

Oregon City Courier-Herald BY A. W. CHENEY

CHAMP CLARK'S LETTER

Roosevelt's Row With the Republican Congressional Committee. Whitelaw Reid's Disappointment

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ALASKA has a population of 65,000. It is said that it can furnish homesteads of 200 acres each for 200,000 families.

Dr. Lee, of Mississippi, declares that if a man will eat raw onions and drink whisky he will never have malaria. Certainly a pleasant remedy.

The fortune of Alfred Beit, the South African millionaire and associate of the late Cecil Rhodes, is said to exceed \$1,000,000,000.

REGARDLESS of what the world thinks of John Alexander Dowie's religious principles, he must be recognized as a man of more than ordinary ability. He has been in this country less than a dozen years, yet he is the leader of thousands and has millions of money at his command.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Nothing could show more strikingly the change in the monetary condition of this country than a comparison of the stock of gold and of the money in circulation now and in 1896.

A fortnight ago, the gold in the treasury amounted in round numbers to \$574,000,000, an increase of nearly \$50,000,000 since July 1, 1901, and the largest sum, with possibly one exception, ever held by any government.

In October, 1896, at the height of the free-silver campaign, the treasury held less than \$122,000,000 in gold, and the total amount in circulation was only \$478,000,000—nearly \$100,000,000 less than is now held by the treasury alone.

Largely as a result of this increased gold supply the amount of money in circulation has increased from \$21.15, the per capita average for 1896, to nearly \$29 at the present time.

Meanwhile the commercial ratio of silver to gold, which was 33.32 in 1896, is now about 38. The treasury now holds 549,000,000 silver dollars, and there are nearly 70,000,000 in circulation, against 380,000,000 in the treasury and 50,000,000 in circulation six years ago.

DOING SOMETHING.

The humorist who wrote the platform and declaration of grievances for the populists of Illinois, in state convention assembled, makes them say:

"We look upon the republican party, with its gold standard policy and banking policy, as our open enemy, without disposition to conceal its intentions, while we look upon the democratic party as a party of barter and sale, without a definite policy, save to gain office.

How "the republican party does something and raises hell" is best illustrated by the castigation which the republican governor Cummins of Iowa inflicts on that republican "captain of industry, John W. Gates, of Chicago. Says the governor of this quick-rich trust magnate, who, by the way, was "fired" out of a respectable London hotel, on account of his vulgarity:

"He may not be any worse than scores of others, but to the masses of people in this western country he is a personification of trust greed, gambling, vulgarity. He is the nimble example who has served to call popular attention to a system—a system of stock jobbing, gambling in industrial properties and taking out of the consumer the enormous profits which enable such men to exist.

[Special Washington Letter.] IT may be taken and accepted as a sure thing that Colorado is going Democratic this fall and that that veteran statesman Henry M. Teller will be returned to the senate, which he so greatly adorns and where he is so useful.

The press dispatches inform us that President Roosevelt is on his arduous appendix because Brothers Baebcock and Overstreet, chairman and secretary of the Republican congressional committee, in compiling their campaign book left him and his administration out in the cold, when he not unnaturally thought that he ought to occupy the center of the stage.

General David Bremner Henderson, speaker of the house of representatives, has taken up the role of prophet and has assured the world in an off-hand sort of way that the country is going Republican this fall, which is important if true; but nobody ever accused General Henderson of being any kin to Isaiah or any of the rest of the major prophets.

As Mark Antony remarked on a celebrated but doleful occasion, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Wherefore? Because Whitelaw Reid, flunky extraordinary to the coronation of King Edward VII., did not, after all, get to wear his knickerbockers and other royal finery—that is, in public—a thing on which he had set his heart. No doubt he donned them in private and exhibited his lean and padded calves to his wife, children and domestic servants in that magnificent house in Grosvenor square, the ultra aristocratic quarter of London, "the modern Babylon," which he rented for that august occasion.

Whitelaw's Sorrowful Homecoming. As Mark Antony remarked on a celebrated but doleful occasion, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." Wherefore? Because Whitelaw Reid, flunky extraordinary to the coronation of King Edward VII., did not, after all, get to wear his knickerbockers and other royal finery—that is, in public—a thing on which he had set his heart.

Republican Disintegration. The recent falling of the campanile at Venice, which both startled and interested the entire civilized world, is not more thoroughly indicative of the ultimate destruction of that ancient city of story and of song than is the platform declaration of the Iowa Republicans in favor of tariff revision as a remedy for the trust evil a presage of the dissolution of the Republican party.

Shaw Versus Gage. Lyman J. Gage, former secretary of the treasury and wet nurse to the Fowler bill, of which he and his bank expect to be the chief beneficiaries, is in a fair way to become the scapegoat of the Roosevelt-Shaw administration of the treasury affairs, and it serves Lyman right, for he it is remembered that in 1896 he deserted the Democrats and rattled to the Republicans in order to secure for himself high office, which he had never been able to do while training with the Democrats.

