not expect to have the fatted calf killed for them and to be presented with the plantation besides. The Philippine question is the one on which a good many of them are preparing to return to the Democratic party. Others will find other questions on which to get back into the fold. That nearly all of them will one way or another find excuse to break away from their alliance is highly probable, for if a man ever is a Democrat once it is likely to break out on him again at any moment. The latest prodigal who shows symptoms of returning is Hon. Don M. Dickinson of Michigan. Recently in speaking of the Philippines he said:

"I have never felt that our government was wrong in taking over the Philippines, it remaining an open question whether we should retain them. I have been strongly opposed to hauling down the flag which turned fire, and I have, on the whole, sympathized with the administration in its Philippine policy.
 But, at the same time, I would rather give up these islands, lose all they cost us, lower the flag a thousand times and get out of Porto Rico, Cuba and Hawaii than to see our civil authorities—note, our civil authorities—revive the sedition laws, the like of which were so abhorred and so hated and whose existence on our statute books was so brief and so ruinous to their authors in the administration of John Adams.
 If it is to be true, I don't care what the offense was, it were better for our people and nation to haul down our flag and leave the Philippines to the government of Spain, the suitors of suits, than to permit the civil authorities to impose in our name any such abominable relic of bad despotism as this.

Now, that proves beyond all question that Don is getting ready to flop again, this time back to the coop from which he flew in 1896. Let him come. Every little helps.

Still Unhappy.
 Our esteemed contemporary the New York World sagely and sentimentally remarks, "The first duty of a public prosecutor is to prosecute"—which is a dig at the erstwhile beloved Jerome—William Travers Jerome—of whom a marvelous enforcement of the law was expected and predicted. And the World was one of the prophets. Now it turns out, according to The World, that Jerome either doesn't know how or is unwilling to prosecute in an atrocious murder case. Jerome was the brightest and most shining light in the galaxy of stars in the Low combination—before the election. Then he was going to smite crime hip and thigh and make it odious. Now the reform press is hopping on to William Travers in a most energetic, not to say brutal, manner. "Man never is, but always to be blest."

On the Run.
 When Matthew Stanley Quay runs away from the machine and goes back on machine candidates, things Republican in the Keystone State are in a decidedly bad way, and that is precisely what Matthew Stanley has done—while all the world wondered. For several months Mr. Attorney General Elkin has been an avowed candidate for governor to succeed Governor W. A. Stone, who organized the far-famed "hog combine" while in congress. Next to Quay and Stone stood Elkin in the machine. Nineteen counties held conventions or primaries. Elkin carried seventeen of them, as the machine candidate, when suddenly and unexpectedly as the proverbial clap of thunder out of a clear sky came Quay's declaration that as a delegate to the state convention, to which position he has already had himself elected, he could not support General Elkin for governor, which being interpreted means that the machine of which Elkin is part has gone squarely back on him. Wherefore? Because Senator Matthew Stanley Quay is not a fool and has sense enough to

that Elkin's nomination would endanger the state ticket, give several congressmen to the Democrats and probably elect enough Democrats to the legislature to elect a Democrat to succeed Senator Boies Penrose—all of which Quay wishes to avoid. The only hope he saw was to unload Elkin, which he proceeded to do, so far as he could; but there's the rub. Quay has learned by this time of day that it's easier to start Elkin to running than it is to stop him, and Elkin, with seventeen counties out of nineteen behind him, has raised Senator Quay at his own game, refuses to be choked off and has set up as a "people's candidate." He sends forth a bold defiance, which is now echoing through the mountains and valleys of Quaysylvania. Quay undertook to throw Elkin to the whale as a tub, but Elkin refuses to play tub. Evidently he will have to be disciplined, and no doubt he will be. The power which gave him his seventeen counties out of nineteen will now be dead against him, and he will find it an uphill job from now on. Mirabile dictu! the Philadelphia papers have changed base. The Press and other anti-Quay organs are now indorsing Quay, and The Inquirer, his steady company, still supports Elkin as "the people's candidate," denounces Quay's bossism and in other ways shows that it is hot through and through. It is a pretty kettle of fish, and let us hope that good may come out of it to Democrats and the country.

