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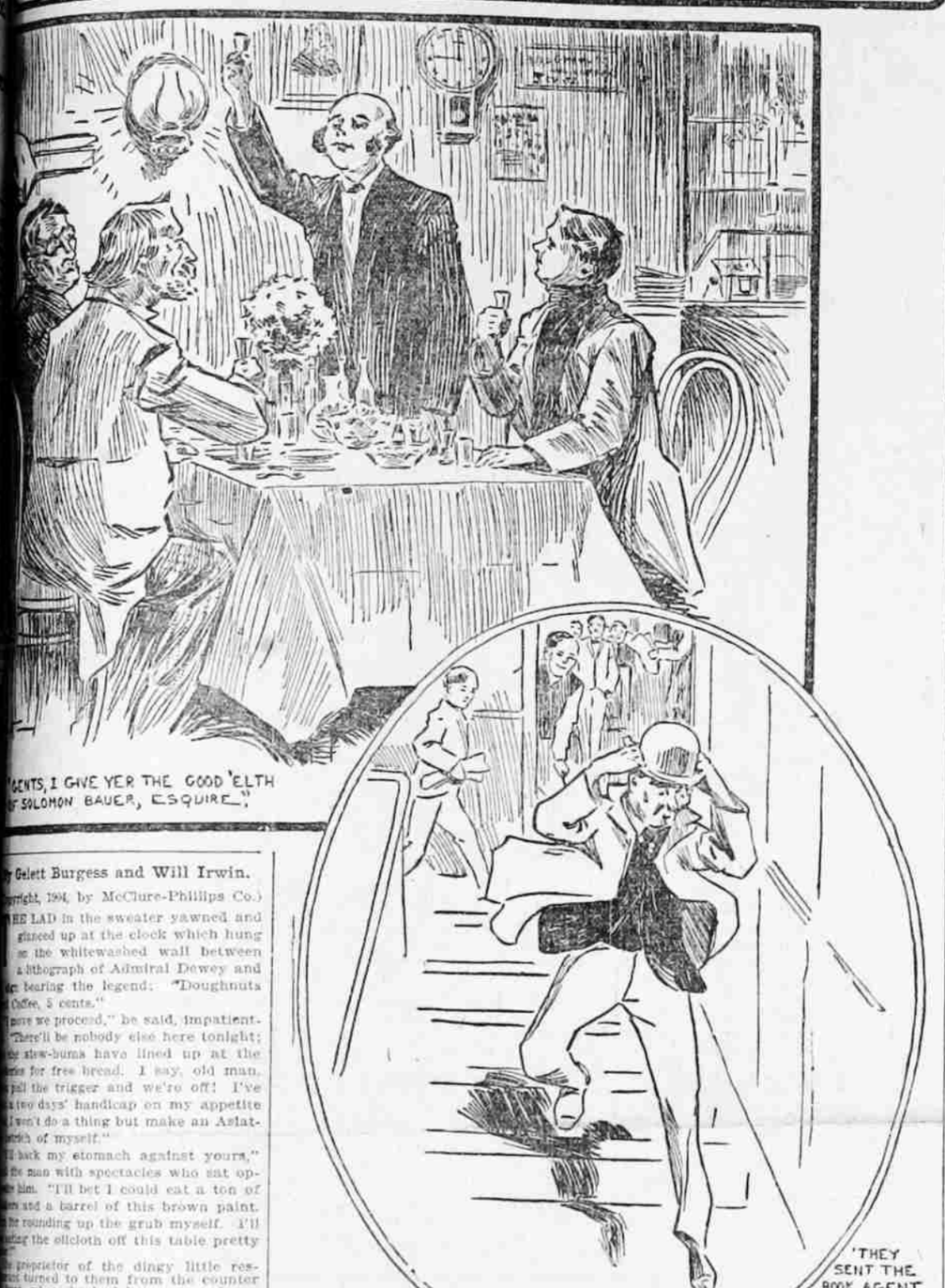
A MIRACLE at COFFEE JOHN'S

by Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin



...GENTS, I GIVE YER THE GOOD 'ELTH OF SOLOMON BAUER, ESQUIRE."

'THEY SENT THE BOOK AGENT DOWN STAIRS SO QUICKLY THAT HE NEVER CAME BACK.'

By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin.

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THE LAD in the sweater yawned and glanced up at the clock which hung on the whitewashed wall between a lithograph of Admiral Dewey and a sign bearing the legend: "Doughnuts and Coffee, 5 cents."

"Some more we proceed," he said, impatiently. "There'll be nobody else here tonight; the stew-bums have lined up at the ...ries for free bread. I say, old man, ...pull the trigger and we're off! I've ...a two days' handicap on my appetite ...I won't do a thing but make an Asiatic ...tch of myself."

