

The Opening of Congress from a Seat in the Gallery

Here's a Vision of Scenes at the Capitol When the House— with Noise and Confusion—and the Senate—in Solemnity and Silence—Convene.

(From The Tribune Bureau.)

When as a little fellow, or a maiden, you came with admiration of the picture of the Capitol which stood out on the cover of your geography, and reflected what a mighty edifice it seemed, you entertained some wonderful conceptions of its purpose. If you were a boy it was undoubtedly a citadel, a fortress which stood guard over the city of Washington, a monument to America's warriors. If you were a girl, it was probably a treasure-house of memories, a gallery of paintings and statues, a Westminster Abbey. You hadn't heard of Congress or hearing, you did not understand that under the statue of Freedom stood the massive dome of the most powerful legislative bodies in the world, the one august, the other a grave, the one a popular, free-spoken organization, fresh from the people and holding every "ism." Probably you were twenty before the desire came strong upon you to see the Capitol. Perhaps your patriotism asserted itself earlier, but when you finally left the Union Station, saw the great building in its life, entered the legislative chambers, this is what you saw.

It was the opening day of Congress. The Senate and House wings of the Capitol the flags were hoisted after a summer in the cedar chest, a signal that the new session had convened. From every street car dozens of "passengers" neared, hundreds of sight-seers hurried, employees and officials rushed. Automobiles unburdened themselves of distinguished carriages and a constant stream of carriages and taxicabs kept pedestrians scurrying for cover. The corridors of the huge building were crowded, pushing to the Senate wings to the House. Elevators groaned under the unusual demands, stairways were clogged with eager humanity. Here and there groups had formed themselves; returning members, their families, their friends, their retainers, newspapermen, lobbyists, on-lookers.

Leading to the galleries the throng was thicker. You were a friend of a friend of the Speaker, and you had a card to the Speaker's row clenched tightly in your hand. You saw a hundred others with cards, squirming and craning in the entrances, and you wondered whether that was to be your fate. But you did not know that the squirmers merely had "members' cards" and had either to come early or regret perhaps that they had come at all. After a desperate struggle you had pre-

sented your card at the door of the members' gallery to an aged attendant, who had become unusually deferential when he saw the card you carried. He might not have had time to tell you who he was and how he came to be there, but if you had some around the next afternoon and sat with him awhile he might have proved to be the man who helped to carry President Lincoln from Ford's Theatre to his death-room, or the man who lost his leg at Antietam, or the man who hanged Galtzoff, or may be, only a political henchman of an influential leader. All these men are around there and more, with incidents in their lives as varied and as interesting.

Once inside the gallery you see at first glance a spectacle which reminds you of the audience in the opera house at home or the football field of your local college, the spectators are banked on all four sides. There is a jumble of plumage in the members' gallery, hats, bonnets, creations of all descriptions. Styles from every part of the country, gowns from a summer in Paris, a campaign in Kansas, a vacation in Canada. On all sides you are surrounded by wives—those who make up the social life of Washington. Each waits for the first glimpse of her hero, her statesman, the sometime-in-the-future President. The wives of veterans do their waiting patiently—it is getting to be an old story with them. The first termers lean over the rail and scan every face.

Having surveyed your own gallery from your front row seat, ten of which are reserved for the Speaker, you glance across the chamber into the face of Mrs. Taft. She is in the Executive Gallery. Miss Helen Taft is with her, and there are some friends. Captain Pitt is there, too, splendid in his uniform and gold lace. Behind her is Mrs. Wickersham. A general and gentleman next to you points her out and shows you Mrs. Huntington Wilson and a host of other women whom you have read about in the woman's page of your home paper. A railing separates Mrs. Taft from a strange figure in a blue silk gown, the cut of which shows small study of the fashion. That is the Chinese Minister, your genial friend informs you. Behind her is Mrs. Wickersham. A general and gentleman next to you points her out and shows you Mrs. Huntington Wilson and a host of other women whom you have read about in the woman's page of your home paper. A railing separates Mrs. Taft from a strange figure in a blue silk gown, the cut of which shows small study of the fashion. That is the Chinese Minister, your genial friend informs you.

friend tells you that he will be the next Speaker, that he is a fine orator, an unusually well read man, a little slow to act, but 'way above the average, as Democrats go. Speaker Cannon does not attempt to stop the applause, and you feel that it's mighty generous of him. Then the rollcall starts, and takes nearly half an hour.

