

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

WHAT HANNA

STANDS FOR IN PUBLIC LIFE

The Republican Boss Represents Plutocracy.

HIS HIGH PLACE IS DUE TO BOODLE—USEFUL TO DEMOCRATS.

(Special Washington Letter.) While the Bland eulogies were being delivered in the house April 7, Mark Hanna strolled into the gallery with a couple of young ladies, to whom he was showing the sights. He cocked his ear long enough to learn what was going on and then turned like a craven and fled. No wonder! for the bare statement of what Richard Parks Bland was in public life is a severe condemnation of what Mark Hanna is and what he stands for in public life. Bland stood for the people. Hanna stands for the plutocrats and trusts and jobbers. Bland never spent a dollar improperly in politics in his life. Hanna's high place is due nearly entirely to the unlimited use of boodle. Bland illustrated conscience in politics. Hanna illustrates the power of the almighty dollar. Bland's memory smells sweet and blossoms in the dust of the valley of Gehenna. So Mark did well to hurriedly quit the scene where the simple story of a pure man's life was being told for the edification of coming generations.

Hanna an Object Lesson. By the way, not long since when I addressed a monster Boer meeting at Trenton, a newspaper reporter represented me as saying that I wished somebody would shoot Mark. The reporter did not hear correctly. What I did say was this: "President McKinley is a gracious, graceful, agreeable, tactful gentleman. I think his natural inclination is to do right. It would be a good thing for him if somebody would lead Mark Hanna out into a sequestered spot and shoot him." I was talking of the beneficial effect it would have on the president's personal and political fortunes—not of my personal desires. As a matter of fact, I would not have Mark shot for anything. Nor would I like to see him die a natural death. Indeed, if he were sick and none of his retainers and slaves would fetch him a doctor, I would do so myself. I regard him as the most valuable and forcible object lesson Democrats could possibly have in the impending campaign. He is worth 100,000 votes to us, perhaps 500,000. My prayer, therefore, is that he may be spared until the polls close on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. Then, if the grim reaper should cut him down, my lachrymal fountains would not deplete themselves to any astonishing extent. Want Mark shot? Not by any manner of means. I would consider it as a great national calamity—as a sore personal bereavement—if he were taken now.

Richard P. Bland. Speaking of Bland—and there is nothing better for a Democrat to speak of—I desire that my readers shall enjoy reading the eulogy pronounced by that big hearted Tammany brave, Amos J. Cummings, on the great Missourian. It is a gem. It is unique oratory. Here it is in full: "Mr. Speaker, as a representative of the toiling masses of the great metropolises of the nation I am here to pay tribute to the memory of one whom they recognized as their unflinching friend and benefactor.

"Mr. Speaker, a faithful sentinel of the people was Richard P. Bland. On guard night and day in the vernal age of the republic, he never forgot the countersign of liberty and challenged all who approached her camp. He never sought relief from duty at freedom's outpost, and the grand rounds never found him asleep. Nor for an instant did he flinch from duty. Regardless of personal interests, he stood for the people at all times and in all places. Be the weather fair or foul, the glint of his musket was there.

"With him there was neither truce nor compromise with those who sought special privileges at the expense of the public. He was neither dismayed at the rapacity of greed nor appalled at the audacity of trusts. All his life was a true disciple of Thomas Jefferson. 'Equal rights for all; special privileges for none' was his motto. He felt battling for the rights of the masses, while exposing the snares of monopoly and defying the mercenary cohorts that threaten the life of the republic.

"Richard P. Bland had no parallel in this age. During his long stay in this house he had no fellow, no model, no likeness. In his shifting scenes, he stood alone. Others might change; he never changed. Yet he was no block, no impediment, but an intelligent force, steadily aiming at a goal the attainment of which he believed to be a most wholesome achievement and the greatest benefit he could bestow upon his country.