"I'll back my stomach against yours," ...the man with spectacles who sat opposite him. "I'll bet I could eat a ton of ...ers and a barrel of this brown paint. ...be rounding up the grub myself. I'll ...ge the oilcloth off this table pretty ...

The proprietor of the dingy little res...rant turned to them from the counter ...ind, where he had been arranging a ...of wet plates and an exhibit of pas...ry in preparation for the next morn...g breakfasts. Wiping his hands on his ...he said, with a Cockney accent ...proclaimed his birth, hinted at by ...ful countenance and muttonchop ...kers: "I sye, gents, if yer don't want ...yes yer know bloomin' well wot yet ...an' that's git out! Strike me pink ...I don't sort a gull! Yer a bit comin' ...gents, if yer don't mind me syin' it. ...yer I'd give yer an A-1 feed if yer'd ...wyte for another bloke to show up. ...he ain't 'ere yet, is 'e? Leakwize, if ...I don't see 'im."

He took off his apron, nevertheless, as ...too, were anxiously expectant, and ...repeated glances at the door, ...pointed on the window in white ...were the words, "Coffee John's." ...he left the range behind the counter ...came across the sanded floor to the ...all lamp that lighted the two men ...were his last patrons of the day.

The younger, he with the red sweater, ...a round, jocund face and a merry, ...eye that misfortune was powerless ...dim. Vagabondia.

"What's your interesting but mysterious ...?" he asked. "You're not expectin' ...g, I hope!" and he glanced at his ...watch, which, though it had the cut of a ...fashionable tailor, was an atrocious harle...of spots and holes.

"I don't know no more who's a comin' ...n you do," Coffee John replied. "But ...they'll," and he pointed with a blunt red ...at an insurance calendar upon the ..."D'yer cop that there numero? It's ...this day of October todye, an' they'll ...comin' all right. They allus is, the ...of October."

"Well, you rope him and we'll brand ...," remarked the other at the table, a ...of some 22 years, with a typically ...ers cast of countenance, high cheek ...and an aquiline nose. His eyes were ...phiss behind rusty steel spectacles. "I hope that stranger will come pretty ...pronto," he added.

"There'll be something a-doin' before 9, ...give yer my word. I'll eat this 'ere ...pile o' plytes if they ain't!" Coffee ...asserted.

Scarcely had he made the remark when ...clock rang out, ending its sentence ...a string of exclamation points, and ...ediately the door burst open and a ...sprang into the room as though he ...a runaway from hell.

He was long, thin, white face, two black ...set near together, burned with ter...His mouth was open and quivering, ...hands were fiercely clinched. Under ...battered derby hat his stringy black ...and ragged beard played over his pa...dollar in a fringe. He wore a cut...suit, green and shiny with age, ...over, divorced at the waist, showed a ...of red flannel undershirt. He crept ...to the counter like a kicked spaniel.

"For God's sake, gimme a drink o' cof...with you?" he whined.

"What's bitin' yer?" Coffee John inquired ...out sentiment. "Don't yer ask me to ...pour a 'undred dollar bill, fur I really ...can't do it."

"It's not my nerves, that's all," he said, ...looking over his shoulders apprehensively, ...then turning to the two at the table, he ...poured all of them over the top of a thick ...cup of coffee. "Lord! That's good! I'm ...better now," he went on, and wiped off ...his mustache with a curling tongue, finishing with his sleeve. "If I should narrate to you the experience which has just transpired, gents, you wouldn't believe it."

"See here!" cried the lad in the sweater, not too unkindly, "suppose you tell us about it some other time! We've been waiting for you many madsome moons, and the time is ripe for the harvest. If you are as hungry as we are and want to be among those present at this function, sit down and you'll get whatever is coming to you. You can ascend the rostrum afterward. We were just looking for one more, and you're it."

The vagabond looked inquiringly at Coffee John, who, in response, pointed to a chair. "Why, cert'nly," the newcomer said, removing his hat. "I must confess I ain't yet engaged at dinner this evening, and if you gents are so obliged as to—"

"Rope it!" roared the man in spectacles, out of all patience. The voluble stranger seated himself hurriedly.

Coffee John drew two tables together. "Jest excuse me for half a mo', gent, w'ile I unfurl this 'ere rag," he said, spreading the cloth.

The three strangers looked on in surprise, for the Cockney's tone had changed. He wore an expectant smile as he seated himself in the fourth place and rapped loudly on the table, distributing, as he did so, a damask napkin to each of his guests.

"Gloriana peacock!" cried the man in spectacles, "I'm sorry I forgot to wear my dress suit. I had no idea you put on so much dog for coffee and stickers."