In the mean time you have a chance to study the chart which the doorkeeper has given you and which shows just where every member sits. You see the ponderous veteran, Payne of tariff fame, or notoriety, as suits you best, the agile Dalzell, conditions of men in the group, leisurely surveying the crowd. They don't seem to be taking census notes, and appear little interested in what is going on. The old, old man who pounced on the young fellow in the front row for reading a paper is Charles Mann, the superintendent of the press gallery, who has been there forty years, and could hardly be ousted by the President and Speaker combined. The other galleries are filled with the taxpayers and voters who got there first and—

But it is 12 o'clock and a tremendous volley of applause calls your attention to a spare, grim old man, who walks up to the Speaker's chair with brisk steps. He bows slightly and smiles, a non-committal smile, and pounds his desk with a hardwood gavel, wielded unsparringly by a left hand. Both sides of the chamber seem to vie with each other in lustiness your friend has shown you which is the Republican and which the Democratic side, and the Speaker smiles again, leans with his elbow on the gavel, one foot before the other, and waits. There are no flowers on his desk, because he was one of the fellows who passed a rule which forbids the presentation of flowers. He declared that it turned Congress into a graduating class and "many fellows crimped their incomes sending flowers to themselves." Mr. Cannon has his waistcoat buttoned so that the "balled shirt" is hidden, but there are traces of clear ashes on his lapel beneath the red carnation, and you can see two cigars in the upper right hand pocket, safe from the mangle process attendant upon gavel swinging. You may have had an idea that Speaker Cannon was a wicked old man, but you feel that when all those fellows he's served with for years and years applaud him so heartily there must be a lot that's fine in that spare frame. You may have felt all along that he was a man of courage and true purpose and integrity, and you become more set in your opinion as you look at him.

There is a hush as the chaplain rises in his place before the Speaker's rostrum. He is the Rev. Henry N. Couden, a sweet-voiced, kindly minister. He asks a blessing on the work of the Congress and on its members and then is led from the chamber by a page, for he is blind. Another uproar startles you. This time there are rebel yells and loud desk poundings, waving of handkerchiefs and vigorous hand claps. A great, broad-shouldered man comes down the aisle and takes his seat among the minority. It's the Democratic leader, Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri. Your

roaring but defeated Tawney, the aged father of the House, General Bingham, of Pennsylvania, who is serving his sixteenth term and will serve until his death, and the youthful Evans, of Missouri, just past twenty-seven. Hobson is there and Longworth, and the two Civil War heroes, Generals Keifer and Sherman, of Ohio. There is Governor-elect Tener of Pennsylvania, and Governor-elect Foss of Massachusetts; Senators-elect Gronna, of North Dakota, Poindexter, of Washington, and Townsend, William Sulzer is easily distinguishable by his sunset hair, Denby, of Michigan, by his lack of it; Burke, of Pennsylvania, by his resonant grunts; Bostell, of Illinois, by his Vandryke—you would hardly recognize them all out to you, including your own Representative, who, somehow, doesn't look as grand as he did when he presented you with your high school diploma.

