

MR. SPEAKER

By Vieillard.

IF there is one man in the United States who, at the bottom of his heart, believes that he knows what moved Bryan to resign, it is probably Champ Clark, speaker of the house of representatives; and, if he were to give tongue frankly to his faith, it would explain the incident as grounded in a hope of breaking down Wilson. It would be as easy to picture Carrie Nation signing a testimonial for a whiskey advertisement as to conceive of Clark giving Bryan public credit for sincerity. This was not always so. Before their collision at the Baltimore convention in 1912, Bryan had no warmer friend. But Clark is as good a hater as he is a politician, if this is not putting it too mildly. It is not so much what a man does that turns Clark against him, as the way he does it; and, though he cannot be accused of enthusiasm for Wilson, he bears no individual grudge against the president, and may be trusted to deal generously with the larger policies of the administration, as in the case of the shipping bill, where he held his nose with one hand while beating the drum for recruits with the other. For Bryan, however, his hostility is unmeasured, and will last until the Judgment Day.

He used to like and admire Theodore Roosevelt, in spite of their partisan differences, pronouncing him a strong man with mistaken opinions; but when he heard a younger member of the ex-president's family quoted at Baltimore as saying that "Father is praying for Clark," he resented the implication, so that thenceforward the strong man became a "mountebank," to be relegated to the same limbo of contempt with the "pestiferous" Mann and the "lunatic" Hobson. The late Thomas B. Reed, on the other hand, still remains one of his heroes, in the same spirit in which the memory of a saint who really deserves canonization commands the reverence of the open-mouthed Protestant.

Clark can hardly be classed among the leaders of his party, though unquestionably one of its most notable figureheads. He might almost be considered a survival from that old-fashioned school of Democrats typified in the public affairs of the east by Horatio Seymour and of the middle west by Thomas A. Hendricks. There are Missourians who will go on voting for Clark long after he is dead, and the more you study him the easier it is to understand his popularity among his neighbors. His personality as a whole is distinctly pleasant, with not very much dignity and no elegance whatever. His smooth-shaven face is round and expansive, with certain elements of reserved strength, like the characteristic "portrait of a statesman" in the early seventies; bland of expression when the fires of anger are not kindled behind it, and equipped with features abounding in gentle curves. His hair is as indeterminate as Jefferson's; after it had begun to turn with years, I suppose his eyes would be classified as gray, though they do not make such an impression upon the observer as would stamp any of their qualities upon the memory. His powerful but loosely articulated frame takes a half-indolent swing as he walks, so that the utter stranger would feel no hesitancy in approaching him.

The same atmosphere pervades his speech, which has the quaint inflections and sturring enunciation that give point to the homeliest illustrative anecdote he uses on the hustings, and make him a favorite as an orator at general gatherings. His unusual mode of speaking to or of an adversary occasionally has transgressed the parliamentary canons, as when, years ago, he warned Mr. Boutelle, of Maine, one of his peskiest interrupters in a house debate, to "keep his mouth shut." Anon, it goes down in history em-

balled in an epigram like his response to some Republican allusion to President McKinley as the "advance agent of prosperity." "That advance agent has got so far ahead of his show as to be useless further for advertising purposes."

It is amusing to note one coincidence in the careers of Clark and the speaker he was elected to supplant which seems to put them equally in the insurgent category. "Uncle Joe" Cannon began life as a Quaker, and was solemnly read out of that communion because he insisted on marrying a girl of another; Clark was brought up in the Campbellite congregation, and was expelled for dancing, in disregard of an admonition from the elders. Cannon had a fight on his hands as a consequence of his dereliction, and carried it through; but Clark circumvented his irate elders by strategy, refusing to confess that he had done anything wicked, yet attending the next meeting and standing up when the minister called for those sinners who desired to join the church. He knew that they could not afford to turn the cold shoulder to an applicant for the means of grace; so back he went in spite of his sinful fling.

The name "Champ," which excites so many inquiries from the uninitiated, has proved a great political asset for Clark. Like most of the good things of life he enjoys, he gave it to himself. His parents christened him James Beauchamp Clark; but in the back country Beauchamp was too much of a mouthful, and Jim Clark, as his associates would surely call him, was not distinctive enough for a lad with ambitions. So he chopped off the first half of his four-syllabled name, and as Champ he was admitted to the bar, married, and took office. Once in a while somebody who thinks to curry favor with him by a resort to the ornamentals resuscitates the "James Beau" in addressing him, and then the air turns blue. "One of the first things I learned as a law student," says the speaker, "was that a man has as good a right to change his name as to have his hair cut!"—From the New York Nation.

