

# QUAY HAS TROUBLES

## The Campaign "A Comedy of Errors."

### HIS OWN STATE CHAIRMAN.

Hard and Cruel Fate Continues to Pursue the Boss in His Efforts to Hold the Nose of the Party Up Stream.

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Sept. 18.—The Democratic state committee is now more royally housed in Philadelphia than it has been in years. Large, airy rooms have been fitted up with Democratic simplicity at 1408-10 South Penn square, within the shadow of the city hall, the costliest pile of marble, brick and cement in the world, a colossal monument of Republican extravagance and knavery. Here during the campaign State Chairman Rilling of Erie, Secretary Moyer of Schuylkill and Representative Palm of Crawford, in charge of the publicity department, will be daily found on the "fringe line," together with a staff of assistants. A large and hospitable latch string hangs on the door's outside. Democrats and others interested in the war upon the Quay machine and in favor of honest and economical state government are invited to drop in, and it goes without saying, they will be welcome.

Since our last epistle the political temperature in the state has arisen somewhat, but has hardly touched summer heat from the fact that the Republican campaign has "slipped a cog." The loudly heralded intention of the Quay managers to open the campaign with a blare of trumpets, a battery of spellbinders and with Colonel Barnett raising the "blazing cross" aloft with one hand and the flag in the other, has been run on side track.

### THE TROUBLE WITH BARNETT.

Colonel Barnett has got parlorish, or, in plain English, the itch. This means that between the itch and the peppering in store for him and his aides and abettors that he and they will be kept scratching from now until the 4th of October.

Colonel Barnett is now in a sanitarium, and the opening of the campaign has been deferred until Oct. 4, when the Republican State League of Clubs will hold a fandango at Harrisburg, when the shooting of niggers in the Philippines will be glorified and pertinent state issues ignored again as completely as was the case with Quay's state convention. Meanwhile the Quay machine is beset with troubles, and like the ill luck man who begins to slide down hill, every fellow citizen stands ready to give him a kick to expedite his descent.

### COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Quay's appearance before the last legislature in the role of "an old pantaloons" clamoring to be permitted to retain his seat in the senate, was "a comedy of errors," and the Republican campaign this fall promises to exceed it not only as a comedy, but as a farce-comedy as well.

The choice of General Reeder, who was kicked out of the Hastings cabinet for cause, for chairman, has been found to be an error. In the first place he is discredited and smirched with the independent voters. Then his selection is the foolish flaunting of a red rag before the maddened insurgents. The famous resolutions he wrote for adoption by his Northampton convention, in which he termed those Republicans who had voted for anti-Quay members of the legislature and the anti-Quay legislators who voted against Quay as "cowards and traitors" and declared that "such masqueraders should be debarred from taking part in the deliberations of the party," is regarded as the serving of a formal and insulting writ upon them and their ilk that their votes are neither wanted or required for the Republican state ticket this fall.

Then, the machine's place holders are demurring at Chairman Reeder's assessment for campaign boodle on the ground that while he was in the luxurious enjoyment of the \$20,000 job of secretary of the commonwealth he refused to chip in a single penny to the state committee's treasury. Then, liberal contributors are declining to remit for the reason that they have no confidence in the committee's management, which is a most serious thing, since there is a debt of \$30,000 which will have to be liquidated, and the creditors are tired and urgent. But the troubles do not cease here. General Gobin, who is permitted to roam about without a check rein or a muzzle, and whom no politician will insure against committing blunders in a speechlet to the Grangers at William's Grove, threw another handful of salt and pepper on the raw flesh of the insurgents by coarsely reminding them of their sins and that there are no seats checked for them in the Quay band wagon.

Then in the Quay prying council the jealousies, the trace kicking and cow punching of the tin lieutenants, which have been so notorious, have broken out afresh, compelling the "old man," in sheer self defense, to send the "prince boys to bed and take the direction of matters in his own hands."