The rollcall is over and Speaker Cannon announces his committee to wait upon the President and tell him that Congress is in session and awaits any message he may care to send. You have a suspicion that perhaps the President may guess that Congress is in session and may have decided just when he will send his message, but you bow to the old form with the rest. Then a self-conscious trio of statesmen are led up to the Speaker's desk and take the oath of office. They are new members who are to serve the remainder of the session. Their predecessors are dead. This you learn when a member rises in his seat and offers a resolution of sympathy. Then another rises, and finally you have counted eight. Four mourning Senators and four

enthusiasm, but the Senate of the United States will have none of it. It caused a shiver to assault the spine of every distinguished member. The employees are appalled by any outward manifestation of feeling, the very statues which line the wall seem to frown as their prototypes did when they were presiding as vice-presidents. No matter how jovial, how tolerant, how broad minded a man may be when he begins his duties as a Senator, a day within that hallowed inclosure transforms him into an austere, quiet-demeanored senior, envious of his prerogatives, tenacious of his privileges, the most guarded of which is the rule of dignity. Witness the transformation of "Sunny Jim" Sherman into the stern Vice-President. What clouds have darkened his beaming countenance! Notice the benign Thomas Carter, of Montana, when he is on guard in the Senate Chamber and see his lubricious effect! Gone is the smile that Burns, of Oregon, wore, perished are the jokes of Dewey, the laughter of Brandegee, the merriment of "Fiddling Bob" Taylor. No matter what roisters they may be in the streets and at home, they become statesmen—only statesmen—in the Senate.

The Vice-President formally calls the Senate to order, although order would be brought to him whether he called or not. The chaplain, U. S. B. Pierce, says the prayer, which can hardly add to the solemnity of the occasion. The roll is called and when the presence of a quorum is disclosed Senator Hale is recognized. He moves that the House be informed that the Senate is in session and is ready to proceed to business. Senator Cullom moves that the same message be sent to the President. Senator Lodge offers his resolution fixing the hours of meeting. The resolutions for the dead are passed and the Senate adjourns.

The next day sees the swearing in of



THE CAPITOL BUILDING AT WASHINGTON AND SOME PROMINENT STATESMEN WHO ATTENDED THE OPENING OF CONGRESS LAST WEEK. From left to right they are Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio; Senator Chauncey M. Depew, of New York; Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Senator N. B. Scott, of West Virginia; Senator A. B. Cummins, of Iowa; Senator Elihu Root, of New York.

having respect to members of the House. The last resolution contains a paragraph moving that the House adjourn out of respect for the dead and it is carried without a vote.

Then comes a renewal of the handshaking that was interrupted by the noon hour. The defeated members are as good losers as their temperaments will allow. Some laugh about it, others cannot restrain impatience at questions, more explain things seriously, most declare that they are "glad of it" and will now settle down to make money, but few of these are believed. Your friend tells you while you thank him for his information that the employees of the House and Senate are the best paid individuals in the government service. They get \$3,000 a year. In addition to the \$300,000 required for the payment of the House staff of employees it requires as much more to pay the clerk hire of the members. There are other expenses which bring the total to approximately \$1,000,000. If the salaries of the members of the House are added to this total it will be found that the total cost of maintaining the House, exclusive of overhead charges, will be about \$3,000,000.

Now you wonder if your friend has a moment to tell you about the opening ceremonies in the Senate. He is an affable old gentleman and sits down while he explains. The galleries there are crowded, too, he says. But there is no noise. Confusion in the Senate is a sacrifice. A cathedral, the catacombs, a funeral service or any other sacred ceremonial might offer reasonable opportunities for the expression of

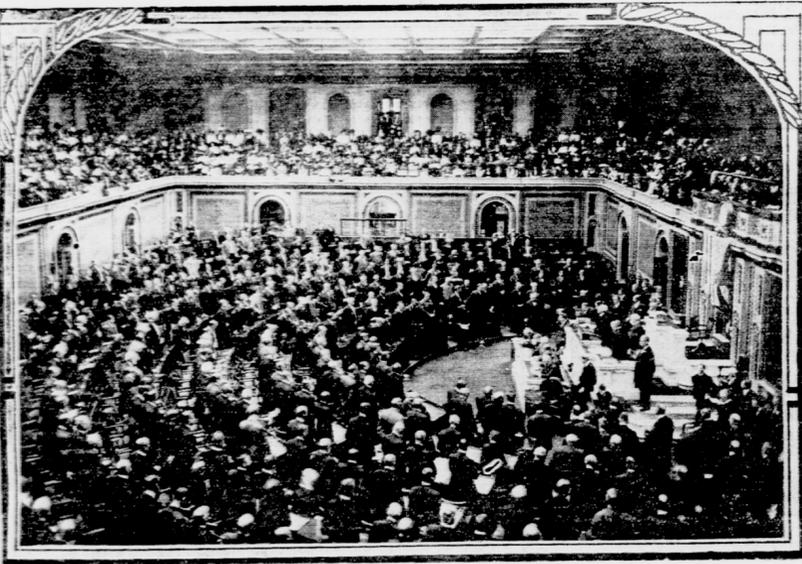
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being allowed to select their seats. They are the veteran members of the House and the men whose positions demand a place of vantage. This year there was no lottery, as the seats drawn on the first day of a new Congress are permanent while that Congress lasts.