"Get wise, old chap," the man in the sweater said, warningly. "I have a hunch that this is to be no mere charity poke-out. This is the true chloroform. We're up against a genuine square this trip, or I'm a Patagonian. How about that, Coffee John?"

The host tucked his napkin into his neck and replied, benignly, "Oh, I dunno, we'll do wot we kin, an' them as ain't satisfied can order their kerridges."

As he spoke two Chinamen emerged from the back room and filed up the dusty rows of tables, bearing loaded trays. Swiftly and deftly they spread the board with cut glass, china and silverware, aligning a delectable array of bottles in front of the proprietor. In a trice the table began to twinkle with the appointments of a veritable banquet, complete, even to a huge centerpiece of California violets. The man in the red sweater loosened his belt three holes under the table, the black-eyed man pulled a pair of frayed cuffs from his sleeves and the other wiped his glasses and smiled for the first time. When all was ready Coffee John arose and, filling the glasses, cried jubilantly:

"Gents, I give yer the good 'elth of Solomon Bauer, Esquire, an' the thirteenth of October, an' drink 'earty!"

The toast was drunk with wonder, for the men were visibly impressed, but at the entry of oysters each began to eat as if he were afraid it were all a dream and he might awake before it was over. The lad with the merry eye alone showed any restraint; his manners were those of a gentleman. The one with the spectacles drank like a thirsty horse and the thin, black-haired individual watched the kitchen door to see what was coming next. Following the oysters came soup, savory with cheese.

"Potage au fromage, a la Cafe Martin, or I've never been in New York!" cried the youngster.

"Correck. I perceive yer by wye of bein' an epicoor," Coffee John remarked, highly pleased at the appreciation.

"I didn't think they could do it in San Francisco," the youth went on.

The Cockney turned his pop-eyes at the lad and, with the bigotry of a proselyte, broached his favorite topic. "Young man, we kin do anythink they kin do in New York, not to speak of a trick or two blokes go to Paris to see done; an' occysionally we kin go 'em one better. Yer don't know this tarn yet. It's a bloomin' prize puzzle, that's wot it is; they's a bit o' everythink 'ere!"

The fish followed, barracuda as none but Tortoni can broil; then terrapin, teal, venison and so on, with Western prodigality, to the dessert. The guests, having met and subdued the vanguard of hunger, did hilarious battle with the dinner, stabbing and slashing gallantly. No one dared to put his good fortune to the hazard of the inquiry, though each was curious, until at last the lad in the sweater could resist wonder no longer. The demands of nature satisfied, his mind then sought for diversion. He laid his fork down and pushed back his plate.

"It's too good to be true," he said. "I want to know what we're in for, anyway. What's your little game? It may be bad manners to be inquisitive, but I've slept in a wagon, washed in a horse trough and combed my hair with tenpenny nails for so long that I'm not responsible. The time has come, the walrus said, to speak of many things! and I balk right here until I know what's up your sleeve. No bub gets a Delmonico dinner at a coffee joint on the Barbary Coast for nothing, I don't think, and by John Harvard, I want to be put next to whether this is charity, insanity or a bet or are you trying to fix us for something shady?"

"What'd you want to stampede the show for?" interrupted the man in spectacles. "We haven't been asked to pay in advance, have we? We've signed no contract! You were keen to begin as a heifer is for salt, and when we draw a prize you want to look a gift horse in the jaw! Get onto yourself!"

"Gents," the unctuous voice of the third man broke in, "they'se champagne a-comin'."

Coffee John had been looking from one to the other in some amusement. "Easy, gents," he remarked. "I ain't offended at this 'ere youngster's expressings, though I don't sye as wot I mightn't be, if 'e wa'n't a gentleman, as I can se by the wye 'e 'andles 'is knife, an' the suspicious frack of 'is neck bein' clean, if he do wear a jarsey. Nar, all I gort to sye is, thet this 'ere feast is on the squyre an' no questions arsked. As soon as we gits to the coffee, I'll explyne."

"I accept your apology," the lad cried, gally, as he rose bubbling with impudence. "Gentlemen adventurers, knights of the empty pocket book, comrades of the order of the flying brakebeam and what not, I drink your very good health. Here's to the jade whose game we played, not once afraid of losing, ah! It is passing many wintry days since I fed on funny water and burned cologne in my petit noir, but there was a time—! My name, brothers of the pave, is James Wiswell Coffin 3d. Eight Mayflower ancestors, double-barreled in and in stock, Puritans of Plymouth. Wrestling Coffin landed at Salem in the Blessing of the Bay, 1630 and—"

"Whoa, there!" the man in spectacles cried, "you ain't so all-fired numerous. I left a happy mountain home myself, but the biographical contest don't come till the show is over in the big tent."

"Cert'ly not, after you vetoed at my remarks," said the third. "Let's testify after the dishes is emptier and we begin to feel more like a repletion!"

