



THE PRESS GALLERY.

PORTRAITS OF BRILLIANT MEN WHICH ADORN ITS WALLS.

Dana, Reid, Pulitzer, Medill, Scott, Hatton, Halstead and Others—Manipulators of Great and Prosperous Journals—Notable Faces Which Are Missed.

(Special Correspondence.) WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—An art gallery of raw interest and small celebrity is one which has its existence in the capital of the United States. Few but newspaper men ever see it, and newspaper men as a rule have something else to write about than the scenes amid which they perform their daily labors. For this art gallery adorns the comfortable lobby of the press gallery of the house of representatives. Here are 35 portraits of newspaper editors and proprietors, comprising a majority of the most famous journalists of our country and generation.

Probably 35 more interesting portraits could not be gathered in one spot. Certainly it would be impossible to collect the counterfeit presentations of three dozen



HOUSE PRESS GALLERY.

men who wield greater influence upon their country and their time than these whose portraits hang here they serve as a constant inspiration to the correspondents of the press who frequent the lobby. Here correspondents may sit writing their dispatches with the eyes of their editor in chief looking down upon them.

Men of Mark.

Fully one-third of these great men of the press, these manipulators of the greatest of all modern engines, have had experience as Washington correspondents. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York Tribune, used to be correspondent here of a Cincinnati paper, and later of the very paper of which he is now the editor. He wrote letters over the signature of "Agate" which attracted a great deal of attention, and which in time obtained a certain authority as representing the inside politics and thoughts of the capital. It is one of the traditions of the capital that Mr. Reid aimed first of all in his work at trustworthiness, reliability.

Charles A. Dana, distinguished author of the "If you see it in the Sun it is so" (or was it the almost as distinguished publisher, William A. Laffan, who originated this famous and useful phrase), has his portrait here of course. The gallery of great journalists would not be complete without Mr. Dana's portrait, which is a modest picture, a small photograph, hanging in a simple frame of black wood. But if you look closely at it you will see that it is a remarkable photograph, one of the finest that is capable of producing. There is character in a photograph as well as in an oil painting, and no one understands better the use of posing, of light and shade than Mr. Paul Dana, who ranks as one of the best amateur photographers in the country, and who made this piece with loving skill and care. Perhaps the most striking picture of Mr. Dana is more looked at and talked about than any other in the gallery.

The Dashing Pulitzer. Not far away is the portrait of Joseph Pulitzer, who has had the most remarkable career of all the journalists in the collection, and this is saying a good deal, for there are brilliant, dashing, adventurous men on these walls. It is not so many years since Mr. Pulitzer was working as a longshoreman in St. Louis, and working beside colored men at that. He was young, needy, strong and willing to earn his living by any honorable employment. It is a rise from such a humble station to the position of wealth and influence which he occupies would make a fine topic for a pre-emptive American speech by one of the demagogues who draw \$5,000 a year on the floor here. Mr. Pulitzer was once a Washington correspondent, and a good one, and it is a modest picture, and edifying enough, was here as the representative of the New York Sun.

A Host of Stars.

Other editors whose faces adorn the collection, and who have at one time or another had experience as workers in the press galleries of the capital, are William Penn Nixon, who worked like a hero to build up the Chicago Inter Ocean, and to pull it through the Illinois infant journals are here, only to see control of the property eventually pass into other but worthy hands; Melville E. Stone, who was one of the founders of the Chicago News, a man of wonderful energy and activity, who had a somewhat similar experience and who is now the manager of the Associated Press; his predecessor in this post, the veteran William Henry Smith; the celebrated Moses Handy, dined general since he was promoter of publicity and a good many other things at the World's fair, and who is now about to take to the lecture field and make another fortune for himself; Murat Halstead, the Field Marshal, brilliant writer, splendid fellow, cranky but admirable, who believes in a newspaper man who is strong enough to be able to sit down and interview himself out of his general store of knowledge instead of running after some man with an accidental reputation who doesn't know half so much—Halstead, who gets along in the world all the time just as his enemies are predicting he is about to stop; Grady, the eloquent, whose voice and pen will sing and speak no more, and William W. Armstrong, formerly of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, who in a moment of aberration from the true principles of the profession was prevailed upon to accept a postoffice.

Of the Old School.