The chambers of the two houses have no direct communication with the outside. This makes the question of ventilation a serious one. There are numerous ventilators, but at times the air in both houses is bad. It is now thought feasible to establish an air-cooling plant in the Capitol and Elliot Woods, the superintendent, is already working on the scheme. You begin to realize the immensity of the legislative plant of the United States when you are told that the combined cubical contents of the buildings are more than 20,000,000 feet. To supply the House chamber alone with a good ventilation requires the constant admission of 2,000 cubic feet of air a minute. There are forty elevators in the group of buildings and about 15,000 rooms. There is an endless amount of painting and decorating to be done. Every few years the big steel dome needs painting and it requires 700 gallons of white lead to do it. To supply the House chamber alone with a good ventilation requires the constant admission of 2,000 cubic feet of air a minute. There are forty elevators in the group of buildings and about 15,000 rooms. There is an endless amount of painting and decorating to be done. Every few years the big steel dome needs painting and it requires 700 gallons of white lead to do it. To supply the House chamber alone with a good ventilation requires the constant admission of 2,000 cubic feet of air a minute. There are forty elevators in the group of buildings and about 15,000 rooms. There is an endless amount of painting and decorating to be done. Every few years the big steel dome needs painting and it requires 700 gallons of white lead to do it.

REASSURING. Terrified Rider in hired motor car—
"I say—I say—you're going much too fast."
Chauffeur—Oh, you're all right, sir. We always insure our passengers.—Punch.



CHAPLAIN OPENING THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES WITH PRAYER. (Copyright by George Grantham Bain.)

WILL CHURCH MRS. EDDY REARED CRUMBLE?

(Continued from fourth page.)
longer a young woman. Most of the famous women of history have been mere sticks, or at least women in their prime. Most of the great religious reformers have made at least the beginnings of their work by the time they were forty years old. Mrs. Eddy was forty-five when she received the "revelation" which was the beginning of her life work.

Although three times married, Mrs. Eddy has only one child, George W. Glover, who was born after his father's death. At the age of five the boy was taken by a family of neighbors who treated him as their own child, and six years later took him with them to the West.

In the old "Mother Church" in Boston, which was founded in 1836, was a room which was fitted up for Mrs. Eddy's personal use. It was called the "Mother Room." It was finished in marble, onyx, rich gilt and costly woods. Even the furniture was heavily plated with gold. A rich stained glass window in the roof represented Mrs. Eddy at her Bible. This room was fitted up by the contributions of the children of the Christian Science Church, who were organized into a society called "The Busy Bees" for the purpose of assisting Mrs. Eddy in her work.

In this room Mrs. Eddy slept on the occasion of her first visit to the church. The great "extension," which now forms the greater part of the Mother Church, was called by Mrs. Eddy the "excelsior extension." Although the "Mother Room" was left undisturbed in the older building, there is nothing in the new building that parallels it. It is said that Mrs. Eddy herself ordered this, that she considered the growth of the church into the "excelsior" or "higher" extension to symbolize its growth from a body personally loyal to her to a body with still higher ideals. It is in this same growth from "personality" to "spirituality" that Christian Scientists trace to carry them through the time of stress that will follow upon their leader's departure.

Church said, in urging the "Emmanuel movement" for the adoption of a faith healing in that power to cure by faith it is a pearl of great price. The Church had it, let it drop in the mire. And it was picked up by a woman."