A box of Carolina perfectos was then brought in, with a coffee urn, cognac and liqueurs, and the three men, now calm, genial and satisfied, gave themselves up to the comforts of tobacco. Even the youngest allowed himself to draw up a chair for his feet and sighed in content. Coffee John finished the last drop in his glass, drew out his brier pipe and lighted it. Then, producing a folded paper from his pocket he raised his finger for silence and said:

"If yer wants to know the w'y and the w'erfore of this 'ere reparst, gents, I am nar ready to give yer satisfaction o' sorts. It ain't me yer obligyted to at all; it's a newspyper Johnnie named Sol Bauer who's put up for it, him as arsked yer for to drink 'elth to. It's a proper queer story 'ow 'e came to myke and bryke in this 'ere very shop o' mine, an' if yer stogies is all drawin' easy, I'll read the syle as 'e wrote it art for me, skippin' the interduction, w'ich is personal, 'e bein' of the belief that it wos me wot brought 'im luck.

"So 'ere goes, from w'ere 'e come darn to this plyce of a Hoctober night five years ago." And so saying, he opened the paper. The narrative, depleted of Coffee John's dialect, was as follows:

The Story of the Great Bauer Syndicate.

Ten years I had been a newspaper man, and had filled almost every position from club reporter to managing editor, when, just a year ago, I found myself outside Coffee John's restaurant, friendless, hungry and without a cent to my name. Although I had a reputation for knowing journalism from A to Z, I had been discharged from every paper in the city. The reason was good enough; I had been habitually intemperate and therefore unreliable. I did not drink, as many journalists do, to stimulate my forces, but for love of the game. It was physically impossible for me to remain sober for more than two weeks at a time.

I had that day been discharged from the Tribune for cause.

I celebrated the bad luck in my characteristic manner, and finished with just sense enough to wish to clear my head with black coffee. So, trusting to my slight acquaintance with Coffee John and more to his well-known generosity, I entered his place, and for the first time in my life requested what I could not pay for. I was not disappointed. A cup of coffee and a plate of doughnuts were handed to me without comment or advice.

As I was taking my meal in the back part of the little restaurant, three men, one after the other, came and sat down at my table. In the general conversation that ensued I found out that one was a tramp printer, whose boast it was to have worked and jumped his board bill in nearly every State in the Union; one was a book agent, who had been attempting to dispose of "The Life of U. S. Grant," and the third was an insurance solicitor, who had failed to make good the trade's reputation for acumen.

A little talk developed the fact that all four of us were without funds, and ready for anything that promised to keep the wolf from the door. Then, with the journalist's instinct for putting three and one together, an idea came to me by which we could all find a way out of the dilemma.

For it so happened that one of the Herald's periodical upheavals had occurred that very day, and a general clean-up was being effected in the office. The city editor, after a stormy interview with his chief, had resigned, and had carried with him four of the best men on the staff. Other reporters who had taken his part had also been let go, and the city room of the Herald was badly in need of assistance. It was very likely that any man who could put up any kind of a pretense to knowing the ropes would stand a fair chance of obtaining a situation without any trouble.

My plan was this: Each of the three men was to apply for a situation as reporter on the Herald and, if accepted, was to report the next day for his assignment, and then come immediately to me for instructions. I was to give them all the necessary information as to obtaining the material and, when they had brought me the facts, write out the story for them to hand in.

The three men agreed enthusiastically to the venture, and I spent the evening in coaching them in the shop talk and professional terms they would need. You cannot teach a man what "news" is in one sitting—a man has to have a nose trained to smell it, and a special gift for determining its value; but I described the technical meaning of a "story" and "covering" a detail. I told them to keep their eyes open, and gave many examples of how it often happened that a reporter, when sent out on a little "single-head" story, would, if he were sharp, get a hint that could be worked up into a front page "seven-column scare head."

There is, of course, no royal road to journalism, but there are short cuts that can be learned. I gave them points on the idiosyncrasies of the new man at the city desk, for I knew him well, and I provided each of them with a yarn about his supposed previous place. One, I believe, was to have worked on the St. Louis Globe-Herald under George Comstock; one had done special work on the Minneapolis Argus, and so on; for I knew a lot about all the papers in the East, and I fixed my men so they couldn't easily be tripped up on their autobiographies.

They went down to the Herald office that night, and after I had waited an hour or so, I had the satisfaction of hearing that all three of my pupils had been accepted. It was agreed that each of them was to give me half his salary, and so I had a fair show of earning a man and a half's wages as president of the Great Bauer Syndicate.