What an interesting lot of men these three dozen great editors are! And how easy it would be to write two pages instead of two columns about them! First in every way after the portrait of Mr. Dana is that of Joseph Medill, the veteran of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Medill is about 70, but still able to do a first class day's work. He is one of the old fashioned sort of editors, the sort that had their first education in the country printing office, and who to this day love to be about the types and borrow tobacco of the compositors and jell for drinks on the imposing stone. Mr. Medill doesn't do these things any more, for he lives out at Los Angeles in a little palace. Nothing is too good for this old and old man, who with all his peculiarities has been one of the greatest of American journalists and in his relations with men one of the most lovable characters.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Chicago has another contribution here which always attracts the attention of visiting journalists. It is the portrait of James W. Scott of the Chicago Herald and Evening Post, the man of whom people said a few years ago, "There is the rising man in the American newspaper world," and who now points with regard to his position and says, "I told you so." Mr. Scott manages two newspapers with the greatest ease, presides over two or three big clubs, dines out every evening, drinks with the best of them and always shows up the next morning with a clear head. A remarkable man he. Mr. Pulitzer once offered him \$50,000 a year to manage the New York World, and Scott wouldn't touch it. Not very long ago Scott made his first start in the journalistic line by printing a little 7 by 9 paper at the town of Bowie, Md., not far from Washington. He had a subscription list of 12, mostly to be taken out in trade. The town had two stores, a railway station, a blacksmith shop and four dwellings. Obviously it was too small for James W. Scott. People who know about these things say Mr. Scott is now a successful newspaper man in America, and the best of it is so much getting done it's spoil him.

China. These people are lawabiding. With those of their own number who are lawbreakers they have but little sympathy, and the government has none at all. I like China. I like the Chinese. Moreover, I respect them. But in two details of their national life they merit unqualified condemnation. Their hospitals and their prisons are unmitigated national disgraces. On second thoughts, I withdraw the word unmitigated. The Chinese hospitals through which I went were almost everything that hospitals should not be. But the patients themselves would most strenuously have resented any improvements along the line of their own comfort. The savants of China are held back by the last ropes of public opinion; they are enchained by the general ignorance, as are their prototypes everywhere else.

The deplorable condition of the Chinese prisons is justified in the national philosophy. To the Chinese mind a law is a thing to be obeyed. A law concerns the millions and conserves the welfare of millions. It must be held inviolate by the individual, be his whim—his personal belief—whatever it may. The Chinaman who disregards any item of the Chinese law becomes a social leper. Individual tenets, moral ill health, inherited traits—they are taken into account not at all. This is cruel; yes. But it renders the Chinese possible in the overcrowded Chinese population, a writer in the Pall Mall Budget says.

A Chinaman is forgiven nothing because of his ancestry, nor does he suffer for that ancestry. From the moment of his birth each Chinaman has an equal chance with every other Chinaman. Rank is nowhere more venerated than in China. Nowhere does it secure to its possessor more benefits, more privileges, but it is not inherited. It is conferred by the emperor—conferred for personal merit or for personal achievement. No Chinaman is "noble" except through personal fitness. There are two exceptions to this rule—two only. The direct descendants of Confucius have a rank of their own. It is a high rank. It is respected. But it gives them no power of interference with national affairs. The descendants of an emperor are never less than royal. But they have no necessary power. In brief, then, in China "every man is served according to his deserts," and it is greatly to the national credit that they who do not "escape whipping" are so very few.

A Chinese prison is called a "cangue." Its outer door is barred with bamboo, and is guarded by petty soldiers or policemen. The "cangue" contains two rooms and two yards. One room and one yard are for men. The other room and yard are for women. The space set apart for women is very much smaller than that for men. But the women's quarters and the men's quarters are alike in being entirely devoid of any provision for personal comfort, or for personal decency.

Chinese prisoners are by the government provided with absolutely nothing but the space beyond which they may not pass. If their friends thrust food to them through the bars of the prison fence the law does not interpose. Otherwise the prisoners may starve. The law does not interpose.

I used to take food to the Shanghai prison yards. I was not jeered at. A Chinese crowd is, I believe, incapable of jeering at a woman. But I was condemned for it. And a high Chinese official remonstrated with my husband. I used to buy Chinese food at a cheap chow-chow shop and when I reached a prison fence hire a coolie to feed the poor starving wretches. I did not quite care to feed them myself. And it was quite impossible for them to feed themselves. No Chinese prisoner can reach his own mouth, for his neck is invariably locked into a board which is about three feet square. It is very heavy, and galls the neck. It blisters or ossifies the shoulders. The "pigtail" drags heavily over it, and pulls the poor wretched head uncomfortably to one side. It prevents the hands from lifting rice or water to the craving mouth and from brushing from the tingling nose one of the myriad insects that infest the prisons and the prison yards of China.