### "BULL" ANDREWS' MISTAKE.

The old Crawford rooster, Bill Andrews, who was deprived of his tail feathers while the "prince boys were amusing mankind with their 'comedy of errors' during the legislature, has again been restored by the boss to power and favor on the basis of Captain Kittle and old Sol Gill's—that if "anybody kin, he kin."

The bluff that the senate will seat Quay on Governor Stone's ready made and unconstitutional credentials having failed because McKinley and Hanna are again it, the machine's creators have been secretly at work for some time in clearing the decks for a special session of the legislature, setting traps and snares, dyke nets and oel pots all over the state for the capture of insurgent members and "indooing" em,

as Artemus Ward would say, "to jine the Young Men's Christian association" and to consent to vote for Quay.

Uncle Bill Andrews being again in the saddle, started up toward the headwaters for big game and got as far as Washington county, but not being a "keerful injun," he neglected to destroy his trail. He is reputed to have made a "proposition" to an insurgent member who was still strong in the faith and who made report to the insurgent chiefs. But at all events Uncle Bill, whether he smelt "a plain clothes man" or not, hastily clucked his Bible and night shirt into a grip and departed for the far away land of the Montezumas, where he is the proprietor of a gold mine—the real thing not the kind producing the gold bricks of politics.

### ANNOYED BY RILLING'S PERSISTENCY.

But the troubles of the machine do not end with this by a darned sight. State Chairman Rilling some time ago sent a challenge to General Reeder proposing a joint debate between the state candidates, but the communication evidently found its way to the dead letter office. Chairman Rilling has hung on to General Reeder's ear, however, like a tick-seed to a coon's shin, and has again proposed a series of joint debates on state issues. In the last communication he says:

"That all the matters at issue in this campaign, the election of a state treasurer, as well as judges of the supreme and superior courts, may be properly discussed, we respectfully suggest that we have throughout the state a number of joint debates, the details of the same to be mutually agreed upon by us. Let the speakers of both sides address the same audience from the same platform. Let each side present its case to the voters for their benefit. These matters ought to and can be discussed in a fair and proper spirit. You will please let us hear from you regarding this subject at an early date."

This challenge has been in the possession of General Reeder for some days, and he is treating it like the "man with an elephant on his hands." That he will turn its picture to the wall is about as foregone a conclusion as that the ascendancy of the Republican party means higher taxes and maladministration. He will fall back on the defense that the Republican platform advocates shooting niggers in the Philippines and that a Democrat has no right to live; that it is silent as to state issues, and that he has therefore no authority to raise and discuss issues that are not included in that "fearful and wonderful party" deliverance.

His position reminds me of the Jersey justice of the peace who remarked to the young legal sprig who was quoting him the supreme court in the course of a case that "he wanted it understood that this court don't propose to go outside of the state of New Jersey for its law." Death and taxation are always with us, and so are troubles with the Quay machine.

### STONE'S FOOT IN IT.

The latest vexation is due to the stupidity of Governor Stone the First. Certain long range politicians set a trap for Stone, which he unconsciously walked into. He was an easy mark. It was deemed desirable that an expression on trusts should be obtained from some conspicuous member, some "shining light," of the Quay household, since the Quay platform is as silent on the subject as "the tomb of the Capulets."

It was believed that Quay himself was too old and experienced a fox to even smell at the bait, so the trap was set for Stone. The editor of the New York World was induced to invite Governor Stone to write that Democratic paper a screed on the question of trusts, which is now banking up like a storm cloud on the political horizon. To the general surprise the Keystone executive complied with a rough hewn defense of the trusts and of the promoters of trusts. He gave his ipse dixit that trusts, although undisguised blessings to mankind, are not a political issue, nor are they likely to become such. No fee-gorged attorney of John D. Rockefeller or Phil. Armour could have defended or apologized with more zeal and boldness or less skill and ingenuity these criminal aggregations of capital, that are making the consumer squirm like skinned eels and are handing the nation over to a soulless money feudal oligarchy.

