SPLIT ON SECTIONS.

How the Democratic Party Was Shattered in 1860.

A REPETITION AT CHICAGO.

Again the South Drives the East Into the Republican Party—The Quarrel at Charleston.

(Copyright, 1896.)

Thirty-six years ago the Democratic party split on sectional lines on collateral issues of the great slavery question.

Every effort was made by both sides to bring about a compromise on which Northern and Southern Democrats could stand, but without avail.

It took the Democratic party a quarter of a century to recover from the effects of that division, and the wonder is that it recovered at all.

Today the Democracy confronts an issue on which sectional lines are drawn quite as plainly—the question of the standard of currency. The Chicago convention declared for the free and unlimited coinage of silver by the United States irrespective of the attitude of the other nations of the world. The delegates from the East favored the maintenance of the existing gold standard and will vote for McKinley.

The Republican party is already divided, though the division is not so serious as the threatened division of the Democratic party would be. The number of states which through their delegates to the St. Louis convention went out of the Republican party is not great. Judged by the action of the St. Louis convention, only a small part of the Republican party is in favor of the free coinage of silver. That part is not represented by any one in authority except three members of the United States senate. On the other hand, the Democratic party, which is in power at Washington City, find its majority in national convention diametrically opposed to the policy of the leaders it elected four years ago. Less than a year ago so certain were the gold or "sound money" men that they would control the convention that the only candidates seriously discussed were "sound money" men, and chief among these was W. R. Morrison, of Illinois.

Not all the Eastern members of the Democratic party are for "sound money," as not all of its Western and Southern members are for silver. Not all of the Southern delegates to the famous Charleston convention of 1860 walked out of the convention hall; not all of the Northern delegates sustained the platform and the report of the committee on credentials—two wedges which split the Democratic party in half at the adjourned meeting of the convention in Baltimore and put two hopeless Democratic tickets in the field against Lincoln and Hamlin.

Until the Charleston convention of 1860 the Democracy had fought over principles often, but the will of the majority had been accepted when the record was made. It had fought over men quadrennially, but when the two-thirds vote of the convention named the party candidate all the delegates in the convention acquiesced in the verdict. The split in the convention of 1860 was the first step toward the condition which resulted in the secession of the Southern states and inaugurated the long-continued civil war. There is a belief in the minds of some historians that the discord in the Charleston convention was the result and not the cause of the desire for secession; that the troubles of that convention were inspired by Southern men who wanted an excuse for taking their states out of the Union. Mr. Blaine did not believe in this. He thought the differences in the convention were unavoidable and the results inevitable.

The conflict in and out of congress over the right of the territorial legislatures or of congress to prohibit slavery in the territories had created a restless condition in the South, and in the winter of 1859-60 an outbreak seemed imminent. It was for this reason a Southern city was chosen as the meeting place of the convention. The Southern Democrats were arrayed against the Northern Democrats, and the belief was general that a Northern candidate nominated in a Northern city on a platform embodying the ideas of the Democrats of the North could not command the support of the Southern states. The convention was given to Charleston in a conciliatory spirit. It was the first great national convention held south of Baltimore, which for many years and, in fact, until 1892, had been the great convention city. In 1856 the Democrats had met at Cincinnati and there had adopted a platform which became one of the bones of contention at Charleston four years later.

The Cincinnati platform declared against the renewal, in congress or out, of the slavery question, and more distinctly to meet the issue, declared that it repudiated "all sectional parties and platforms concerning domestic slavery which seek to embroil the states and incite to treason and armed resistance to law in the territories and whose avowed purpose, if consummated, must end in civil war and disunion." It recognized and adopted "the principles contained in the organic laws establishing the territories of Nebraska and Kansas as embodying the only sound and safe solution of the slavery question upon which the great national idea of the people of this whole country can repose in its determined conservation of the Union and non-interference of congress with slavery in the territories or in the District of Columbia." It held that this was the basis of the compromises of 1850, ratified by the people in the election of 1852 and rightly applied to the organization of the territories in 1854. It held "that by the uniform application of the Democratic principle to the organization of territories and the admission of new states with or without domestic slavery, as they may elect, the equal rights of all the states will be preserved intact, the original compacts of the constitution maintained inviolate and the perpetuity and expansion of the Union insured to its utmost capacity of embracing in peace and harmony every future American state that may be constituted or annexed with a republican form of government." It declared the right of the territories to form constitutions and be admitted to the Union when their inhabitants justified, "with or without domestic slavery."

This was the platform which many of the delegates to the Charleston convention wanted to affirm without modification. But this platform was like most of the declarations of the Republican and Democratic parties on the currency question of recent years. It was ambiguous, and each section gave it a different interpretation. The Southern delegates went to Charleston with the avowed determination of having an unmistakable slavery plank put in the platform.