At 1 o'clock the next afternoon I sat down in Coffee John's and waited for my subordinates to report. As each man came in I gave him minute descriptions as to the best possible way of obtaining his information. There was not a trick in the trade I didn't know, and I had never been beaten by any paper in the town. I had succeeded in obtaining interviews at 2 in the morning from persons avowedly hostile to my sheet; I had got photographs nobody else could get and I had made railroad officials talk after an accident. Without conceit, I may claim to be a practical psychologist, and where most men know only one way of getting what they want, I know four. My men had little excuse for failing to obtain their stories, and they walked out of Coffee John's like automata that I had wound up for three hours.

They returned between 4 and 5 o'clock and gave me the information they had secured, and, while they reported to the city editor, received instructions as to writing the story and got their evening's assignment. I wrote the articles at railroad speed. I could tell as well as any THREE MIRACLES AT COFFE JOHN'S SUNDY TRIB— —osihnlo -fJa?2fptidegrL city editor how much space the stories were worth, and wrote the headlines accordingly—for in the Herald office every reporter was his own head-line writer.

If by any chance the editor's judgment were not the same as mine, it took but a few minutes to cut the thing down or pad it to any length and my men took the copy back before they went out on the next detail. Meanwhile, I had given them their new directions, and, when they turned up, toward 10 and 11 at night, I had the whole batch of writing to do again. It was a terrific pace for any one man to keep up, and I doubt if any one else in San Frabcisco could have kept three busy and turned out first-class work.

This went on for fifteen days, during which time I made Coffee John's joint my headquarters. That was the only place where I could hope to keep sober, working at such high pressure, for I didn't dare trust myself in a saloon and I could not afford to hire an office. The amount of black coffee I consumed made me yellow for a year. Whether Coffee John wondered what I was up to or not I never knew; at any rate, he asked no questions and made no objections.

The Great Bauer Syndicate went merrily, and the members, with the exception of the president, earned their salaries easily enough. If the job was especially difficult or delicate, I went out and got the story myself. At the end of the first week we drew our pay and divided it according to the agreement, but there were indications that my men thought they were getting clever enough to handle the work alone. If it hadn't been that while I was waiting for them to come in I managed to write several columns of "space," faked and otherwise, that they could turn in and get paid for without any work at all, I would have had trouble in holding them down to their contracts. Except for this, the prospects were bright for the prettiest little news system that ever fooled a city editor. We made a record for two weeks, and then came the crash.

I had been as sober as a parson for fifteen long, weary days, beating my record by twenty-four hours. I had drenched myself with black coffee, and turned out copy like a linotype machine keyed up to a tension so tight that something had to give way. One Monday night, after the last batch of copy had been turned in and I had drawn down my second week's pay, I relapsed into barbarism and cast care to the winds for the nonce.

I started down the line, headed for Pete Dunn's saloon, at 1 a. m., with $30 in my pocket, and found myself on Wednesday morning at the Cliff House. What had happened to me in the interim I never cared to investigate. But the Great Bauer Syndicate was out of business.

It seems my three subordinates showed up as usual on Tuesday afternoon and, after waiting for me a while, they attempted to cover their assignments without my help. The insurance solicitor got all twisted up, and never came back; the printer threw up his job when he failed to find me on his return. But the book agent had grown a bit conceited by this time and he thought he was as good as anybody in the business. So he sat down and wrote out his story, and by what they say about it, it must have been something rich enough to frame.

When he turned the stuff in, the city editor gave a look at it, put about three swift questions to him, and the cat was out of the bag. It took no time at all to sweat the story out of him, and they sent that book agent down stairs so quickly that he never came back.

The whole office went roaring over the way I'd done the paper and the first thing I knew I was sent for, and the managing editor told me that if I'd take the Keeley cure for four months he'd give me the Sunday editor's place and forget the episode. The time I put in at Los Gatos taking chloride of gold was the darkness that preceded my financial dawn. When I graduated I hated the smell of whisky so much that I couldn't eat an ordinary baker's mince pie. Six months after that I was sent for by the New York Gazette, where I am now drawing a salary that makes my life in San Francisco seem insipid.

* * *

Coffee John folded the document carefully and restored it to his pocket with considerable consideration. "Thet's the wye 'e wrote it darn for me, an' I've read it every year since. Yer see, gents, Sol Bauer 'avin' gort the idea I was, in a wye, the means of his restorashing to respeckability, an' by wye of memorisink them three bums, 'as myde a practice o' sendin' me a cheque an' a small gift every year, with instrucshings to celbryte the 'appy event by givin' the best dinner money can buy to the fust three blokes as turns up here after 8'30 on the 13th dye of October, an' I sye it's 'andsome of 'im. Nar, I propose thet we all drink 'is very good 'ealth again, after w'ich, them as is agreeable will tell 'is own story for the mutual pleasure of the assembled company' ere present."

