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## BOODLERS OR COWARDS.

### UNITED STATES SENATORS AFRAID OF AN INVESTIGATION.

A Special Wire From the Senate Committee Rooms to the Headquarters of the Sugar Trust.

WASHINGTON, March 12.—On Friday Senator Peffer startled the American house of lords by the introduction of a resolution calling for an investigation of the charges that certain senators were using their official positions for the purpose of speculating in stocks affected by the tariff bill. To-day the resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 33 to 22.

Diligent inquiry fails to discover any senator who was prepared to oppose the Peffer resolution in a speech. Nobody wanted to talk against it. In the language of a prominent western senator, who approves Mr. Peffer's action, "Nobody wants to go into the cage with that animal." It is the unanimous opinion in the senate that the Peffer resolution is loaded.

The resolution bears on the stories published in the New York papers that senators were involved in the recent sugar speculations. Some of the reports are extremely grave in character, and if true will blacken the character of several United States senators. The story goes that two democratic members of the finance committee gave out for publication the statement that raw sugar was to bear an *ad valorem* duty of 40 per cent., while a graduated scale of specific duties was to be placed upon refined sugar in such a way as to give the refiner an advantage of  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent per pound. As a result of the consequent rise in the market value of American Sugar Refinery stock, it is alleged that these senators, with three other democratic senators who are not now members of the committee, but who were, as the phrase is, "let into the deal," have made a fortune in a few hours. The rumor as to the one senator is so specific as to allege that he made \$68,000 in two hours Tuesday. It is said that another democratic senator, who is a member of the finance committee, but had not been consulted about the publication which caused the rise in sugar stock, was so indignant that he summoned the senators who had caused the publication into the finance committee room, and there, behind closed doors, delivered to them such a lecture upon the ethics of legislation, with incident allusions to the obligation or senatorial courtesy and the true definition of a "tariff for revenue only," as they had never before been obliged to hear. The publication of some of these

reports of stock speculation by senators having knowledge of the tariff schedules not yet reported to the senate has already caused serious talk of an official investigation.

Rumors are flying around that several prominent persons who had manipulated the market had gathered in various-sized fortunes. The most interesting of these is a story which gained considerable credence that Senator Brice, that hard-headed gentleman who has a reputation as one of the most level-headed speculators in the country, was caught short of 15,000 shares or so of sugar, and, in his efforts to cover, was neatly squeezed at par out of several very comfortable fortunes. This does not agree with the stories told in the Windsor to the effect that Brice had an inside tip that sugar would be placed on the *ad valorem* duty list at 40 per cent., and that he had quietly made a purchase that netted him \$750,000.

The story seems to have come from headquarters, and is that Moore & Schley, the brokers who do most of Senator Brice's business, had been obliged to cover a large short interest for the senator and two other gentlemen connected with him, that the firm operated through a number of brokers, and that finally they made a settlement on several thousand shares of stock at par.

Without the embellishments with which such stories are decorated in Wall street, the report current is that Brice was not really in with the tariff secrets, and that he knew nothing of a proposed duty on sugar. In fact, it is believed that he had a strong idea that sugar would be placed on the free list, and that the senator operated accordingly. However that may be, there are few insiders in Wall street to-day who did not believe that Senator Brice had been squeezed. It was a simple matter to trace the coverings of sugar to Moore & Schley through their brokers, and still more simple to put two and two together and locate Senator Brice.

Senator McPherson caused more consternation and wonder on the democratic side on Wednesday by his remarkable language on the floor of the senate than any single senator has caused for months. In brief, but colloquial expression, he let the cat out of the bag. Mr. McPherson took the floor to make a remark about a personal statement. Preceding it by the announcement that he had never before made a similar statement, he called attention to an article in the New York World to-day, in which it was alleged that Senators Brice, Vest and McPherson had been connected with the recent rise in the sugar market in a questionable way. Mr. McPherson went on to explain, with clearness and dignity, that the charges were absolutely untrue, and

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## THE MAN OF DESTINY

And His Fine Sense of Delicacy in White-washing Fraud.