The Charleston convention began with a vigorous, rancorous contest over seats. New York and Illinois sent two full delegations each, and in the preliminary organization the seats from each of these states were given to the delegations which were understood to favor the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas. Douglas was the idol of the Northern Democracy—almost as much an idol as James G. Blaine was in the Republican party afterward. The Northern Democrats went to Charleston with the avowed intention of nominating him, and the action of the convention in seating the Douglas delegations from New York and Illinois gave plain indication that his friends were in the majority. It was plain, too, that the vote on credentials determined what the platform would be, for Douglas would not run on a platform representing the views of the Southern delegates, and the convention early determined to make the platform before naming the candidate.

It was Lincoln who made Douglas impossible as a candidate of the South. He asked him a question in joint debate which pinned him to a slavery policy obnoxious to the South. Before asking it Lincoln said he was about to put Douglas on record, so that if he answered one way he lost the senatorship from Illinois and if he answered it the other way he lost the presidency. Lincoln's sagacity was made evident by the issue. Douglas lost the presidency and gained a seat in the senate.

Though they were almost hopeless of combating the determination of the North to make a platform on which their candidate could run, the Southerners succeeded in making Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, one of their sympathizers, permanent chairman and in manipulating the appointment of members of the committee on resolutions in such a way that they controlled the committee.

Mr. Ayer, of South Carolina, reported the platform agreed upon by a majority of the committee. Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, presented a minority report for the Northern delegates, and Ben Butler, of Massachusetts, and James A. Bayard, of Delaware, presented other resolutions. The Avery platform affirmed the Cincinnati platform of 1856, with the addition of five resolutions, the first of which declared: "That the national Democracy of the United States hold these cardinal principles on the subject of slavery in the territories: First, that congress has no right to abolish slavery in the territories; second, that the territorial legislature has no right to abolish slavery in the territories nor to prohibit the introduction of slaves therein, nor any power to destroy or impair the right of property in slaves by any legislation whatever." The second resolution declared legislation by state legislatures to defeat the fugitive slave law unconstitutional and revolutionary. The other resolutions did not apply to the slavery question.

Mr. Payne's report, which was signed by all the free states except California, Oregon and Massachusetts, reaffirmed the Cincinnati platform, declared that all rights of property are judicial in character and that the Democracy pledge themselves to defer to the decision of the supreme court upon the subject, and declared state resistance to the fugitive slave law revolutionary and unconstitutional.

Gen. Butler's platform reaffirmed the Cincinnati platform on the subject of slavery.

Mr. Bayard's platform was designed to reach the same result as the majority report, but in different language.

After fierce debate the platform was recommitted to the committee on resolutions, but a motion to instruct that committee to report a compromise presented by Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, was lost.

The majority reported on the same day a new platform, reaffirming the Cincinnati platform, declaring territorial governments provisional and denying the right of congress or the territorial legislature to interfere with the personal or property rights of citizens settling in the territories; also declaring the right of a territory to be admitted to the union under proper conditions "whether its constitution prohibits or recognizes the institution of slavery."

In support of this platform Mr. Avery denied the interpretation of the Cincinnati platform asserted by the Northern delegates, denied that it was a popular sovereignty platform and declared that this principle, which had been affirmed by Douglas in his public speeches, was one to which the South could not subscribe.

Mr. Payne, in reply to Mr. Avery, quoted from speeches made in congress by Southern statesmen to prove that the Northern interpretation of the Cincinnati platform was accepted in the South between 1856 and 1860.

All that day the dispute continued. The free state men knew they controlled the convention, and they wanted a vote. The minority succeeded in postponing it to the second following day, Monday.

On Monday, the 30th of April, the convention voted on the platform. First the Butler substitute affirming the Cincinnati platform with one added resolution—for the protection of American citizens abroad—was rejected—198 to 105.

Then a platform on which the free states had agreed and which was presented by Mr. Samuels, of Iowa, was adopted—165 to 138.

This platform, which then became the voice of the convention, affirmed the platform of 1856 and declared further that the Democrats party would abide by the decisions of the supreme court on the questions of constitutional law in the matter of territoral jurisdiction over the slave question. There were other resolutions relating to other subjects; no other expression or interpretation of the party's attitude on the slave question.

When this platform had been adopted, the Alabama delegation presented a written protest and withdrew in a body. The Mississippi, South Carolina, Florida and Texas delegations, part of the Arkansas delegation and two members of the Delaware delegation also withdrew, and the convention adjourned.

On the following day most of the delegates from Georgia, three of the Arkansas delegates and the Louisiana delegation withdrew. There were left two delegates from Delaware, one from Arkansas and one from Georgia.

On that day, having determined to apply the customary two-thirds rule in the nomination of a candidate, the convention began balloting. After fifty-seven ballots, in which Douglas received 145½ at the beginning, 152½ subsequently and 151½ at the end, on the 3d of May the convention adjourned to meet again in Baltimore on the 18th of June.