### PENROSE AND ANDREWS TRAPPED.

The trap was again baited and Senator Penrose and Bill Andrews, the recognized lieutenants of the machine, were interviewed by the Philadelphia North American, and they practically indorsed the trust position taken by Governor Stone, and so by this roundabout way the trust has been made an issue in this fall's campaign, and is so rated.

### FUSION IN CHESTER.

The experiment of fusion on county offices between the Democrats and the good government and anti-machine forces in Chester has attracted wide attention. It is regarded by the machine leaders much as the people of the southern communities look upon an outbreak of yellow fever or the authorities of continental Europe the bubonic plague. It must be stamped out and quarantined against, lest it become epidemic.

A few days ago the question of fusion was submitted to the Democratic yeomanry of Chester, the independents having already agreed to it. The machine leaders ordered the half a score of Cleveland holdover Democrats who are allowed to hold their jobs in the federal departments of Philadelphia and are used by them to attempt to defeat the proposition at the primaries, supplying them with handfuls of cash to buy and corrupt the electors. But this was one of the times that money didn't count, and fusion swept the beautiful county. Then these Democratic Judas were ordered to buy some of the delegates to the county convention and join them in a bolt which had been planned by the Republican leaders for a Democratic convention. But this, too, miserably failed through the lynx-eyed watchfulness of Chairman Cavanaugh, although a Jim Crow bolt did occur, seven alleged Democrats walking out and solemnly taking steps to conceive

a straight-out-no-nonsense-without-a-label Democratic ticket.

Thus we have the spectacle of seven beet eaters, masquerading as Democrats, holding office under a Republican national administration and alleged to be protected by the civil service, playing into the hands of their bosses. And such are the manifold beauties of the Chinese civil service reform. But the fusion battle in Chester will be handsomely won, and next fall, encouraged by its success, it will become epidemic and ring the funeral knell of Quayism. But can Quay, who is now the Job of Pennsylvania politics, take to himself the Biblical assurance "that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth?" THE JUDGE.

### POLITICAL NOTES.

#### PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

The legislature of Pennsylvania is one of the biggest and boldest legalized blackmailing concerns on earth. The big corporations, the insurance companies, the Standard Oil company, the brewers, the counterfeit butter makers, the pawnbrokers, the lottery policy knaves, the school book trust, the adulterers of food, trade outlaws and interests that have shady and "under the rose" dealings, all dread the approach of a new legislature as the people of a southern community fear the coming of the yellow fever season. They can scent the presence of the brigands and know that the hour has come when they will again be "held up" by Quay and his gang and compelled to disgorge and pay tribute to them.

And this is how the game is worked: A new and guileless member is induced to introduce a bill belonging to the "snake" family, or better known as a "pinch." Then the little joker is taken under the wing of the old and experienced machine blackmailers, who in the meantime have had themselves fixed on the gilt edge committee to which these "snakes" are referred by the speaker, who is of course fully posted and is a partner. The favorite plan is to allow the queer bills to pass the house and go to a senate committee on the promise that there will be a divide of the swag.

This course thoroughly alarms the victims, who at once hustle to get a fund together to purchase the strangulation of the measure thus threatening their interests. Thousands of dollars are raised on the "camptown" principle, and a representative sent to negotiate with the blackmailers. It sometimes happens that the blackmailing cabal saves them this trouble, as was the case a few years ago when the speaker pro tem. of the senate was tracked to the office of a foreign corporation which had its headquarters in New York city, and which was invited to come down, handsomely. The guilt of this legislative blackmailer became known, and there was a scandal and a mock investigation.

The senate committee on finance is one of the headquarters for the most notorious of the kang of Quay blackmailers, and membership on it is worth thousands of dollars each session. Certain of the favorite interests of the blackmailers, notably the school book trust and the insurance companies, are compelled to protect themselves by maintaining lobbies at Harrisburg, but Quay, the boss, never undertakes to purge the legislature of these speculative and highwaymen statesmen, so that it has come to pass that each legislature is more disreputable than its predecessor and comes to be more dreaded and feared. Turn the rascals out.