How She Knew. Mr. Sapieha (during the honeymoon)—When did my little ducky darling first discover that she loved me? Bride (sweetly)—When I found myself getting mad every time anyone called you a fool.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Milkman's Daughter. "Did you attend the wedding of Miss Chalkley? You know her father is a milkman and she married his partner," said Col. Yerger to Judge Pennybunker. "No, I didn't go," replied the judge. "But I heard it was a grand affair. There was a great deal of pomp about it." "A great deal of pomp? I should think that there would be more pomp than pomp about it!"—Texas Siftings.

Wise and Witty. An industry must be excited by hope. Men can be social beings no longer than they believe each other. Our dispositions too frequently change with the color of the sky. Most men, when they should labor, content themselves to complain. No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. To strive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the highest human felicity. It is not common to envy those with whom we cannot easily be placed in comparison. Every man ought to wish eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself. The highest pleasure which nature has indulged to sensitive perception is that of rest after fatigue. The prosperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds usefully employed.

Philadelphia has four portraits here—George William Childs, who is loved by every newspaper man and printer in the land; Charles Emory Smith of The Press, late minister to Russia, noted for his great ability and equal modesty; William M. Singer, the editor of the Philadelphia Record; and the Ledger, who was General Harrison's great friend and originator of the Cape May cottage scheme. The Ledger people have a penchant for presidents. Mr. Childs was Grant's intimate friend, McKean planned his faith to Harrison, while Clark Davis gets in line with Cleveland and is a favorite at the White House. Other portraits of living journalists are those of John C. New, Indianapolis; David M. Stone of New York, who retired from the harness recently after a half century of arduous work; General Agassiz of Balt-

more, and Mr. Beise of the Galveston News. A number of deceased editors are represented here in oil or crayon—Wilbur F. Storey, painted by his wife; Elliott F. Shepard, A. S. Abell, founder of the Baltimore Sun and former pastor of George William Childs; Henry Grady, George Charles of Charleston, Colonel Clapp of Boston, and Matthews of the Buffalo Express.

Faces That Are Missed. Three faces are lacking from this gallery—those of Henry Watterson, the brilliant cavalier of journalism; J. B. McCallagh, who is one of the greatest of newspaper generals, and Colonel McClure of Philadelphia. Mr. Charles Mann, who has charge of the press gallery, and who was the originator of this excellent notion of collecting the portraits, hopes in time to add these three and many other great journalists to his most interesting gallery.

ROBERT GRAVES. WISE AND WITTY.

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MANHOOD RESTORED! NERVE SEEDS. This wonderful remedy cures all nervous diseases, restores vitality, and builds up the system. It is the only medicine that can be taken with safety by the most delicate and debilitated. It is sold by all druggists.

CHINESE PENAL PAINS.

Hospitals and Prisons Alike a Disgrace to the Celestial Land.

National Ignorance Governs All the Chinese Institutions, and Neither Decency Nor Humanity Have a Place in the Treatment of Sick or Suffering.

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ECHOES OF THE FAIR.

The frowns of Walla Walla, Wash., have elected as "honorary members" the frowns who persist in the cold storage line in Chicago.

Chicago street cars carried 94,000,000 persons during the six months of the existence of the world's fair. On October 9, Chicago day, they carried 702,000 people.

The temple which was such a conspicuous part of the Ceylon exhibit at the world's fair, was recently sold at auction for \$2,500. Its value is estimated at \$25,000. It will be fitted up as a summer cottage at Lake Geneva, Wis.

The red brick Dutch tiled two-story building which was erected at one end of the Manufacturers' building at the world's fair, for the express purpose of advertising a certain brand of cocoa, has been sold to a Bostonian for \$500. It cost \$80,000, and was originally put together in Holland.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."—The father of a brand new baby is as badly off in one respect as the leader of a popular dance orchestra. That is, he gets little rest until after the bowl is over.—Buffalo Courier.

"What a beautiful coat-of-arms Mrs. Quickrich has on her stationery," said one girl. "That isn't a coat-of-arms," replied the other. "It's a money-gram."—Washington Star.

"Mamma—"He runs away from school and tells stories and does all kinds of naughty things, so what is there about him that you like?" "Robbie—"The candy he brings in his pockets."—Inter Ocean.

"Teacher—"Who was the first murderer?" Son of Distinguished Lawyer—"Nobody knows. In that Cain and Abel affair Cain had no lawyer to defend him, so the thing went by default, and he got convicted."—Brooklyn Life.