The three men agreed and filled their glasses to the grateful memory of Solomon Bauer of the Great Bauer Syndicate.

Annie Pike's Ragtime Syncopations.

When a friend has committed an injustice to us, we may think we have forgiven him, but we shall always be looking for the second blow.

* * *

Few young couples stop to consider on the day of marriage that the time will surely come when they must submit this supreme decision of their lives to the critical scrutiny of their children, to be condemned or approved.

* * *

There is something about being in a cemetery which seems to strip the soul of its living flesh and leave the individual face to face with this something called "Me," and this other awful something which blots out the "Me."

* * *

That we have not the thing for which we fought is not the hardest to bear—it is that we have given our life blood, the best that there was in us, and yet were defeated; for if we had not given all, there would always be the possibility in our minds that we might have won with greater effort.

* * *

When the cynic declares that a man never knows what he has married until the bride removes the dressmakers' artifices, he forgets that the bride may have her ideals of masculine beauty, and in these days of decollete ball gowns for woman, she stands less chance of knowing than the groom.

* * *

The woman who says "Yes" to a man's pleadings, no matter how small the concession, when she should say "No," must look for the day when he will condemn that weakness.

* * *

There are a few people capable of a magnificent passion of love, who never meet an object worthy of it, and have intellect enough to know this. For them life has proved a shriveled apple that has never known the sun. They go forever unsatisfied, and the hunger of it shows in their faces, lives and work.

* * *

I can understand the man who can become reconciled to a loss, but not to a defeat.

* * *

Many of us say, "I forgive you," when in our hearts we mean "I accept your apology to the extent that we can appear in public at the same time without exciting comment on our hostility!"

* * *

Nature always avenges her broken laws, and there is no law of which she is more jealous than that which commands man and woman to marry for no other reason than absolute love. Man-made laws, and man-imagined honor have nothing to do with it.

* * *

Happiness is most easily recognized by the back of her head. When you look her full in the face, sometimes she cannot be distinguished from her twin sister, Sorrow. She is like most men's wives—more time is spent courting her, or laying flowers on her grave, than in trying to keep her as she once looked, after he has obtained her.

* * *

Almost every man who has taken his own life for love, if he had lived a few years longer would either have become too cynical to die for any woman, or he would have forgotten his former despair in some present bliss.

* * *

Do you want to read the hearts around you, and know what is the dearest thing in each life? If it were possible, there is one sure way to discover it—it will always be found in that last waking dream just before the falling into sleep after the day's work, or the day's pleasure is done. In the thoughts of childhood you will find the toy, the pleasure of tomorrow, the dream of play; in the mind of youth, the face of the one most loved, be it in sadness or in joy, it is at this time that the beloved is nearer than at any other time in the day or night; in the beam of manhood floats the ambition, the project, the worry of future or present; and the last thoughts of age—what are they? What dream has been saved from the crumbling years of life which will be called dearest by this test? And at the last—before that long sleep—what dearest desire will haunt the brain before the limbs grow stiff and the eyelids are closed forever?

* * *

The flesh has made us islands in a sea whose currents are life and death. The nature of those other islands we can only know by what the tide brings in—tropical they may be, or wrapped in snow. Here is a rare flower whose beauty we had never dreamed could flourish on that island, which looks misty and dismal from where we see it. Here upon the waves floats in a dead songbird of life and hope, killed by some poisonous breath from our own islands. Daily these are swept upon our shores. If they displease us, we fling them back as the tide leaves us. The odor of spices, a leaf, a feather—these are all we know of each other. The flesh has made us islands in a sea whose currents are life and death.

* * *

When the tide is high and the water covers some island we say is not ...re, when we know as much about that as we did before. When we have sunk from sight, may it not rise again to view, or be built upon by the sands? For the foundations of all islands are the lives of many gone before—the coral polyps of ancestry. We are seen because we are the islands of flesh now, but we are only a help to build the foundation, and then sink from sight. Our children, built on our foundations, are the islands-to-be. They shall stand above the water, where we once stood. And then they, too, shall sink from sight. But the sea whose currents are life and death changes not.

Capitol Gossip

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—Senator William B. Allison of Iowa has just passed the date which makes a record. He has now the longest continuous service of any man that ever held a seat in the United States Senate. His record to this date is thirty-one years nine months and twenty-six days. Until two days since the late Justin Smith Morrill, Senator from Vermont, had the longest continuous service record in the Senate, which was thirty-one years nine months and twenty-four days. While Senator Allison holds the continuous service record, he has not yet attained the longest actual service record, which is still held by the late John Sherman of Ohio. Sherman entered the Senate March 23, 1861, as the successor of Salmon P. Chase, who became Secretary of the Treasury in President Lincoln's cabinet. Sherman remained in the Senate until March 8, 1877, when he became Secretary of the Treasury in Hayes' cabinet. Sherman re-entered the Senate again four years later and served until March 6, 1897, when he resigned to become Secretary of State in McKinley's cabinet. His total service is, therefore, thirty-one years eleven months and fourteen days. Before the end of the present session Senator Allison will not only have the longest continuous service, but he will also have the longest actual service of any man who has ever been in the United States Senate. What is more, his present term of service will not expire until four years from the 4th of next March and he is in such a prime condition of health that he is likely to be in the Senate much longer.