#### REPUBLICAN CLERKS.

General Poo Bah Gobin, the Quay soldier-statesman of many jobs, was entirely right, although unjustly criticized for it, when he told the farmers at William's Grove that the state treasurer is "only a clerk." Under the Quay machine this functionary is after all "only a clerk." He is directed by others and has practically nothing to do with the cash of the treasury, which is farmed out among the political banks that pay interest to the boss and allows the money to be used by him and his family and favorite lieutenants for speculating in stocks and entering into speculative business deals. William Livesey was a smooth and obliging "clerk." He was state treasurer for nine years, and when he was not state treasurer he was the state treasurer's cashier. He visited Canada, you will recall. He thought he would be safer there than in Harrisburg, particularly if he kept himself disguised and went under an assumed name. He remained in the queen's domains for a long time. He is now said to be living in Chicago in strict retirement.

#### BOYER AND HAYWOOD CLERKS.

Boyer was state treasurer, and it will be remembered that the legislature undertook to impeach him because he had had queer relations with that colossal rascal, John Bardsley, of Philadelphia. Haywood, the predecessor of the present treasurer, and who was "only a clerk," had his death hastened by worry and fear of exposure. He entered the office a strong, lusty and happy man, but broke down under the strain. Had he lived the courts would have sent him to the penitentiary. What the people want is a treasurer who will not be "only a clerk" or a weak Democrat like "Square Timber" Noyes, who was used by the Republican bosses through his cashier, Blake Walters, and whom the position ruined. Farmer Cressy, if he be elected, will not be "only a clerk." There will be no speculating with the state's funds and payments held back from the counties that it may earn private interest from the political banks. And he will turn the searchlight on the books and the papers, and what he will discover will be enough to raise the roof off the state house.

#### BOODLE USED IN CHESTER.

The Quay machine, driven to desperation, went its limit to boodlize the Democrats in Chester county at last week's primary, at which the question of fusion with the independent Republicans was submitted to a vote. Where the great wads came from is a mystery, but thousands of dollars were in the hands of the Quay agents throughout the county. The machine's cash failed to defeat fusion, however, which was overwhelmingly carried. Balked in this corrupt conspiracy, Larry Eyre and the virtuous Auditor

General McCauley then turned their attention to the county convention to have fusion rejected after the party had instructed for it at the polls. The Quay machine was materially aided by certain miserable and traitorous Democrats who hold jobs in the federal departments in Philadelphia—Cleveland holdovers, who thus sold themselves in order to retain their places.

#### PENNSYLVANIA'S CZAR.

William A. Stone is the first governor of Pennsylvania who has undertaken to set himself up as superior to the constitution and to usurp the functions of an emperor in a sovereign state of the American union. He appoints a United States senator when the constitution requires him to summon the legislature in extra session and when he knows that the senate from its establishment has never received, but has always rejected an applicant applying under such circumstances with a governor's credentials.

He vetoes two proposed constitutional amendments looking to a clean and honest ballot because his boss disapproves of them, and which the constitution withdraws from his consideration. He takes his pen and roams through appropriations which he deems too large, striking here and there, thus constituting himself bigger than the legislature, and which no other governor ever dared to do. He signs a bill and files it among the statutes, but subsequently, forming an unfavorable opinion of the law, he reconsiders his approval and imagines that he has repealed the act. He sends for the authorities of state and eleemosynary institutions that have been given appropriations and compels them to accept a lower amount at the point of the pistol, or through the threat that a refusal will cause him to veto the entire appropriation. Thus things have come to a pretty pass in Pennsylvania when a governor becomes greater than the legislature and breaks the laws which he has sworn to execute and obey.