Pub. Docs.
 It is strange to what an extent the impression prevails that a representative or senator can obtain and send out, free of cost, any number of copies, however great, of any public document or book. It may save a great many people a great deal of trouble and worry to state the facts once more, and they are as follows: Each representative and senator has a certain quota, usually twenty-six copies of each book or document, free. If he gets any more, he pays the government for them a price fixed by the public printer which insures the government a profit. There is a great hullabaloo every once in awhile about representatives and senators selling their quota of books, seeds, etc., and pocketing the proceeds. No doubt there are such cases, but they are scarce as hen's teeth, like angels' visits—few and far between. And it would disgrace any representative or senator known to do such a thing. It much more frequently happens that they go down into their own pockets and buy books, etc., for their constituents when called on for them after their quotas are exhausted.

Of certain books, such as the blue book, each representative is entitled to only one copy.
 He is entitled to thirty-one copies of The Daily Congressional Record, in which all speeches and proceedings are printed free. If he gets any more, he pays for them, and he pays for all his own speeches printed in pamphlet form at so much per thousand, the price depending on the number of pages. If one desires a large number of a certain speech, it is considerably cheaper to have them printed at a private printing office than at the government printing office notwithstanding the fact that the government printing office has the type already set up as it appeared in The Congressional Record, which proves conclusively that the government makes a good profit from printing speeches in pamphlet form.

Representatives and senators swap documents, books, etc., occasionally, as what is in great demand in one locality would be of no interest whatever in another. For example, agricultural reports are a drug in New York city, while some other pub. doc. is in great demand.

The foregoing remarks apply to the seed question likewise. Each member has a certain quota which he can dispose of as he pleases. If he hasn't enough, he may be able to swap a part of his books and documents to some city member for more seed. Apropos of seed the Washington Post says:

Representative Roberts of Massachusetts yesterday received a poetical acknowledgment from a constituent in return for a package of seeds. Here is what his grateful friend said in rhyme:
 O Roberts, Ernest Roberts, in D. C. far away,
 I've received from you a letter, or a package, I should say,
 And puzzled am I greatly to find out how I may
 Thank you for this favor which came postpaid today!

Did you mistake my calling and, not meaning any harm,
 Think that I was tolling upon some backwoods farm
 Where I needed seed for onions, for cucumbers and beans
 And a good recipe for raising prime dandelion greens?

I wonder if you are obliged to send these seeds by law—
 The seed for grape and rye and corn, the first I ever saw.
 If not, to do it would be a parliamentary abuse;
 Then send the kind of seed that would raise them in the juice.

True.
 Mr. Patterson of Tennessee in a very strong speech on the Cuban reciprocity bill stated a great truth, which cannot be too often reiterated, when he said, "Nobody but demagogues war on wealth." That is the Democratic position and always has been, yet in 1896 and 1900 we lost thousands of votes because subsidized liars in Republican editorial sanctums and upon the stump made people believe that we were making war on wealth. What we were really doing was making war on an unjust system of laws which enables a few to pile up wealth at the expense of the many, so that, while Mr. Patterson's statement is true, it cannot be too often repeated or too greatly emphasized. It is a great truth.

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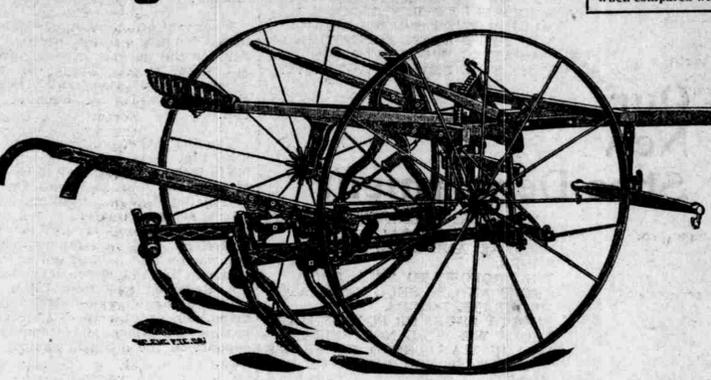
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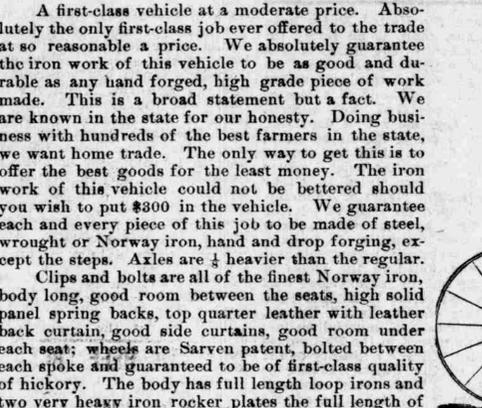
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