In adjourning it invited the states represented by the seceders to send other delegates to take their places. This motion was made by Mr. Russell, the leader of the Virginia delegation.

Meantime the seceders held a meeting and adopted a platform in accordance with the Southern idea of slavery in the territories, after which they adjourned to meet in Richmond on the second Monday in June. The seceders met and adjourned from time to time at Richmond, but finally indorsed candidates who had been nominated by bolters from the Baltimore convention.

Before the adjournment at Charleston the remaining delegates from Arkansas and Georgia had withdrawn from the convention hall, and when the Baltimore convention met eight states were not named in the call of the roll—South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and Texas. Delegates from those states presented themselves with credentials, and Sanford E. Church, of New York, offered a resolution referring their credentials to the committee on credentials, "understanding, however, that every person accepting a seat in this convention is bound in honor and good faith to abide by the action of this convention and support its nomination." On this he called for the previous question, and it was on an appeal made by the Virginia delegation for the withdrawal of this call that Mr. Russell said, "If we are to be constrained to silence, I beg, gentlemen, to consider the silence of Virginia as somewhat ominous."

There were mingled cheers and hisses, but it was evident from this moment that the convention was on the point of dissolution, and the developments of subsequent days were not unexpected. The delegates from the Southern states which had not withdrawn at Charleston had stayed in the convention only in the hope that some compromise could be reached which would reconcile the Northern and Southern wings of the Democracy and make it possible for them to flap together. But that they could flap over the portrait of Stephen A. Douglas was a manifest impossibility, and very early it developed that the Northern Democrats were as much intent on nominating the Illinois man as they had been at Charleston. In fact, it was charged by a Southern delegate with some bitterness that the Democracy was being sacrificed to one man.

The previous question was not ordered on Mr. Church's motion. The majority showed a disposition to placate the dissatisfied delegates. On the following day, after debate in which Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, opposed the proposition of Mr. Church to make a condition precedent to the admission of the delegates from the states which had seceded at Charleston, the previous question was ordered. On the next day a vote was taken on the reference of the credentials, but before it was taken the counsel of Mr. Randall prevailed, and the condition attached to it was withdrawn by Mr. Church.

No business was transacted until the 21st of June, when the committee on credentials made its report on the contested seats. There was a minority report almost diametrically opposite to the majority report, which was signed by the committeemen from Oregon, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, California, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky, and other minority reports by the committeemen from New Hampshire and Maryland.

The report of the minority was rejected—150 to 100½—and on the report of the majority being adopted Mr. Russell, of Virginia, announced that his delegation would withdraw. This was followed by the withdrawal of Tennessee, North Carolina, a part of the Maryland delegation, California, Delaware, a part of Kentucky and two delegates from Missouri. Mr. Cushing left the chair, which was assumed by Gov. Todd, of Ohio, and later, when a vote was being taken on the question of proceeding to the nomination of candidates, a part of the Massachusetts delegation withdrew. Notwithstanding this, the chairman of the Massachusetts delegation cast the full vote of that state for Douglas. On the second ballot Douglas received 181½ votes and was declared the nominee of the convention. But the vote he received was not two-thirds of a full convention vote, and it was necessary to adopt a resolution declaring him nominated by two-thirds of those present. He had received all but thirteen of the votes cast, but more than one-third of the delegates had withdrawn, and it was impossible that he should receive two-thirds of a full vote, as required by the rule adopted in Charleston.

Benjamin Fitzpatrick was named for vice president. He withdrew from the ticket, and the name of Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, was substituted.

The delegates who withdrew from the convention met on the 28th of June, all the states being represented except Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Wisconsin. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was named unanimously for president, and Gen. Joseph Lane, of Oregon, for vice president.

Thus divided the Democratic party was beaten in the election of 1860 and the first Republican president was inaugurated at Washington City on the 4th of March, 1861. The civil war, the emancipation of the slaves and the assassination of Lincoln in his second term followed.

The whole face of our internal affairs was changed by the refusal of the Democrats of the North to give up their candidate for one whose views on the question of slavery were less extreme and by the refusal of the South to accept anything less than a plain exposition of their views on the question of popular sovereignty.

The Democracy of the South refused to straddle in 1860, as the party had done in 1856.

The Democracy of the North declined to put up an ambiguous candidate, as it had been willing to do four years before.

The two sections separated, and the party was weakened so that the Republicans elected their candidate for the presidency and gained a control of the government which was not broken for twenty-four years.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

Suits Everybody.

People are beginning to patronize home industries more and more as they realize that by so doing they are really looking after their own interests by keeping money at home. The local demand for F. B. Co. hams, bacon and lard is growing wonderfully. These brands are really selling on their own merits. The uniform high quality and superiority over Eastern brands is so noticeable that the F. B. Co. hams, bacon and lard are not only sold extensively in Seattle, but their sale is being extended to all parts of the coast.