While Senatorial services only are given in these records, the three men named have had service in the House, which makes their public service of remarkable length. Allison was eight years in the House, Morrill twelve years and Sherman eight years. Sherman had four years in one cabinet and a year and a half in another, which made his total public service longer than Morrill's, although both entered Congress at the same time, March 4, 1855. Senator Allison did not become a member of Congress as soon as either Morrill or Sherman and his public career is not yet as long as theirs, but it bids fair to be longer than either.

* * *

Five Republican Senators are having trouble in their State Legislatures. They are Bard of California, Clapp of Minnesota, Depew of New York, Foster of Washington and Quarles of Wisconsin. There is no trouble about the Republican majorities. Each of the States named has an overwhelming Republican majority in its Legislature. The difficulty is in what these majorities will do. Out in California it is said that Bard has an even chance and some men think that is not very reassuring for a Senator seeking a re-election. Minnesota Republicans have a left-over snarl as a result of the defeat of the Republican candidate for Governor. In every Senatorial contest all that is needed is for some man of prominence to go in and make a fight against the leading candidate and other candidates will be developed. Of course it is generally conceded that the New York Senatorship depends upon the decision of Governor Odell. Out in Washington there is the usual sectional trouble. There are three divisions in this State, one being East Washington, having that portion east of the Cascade mountains; Tacoma and Seattle are the other two. Each of these political divisions has a candidate for the Senate and as no man has anything like a good lead of the others it is anybody's fight. The rivalry between Tacoma and Seattle may prevent either of these cities from getting the prize, and East Washington may secure two Senators as a result of the contest between the cities on Puget Sound. Wisconsin is simply continuing the La Follette and anti-La Follette fight. If the Governor can control, Quarles cannot be re-elected, for the Senator has been antagonistic to the Governor. It is possible that La Follette's supporters may not feel themselves bound to follow his advice on the election of a Senator, and in that is the hope of Quarles.

Should the five Senators named, or three of them fail of re-election, they would, with other Senators who are sure to retire, bring in a large number of new men on the 4th of March. There are thirty Senators whose terms end on that date; seventeen Senators are to be returned; eight are to give place to new men and five are in doubt.

* * *

You might think the Speaker was all powerful in the House, but Speaker Cannon is not always sure that he can control. Discussing a subject that was to come before the House to which he was opposed, he said:

"If it ever reaches a point where I have to cast the deciding vote and my vote will kill it, you may be sure I will vote against it."

"But won't you have power enough to kill it anyway?" he was asked.

"I am not so sure of that," he said. "In the days when I was down on the floor and could make a fight I think I could have defeated such a bill. You see one has a chance to do things there and to show why certain legislation ought not to pass."

Another thing that nearly everybody knows who has watched the affairs in the House, Uncle Joe could nearly always rally a majority of the House to help him defeat a measure which met his disapproval.

* * *

For the first time in many years there is a real probability of an increased salary bill passing Congress. It is not likely to be such a measure as Senator Stewart proposes fixing salaries of Congressmen at $10,000 a year and going into effect four years from the 4th of next March. The amount is too high and the time too remote. If anything is done it will probably be to split the difference between the $5000 at present and the $10,000 of the Stewart bill, and the next Congress will be the beneficiaries. Of course, it is expected that increases of Congressional salaries will carry increases of the salaries of President, Vice-President and Cabinet officers, and possibly also of the salaries of the Supreme court judges. When the matter is brought up there is sure to be a contest. Some men know they are being paid all they earn, and there may be a suspicion among some of them that they are overpaid. But there will be a large number who will be conscientiously opposed to voting themselves increases. They will insist that men who propose to increase their salaries must go on record as so doing. The effect upon their political fortunes will also restrain many men from voting increases. There are a lot of men who would prefer to remain in Congress for the next few terms at the present salary than to vote an increase which would cost them their seats, while the men who would publicly berate them for voting such increases and defeat them would enjoy the increased pay. There are many reasons why it will be mighty hard to get through a bill increasing salaries. The attempt in in the face of a growing deficit will provoke a very interesting discussion in Congress.

