

OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25, 1893.—[Special Courier Correspondence.]—I asked Senator Morgan, of Alabama, at the time when the senate committee on foreign relations had the Van Alen nomination first under consideration, whether he believed that the United States had need of diplomatic representatives abroad or whether, as the late Senator Plumb, of Kansas, once said in debate, the relations of the United States with foreign nations were purely commercial and could be entrusted to the care of consuls or commercial agents.

Mr. Morgan is a man of great fluency on the floor of the senate when any question in which he has an active interest is under discussion; but in private conversation he feels the responsibility of his position as chairman of the committee on foreign relations and he is extremely cautious in what he says for fear of committing himself on any subject which that committee has under consideration. It would be manifestly improper for him to discuss the Van Alen case, he said, because that was before the committee. But in regard to the diplomatic representation of the United States in general, he said that it was of the greatest importance.

"There is the greatest necessity," said Mr. Morgan, "that the United States should be represented abroad. So long as we have diplomatic relations with the nations of the earth, we must be represented at their capitals by men of ability and intelligence."

"Mr. Plumb said that our relations with other nations were purely commercial and that, therefore, we could be represented as well by consuls or commercial agents."

"Mr. Plumb did not understand the subject," said the senator. "Our relations with foreign nations are more than commercial; they are diplomatic."

"And you do not take the 'society view' of the subject with Mr. McAllister and believe that our ambassadors are intended to represent us only socially."

"If that was their only function there would be no reason for them to exist."

"Can you recall any particular instance of recent date when the diplomatic representatives of the United States have been of service to this government?"

"Not without giving the subject more thought," said the senator; "but a hundred instances could be cited. There is not one of our ministers who has not done us some signal service. Yes, I can mention one of recent date. When the Behring Sea controversy, which has just closed, first began Mr. Phelps, then our representative in England, did good service for us in the preliminary negotiations."

Mr. Ward McAllister, in presenting the "society view" of the Van Alen case, made the point that the United States had seldom been represented abroad by gentlemen and that the Roman mission had suffered particularly. American diplomats abroad have received pretty severe handling from American newspapers and undoubtedly some of them deserved it. The instance quoted by Mr. McAllister of the minister to Italy who lived in a third-story back is well matched by the case of a well-known western man who went as minister to a semi-barbarous people eight years ago, and who has recently been recognized by President Cleveland again—who said at the time of his first appointment that he proposed to save one-half of his rather meagre salary and that he would under no condition purchase a dress suit; because he had never worn one and it was too expensive. Or there was the cheerful Hoosier of Mr. Cleveland's first term, who wrote back from one of the South American Republics that if some of "the boys" would come down there and take advantage of their opportunities, they could skin the innocent native with neatness and dispatch.

And there was the other Hoosier who was charged by democratic papers, though he was a democratic appointee, with receiving commissions from storekeepers in the capital where his legation was stationed; of acting as a professional guide; of drinking whisky and playing poker with his servants, and of divers other offenses. And there was that republican appointee from the south whose wife carried into South America society the impression that the women of America were addicted to the rather offensive habit of dipping snuff.

A great many like cases could be quoted. But then, if this catalogue should be made up, a most interesting chapter in it could be made of the experiences of the local authorities at Washington with European diplomats who hang their washing in their front yards to the great discomfort of their neighbors; or the other diplomat who sets at defiance the district regulations and refuses to have the snow cleared off his pavement in winter, because the district authorities cannot compel him to do so; or the minister from South America who tried to have the coachman of Vice President Morton arrested for refusing to let the legation carriage

come in ahead of his and out of its regular order at the theatre, or of the attaches who go about town at times smashing windows and indulging in other boisterous forms of merriment in defiance of the police. Or perhaps the "society view" of diplomacy at Washington could be made to include the young diplomat who amused himself at a private reception plying the daughter of a prominent man with wine, and succeeded so well with his jest that he was "cut" at his club afterward and he had to leave the city. Or perhaps a match for even Mr. McAllister's American minister in Rome could be found in the Italian minister at Washington who once received visitors in an office littered with his wife's dresses and the remains of a light breakfast.

Washington has lately been flooded with green goods circulars. This city has hitherto been regarded as safe from this species of bunco business, but apparently it has been found that there are people even in Washington who do not read the newspapers and can be taken in by the sawdust game. The sharps are indiscriminate in the distribution of their circulars. They are apparently working the directory in alphabetical order, and have got down as far as "C." Some of the most distinguished men at the capital have not escaped. Senator Allison, of Iowa, the other day was disagreeably astonished to find a package of green goods circulars in his mail. Easton, Pa., seems to be the present base of operations of the confidence men.

The process of gilding the dome of the new congressional library building, a stone's throw from the capital, has progressed far enough to indicate that when completed this golden dome will be one of the most conspicuous and beautiful objects in Washington. There are not many gilded domes in the world. The Hotel des Invalides in Paris, the Connecticut State House at Hartford, and the Massachusetts State House at Boston are the best known. The dome of the new library building is larger than any of these—two-thirds larger, it is estimated, than the famous dome of the State house in Boston. There is a total surface of 10,000 square feet to be gilded. More gold will be used on this dome than on any other in the world. This is appropriate to the new library building, for the structure will be the largest of its kind, covering no less than four acres. The contract for the granite alone was \$1,250,000, the largest contract for stone ever awarded at a single time. The building will not be completed for four years. When finished, it will have a capacity, according to the calculations of Librarian Spofford, to accommodate all of the books of the world for 100 years to come, and still leave seven-eighths of its available space applicable for other purposes. The rotunda is 140 feet in diameter—forty-four feet greater than the rotunda of the Capitol. It will be finished in marble from floor to ceiling, and will surpass even the famous reading room of the British Museum.