"A vital factor in our return to specie payment after the war, he had restored to the people the dollar of their fathers. The Bland dollar was not

only the coinage of the mint, but the coinage of his brain. It is today a living evidence of his statesmanship. Well did Charles A. Dana say of it. It is the only practical evidence of financial statesmanship evolved in congress for many years. "Although indignantly deprived of the fruits of his victory, Bland did not lose heart. Having abiding faith in the people, he led a crusade against the Sherman. He opened anew the fight for bimetallicism. It was a persistent and a glorious fight—one not yet ended. All admire the gallant struggle made today for the freedom of the Trans-Atlantic. Bland stood as firmly for free coinage. He defended every kopje, traversed every veldt and fought with a tenacity that astonished the world. His attacks upon the opposition were so well delivered, strenuous and sustained that at times he drove his adversaries to inaction and humiliating devices. At times victory seemed to be almost within his grasp, at times as hopeless as the search for the philosopher's stone. In every vicissitude he was beset by desertions, in every crisis loaded with obloquy. His prowess breasted every difficulty—

"Like to the Pontic sea, Whose icy current and compulsive course Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on To the Propontic and the Hellespont. Leader of the People. "Think for a moment, Mr. Speaker, of the bright satellites that set out with him on what seemed like a holiday excursion. How many fell by the way! How many turned against him! Look over this house, take a glance at the senate—aye, cast your eyes even upon the presidential chair—and then compute, if you can, the strength of the mighty tide that turned against him. And yet, undaunted, unswerving, uncompromising, he held his course with undeviating fidelity.

"He was as constant and abiding as the northern star amid a shower of swerving meteors. Defying mutiny, like the great navigator who gave mankind a new world, his hope ne'er dimmed, his purpose never changed. However wild the tempest, however strong the following flood of passion, he pursued an unvarying course. He was the great political navigator of the people, sailing upon the ocean of destiny, with the Declaration of Independence as his guiding star and the constitution as his compass.

"Mr. Speaker, this hall is still ringing with his many words. They were the coinage of his convictions. His sincerity alone would have made him more than conspicuous; his ability and devotion to the principles advocated so persistently made him truly great. He had an academic but no collegiate training. Nor had he traveled in the realm of metaphysical disquisition, but he had delved in the gold and silver mines of the Pacific slope, had practiced law and fought Indians on the border and, like Cincinnatus of old, had followed the plow. It was a grand training for the role which he was to fill. Born in Kentucky, every fiber of his body, every filament of his brain, every scintillation of his intellect was American.

"There was a halo about him at all times that forbade either the charge or thought of selfishness. His life was a chapter of consistent and faultless logic. Oratory cannot adorn it; detraction cannot deface it.

"Sir, memory is a never fading mirror. It reflects the scenes of other days. We who knew him can still see that modest but firm man rising here in his place, treading these aisles, stopping to meet an inquiry, turning firmly to an attack, leading an onset, never beating a retreat.

"Richard P. Bland was a fitting type of the old time statesman, now, alas, fading away. He belonged to the generation that produced the founders of the republic. He had the true Revolutionary grit. He would have been a worthy colleague of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe. He was a builder, not a destroyer. He strove to pull down everything vicious in statesmanship and to raise everything wholesome to a common level.

"Whether on the floor, in committee or listening to chat in the cloakroom, he was essentially thoughtful. There was a rippling strain of humor about him, but his face never lost its cast of thoughtfulness. His friendship was sterling silver; his affection pure gold. Sir, I rejoice in my affiliation with such a man. It is better than gold and precious stones. He left his imprint upon the legislation of this house. When the seeker after truth comes to study the great men who have shaped the destinies of the republic, he will find Richard P. Bland among the immortals. Future historians will linger o'er his name and gladly preserve his fame."

Webster Davis' Resignation. The Boer agitation in this country is growing hot. In my judgment it is becoming so hot that the administration will be compelled to show its hand—and show it, willy nilly, for the Boers. Hon. Webster Davis' resignation of the assistant secretaryship of the Interior to take to the lecture platform in behalf of old Paul Kruger and his brave burghers is only a straw which shows which way the wind is blowing. Davis is young. He has eloquence, brains and a future. Even the poets are taking a hand. My friend Ripley D. Saunders of St. Louis has written the following beautiful poem, which I commend to all who see this letter:

THE BOER WOMEN. Thou God upon whose name they call, These women of the burgher strain, Shall they in freedom's battles fall, Their sacrifice in vain? True mothers of a freeman race, Daughters of men in blood made free, Dear God of love and pitying grace, Are they not heard of thee? And thou, O world, that seest the sight Unknown before to mortal ken, Still beats thy heart untroubled quite Within the breast of man? The horror of it and the shame, Leaves it thy spirit calm and cold,

That women die in war's dread flame Who seek their homes to hold? Then may no father teach his son Of manhood's pride or freedom's sway, For both are dead beneath the sun That shines on such a day. Dead—who may doubt—since plain the spot Where grief and shameful they are laid On 'transient battlefields to rot In graves for women made.