* * *

There is an expectation of a great debate when the holiday recess expires, between Senators Beveridge and Bailey. The Statehood bill will be under consideration and in charge of Beveridge, chairman of the Committee on Territories, while it is expected that Senator Bailey will be the principal opponent of the bill. In days gone by these two Senators have differed, and there is not the best feeling existing between them. If they should debate the questions of Statehood in a running fire of question and answer there should be sparks flying, for both are well equipped in the matter of language and both are recognized as men of ability. When these gentlemen begin to ask questions of each other and answer them there is sure to be some interesting conversation.

* * *

One night when there had been a heavy fall of wet snow and every branch and twig was heavily laden with the fleecy white material, Senator Scott of West Virginia left the capitol late that evening, and passed down the steps and west front of that noble structure. "The sycamore trees that lined either side of the walk from the capitol to Pennsylvania avenue," said the Senator, "were completely covered, and the wide-spreading branches formed an arch overhead, making one of the most beautiful sights that I have ever seen in this city. Not only the trees in the capitol grounds, but those of the Botanic Gardens, were canopies of the purest white." The Senator was so impressed with the beauty of the scene that he had Mrs. Scott go out with him before breakfast the next morning and view the sight. Together they went to the capitol, and walked down the snow-covered arch of sycamores to enjoy the scene, which was enhanced by the brilliant sunshine.

Those who have known Senator Scott as a hard-headed business man, as a practical politician, and as a matter-of-fact Senator, would never have supposed that there was so much poetry and romance in his nature. But those who know that he is still the ardent lover of the girl he wooed and won a quarter of a century ago; who know the deep feeling of friendship he had for Mark Hanna, and his loyalty to all who have been his friends, can appreciate the touch of nature, the love of the beautiful, and the artistic temperament beneath the world-hardened exterior of the man who has fought and won life's battle.

* * *

We were treated to a mining debate during the consideration of the Philippine bill in the Senate. Senator Heyburn of Idaho of Senator Kearns of Utah, one a mining lawyer of note and the other a practical miner, who with pick and shovel has tramped the mountains in search of precious metals and found them, discussed the mining laws and disagreed. Much was heard about ledges, outcrops, surface indications, dips, levels, slag, strikes, extra lateral rights, veins, bounding plane, segments, quartzite, apex law, drifts, bores, vertical surface, overlying formations, and other mining terms, coupled with expressions that only men versed in mining could understand. Very apparent it was that these men of the mountain States, States that contain great mineral wealth, have a language of their own, and one which is almost meaningless to the inhabitants of manufacturing and agricultural States. "You have all been in the mountains," remarked Senator Kearns, who was trying to illustrate a point. "You all know how the canyons run down through them, how the rocks are eroded away, how the outcrop of the vein makes a circle."

But they didn't know; that is, only a few of them did. But here is more:

"The Senator from Idaho made the remark that the rock is often discovered on the surface, and in many instances you follow it into the earth before you get value. But there are many cases where it never comes to the surface, where the underlying formation that carries the metal does not break up through the overlying formation and crop out on the surface. In that case this extra lateral right or apex law does not apply. Every man knows his own location and what he has. In some cases mineral occurs in contacts overlying a limestone, a quartzite, or whatever the formation may be, and never does outcrop. In that case the apex law is unable to reach it. Then, again, take a vein that may be found in dolomite limestone. It may be 5000 feet wide. The party who held the location that controlled the footwall would claim it. Five thousand feet above a pocket of ore may be discovered and it would be claimed by the man who owns the hanging wall. That is the wide-vein theory."

Senator Kearns was no doubt right. The Senate believed him. But how much does the man of the woods, the mills and the prairies know about it? Certainly these mining men have a language of their own.

* * *

Delegate Rodey of New Mexico tells a good story on one of his constituents. As is well known, a considerable portion of the population of New Mexico is made up of Mexicans who have acquired a domicile in this country. One of these is a prominent man who, although he is unable to speak English, takes considerable interest in politics and matters generally. It so happened that Rodey and his constituent met in a small New Mexican town one evening, and, upon seeing an advertisement that there would be a biograph exposition at the town hall, Rodey invited his friend to attend. The hall was crowded when they arrived, and several pictures had been shown, when the operator of the machine threw upon the canvas a picture of a rapidly moving Empire State express. The two were standing in the center aisle. The train began to move, and was seen at a distance; but when it approached nearer and nearer, and its flight seemed so realistic, the constituent uttered a shriek and, grabbing Rodey by the arm, threw him violently across the broad aisle into the crowd, at the same time rushing for a window. But for the presence of mind of several men standing by, the constituent would have jumped out of the window in his endeavor to get out of the way of the approaching train. Afterward the Mexican friend, in referring to the episode, amid the jibes of his friends, said, "You Americans are the worst fools I ever saw." ARTHUR W. DUNN.

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