"The Countess of Squeezems rides a solid gold wheel." "That's nothing. I ride a diamond frame."

SOCIAL EFFECT OF BICYCLING.

Increases the Round of Pleasures—Knocks Out Rooted Customs.

London Spectator.

The skilled cyclist who has developed the proper muscle, and has got rid of the sense of fatigue which haunts the beginner, just as it haunts and daunts the man who is learning to swim, can keep on his bicycle all day, and if his frame is not shaken by a fall, or his temper tried by the pricking of those infernal tires, he will return in the evening with his nerves in perfect order and his limbs as little tired as if he had been strolling for the same time up and down a terrace or a lawn. This means that he can choose friends or do business within half a county, instead of within two villages, and that his powers of locomotion at will are multiplied at least five-fold, or in the case of the really skilled and healthy, eight or tenfold. That is a new freedom, a great multiplication of power for men, and especially for women, who, we notice, enjoy it much more than men do, and contrive somehow to avoid the look of care which is the special mark of the bicyclist; and we shall be curious to note, when time has been given for the change to operate fully, what its precise effects are. They will not all be good.

They will probably increase the general happiness, for let the cynics say what they like, friendship is a great sweetener of life, and pleasant conversation one of the few really enjoyable occupations, but they will impair neighborliness, which rests in a degree we none of us like to formulate upon the sense that we must not quarrel with, or avoid, or even sharply criticise, those among whom it is our lot to live.

The constant habit of the bicycle dissipates the mind just as constant immersion in society does, and for the same reason—it renders reflection less frequent and less enjoyable. Why think when you can reach a pleasant circle five miles off in half an hour, and with no perceptible fatigue? Let those who doubt that this effect will be produced in the country note the curious increase the cycle is causing in the habit of meeting at lunch, and, indeed, in the substitution of lunch for dinner. You can not bicycle back on a dark night with your wife or sister in full dress, but you can lunch at 2 o'clock any cycle back in the cool of the evening with great enjoyment and no danger.

Cycling, in fact, will increase the scattering and movability of country society, to the increase of its pleasures and the loss of much of its steadfastness and quiet. The ancient "rootedness" of the country sides will be greatly diminished, and we are old-fashioned enough to believe that in that quality was much not only of charm but of utility.

Improvement of the Driving Chain.

New York Sun.

A large share of the attention of cycle investors is now directed toward the improvement of driving chains. In the cheaper grades of wheels particularly, which are now turned out in such great numbers, the chains are seldom of the carefully constructed sort that is necessary to a high grade bicycle. As a consequence, complaints are frequently heard about the wearing and stretching of the chains. The most nearly perfect chain that has ever been constructed will stretch to some extent—after a few days' use, but if the trouble is experienced with the chain after a month's use it is certain that the chain has not properly hardened links and rivets. It cannot be denied that many poor chains are placed upon supposedly high grade bicycles, and such is more apt to be the case so long as the demand for bicycles continues to be so active. With the chains of the majority of high grade bicycles little or no trouble is experienced after they have once been properly stretched. It is the complaints of the riders of cheaper wheels that have started inventors on a hunt for the perfect chain. A recently patented chain has created considerable favorable comment in the trade. In this chain the pins are slotted on three sides to form a neck. The side plates are shaped to fit the neck of the pin and have an enlargement at the center of the slot large enough to allow the pin to pass through. The narrow portion of the slot is just wide enough to receive the neck of the pin. It is said that the heads of the pins hold them tightly in place and the parallel sides of the neck prevent any rotation in the side plates. The blocks are of the usual pattern. The parts being interchangeable, it is possible for the rider to repair a break in the chain with simple tools if he is provident enough to carry an extra link in the tool bag. The chief point claimed for the chain is that it may be adjusted without the usual bother with the rear wheel chain-adjusting devices. It is said that the chain may be tightened by turning each pin in the chain through a half circle. As it is evident that the turning of every pin would shorten the chain too much it is necessary to turn only a few pins at regular intervals.

The World Awheel.

Charles D. Lanier in Review of Reviews.

It would be weak to heap bicycle statistics on the heads of readers who have each day a procession of evidence on every smoothly paved street that the world is awheel. It is literally true that the burden of proof is on every man, woman and child to show what physical or financial disability prevents him or her from owning and using a bicycle, and the conventional subject of the weather has been totally cashiered in favor of comparative bicycle notes. The bicycle and its advantages present every opportunity for universality of interest. One does not have to be an athlete to ride a bicycle, but can partake on a wheel of the delights usually restricted to athletes; after the initial cost, the wheel is marvelously inexpensive, even without counting on the credit side the gains to health; above all, it can be used with charming results at a moment's notice if one have only a half-hour between the closing of the office and dinner, and is at home alike on the city street and the country road.