Bernard Shaw, bitterest of cynics when he chooses, did not have a kindly intent when he said that the nineteenth century would be remembered in history for two things: the invention of race suicide and the founding of Christian Science. Bernard Shaw has little use for faith, and he has not much use for humanity. It may be that he is right, but if the founding of Christian Science does become one of the great events of history, then it will be for a deeper reason than he meant.

Mrs. Eddy was not invariably consistent; it is easy to laugh at the details of her work. America has grown sick of laughing at works that were born of great faith, the faith of inventors, of statesmen, of visionaries who would build railroads and canals, who have afterward performed almost the very great things they had promised.

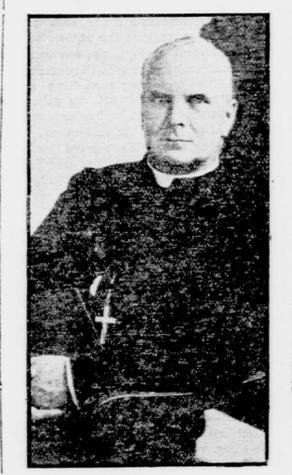
Sees Eddyism's Fall
The death of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy has given rise to a number of questions pertaining to the Christian Science Church. Thinking people are now wondering what effect it will have on the future of the church of which she was the founder. Will it continue to grow and prosper, or has it seen the summit of its power and is it paralysed? It is said that Mrs. Eddy now on the road to dissolution? Will the doctrines taught and advanced by Mrs. Eddy and spread by her followers through-out all civilized lands live forever, or will they suffer the fate that has befallen the teachings of many other cults that have sprung into existence during the history of the Christian era?

Christianity. The writer called on the minister at his home and among the first questions asked of him was the following: "Now that Mrs. Eddy is dead, what in your opinion will be the future of Christian Science? Will the Church continue to grow and maintain its power, or will it suffer a decline?"

"Although I admit," replied Mr. Wilkinson, "that I am not much familiar with matters pertaining to Christian Science, which would be necessary for a lengthy discussion, it is nevertheless my firm belief that the Christian Science Church is a passing phenomenon. I do not think that the power of faith reached its highest fulfillment in Mrs. Eddy. She was, without doubt, a wonderful woman, and possessed great powers, that made her capable of gaining many adherents and followers. Neither is there any doubt about her sincerity, and she exerted an extraordinary influence upon her generation.

"On account of her advanced age, I do not believe that Mrs. Eddy has been the active head of the Christian Science Church during recent years. It was during the prime of her life when she exerted the greatest influence in the religious world, and of late years, although not able to do the work she formerly did, she has undoubtedly seen the guiding spirit of the Church and the inspiration for the deeds that her followers have performed."

Mr. Wilkinson has for some time conducted open air noonday meetings in Broad street, near Wall street, this city, and at every sermon he has an attentive gathering of about a thousand persons. His audience is composed of bankers, brokers, merchants, clerks, stenographers, messenger boys, chauffeurs, street cleaners, drivers, the rich and poor, whose work lies in the vicinity of the priest's lecture place. These open air meetings in the heart of Manhattan's financial district have been considered among the most remarkable that have ever been conducted in the history of the Church. The millionaire and the pauper have been seen to rub elbows in the crowd that listens in silent attention to the preaching of Mr. Wilkinson.



THE REV. W. WILKINSON Thinks Christian Science will decline.

were told to do when he sent them out into the world to convert the heathen, to teach them Christianity and preach the difference between right and wrong to the people of the earth."

WHEN WOMEN GET THE BALLOT. Mrs. A.—How did you vote to-day? Mrs. B.—In my plum colored gown.—Boston Transcript.

DR. FUNK'S THOUGHTS ON WOMEN'S FUTURE

(Continued from fourth page.)

"In this respect, intuition will assist woman to create her opportunities, and in a business career I believe she will enjoy a success that should place her not far behind men." Furthermore, and this is a splendid advantage in her favor, it is only through the school of experience that man learns to be tactful, but not so with woman. She is adroit by nature, and her ability in this respect shows itself when she is dealing with emergencies."