Washington Correspondence.

Not many years ago there lived in a city of western New York a man well known among saloon goers and political ward tricksters. His personal habits were such that I would not permit myself to write of them, nor would the ADVOCATE be allowed to go through the mails were its pages befouled by their recital. He was a man whom wise, careful mothers might well tremble to see attentive to their daughters; a man who could not have been admitted to the homes of respectable people had the same standard of morality been applied which tabooed his women companions.

Years rolled on, and this man now resides at the White House. How did he get there? Somebody had to be nominated; and as Senator Ingalls said in his letter of advice to the republican presidential convention of 1884: "The least conspicuous, and, therefore, the least complicated man would be the best." A man without a national record was sought and found. Straightway good writers were employed to exalt this man of bad morals and of tricky politics into a "man of destiny." The very fact that the man was nationally inconspicuous was adroitly handled by his biographers to enhance his mysterious greatness. Cunning pens were turned into shuttles and a veil of mystery was woven which was draped about the great unknown, for great he must be, else why nominated for the highest office in the gift of the greatest nation on the globe? The triumphal march of the beveiled idol was thenceforward assured. Men prostrated themselves before the idol they had created. A few remain prostrate—bowed down with shame and contrition.

One stormy, slippery day last week, the pretty little lighthouse tender, "Violet," steamed up to the wharf at the foot of Seventh street at the national capital. It was evident by the air of alertness and half-suppressed excitement on the part of the attendants that something important was about to take place—as indeed there was. The man of destiny was going duck hunting. He is fleshier than in the bygone years when he lived in Buffalo. It was a little difficult for him to keep his feet on the upper deck of the "Violet." A stout sailor walked ahead of him and swept aside the feathery snow flakes; another stout sailor walked behind him prepared for any emergency, but the fat man fulfilled the text of scripture, "The wicked stand in slippery places." He went down the deck ladder with an agility which surprised and delighted the beholders. His safe descent will go down in history, but for

that matter every move which the man of destiny permits the world to behold is recorded as an historic act. When he steps from the White House portico into his elegant brougham for his afternoon drive it must be told by the press that the occurrence took place at exactly 4:56 p. m.—not a minute sooner or later. It is told in the newspapers that the man of destiny sits opposite his wife at the breakfast table. If she were to shove his chair cat-o'-cornered like, it would be reported as a matter of much concern to the reading public.

The man of destiny takes his food from a table laden with every luxury which comes from sunny climes, from rippling brook, from ocean blue, or forest dark. The White House conservatory furnishes choicest flowers to delight his sense of sight and of smell. The White House service consists of sets of solid silver and gold, and of rare china made to order at cost of \$5,000. The White House servants who wait upon the man of destiny and his family are borne on the pay rolls of the government.

The dainty little steamer "Violet" is manned by officers and crew in government employ, and their brisk service goes free to the man of destiny on this duck shooting trip.

The United States steamer "Dolphin," a great steel cruiser, was brought to the Washington navy yard two weeks ago, her great heart throbbing and her steel ribs dilating with joyous anticipation that she would be the proud bearer of the great man when he relaxed his efforts to gain his daily bread and went off for an outing; but the "Dolphin's" heart is broken and her steel ribs squeak plaintively; the great man chose the "Violet." In her cosy little cabin he has feasted as sumptuously for the past few days as at the White House table. And they do say the man of destiny has killed a bear. Oh, proud Bruin mother, little she dreamed in the cubhood days of her cub for what great purpose her young one was to be reared.

The president is looked for home tonight; back to carking care and the horrors of the Bland bill.

BRAVO MR. BLAND.

Poor Mr. Bland had a terrible time getting his bill through the house. Its passage was not accorded the spectacular setting which was furnished the Wilson bill, but Mr. Bland is a devoted hero. I rejoice that he sees so far along the Populist line. He will see the whole distance later.

The senate committee which has been vivisectioning the Wilson bill have wrangled themselves into hopeless illtemper with each other. Sugar, and lumber, and iron, and coal have snarled and grabbed at each other like greedy catamounts.

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