Spanish War Taxes. To Hon. James D. Richardson of Tennessee, Democratic leader of the house minority, belongs the high honor of having driven the Republicans into an investigation to discover whether the Spanish war taxes are producing a surplus in the revenue. The truth is that since the wrangle over the Porto Rican tariff bill demoralized them so the Republicans have been in a nervous, timorous and irritable frame of mind. Most of them are fussy as an old sitting hen. They found out that Richardson was preparing a resolution to investigate the revenues, and Hon. Seno E. Payne, chairman of the committee on ways and means, whose present frame of mind, notwithstanding his Christian name, is by no means serene, straightway introduces a resolution of that sort himself, hoping thereby to forestall the tactful Tennesseean and reap a little glory himself; but the people are not all "natural born dull fools," as was Sut Lovingood's daddy, and they will not be deceived by Mr. Payne's transparent trick. They will give credit where credit is due, to Mr. Richardson, for he forced Mr. Payne to take the initiative. The probabilities are that the New Yorker would not have moved in the matter this side the resurrection had Richardson not prodded him up. So, whatever comes of it, the honor belongs clearly and of right to the gracious, graceful, skillful, capable leader of the house Democrats, Hon. James D. Richardson of Tennessee.

Later on Richardson, to borrow the felicitous language of Dr. William Everett of Massachusetts, "deposited the Republicans in a cavity" by introducing the following resolution: Resolved, That this house view with deep interest the heroic struggle of the republics of South Africa to maintain their independence and hereby tenders them our most profound sympathy in their unequal but gallant struggle. That resolution went to the committee on foreign affairs, where it may or may not sleep. If it sleeps, Richardson and his friends will want to know, don't you know, who administers morphine to it. If it does not sleep, Richardson reaps the glory.

Porto Rico Throttled. The deed is done. For better or for worse the Porto Rican tariff bill, with the senate amendments, is now a law. Republican leaders are in doubt as to whether they have achieved a great party victory or digged the party's grave. It passed the house by eight majority, and we may now be said to have become part republic and part empire. It would appear that President McKinley, who, in his December message to congress, said it was our plain duty to establish free trade with Porto Rico, owes it to a long suffering and expectant world to explain, in a signed statement, just why he flopped. Flop may not be a classical word to apply to a presidential caper, but it is a good, old forcible monosyllable, which the great body of the people can comprehend without rummaging through an unabridged dictionary. Yes, flop is the word. Hon. Seno E. Payne made a poor fist of showing why he flopped. Perhaps Brother McKinley could elucidate the subject more successfully and more skillfully.

The thing which appears to be desirable to a vast number of people is that the Democratic ticket shall be Bryan and Dewey. It is generally thought that they would win hands down. Asked if Dewey would accept second place, a prominent gentleman of large experience said: "Dewey's hatred of McKinley is so intense that he would do anything to defeat him for a second term." He also volunteered the information that General Nelson A. Miles and Admiral Winfield Scott Schley are exceedingly anxious to encompass the undoing and downfall of Mark Hanna's protege. That is certainly a distinguished trio to contend with—Dewey, Schley and Miles. Perhaps Mr. McKinley will conclude that it would have been just as well to have generated those great Americans with generosity and kindness.

Hanna Frying Fat. Mark Hanna is beginning in dead earnest to fry the fat out of the trusts—that is, if the St. Louis Republic can be believed. The Republic makes the startling charge that Mark's preliminary assessment of the trusts is \$5,500,000! Only think of that, my countrymen! Six and one-half millions for a starter! If this is done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? Mark has only one idea in politics, and that is to boodle somebody, and he is evidently fixing now to eclipse his great boodle campaign of 1896, when people stood agast at the vast sums expended.

