

M. Clam Describes an Executive Senate Session

WASHINGTON, U. S., 23. Jan. This day I have seen that United States Senate in the session executive. It was not the fault of me that I was locked in with those Senators. At most I was afraid of death, yet I escaped freely. It shall be now my duty to tell to my countrymen what occurred in that secret meeting. Many things most perplexing to me were spoken, yet some other things I think are not so difficult to comprehend.

I sat in one gallery, listening to many speeches on the affairs Brownsville. Great excitement did take possession of my intelligence when I heard those savage attacks upon M. Roosevelt. Almost I thought of revolution! But no, since I have been long in America I learn that many things do not mean revolution so much as in the France. Those orators in America become so exhausted in the bloodthirsty speech that they have not the strength to lead revolution. Those people would be excellent revolutionists, I think, if they become terribly excited for a long time on one thing. Yet they change the mind so quickly there is no time for the revolution to speak to grow up. Also, those newspapers do make new excitement always, if they think the people have erred.

Very well! Much agitation did cause drowsiness in me, and I did sleep. When I awakened I was on the floor under those seats. With embarrassment I arose quickly, fearing the laughter of those people. Yet there were no people! All were absent. Those doors were closed. It was the session executive!

With fear I did gaze into the pit. Those Senators did not see myself. I had astonishment to look at them. Many of them did not wear their coats. Some of them whittled the stick, with those feet on the desk. Others played the cards, with heaps of bright dollars and money with green backs before them. All were smoking furiously. Several negro Americans did run back and forth, bringing foaming drinks, bottles, and cigars. These Senators did talk loudly, yet only to themselves. Many voices did make confusion. At the first I did only hear scattered words: "Your deal!" "Damn M. Roosevelt!" "Bring me the flax water, John!" "Sweeten it!" "Roosevelt's on that toboggan now!" "Well, as I say, you can't increase salaries while those newspapers keep talking about it!" "Has anybody heard from Harriman?" "How's copper?" "Take you twenty!" "Guggenheim's all right!"

This to me did mean nothing. I looked for the chance to escape, when M. Fairbanks, without his coat, did rap on the desk and say: "Well, boys, we must finish the executive business."

Those Senators who played cards continued to play, but they spoke softly. Those Senators whittling did not move. The negro American waiters withdrew and the Senator locked the door after them. One other Senator drew from beneath his desk the machine called ticker and did turn the switch. Instantly it ticked many things which interested those Senators. "Wal street is all right," said this Senator, reading that tape. "Harriman says to tell the boys he will look after them. He wants all the boys to get busy and defeat M. Roosevelt in all things. Do not listen to such talk from M. Roosevelt. If any Senator wants the sweet ten fortune, let him buy Southern Pacific. I will lend him the money."

"Hurrah, for Harriman!" cried several Senators. "He is the good fellow to poor Senators."

One Senator did go around with a paper. He took down the names of those who wished to borrow money of M. Harriman. Most of them asked for the small loan for a few days.

"I move," said one Senator, "that we send one vote of thanks to M. Harriman and tell him we are doing our best against M. Roosevelt."

Instantly all Senators did vote "Aye!"

M. Foraker said: "Mr. President, it is now time for one Senator to jump upon our common enemy. M. Tillman and I have done our share. It is with pleasure I fight M. Roosevelt, but also I have other work. My fences go out of repair many times while I work against M. Roosevelt. Now many Senators have just been elected once more. They are not now afraid, for a while, shall they not help in this great fight?"

One other Senator said: "M. Foraker is right. Those Senators who have been elected should take up this fight. I move that all Senators elected for that term beginning March 4 must lead in this grand work. I, myself, must look out for the number one."

There was much discussion of this motion. One Democrat said: "But the Republicans, they can make the best fight." Those Republicans replied: "Ah, do not bring politics into this great cause. Remember we are here one band of brothers."

At the last that motion was carried by the two-thirds vote, since only one-third of those Senators were elected for the new term. One of those newly elected Senators said: "But how shall we fight M. Roosevelt? What shall we do?"

This also made long debate. Then one very old Senator said: "It is best to keep right on telling those people that M. Roosevelt is the dead one. Some day it will be true. Also, let us look sharp for the mistakes and magnify them into the crimes. In two years more also, he will be the dead one."