"I think your figures are pretty high," said the lady who was pricing feather beds and pillows. "Madam," said the clerk, with a scarcely perceptible twinkle in his eye, "all our best goods are marked down."—N. Y. Times.

"Northman—"Let's see. What is that saying about both being tarred with the same stick?" Col. Southey—"You've got me, stranger. Just pour our way we don't use sticks. Just pour it right out of the bucket and then dump on the feathers."—Buffalo Courier.

"The Mirror Up to Nature.—Cohen—"Oh, dot, dot of mine gif me so much droubles; he vos gray to go on der stage!" Rosenheim—"Vants to be dot Romeo with the girl in the garden?" "Ach, it was vos der dot; he vants to be von of dose Irish comedians!"—Puck.

"Why did Barlow and his wife go abroad on different steamers? Quarrel?" "No, Mrs. Barlow thought it would be pleasanter for the children. Two steamers were not likely to be lost, and if one of them had gone down, the children would have had one parent left, sayhow."—Harper's Bazar.

"Hold on.—An Irishman got out of his carriage at a railroad station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hold on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hold, ye murtherer out stame injun, ye've got a passenger on board that's left behind."

At the Fair.—Talkative Lady Visitor to (Columbian guard)—"And what is that strap that goes under your chin worn for?" Columbian Guard—"This strap, madam, is given to us by the management of the fair to rest our chins on when our jaws get tired out answering questions."—Boston Transcript.

Little Johnny was in tribulation that morning. Prohibitions, great and small, met him at every turn. It was "no" to this and "no" to that, till at last he began to get, angrily exclaiming to his mother between his sobs: "I wish 'no' was a swear word, mamma, so's you couldn't say it!"

YOU NEED NOT FEAR that people will know your hair is dyed if you use that perfect imitation of nature, and use that perfect imitation of nature, and use that perfect imitation of nature.

Tutt's Hair Dye. It imparts a glossy color and fresh life to the hair. Price, 50c. Office, 30 Park Place, N. Y.

W. C. WILLIAMS, Wholesale and Retail Gun Dealer. Send \$2.50 for F. & W. 30 or 35 C. F. Revolver. Western agent for Dupont Powder. 119 E. Douglas Ave. Wichita.

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The Western Wheel Scraper Co., of Aurora, Ills.

With the view of meeting the demand for a reliable and durable scraper, the Western Wheel Scraper Co. has recently introduced a new and improved scraper, which is a perfect combination of strength and durability. It is sold by all hardware stores.

DR. F. FELIX GOURAUD'S OREIN TAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. For the face and skin. It is the only cream that can be used with safety by the most delicate and debilitated. It is sold by all druggists.

MERCURIAL. For the face and skin. It is the only cream that can be used with safety by the most delicate and debilitated. It is sold by all druggists.

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WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO. Wholesale Grocers. OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 213 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET STREET. Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, crates and grocery fixtures. Also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Inocencia" brands of Cigars.

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CHAS. AYLESBURY. GEO. M. NORRIS. AYLESBURY-NORRIS MERCANTILE CO. Nos. 138-140 N. Fourth Ave. Wholesale Grocers. JOBBERS OF TEAS, CIGARS AND SPICES. Sole Agents for Alvarado, Figaretta and La Perleta Cigars.

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO. (Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices. 13 and 15 South Main Street, - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

THE JOHNSTON & LARIMER DRY GOODS CO. Wholesale. Dry Goods, Notions and Furnishing Goods. Complete Stock in all Departments. 119, 121 & 123 N. Topeka Ave. - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

EAGLE CORNICE CORNICE. 506 EAST DOUGLAS AVENUE. Manufacturers of Galvanized Iron, and Copper Cornice, Tin, Copper, Iron, and Slate Roofing Work done in any part of the country. Estimate furnished on application. CASWELL & BECKLEY.

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JACOB DOLD PACKING CO. PORK AND BEEF PACKERS. FINE MEATS, LARDS AND SAUSAGES. A Lard for Everybody: White Clover Brand our Specialty; the finest Lard in the country. Choice Family Lard, the Most Popular brand on the market. The Best Grocer can furnish either. If you want the best call for White Clover, and insist on getting it. In original Lillibridge brand you are sure of getting it. Put up for Family use in 3, 5, 10 and 20 pound Lardured Tin Pails, with the graph label. 174

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CHAS. LAWRENCE, Wholesale and Retail. Photographers Supplies. 102 E. Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kan. Telephone Connection.

WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS. Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Chamn Older, Soda Water, Standard Nerve Food, also General Western Agents for Wm. J. Lemps's Extra Pale Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

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