So a virtuous senate committee reports unanimously that Senator William A. Clark of Montana is unfit to sit in the millionaires' club by reason of corrupt methods used to secure his election. It will be a spectacle for men and angels to see such Republican lights as Mark Hanna and Scott of West Virginia vote to unseat Clark because they are afraid of contamination when no fact in American history is more generally believed than that Mark bought his seat and that Scott secured his by an act of Punic faith, utterly disgraceful in character. And there are others. The same gang who vote to unseat Clark will vote to seat Matthew Stanley Quay. "Nough said!"

That women die in war's dread flame Who seek their homes to hold? Then may no father teach his son Of manhood's pride or freedom's sway, For both are dead beneath the sun That shines on such a day. Dead—who may doubt—since plain the spot Where grief and shameful they are laid On 'transient battlefields to rot In graves for women made.

Never before has there been such exceptional Shirt Waist selling, again showing our leadership in bargain offerings. These waists reach the top notch of perfection in style, fit and workmanship. These are not idle words, but STRICTLY FACTS, and if you come to this sale you will see the values that will convince you, values the equal of which cannot be found in any store in town.

UNSURPASSED SHIRT WAIST SELLING...

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\$1.75 Waists, made in the very latest style, in all the new colorings, with white and embroidered inserting, unsurpassed selling..... 98c

These Waists are of the finest Percale and Madras, made with pleated front, with the newest style collars. Your size is here and you had better hurry--worth \$1.25 to \$1.50-- Unsurpassed selling..... 75c

500 Dozen Waists in all the new plaids, checks and stripes, well made and are positively fast colors, unsurpassed selling..... 49c

Never have you seen such a Waist at this price, well made, stylish, and perfect fitting, actually worth 75c-- Unsurpassed selling..... 39c

25 Trimmed Pattern Hats, worth from \$4.50 to \$6.50, while they last,..... \$1.98

THE BIG BALTIMORE THE BARGAIN CENTER OF ASHEVILLE

Notice. It is ordered by the Board of Elections of Buncombe county that the precincts and voting places in the city of Asheville be and they are hereby established as follows, to-wit: PRECINCT NO. 1. BEGINNING at the center of Patton avenue where it intersects West Court Square, and running with the center of same to the intersection of Church street; thence with Church street southwardly to its intersection with South Main street; thence with South Main street to the intersection of Southside avenue; thence with the center of Southside avenue to the intersection of Victoria avenue; thence with the center of Victoria avenue to the corporation line; thence eastwardly with the corporation line to the top of Beaucatcher mountain; thence continuing with said line in a northerly direction to its intersection with South Beaumont street at Beaucatcher Gap; thence westwardly with South Beaumont street to its intersection with South Pine street; thence with South Pine street to the intersection of Eagle street; thence westwardly with Eagle street to the intersection of Valley street; thence northwardly with Valley street to College street; thence with College street to North Main street; thence with North Main street and the Court Square to the BEGINNING, with a voting place at the county court house. PRECINCT NO. 2. BEGINNING at the intersection of Collee street with North Main street, and running thence with Collee street east to the intersection of Valley street; thence south with Valley street to its intersection with Eagle street; thence eastwardly with Eagle street to its intersection with South Pine street; thence south with South Pine street to South Beaumont street; thence with South Beaumont street to Beaucatcher Gap at the corporation line; thence north with the corporation line to the northeast corner of the corporate limits of Asheville; thence west with the corporation line to Charlotte street; thence south with Charlotte street to its intersection with Woodfin street; thence west with Woodfin street to North Main street; thence south with North Main street to the BEGINNING, the voting place to be at or near Oates' livery stand in said precinct. PRECINCT NO. 3. BEGINNING at the intersection of Woodfin street with North Main street, running thence with Woodfin street east to the intersection of Charlotte street; thence with Charlotte street north to the corporation line; thence with the corporation line west to where the same crosses Cumberland avenue; thence southwardly with Cumberland avenue to its intersection with West Chestnut street; thence east with West Chestnut street to Flint street; thence south with Flint street to Hiwassee street; thence with Hiwassee street to North Water street at the intersection of Woodfin street; thence with Woodfin street to the BEGINNING, with a voting place at or near the junction of Merrimon avenue and North Main street in said precinct. PRECINCT NO. 4. BEGINNING at the intersection of Patton avenue with West Court Square, and running thence west with Patton avenue to its intersection with Haywood street, near Butttrick street; street to the intersection of Gudge street; thence south with Gudge street

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Champ Clark