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Mounted her wheel and rode away.

Beneath her blue cap glowed a wealth
Of large red freckles and first-rate health.

Singing, she rode, and her merry glee
Frightened the sparrow from his tree.

But when she was several miles from town,
Upon the hill-slope, coasting down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a sort of terror filled her breast—

A fear she hardly dared to own,
For what if her wheel should strike a stone!

The Judge scorched swiftly down the road—
Just then she heard his tire explode!

He carried his wheel into the shade
Of the apple trees, to await the maid.

And he asked her if she would kindly loan
Her pump to him, as he'd lost his own.

She left her wheel with a sprightly jump,
And in less than a jiffy produced her pump.

And she blushed as she gave it, looking down
At her feet, once hid by a trailing gown.

Then said the Judge, as he pumped away,
"'Tis very fine weather we're having today."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees;
Of tweny-mile runs and centuries;

And Maud forgot that no trailing gown
Was over her bloomers hanging down.

But the tire was fixed, alack-a-day!
The Judge remounted and rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed, "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"My father should have a brand-new wheel
Of the costliest make and finest steel.

"And I'd give one to ma of the same design,
So that she'd cease to borrow mine."

The Judge looked back, as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A prettier face and a form more fair
I've seldom gazed at, I declare!

"Would she were mine, and I today
Could make her put those bloomers away!"

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And shuddered to think how they would scold

If he should, one of these afternoons,
Come home with a bride in pantaloons!

He married a wife of richest dower,
Who had never succumbed to the bloomers' power;

Yet, oft while watching the smoke wreaths curl,
He thought of that freckled bloomer girl;

Of the way she stood there, pigeon-toed,
While he was pumping beside the road.

She married a man who clerked in a store,
And many children played round her door.

And then her bloomers brought her joy!
She cut them down for her oldest boy.

But still of the Judge she often thought,
And sighed o'er the loss that her bloomers wrought,

Or wondered if wearing them was a sin,
And then confessed: "It might have been."

Alas for the Judge! Alas for the maid!
Dreams were their only stock in trade.

For of all wise words of tongue or pen,
The wisest are these: "Leave pants for men!"

Ah, well! For us all hope still remains—
For the bloomer girl and the man of brains,

And, in the hereafter, bloomers may
Be not allowed to block the way!

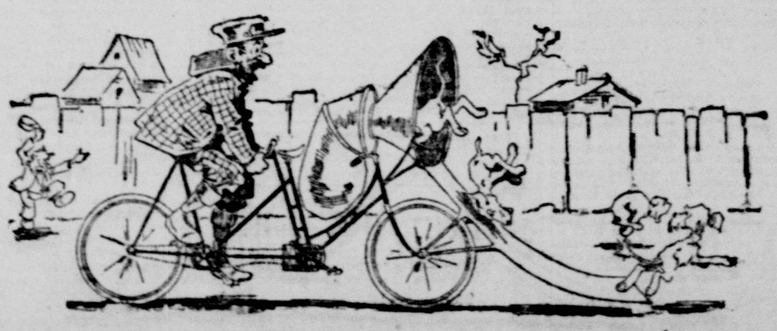
—Buffalo Commercial.

Races at Chehalis.

The Northern Pacific have made a rate of $4.15 Seattle to Chehalis and return, account of horse races to be held at Chehalis, July 15th to July 18th, inclusive. Tickets good to return on or before the 19th.

First Regiment Band Leschi Park this afternoon.

THE LATEST BICYCLE ATTACHMENT FOR DOG CATCHING, PATENT APPLIED FOR.



PUBLIC MEN ON BIKES.

Speaker Thomas B. Reed as a Heavy Weight Champion.

DEPEW A WHEEL ENTHUSIAST.

Cornelius Vanderbilt Has Wheels for His Guests, and Only Grooms Use Horses.

New York Tribune.

Wheeling, in its gradual, insistent growth, has caught in its meshes all classes and conditions. There is a much-quoted saying that "Death loves a shining mark," and it is equally true that "the wheel loves a shining mark." From the boy who works during vacation to earn money to buy a wheel to the millionaire who rides for health and recreation there is no intermediate class that is proof against the seduction of the bicycle. Nothing attests its popularity more than the fact that men of affairs, statesmen, financiers, merchants and others whose every moment of time is in demand have taken to the exercise, and allow important business to wait while they clamber aboard a "silent steed" and go pedaling away. Age, looks, weight and influence mean nothing to the bicycle. All are equal when astride a wheel, and a more democratic lot than bicyclists it would be hard to find.