#### PROOF IS WANTED.

The claim is faunted in the faces of the people by the Republican machine managers that the state treasury has never lost a dollar through the gutting of banks holding state deposits, such as the Delaware, the People's, the Keystone, the Chestnut Street, and other notoriously rotten political concerns. But how do the people know the state has never lost a dollar? Where is the proof of it, where is the audit? We have only the "say so" of the Quay henchmen. The state is bankrupt and cannot meet its obligations even in boom times, and the governor is compelled to strike right and left with his veto, starving the schools, the insane and the charitable institutions in order, as he shouts, to save the state's credit. As Hamlet would remark, "There's something rotten in the state of Denmark."

#### VETERAN QUAY.

Senator Quay is the possessor of a medal voted him by congress for alleged bravery in the rebellion, but he loved his comrades so dearly that during the late national encampment held in Philadelphia he was bobbing for eels and angling for trout in the wilds of Canada. Quay has no time for an old soldier except as a delegate to a political convention or on election day.

#### A JOB FOR BEATH.

It is now in order for General Bob Beath to reassemble the Pennsylvania War Veterans' Association, as he did in Philadelphia in August, 1898, and scalawag outliege Governor Stone as the soldier's friend and flamboyant champion. Of course a little thing like Stone's discharge of old soldiers from the state departments at Harrisburg to make room for Quay henchmen who never saw a "reb" or smelled gunpowder in their country's defense, and which caused the McKinley Veteran association of Dauphin county and Major John C. Delaney to denounce him need not be alluded to. But as De Wolf Hopper would sing: "There are things and there are things 't were better not to dwell on."

#### WHY JOSIAH WAS NAMED.

It is the usual thing for the Quay machine to allow the railroads and the Standard Oil company to name the judges of the supreme and the superior courts, but having a nomination for the latter this year at his disposal the boss, in order to bring the mayor of Philadelphia into camp, so as to have the use of the delegates he controls and make the city "a wide open town" for election frauds, permitted that ambitious gentleman, who is pipe laying for the next Republican nomination for governor, to name the candidate for the superior court. This compelled the boss to offend a great corporation by scratching the eminent jurist whom it had induced Governor Hastings to appoint. The mayor of Philadelphia, through some subterranean reason, named Josiah Adams, who has since been found to be morally and professionally unfit to a place upon so important a bench as that of the superior court. There is a grave scandal connected with his stewardship of an estate which brought him to the verge of disbarment as an attorney. Nearly nine years ago he was appointed, through the influence of the men who had skinned the Penn Trust and Safe Deposit Company, as its receiver, and he has managed for a long period to nurse this to his great financial benefit.

#### BOGUS ASSESSMENTS.

The September return of the voters of Philadelphia has been completed by the machine assessors, and shows that the bogus and rotten assessment is still being kept at high water mark. This indicates that the old game of voting the names of dead men, of dogs, poll parrots and monkeys is again to be resorted to this fall by the gangs of trained home and imported repeaters from Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington and Chester. A boy not of age recently admitted before a magistrate he had voted 36 times at the last election in Philadelphia, receiving \$1 for each vote he got. A total return of 315,151 is made, and yet thousands of additional legitimate and illegitimate voters will swear in their votes. On the basis of one voter to every five inhabitants this return gives Philadelphia an indicated population of one and a half millions, which is preposterous. There are 80,000 names on the voting lists that do not belong there and which accounts for the fact that Philadelphia is the only great city in the United States that is overwhelmingly Republican.

# The Danger Signal of Life

Mr. G. H. Snyder, a well known citizen of Lawrence, Kan. said:

"I am now seventy years of age. About three years ago I experienced a coldness or numbness in the feet, then creeping up my legs, until it reached my body. I grew very thin in flesh, appetite poor and I did not relish my food. At last I became unable to move about. I consulted several distinguished physicians, one telling me I had locomotor ataxia, another that I had creeping paralysis. I took their medicines but continued to grow worse. Almost a year ago a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Before I had finished my first box I found they were benefiting me. I used twelve boxes in all, and was perfectly cured. Although it is six months since I used my last pill there has been no recurrence of the disease."

*From Lawrence Journal.*

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes \$2.50.

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