HIS PROVOKING HABIT

By George T. Pardy.

When the car started southward the corner seat by the end door was occupied by a fat, red-faced man wearing a sociable smile. Beside him sat a tall, thin individual. The stout passenger was in a conversational mood, and after sizing up his neighbor, broke the ice of silence by remarking:

"Great weather we're having just now, eh? Not too hot or too cold. I tell you what, they can say what they please about this old town, but it has"

"Weather to suit everybody," broke in the tall man. "We get plenty of change all right. Gimme difrent brands of climate, all crowded into one month, and I'm satisfied."

"A man don't like to be always indoors," said the stout passenger. "He wants to be"

"Filling his lungs with good atmosphere," finished out the tall man. "Nothing like it, either."

The stout man's smile faded and he made no remark for a while. Several blocks further south he began again.

"People out this way seem to have caught the flat fever," he observed. "Most of those neat cottages that were all the go a few years ago are empty. Seems as if folk are all moving into"

"Apartment buildings," cut in the tall man, cheerfully. "Ain't stuck on flats myself, though. Don't believe they're healthy, either."

"Well," said the stout man, "the flat dwellers seem to get along all right. Anyway, in the win-

ter time they don't have to put up their money for"

"Coal," burst in the tall man. "That's true, but how about it when the steam pipes freeze up or the janitor goes out on a bat and forgets all about the furnace?"

The stout man began to breathe hard. The snapping off of his sentences by the lanky passenger was evidently beginning to feaze him.

"I haven't noticed much improvement in the transportation we're getting in this city," he said finally. "These traction companies give the worst car"

"Service in the world," barked the tall man.

"Look here," said the stout man aggressively, "where did you get that infernal habit of jerking the words out of a man's teeth, hey? Don't you suppose any one besides yourself can"

"Talk?" rejoined the tall man in a slightly apologetic tone. "Why, yes. My fault entirely. Spiel on."

"As I was saying," said the stout man, "the car service is tough on the public. Too much politics is the trouble. Why, if it wasn't for that the question would be"

"Settled in no time," agreed the tall man.

"You can't keep from butting in, can you?" queried the stout man angrily. "Why don't you try to cut out that wretched way you have of"

"Thinking aloud?" said the lean man. "Do it unconsciously sometimes."

"It's a confounded annoyance to be always"

"Interrupted when you're trying to express yourself—sure it is. You were saying"

"I wasn't saying anything in particular, but I don't mind saying right now that you make me"

"Sick—yes, maybe I do, but you'll get over it, though."

"Say, you're the worst lobster I ever"

"Met. Don't be too sure of that, old man."

"If I had a mouth like you I'd go jump in the"

"Hudson. No you wouldn't, though; you'd only get wet."

"I've a good notion to break your"

"Face. Take it easy now—be good."

"If I had the time I'd show you, but here's where I get"

"Off. To be sure you do. Ta-ta, old chap, take care of yourself."

The stout party arose and gained the street, where he stood and shook his umbrella menacingly at the lean man's head, which appeared suddenly at the open window.

"I'd give a five-spot for the chance of handing you a good beating," roared the stout man. "You're nothing but a bag of"

"Wind," yelled the lean man, triumphantly, as the car started southward.—Telegraph.

In a recent issue of the Commerce Reports, Vice-Consul Gilbert, of Nanking, China, writes that exporters purchase their eggs at that point for 40 to 42 cents per gross. He states that at the time of making his report the following consignments were arranged for:

Fresh eggs, to San Francisco, 102,000 dozen, at \$0.046; Seattle, 311,000 dozen, at \$0.046; Tacoma, 521,833 dozen, at \$0.046. Eggs, frozen, in tins, to New York City, 7,523,318 pounds at \$0.03; Seattle, 656,000 pounds, at \$0.03. The territory covered by agents radiating from Nanking produces 75,000 dozen eggs daily for export.

The cause for this activity is not far to seek. The Democratic tariff law of 1913 took off the duty of 5 cents a dozen levied by the Republican tariff, since which time egg prices to farmers on the western coast have been greatly depreciated by the influx from the Orient. The Chinese are