One of the most important subjects in connection with cycling last winter was a bill at Albany known as the Armstrong bill. This provided that a bicycle should be carried in the state by all railroads running through it free of charge. Every wheelman knows how bitterly the bill was opposed at Albany by Chauncey M. Depew and other officials of the New York Central road. Mr. Depew's antagonism of the measure led many cyclists to believe that he was not at all in sympathy with the sport. Perhaps some surprise will be manifested when it is said that Mr. Depew is an enthusiast so far as the sport goes, and is a member of the Michaux Club. Mr. Depew's antipathy to the Armstrong bill was based upon the ground that it would make more work without adequate return for his railroad. He did not oppose the bill through any enmity for the sport. When the bill was finally passed he leaned back in his chair in the Grand Central station and said in a voice that was far from bitter:

"Well, we railroad men have been beaten, but we cyclists are on top. I was bound to be disappointed or glad either way, and so I am happy."

Mr. Depew lives in West Fifty-fourth street. At the Fifth avenue corner, near his home, is the large lot made vacant by the removal of the St. Luke's hospital. When the shades of night have fallen, and the crowds have thinned out, a little coterie of wheelers may be seen circling around this corner, and if you watch closely you may recognize Mr. Depew astride a wheel, accompanied by several members of his household. He says that he hasn't become proficient enough yet to risk it in the broad glare of day where the public can see him.

His Horses Neglected.

At the magnificent Newport residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt, The Breakers, one of the best equipped private stables in the country is maintained. While there are enough horses in the stable to supply a cavalry company, yet the horses are so seldom used that the men in charge have to take them out daily attached to light wagons to give them the proper amount of exercise. If a reason for this neglect were to be asked, perhaps a light, airy room in the stable would explain it. In this room a number of bicycles of standard make are always on hand. There is no member of Mr. Vanderbilt's family that is not more or less addicted to the sport, and so popular has it become that a number of wheels are kept for the use of guests in just the same manner that in other days riding horses were provided for them.

Some time ago a little whirl of disapproval went over the country as the result of an interview which was credited to ex-President Harrison. In this interview the ex-president was quoted as making some rather acid remarks about women riding wheels, and about bicyclists generally. The general later disavowed the authenticity of the interview, and if any proof was needed that he did not give it a little incident that took place in Central park not long ago would be satisfactory. Before Gen. Harrison married Mrs. Dimmick, and in fact before his engagement was announced, he used to spend a great deal of his time in New York. It was whispered that he was here upon grave political business. At that time Mrs. McKee and her son, familiarly known as "Little Ben" and "Baby McKee," were staying at the Netherland hotel. "Little Ben" has grown to be an active youngster now, and there is between himself and his grandfather the most cordial friendship. They are more like comrades than anything else. The ex-president used to come into the Fifth Avenue hotel with "Little Ben" tagging at his heels, and they would be chatting and laughing like two schoolboys.

Now nowhere in this broad land is there a more ardent cyclist than this same "Little Ben." Early in the morning, when staying at the Netherland, he would get up, and, taking his wheel, start for a spin through the park. The ex-president frequently used to leave his hotel early in the day and walk from Twenty-third street to Fifty-ninth street, and join his daughter at breakfast at the Netherland. After breakfast he would continue his constitutional by joining "Little Ben," and walking beside him as the boy leisurely wheeled through the park. It was upon one of these excursions that "Little Ben" suggested that his grandfather ride the wheel. The ex-president wasn't enough of an enthusiast for that, but the youngster persisted. As it was early morning, and the park there was practically deserted, the ex-president consented. He clambered on the wheel, and trundled along under "Little Ben's" sturdy guidance, and he made good headway upon his first lesson. He reported progress when he told his family about it, and his son Russell, in commenting upon the occurrence, said that as far as he knew it was the first time in the history of the country that a who had occupied the chair of president of the United States had ridden a wheel. The ex-president laughed heartily over the affair, but he has not yielded to "Little Ben's" urgent appeal that he get a wheel and come to ride with him.

Senator Elkin's Story.

Last summer a telegram was printed in an evening paper in this city, which declared that Senator Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, while riding a wheel along the mountainous roads near his home in West Virginia, had fallen and was seriously hurt. It was further said that Mr. Elkins was coming to New York as fast as a special train could carry him in search of medical assistance. The same day Mr. Elkins was found in New York in the best of health, and, ignorant of all the details of his hair-breadth escape. That evening he was seated in the cafe of the Holland house with a number of friends, and the talk drifted around to wheeling. Mr. Elkin's alleged mishap had been pretty thoroughly aired, and he had received a number of inquiries concerning it. In the party were several men who rode the wheel, and they spent the evening regaling the senator with stories about accidents that had happened to wheelmen, and what dangers were involved in the sport. The senator listened attentively, and, as he listened, the feeling vaguely crept over him that he was being chaffed. He rode a wheel himself, although he did not make it a regular practice, and he knew something about the "critter." The stories grew and the dangers multiplied. There was not a man in the party who did not have some thrilling story to tell of his encounters. The senator is a wag, but he doesn't like to have it laid on too thick, and so, after a particularly thrilling story, he leaned back in his chair, and said in a reminiscent way:

