The Evening paper is the paper of Today, the morning paper is the paper of Yesterday

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MANY GIANTS.

Carpenter's Talk With a Dozen of Them.

GATHERED AT ST. LOUIS,

Mr. Trumbo's Gold and Silver and Newspaper.

DEPEW, FORAKER, LODGE, OTIS,

And Other Big Republicans Come Descended.

INGALLS AND HIS BOSS AD-

The Vice Presidency Still in Doubt—Morton's Letter Mystery—Convention Gossip.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE NEWS FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 14.—It was thought very queer by some of the leading men behind the scenes of convention matters that Levi P. Morton should send a telegram to Chauncey M. Depew, stating that he could under no circumstances accept the Vice Presidency. They think that such a telegram should be sent to Morton's manager Tom Platt. There is no doubt, however, that the dispatch was sent; Chauncey Depew has shown it to a number of persons. It is dated Holmesville, and it has been suggested that Mrs. Morton, or some other person of the family, may have sent the telegram without the governor's orders. This is a very strange supposition, but otherwise it looks as though there might have been a break between Platt and Morton.

I met Mr. Depew in the Southern hotel this afternoon and he told me he had received the telegram, the last words of which are "this is final." This leaves New York without a vice presidential candidate and makes Chauncey M. Depew a possibility if he will take it. I asked him point blank today whether he was a candidate for the vice presidency. He replied: "If I were a candidate for the vice presidency I would not consecutively present Governor Morton's name to the convention as a candidate for the nomination of President. I think that answers your question."

"It does not, by the way, Mr. Depew," said I. "But Governor Morton's letter is a foregone conclusion; you know he cannot be nominated, and, besides, in the conventions of the past, men who have made speeches have seconded nominations. Take the case of Garfield, for instance. I don't want to intimate that I suppose you have any thought of Harrison or Governor Morton, but I don't think that the present situation can prevent taking a candidate on that ground."

"I think," replies Mr. Depew, "differently. I think such a procedure on my part would be fully as bad as what has been charged of Garfield. I don't think Garfield was treacherous, you understand. At any rate, I am not a candidate for the vice presidency."

I had this chat with Mr. Depew just as he was going to his dinner. He is looking well and I think he will probably make one of the greatest speeches of the convention. His speech will not be a long one. He once told me that the platform orator of today who spoke for more than an hour at a time was a fool. No after dinner speech should ever extend over forty minutes.

Chauncey Depew looks more like a prosecuting attorney than a railroad president. His hair and side whiskers are as white as frosted silver. His eyes are clear as the shade of Greene, and his smile as sweet as that of a lady. When you see him on the platform his cultured, classical face makes you wonder if he has not just stepped out of the pulpit, and whether after all, it is not a mistake on his part that this country will be run on a timesaving basis though he is enough of a Republican to stand by his party whatever its platform may be. When I found Mr. Depew he was just from his dinner with Chauncey M. Depew, of the New York Journal. He told me he found it impossible to dictate such matter and that he had to write anything he put his name to. I shall try with him for an hour. His colleague was in good shape. Irrepressible, gaunt, and if I could report it, it would be correct and spicy, than anything he wrote. Senator Lodge is, however, more careful about his interviews of late years than in past. His photographic interview in New York news, a few years ago and that made to go with his speech by Peffer for the U. S. Senate, and he has had several unpleasant experiences. You remember that he attempted to turn a correspondent of mine into ridicule at discussing his personal appearance and telling him that every gentleman should wear every morning. He thought for chance of scaring, said that the hotel soap in the market was the Dobbs morning soap, mentioning the name of a well-known variety. He told the correspondent that that soap would give the shaky, most jaded society belle a rosy cheek and make that cute that rather like tender of innocence would show through it. It would produce a complexion like that of an infant with mind and would serve with the harassed mouth of a mugwump. The correspondent, getting an interview, wrote Ingalls's remarks exactly. The correspondent saw them, took a full length portrait of Ingalls and used them in the shape of an advertisement, covering a full page of Harper's Weekly. The next day the correspondent took the paper with him to the capital and showed Ingalls the ad. Ingalls held the paper up to his eyes and his heart sank down into his boots as he read it.

"My God, my boy, you've ruined me," he said; and he at once rushed to the Telegraph office and warned the advertiser to take that stuff out of the paper or he would sue him for libel. The matter was at once remedied, but since then Senator Ingalls has been very careful as to his newspaper expressions.

Genl. James H. Wilson, who is filling the place assigned to Delaware on the National Committee, is well pleased with the fight which has been made against Adams. He tells me that Adams is a Carpet Bagger, who has come into Delaware temporarily, in a small state and because he thinks that the legislature is so small he can easily buy it. He says Adams has already spent more than $20,000 in the state, hoping thereby to make himself U. S. senator, and that in this way he secured himself as a delegate to this convention.

Genl. Wilson thinks that the protective tariff will form the leading issue of the campaign and he is especially anxious for protection against the pauper labor which Asia is so rapidly shipping into the United States. Genl. Wilson is the great Chinese traveler. He went to China to see Li Hung Chang and to investigate the possibilities of American capital making money there in railways and other investments. He became a great friend of the Chinese viceroy and he tells me that a movement will be inaugurated to give Li Hung Chang a great reception when he comes through this country. He thinks he should be treated as the guest of the nation, and says it will be of vast importance to the United States if the man, who is by all odds the greatest man in China, can go away with pleasant feelings towards us.

Next to Senator Teller of Colorado, Isaac Trumbo of Utah has been most talked of here among the silver men of the convention. Trumbo does not hesitate to say that the Republicans of Utah will be defeated if a strong gold plank is put in the platform. He says the silver men are in the majority of Utah and if Teller would consent, I think he would enjoy stalking out of the convention. Mr. Trumbo is a round-headed, ruddy-faced, black-mustached young man of medium height. He is 35 years only 37, and in further appearance he is at least 50. He told me last night that he started out for the Republican stark naked at the age of 8, and that he has been managing his own affairs ever since. He is here supposed to be very wealthy. He has a newspaper in Salt Lake and in San Francisco. He tells me that he owns a gold mine in California which is now paying about sixty thousand dollars a month and out of which he has since the demonetization of silver gotten a million and a half. He is also a silver mine owner and has large interests in the Bullion-Beck silver mine of Utah. One of McKinley's closest friends from the West is Harrison Gray Otis of California. Mr. Otis is the proprietor of the Los Angeles Times, which is one of the best business properties of the West and which is said to be making at least $50,000 a year. He says that McKinley will carry California on a gold platform and that protection and not the money question will be the leading issue. Colonel Otis made McKinley's acquaintance in the army. The two were in the same regiment, the 23rd Ohio, in which was General Garfield, of which President Hayes was colonel and of which McKinley was at first a private and afterwards commissary sergeant. Colonel Otis told me a remarkable story today of McKinley's bravery as commissary. It was at the battle of Antietam. The troops had been fighting all day and the rebels were pushing the Union forces back. In the midst of the fray was the 23rd Ohio and the two other regiments which formed a brigade, of which McKinley was commissary. There was a lull in the heat of the battle. The Confederates and the Unionists stopped fighting for a moment and paused to rest. Some bullets were flying, but in general the two armies were quiet. Just at this moment—the whole lull did not last more than a quarter of an hour—McKinley dashed up with hot coffee and hot rations, and served them to his troops from the wagons right under the guns of the enemy. Colonel Otis said that President Hayes remarked at the time that such an incident had certainly made a soldier of McKinley. He served with the 23rd Ohio all