"Do you think some good would come from woman's suffrage?" was the next question asked by the reporter, and he asked it with a little trepidation. The doctor, after letting his eyes make a hasty survey of the room and dropping the pitch of his voice to almost a whisper (please remember the surroundings), continued cautiously:

"Really, I am not anxious for woman's suffrage, as it is a question whether it would better conditions in general, but there is no doubt about its beneficial results on the woman. A woman is entitled to expand and broaden her knowledge to the fullest extent possible. Her suffrage would undoubtedly be an aid to her, since she would be compelled to study and analyze issues that would tax every one of her faculties, and it would make her look into things from a standpoint different from that to which she has been accustomed."

"There is one thing that we must not forget," replied Dr. Funk, "and that is that married life is necessary to a nation's growth. The relationship of man and wife must continue, but in the case of the enfranchisement of woman there perhaps will be some new adjustment of

affairs regarding rights and property. It is not good for man to be alone and the single state of woman is not the ideal state. There is no way of getting around the laws of nature, which are the same, regardless of changes in social and political conditions. As far as I can see, there will be a new regulation of things along a higher order, which will prove beneficial for both man and woman.

"New laws will possibly be demanded for regulating divorce, but I do not believe it will be as easy to obtain a divorce then as is now the case in some countries, like Egypt and Persia. All that a man has to do in those countries when he wants a divorce is to petition the court to rid him of his wife, without stating the specific cause for action, and the divorce is granted."

The question has been raised whether or not the independent woman will insist on a change of her dower rights. There is a possibility that the wife will want her common-law right to one-third of her husband's real estate increased to one-half.

"That is a vital point," said Dr. Funk when his attention was called to it, "and demands serious consideration. As a matter of illustration, let us consider an aged millionaire widower with a number of children. Say the man is about seventy, and he marries a second wife of about half his age. In a year or two the man dies. Does it seem reasonable that this woman who came into his home during the eleventh hour of his life should share in one-half of his earthly goods, with only one-half to be divided among his children by his first wife? There is a situation that would have to be considered under the new regime, when woman's position would be different from what it is now."

"Then there is also the possibility that when husband and wife are no longer looked on as being 'one,' as we understand the word in the marriage code to-day, the woman will be reluctant about contracting obligations that are exorbitant, and there is a possibility that the law, which makes a husband responsible for the debts of his wife, will be abolished.

even in the day of the independent woman, the children of a family will serve as a bond hard to break between husband and wife. There may be occasion for differences between the two, but their children will serve as a check for anything radical on the part of the parents, and the offspring will be the regulator of harmony that must prevail and insure happiness and success."

Wishing to hear the publisher's opinion on the professions in which woman has been successful, the reporter queried: "How do woman writers compare in number with men in the field of literature?"

"When it comes to works where sentiment plays the leading part, as in books of poetry and fiction, we have undoubtedly more women writers than men," replied the authority on books, "but when it comes to general literature, history, biography and philosophy, the men authors are ahead of the women."

The doctor summed up his attitude with special emphasis, by saying: "The woman is entitled to progress and she should not be handicapped in her efforts to broaden her knowledge along all possible lines of usefulness."

There was one question which the reporter just asked to ask the doctor, but the nerve necessary for the ordeal was lacking. The writer was not really afraid to ask the question, but he wished to save the genial and venerable author the painful duty of expressing his candid opinion on it in the presence of that gallant band of feminine pulchritude. The question was this:

"Do you think that sex equality will sound the knell of romance about the 'hunter and the hunted'—will woman assert her right to choose her mate—and if it comes to such a state of affairs, how will man look upon woman's chase for a husband?"

So this remains for some one else to answer. E. A. D.
THE SAME THING. A little girl who had been to Sunday school, when asked the Golden Text, gave this as her version: "Don't get scared, you'll get your quilt." It was found that the passage quoted was, "Be not afraid, the Comforter will come."—Browning's Magazine.