Here the Senate took one short recess, and those negro Americans were called in. They quickly brought the butter-milk, and all other intoxicants desired, as well as fresh cigars. Those Senators drank this toast: "Here's to the Senate, this band of brothers, and to hell with M. Roosevelt."

After this refreshment again the doors were locked, and one Senator said: "M. President, I wish to submit the few remarks upon M. Guggenheim, our new colleague from the Colorado State."

He was proceeding to make the eloquent speech when M. Fairbanks said: "Does the Senator think he is speaking in the open Senate? Why make the speech? Give us those straight goods."

With chagrin that Senator replied: "Pardon, my friends! I did forget. Now I shall not make one speech, but will deliver those goods, as requested. This man Guggenheim is one bad actor. They tell me he paid too much for his seat in this august body. I do not know how much—"

"Two hundred thousand," said one.

"More! Half a million," said one other.

"No! He paid \$375,000 and has \$17,000 more to pay," said the third Senator. "This, my dear colleagues, is the truth."

"Very well," said the first speaker.

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"This is too much, considering that population and the size of that legislature. What, my dear colleagues, are we coming to? Where will prosperity land you and myself if these prizes are to rise thus? I am the poor man, yet my legislature is numerous and hungry. It is with difficulty that I raise the hundred thousand dollars. Yet if my legislature learns of M. Guggenheim's work in the Colorado State I shall be up against that real thing. How can we prevent this terrible crime of paying too much money? Almost I shall go broke if something is not done quickly."

These remarks did cause much discussion also. One Senator said: "Why not fix that pay according to population or the size of those legislatures?" But, no, others said this was not possible, because those rival candidates would bid higher.

Many Senators did talk about the best manner to regulate those legislatures, yet nothing, as usual, was decided.

"Let us now hear," said M. Fairbanks, "from that committee to audit and control those containing expenses."

M. Kean, Senator from the Jersey State, responded. He said: "That fund has been used to assist Democratic Senators in the South who cannot get jobs from M. Roosevelt. One or two Senators who did not have sufficient money to handle their legislatures were also assisted. In every way that fund was used to promote harmony among this band of brothers. We now ask that this fund be replenished."

This was done by the unanimous vote.

"Next on our programme," said M. Fairbanks, "is one message from M. Roosevelt."

"Bah!" "Another message?" "Let us play cards while that clerk reads!" "D—n M. Roosevelt and those messages!"

These and many other exclamations I heard, while that clerk began to read. Yet before he had read much all the Senators stopped playing cards, drinking, and whittling to listen. That message, much as I can remember, said:

"To the Senate: I send you one treaty with Great Britain which I have negotiated with terrible trouble. This

treaty provides for regulating those affairs of the nations in Africa. Soon I hope to transmit other treaties with Great Britain regulating all nations in Asia, Europe, and South America. Yet one at a time is my motto, and what is my motto, must be yours. We Anglo-Saxons must rule this world. I expect, after I have placed all nations under Great Britain and myself, to eliminate Great Britain. It is unnecessary to point to those beauties of this plan of mine. I send it to you because that it the best way to show you that these people are with me. You are one set of crooks. You do not dare to reject this treaty. If you do I shall make public this message, and those people will call you the traitors to myself. If you ratify this treaty I shall take all the credit, and those people will say, "Roosevelt is master of the Senate." So you see I have you beaten. Now do as you please, you scoundrels."

This message did make excitement and fury. "Robber!" "Egotist!" "Insufferable meddler!" "Politician!" "Cheap skate!" "Insulting usurper!" "Bah!" "Boo!" "Damn!"

These were exclamations I heard. There were many more, yet I shall be so polite as to omit them. Those Senators did rise and kick over desks, throwing cards in every direction and upsetting those highballs. They raised their fists very high and swore terribly. Almost I was afraid for my life.

Finally one Senator of great age said: "Boys, let us be calm. Remember, M. Roosevelt stands in with those people. He has them hypnotized yet. Now, what shall we do? It is as he says. If we reject that treaty he will publish that message. If we ratify it he will prove that he is our master. I say let us place that treaty in the pigeon's hole. Then let us tell those reporters that we know nothing. If M. Roosevelt does make that message public, let us say that we have discovered grave constitutional questions which take much time to investigate. Thus we may put this matter off until M. Roosevelt is no more President."

All Senators said: "Good! Good! Put that message in the pigeon's hole!"

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