"The most exciting experience I ever had with a wheel happened down there at my place in West Virginia. It was when I first got my wheel, and was not as much of an adept as I am now. When the wheel came to my place, I examined it attentively and it appeared all right. It took me two or three weeks to master the intricacies of the system, but finally I did and became an expert. I used to get out two or three times a week and take a ride around the hills down there, and I will remark here that hill climbing is pretty hard. The roads are good, but the hills are steep, and after one climbs a long hill on his wheel he feels like taking a well-earned rest. My favorite ride was up a long hill running directly from the house, then through a long level stretch and back. When I reached the top of the incline on the back trip I was always pretty tired, and I would gather myself up and coast. Now I am a pretty heavy load, as you will admit." Here the senator stepped and glanced at his 200 pounds odd of avoirdupois, and then continued: "When I got my limbs astride the handle bars and started to coast, it was a hard matter to get them back again."

An Exciting Moment.

Here the senator stopped, and his hearers, with the picture of him with his legs across the handle bars preparing for a long coast in their mind's eye, were naturally deeply interested. The senator went on: "You all know where my house stands down there. It looks out over a cliff that sheers off down the mountain side for several hundred feet. The road I used to coast down turned gradually and wound up straight at this sheer leap of about 500 feet. I never thought of this until the time that I am telling you about. I had trundled slowly along the path, and came back ready for the three-quarter of a mile coast down to the house. I gathered myself up and started off gradually. I grasped the brake firmly, and was enjoying the exhilaration of movement, and the strong breeze. I was slowly gaining momentum, and soon became cognizant of the fact that I was going too swiftly. I pressed upon the brake. Imagine my horror when it suddenly snapped, and the machine, like a monster released from bondage, sprang away like a dart in its mad flight down the mountain side. I dared not move for fear I would upset, and to upset at that rate of speed looked pretty much like a broken neck.

"I remained glued with horror, and the machine swayed and bounded and leaped ahead. I closed my eyes and tried to think. I didn't dare to turn aside, for a collision with anything with my weight meant serious consequences. Each second I gained in momentum, and thoughts flashed like lightning through my brain. I saw the house in the distance—and then for the first time I thought of the terminus of the road and that sheer jump of 500 feet. It made the cold sweat break out on me. All I could do was to hold my breath and wait. I could see myself all in a mangled mass at the bottom of the ravine. Then my house flashed past and I was on the last 500 yards of the stretch. On I fled, and I saw the gulf yawning in front of me. There was no way to avoid it. I tried to shout, but couldn't make a sound. Nearer and nearer came the chasm, and then I shut my eyes and gave it up. I was going like lightning, and there was the cliff in front of me, and nothing to stop me." Here the senator stopped and gazed in horror at those around him.

"That was awful!" said one of the group. "What happened? What saved you?" The last question was asked in a whisper.

"What saved me?" said Senator Elkins with contempt in his voice. "What saved me? Nothing. I went over the cliff and was fatally injured. Didn't you see the evening papers?" Then he arose and walked away, and the little group stared stupidly after him. "They will tell me fairy stories, will they?" said the senator grimly. Now there is a coolness between the senator and a certain number of his friends.

Joseph Cannon, better known as "Joe" Cannon to those persons in Illinois for whom he acts as a representative in congress, has a bicycle, and Mr. Cannon is now the butt of all kinds of jokes. At one time Mr. Cannon thought he would contest the speakership with Mr. Reed, but then he decided that he wouldn't. He used to come to the capitol every forenoon in a buggy, and always acted as driver himself. There is on Pennsylvania avenue a watering-trough, where Mr. Cannon used to stop on every trip upon and down the avenue to water his horse. Recently he has been riding to and from congress on his wheel. The other day, according to authoritative report, Mr. Cannon wheeled slowly down Pennsylvania avenue engrossed deeply in thought. Some weighty matter was worrying him, and he was going along at a slow pace. In due course Mr. Cannon reached this watering-trough. With a fidelity to custom that was touching under the circumstances, he slowly turned to the trough and rode up to it. Then he stopped, and, as the result of a natural law, when the wheel ceases to be in motion it tilts over to one side or the other. This was no exception to the rule, and Mr. Cannon was unceremoniously tumbled off. He started and looked around. Then he realized that he had been trying to water his bicycle. He shamefacedly mounted his wheel again and started away. The joke get out, and now Mr. Cannon's life is a burden.

To Congressman Cannon is accredited a joke which will appeal to those who have gone through the troubles incident upon learning how to ride a wheel. Shortly after Mr. Cannon secured his wheel, and while he was still in the throes of novitiate, some one asked him how he was progressing. He replied wearily, with a wan smile of triumph:

"I am getting along first rate. I am able to sit up and spit down, and I hope soon to be able to take off my hat and bow."