Foot Ball.
The foot ball craze is going.
These autumn days,
When maples blaze
With vivid flames,
A foot ball game's
The very thing
To stir the blood,
And bring the ruddy hue of health,
Not bought by wealth—
And so, with praise,
The foot ball craze
Is going.
What though the sport
Is rough?
The risk is short
And of the sort
That makes men strong
To battle wrong.
It's mighty tough
So good a game
Should have the blame
Of being wild,
When it's as mild
As that with bats
And ball, and that's
Enough.
So let the games
Begin.
That maids and dames
Behind the "James"
On the cold seats
May watch athletes
Through thick and thin
Force on the ball.
Persistent all
To reach the goal:
May watch the whole
With eager zest,
And may the best
Team win!

When a doctor considers it necessary to prescribe sarsaparilla, he simply orders a bottle of Ayer's, knowing full well that he will obtain thereby a surer and purer preparation than any other which the drug store can furnish. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Superior Medicine.

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SHE WOULDN'T STAY

Witherby (meeting Dashaway)—Hello, old man, you're just the fellow I'm looking for. Come around to my house tonight, will you? Wife away. Stag party. You understand.

Dashaway—Game?
Witherby—Of course. Will you be there?
Dashaway—Will I be there? Will the sun set? You bet I will, old man.

Witherby—All right. I'll count on you.

Test.
Dashaway—So long.

Witherby (meeting Kingley)—Just the man I'm looking for. Come around to my house tonight, will you?

Kingley—What's going on?
Witherby—Oh, a little jollification. Picture cards on a green table, and all that sort of thing.

Kingley—Why, when did your wife go?
Witherby—She goes on the noon train today. I know your wife has gone, old chap, and I thought you would like to join us. Is it a go?

Kingley—Why, certainly. Just the thing. You can rely on me, old man. I'll be there.

Witherby—All right. So long.

Kingley—Au revoir.

Witherby (meeting Bingo)—Wife away?
Bingo—Yes. Left yesterday.

Witherby (delightfully)—Elegant! Mine leaves today on the noon train. Come around and join the boys at my house tonight, old man.

Bingo (smiling)—What do you want to do—rob me of all I have?

Witherby—Oh, no. We'll give you a chance for your life. How is it? Will you come?

Bingo—You know I'm too much of a patriot to go back on the red, white and blue. I'll be there, old fellow. You can count on me. By by.

Witherby, after stopping at several places on his way to order various concoctions and implements, arrives home at 4 p. m., tired and dusty, but radiant with anticipation. The first person he meets on entering his house is his wife.

Witherby (aghast)—Wh-why—great Caesar, Sarah, where did you come from?

Mrs. Witherby—I couldn't go, dear.

Witherby—Couldn't go? Why not? What's the matter? Miss the train? Didn't you have money enough? Why, you could have sent for it.

Mrs. Witherby—No, no, dear. That's not it. But when the time came I just couldn't make up my mind. I thought of you being here all alone, and how hard it would be, and (sob) of all your devotion to me, and (sob) how much I loved you, and I just couldn't (sob) make up my mind to go.

Witherby (kissing her soothingly)—Of course, my dear, it is hard, and no one knows it better than I do—patting her on the back and thinking to himself all the while: "Great Scott, what am I to do? She's got to go. If she stays, she'll never forgive me, and yet if I oppose her she will stay anyway. Quick, old man, brace up. No time to lose. No opposition, and let her have her own way for a starter." Of course, darling, I wouldn't have you go for anything if you didn't want to.

Mrs. Witherby—I just knew you would feel that way. Oh, it is just a comfort to have you love me so, and you don't want me to go, do you, dear?

Witherby—Why, of course not, darling (reflectively). But I knew you wouldn't go anyway.

Mrs. Witherby—Did you (smiling)? How did you guess it?

Witherby—I knew how hard it would be. You know, you didn't want me to go to the train with you, and I suspected that when the time came you wouldn't have the courage. I told Bingo so today, and he laughed at me. "Why," says he, "my wife is mighty glad to get away for a few weeks' rest." "You don't know my wife," says I. "She isn't happy unless she is by my side." "Well," says he, "I should think you would get tired of that sort of thing." "Indeed!" says I. "Of course not. Why, the woman can't help loving me so."

Mrs. Witherby—Did you tell him that?

Witherby—Of course. Why, you are not ashamed of your love for me, are you, dear?

Mrs. Witherby (ignoring the question)—I think you are just horrid to say such things. You know I am not your slave.

Witherby—Certainly not, my dear. But you are perhaps a trifle—er—more dependent on me than other women are on their husbands.

Mrs. Witherby—I'm not.

Witherby (attempting to kiss her)—Why shouldn't I be? I don't mind.

Mrs. Witherby—Indeed! You are not conceited one bit, are you? Oh, no. Dependent! Umph! The ideal! Where is that time table?

Witherby—Time table? Why, surely you—

Mrs. Witherby—Yes, I am. Here it is (turning it over). The next train leaves at 5. I can catch it. Run out and get me a carriage.

Witherby—But be reasonable, dear.

Mrs. Witherby—Reasonable, indeed! Dependent! Well, I'm not going to be laughed at by any woman. Come, hurry up!

Witherby—Won't you please stay?

Mrs. Witherby—No, I won't!

Witherby—Well, if you take that view of it, my dear, I have nothing to say. I'll have that carriage around here in three minutes.

Mrs. Witherby—Gracious! I never saw him so spry before. Dependent! The ideal! Witherby (rushing out wildly, to himself)—Come on, boys!—Tom Masson in Harper's Bazar.

It Called For Spice.
"Look here," said Farmer Begosh in a Chicago restaurant, "can't I get anything to eat on this meat ticket?"

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"It's a season ticket."

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