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FAMOUS DEMOCRATS.

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CHICAGO, July 1st, 1896.

THE BIGGEST Democrats of the country will be in Chicago this week. Who are they? What are they? How do they look, act and talk? A score of

them pass before my mind's eye as I write. There comes William C. Whitney, who countermanded his passage to England and stayed at home in order that he might induce this convention to declare for a gold standard. That well-dressed, rosy cheeked man, with the black mustache, the straight nose and the gold eyeglasses is he. Every one knows him. He was one of the big men of the convention of 1884, which nominated Cleveland the first time. He was named Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy and he could have had the presidency once he or twice by the raising of his hand. He could get it now by working for it, but he don't want it, and he would not accept it on a free silver platform. Mr. Whitney is a man of convictions. He does not believe in free trade, and he has always been for sound money. He was disgusted with Cleveland when he came out for free trade, and he told him that his free trade message would lose him the presidency in 1888, as it did. I was a correspondent for the New York World when Cleveland delivered that message, and I called that night at Secretary Whitney's house to get his opinion. He hemmed and bawled and walked up and down the room, and at last begged me not to interview him, as he could not say anything on the subject which would help the administration. Secretary Whitney was at this time the most popular man in Washington. His brilliant wife was then living, and she and Mr. Whitney were the leading social figures of the Cleveland administration. It was Mrs. Whitney who coached Mrs. Cleveland when she came to Washington as a bride. She was of great aid to her husband and when she died, I am told, she left him \$3,000,000. Mrs. Whitney was the daughter of ex-Senator Henry B. Payne of Cleveland, and it is said that if Whitney ever wants to be President he can command the support of his brother-in-law, Oliver H. Payne of the Standard Oil Company. Oliver Payne is almost as rich as John Rockefeller, and he may be worth \$100,000,000. Whitney, I understand,

however, does not like to be associated with the Standard Oil Company. He had begun to make money before he was married, and he is reported to have gotten a single fee of \$150,000 from Jay Gould for some legal work. Of late years he has been making money in business, and I venture to say that he has himself accumulated more than he ever received from his wife. He got his political training under Samuel J. Tilden, and he is today one of the shrewdest political managers and organizers of the United States. He will be a power in this fighting convention, and is a striking figure even in the piping times of political peace.

With Whitney I see another distinguished character. The man looks for all the world as though he had just stepped out of the pages of the London Punch of days gone by and was a walking cartoon made by Mr. Leach. His curly, bushy, red hair hangs down over his big forehead like a brush heap. His nose is almost as big as your fist, and his sharp, cold, blue eyes look out from under heavy brows. He is dressed in business clothes, and he stoops a little as he walks. His stoop, however, is not that of humility, but rather that of the fighter who has a chip on his shoulder and is ready for a spring. That man is Senator Cal. Brice. He still lives in New York, but he has a mighty power in the state of Ohio. During the years of his senatorship he has had a select list of every prominent democratic editor, lawyer and politician of the state, and has sent them week after week seeds and government documents, accompanied by letters stamped with a good imitation of his autographic signature. Brice is for hard money. At any rate, he is not for free silver. He has a big pile of gold laid up, and he wants his money to have the best spending power. Still, he seems to care little for money, and to accomplish his ends he makes it flow like water. His life at Washington has annually cost him ten times his salary. He gave one single dinner upon which he spent more than \$12,000, and his wife is, perhaps, one of the most lavish entertainers of the United States. Still, I was told in Lima, from whence Brice came, a year or two ago, that when he was married he had to pawn his watch to pay the expenses of his wedding trip. He was, you know, the son of a Presbyterian parson, and was so poor that when he went from his home to college he walked a part of the distance to save the expenses of a stage. Now he is worth no one knows how many millions, and his nerve is such that it is said he can make or lose a fortune, to use the expression of one of his friends, "without batting an eye." Cal. Brice is a man of much ability.

He is more of a developer of properties than a wrecker of them, and though he euchered the Vanderbilts, they say, as to the Nickle Plate railroad, he has built up many good properties. He told me not long ago that Campbell of Ohio would make a good presidential candidate, and said he (Brice) did not want the presidency himself, because he had too much business on hand, and he had noticed that when the White House bee got into a man's hair his business brains usually flew out of his ears.

Another Ohio millionaire who will strut across the Chicago stage is John W. Bookwalter of Springfield. Bookwalter has amassed a big pile in manufacturing and inventing. He makes farm implements, and he is, I am told, worth his millions. He came from Indiana, where he was brought up on a farm. At twenty-three he struck out for himself, and now having made his fortune, he amuses his leisure by playing at farming on a large scale. Among other properties he has a sixty-thousand-acre tract of land in Nebraska. Of this forty thousand acres are under cultivation, and in good years Bookwalter produces as much as 150,000 bushels of wheat at a single season. He farms his land through lessees, each of whom has 160 acres, and it is his idea eventually to build a town in the center of this big farm and to manage it on the French plan making a model country town out of it. Bookwalter is something of a presidential candidate and he is one of those men concerning whom it is not safe to prophesy. He is in his fifties and is still in the very prime of life. I don't think he has ever held any public office, but he has had more experience than the average politician. He is a man of broad guage ideas and is one of the most cultured and traveled men of the Democratic party. He has been all over Europe, has taken a trip around the world and knows the United States like a book. He is conservative on the money question and his strength in Ohio is such that he would make an available candidate.

There will be a big contingent here from the south. Some of the most striking figures on the political stage are southern Democrats. Let me show you one of them. Imagine a man of six feet dressed in black broadcloth. Let him have a face bearing all the classical lines of Edwin Booth and let his long hair be as black as was that of John Wilkes Booth when he jumped out of the President's box in Ford's Theater at Washington. Let the man's face be florid, but let every line be full of culture. Put him on crutches and let him move about with dignity from one place to another and you have Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia, the silver-tongued