Speaker Reed in the Swim.

Thomas B. Reed, presidential candidate, was a pioneer in congress as far as riding a wheel goes. Mr. Reed, who is one of the largest men in the house, took to bicycling last summer to reduce his weight. He was a familiar sight in the neighborhood of his home in Maine astride his wheel. He has now taken the wheel to Washington City, and clings to that form of exercise. When in New York last summer he secured a wheel and frequently rode in the neighborhood of Forty-ninth street, where he was staying with a friend. One bicycle firm has a poster liberally distributed around the city showing the picture of a man who says he is the heaviest rider of a wheel in the country. The poster shows the man astride a wheel made by this firm. Mr. Reed came across one of these posters and he managed to secure it. He carried it into congress, and while he has become remarkably reticent since he entered the field for presidential honors, yet he loves a joke still, and he could not overlook this opportunity. He called John Dalzell and other personal friends aside, and asked them if they had seen his latest picture. They replied that they had not, and Mr. Reed flashed this poster. Mr. Reed says that the man whose picture is given may be a heavyweight, but he is willing to measure pounds with him.

The New York delegation in congress has several riders of the wheel in its ranks. Messrs. Sherman, Odell and Hooker are the most prominent. Mr. Odell, who is a candidate for governor, has been taking lessons in wheeling, and his colleagues in congress chaff him because they say that he is after the L. A. W. vote in New York state, which demonstrated its strength in passing the Armstrong bill. Mr. Hooker takes it seriously as exercise, and Mr. Sherman is not yet sure whether he likes it or not. Mr. Sherman has been glorified in prose and verse for his adventures on a wheel. His most recent escapade was trying to ride directly through a stone wall. He was badly bruised and a suit of clothes was ruined, but despite this he sticks to the wheel with a devotion born of love of the sport.

All over the country the sport is spreading and its hold upon the public men of the country may be manifested by a statement made by ex-Congressman Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland. Mr. Johnson is the great single tax advocate. When somebody asked him the other day if single tax was still his pet hobby he replied: "I believe first in the bicycle, and after that in single tax."

Do You Want MANHOOD?

A STRONG MAN who is vigorous in muscular power is the envy of his fellow-man. He is looked upon as one of nature's noblemen. And yet how many men there are who would gladly sacrifice that muscular strength for the recovery of a still more precious element that has been lost. Men are not always what they seem. Almost daily we come in conversation with men who seem strong, vigorous, but who have begun to fail in the force of manhood, and who would, in a few years, on account of this treacherous, secret waste, fall victims to that most hateful disease—Nervous Debility. This is the enemy which in time destroys even the muscular power and all power of mankind.

Would you protect yourself against any possibility of this calamity? Ignorance of the symptoms is no excuse for permitting the weakness to grow on you. If you would study this subject for your own good send for the little book, "Three Classes of Men," which will be mailed free, closely sealed. It is plain and honest, and its contents are instructive.

"Your Belt has proven a wonderful remedy for toning up the vital organs in my case," writes W. D. Allen, Vallecito, Cal.

"I was prostrated with paralysis when I got your Belt. I am already able to walk without crutches." J. M. Hamer, Vinson, Or.

"I feel like a new man since wearing the Belt, and can give it a strong recommendation." Herbert F. Bishop, Hanford, Cal.

"I owe my present existence to your wonderful invention," writes J. W. Nunes, Niles, Alameda county, Cal.

"I have tried many remedies, but your Belt is the greatest gift to humanity ever invented." Charles Smith, Tualatin, Or.

"Your Belt was worth its weight in gold to me." Robert Kittles, East Sound, San Juan County, Wash.

"Your Belt has cured me of sciatica." Asa A. Moore, Milton, Or.

"I have energy and vigor again, and can enjoy life as well as anybody." Charles B. Kushler, 23 North Sutter street, Stockton, Cal.

"Your Belt has proven to be above all other remedies for lost manhood. I would not sell it for twice what I gave for it. I have gained ten pounds in flesh." J. F. Luman, Quincy, Cal.

Think of the happiness, the deep, heart-whole content that settles upon your mind when you say to yourself, "I am strong and manly; I have preserved the gift of manhood that nature gave me." Yes, you who can say that, and say it honestly, think of how much you owe to nature, the giver of manhood. Yet not many can say it. There are too many pitfalls, too many temptations, in the path of young men, and too many of them fall.

It is to correct the error of youthful folly, and to point out the happy recovery of manly vigor by his wonderful Electric Belt, that Dr. Sanden has given to the world his famous book "Three Classes of Men." He will send a pocket edition, free, sealed, to any sufferer, or to any man who does not feel himself a man. Get it. Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt cures weak men. Address

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,
Corner of Third and Washington Sts., Portland Or.