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get to ride in, poor thing! Hence these tears.

King Edward was sick, and consequently flunky Whitelaw, with his knickerbockers and his finery, did not have a chance to overawe Cheapside, Rotten row, Piccadilly, Whitechapel and Bloomsbury square with his ribbons, gawgaws, state carriage, liveried outriders and other royal and imperial paraphernalia. Perhaps since the days when Sancho Panza failed to secure his island throne or since Darius Green and his flying machine came down to earth with a dull, sickening thud there never was a greater disappointment in this world than Whitelaw's when he didn't get to ride in that royal carriage, solitary and alone, as chief of all American flunkies.

Great God! On what a slender thread Eternal matters hang!

Over the entrance to the office of the New York Tribune, of which Whitelaw is editor in chief, thanks to his father-in-law's money, is the legend, "Founded by Horace Greeley." Wonder what old Horace, who was an American from skin to core, would think of Whitelaw and his royal and imperialistic knickerbockers! "What a fall was there, my countrymen!"

A Painter.

Once upon a time I was engaged in a private jangling match with General Charles Henry Grosvenor. I was contending that the Democrats would elect the house this fall and both a house and president in 1904. The general said that the present prosperity would prevent our doing any such thing. "But, general," I replied arguendo, "there is no greater prosperity now than there was in 1892, when the Democrats wiped the Republicans off the face of the earth, even securing one electoral vote in Ohio, which goes to prove that prosperity has nothing to do with it."

Such an administration of our protective principle and revenue policy by a permanent commission and the consequent greater or less elimination of the subject from the field of practical politics is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. It has received the commendation of public men and students of public affairs and the indorsement of political conventions, but it has yet to be actualized in legislation and entrusted with the discharge of a service of great importance to the commercial and industrial interests of the country.

June 28, 1902. Dear Sir—I would like for you to look up my pension claim and if possible have my check sent to me immediately. I have served for about one week in the First volunteer corps of the Lloyd House-cleaning brigade, commanded by Lieutenant General H. H. Duckie (mamma). My back is nearly broken, and my hands are covered with blisters, so that I am unfit for any more active service. My number is 42,176,984,126,982. Trusting that you will have the check forwarded me, I remain, respectfully, THOMAS L. LLOYD, Private in Rear Rank.

The latest news from Nebraska is to the effect that Hon. Edward Rosewater, editor of the Omaha Bee, is hot foot after the flossy scalp lock of David H. Mercer, present congressman. Both are Republicans, and unfortunately so is the district.

the treasury affairs, and it serves Lyman right, for he it is remembered that in 1896 he deserted the Democrats and rattled to the Republicans in order to secure for himself high office, which he had never been able to do while training with the Democrats. He received his mess of pottage—namely, the secretaryship of the treasury. That he used the great powers of that office for the benefit of the plutocrats is generally believed; that he was offered and accepted a highly remunerative position at their hands when squeezed out of office by President Roosevelt is known of all men.

Strange that it never occurs to a public official so eminent, so astute and so ambitious as Mr. Secretary of the Treasury Shaw that there are two ways for the government to make buckle and tongue meet—the one is to increase the revenues, the other to curtail expenses. The latter method never suggests itself to a Republican. The present congress is the most extravagant one that ever legislated for the American people. Its appropriations were wicked and wanton waste. Its motto appeared to be "after us the deluge," and the chances are that it will be a deluge indeed.

It is really refreshing to run across somebody who believes in Utopia and the political millennium. The Minneapolis Journal proposes, apparently in good faith, to realize both by reviving the old scheme, the utterly exploded theory of a permanent tariff commission as the solution of the ills that the body politic is heir to, for it says:

When will the day come when our government will be ready to adopt the plan which is quite generally regarded as calculated to protect the country in a large degree from that disturbance of business which periodical agitation of tariff revision as a political issue is likely to produce? It is to be hoped that some day we shall refer this matter of the tariff, which should be purely a business affair and never allowed to become a political issue, to a strong commission in which business men of all political faiths would have confidence and which should be non-partisan in character.

Such an administration of our protective principle and revenue policy by a permanent commission and the consequent greater or less elimination of the subject from the field of practical politics is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. It has received the commendation of public men and students of public affairs and the indorsement of political conventions, but it has yet to be actualized in legislation and entrusted with the discharge of a service of great importance to the commercial and industrial interests of the country.

Certainly nothing more gulleless than that has ever been printed since Faust invented movable type. Fancy the conclusions of a commission made up of such eminent business men as Tom Johnson, Charles M. Schwab, Mr. Cramp, Mr. Seneca E. Payne and Senator Aldrich! Bah!

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Champ Clark

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