

"Success to Crime" in the Innocent Bystanders Club

Hilarity Overrides Decorum on New Year's Eve, but It Was All a Mistake, the Members Say, Due to Stranger Whose Tastes Do Not Run to Dignity and Plain Lemonade

By ESDY YEMM.

THE New Year's eve meeting of the Innocent Bystanders Club was not a success. Certain members left the club rooms early the next morning singing and dancing in a way which seemed remarkable for their years, but others of the members contended that their hilarity was all a mistake.

The mistake, so far as can be learned, consisted in allowing Wilbert Rogers to bring a complete stranger with him to the festivities, a large, self-confident sort of person, who startled all the members by slapping them on the back as soon as he came in.

The entertainment as originally planned was to consist of a light supper, avoiding all the customary holiday gorging indulged in by unthinking persons; to be followed by a series of brief talks on subjects appropriate to the new year by members of the club, after which general conversation was to be indulged in until the stroke of midnight. The members would then shake hands all around, wish one another a happy New Year and go home in their usual dignified way.

This schedule was strictly adhered to so far as the light supper was concerned. Wilbert Rogers's friend was overheard to ask one of the waiters in an undertone if he knew why the club had pledged itself to go on a hunger strike, and on being answered with a startled look he lapsed into a gloomy silence.

He roused up only after supper, when Tolliver Perkins, chairman of the house committee, announced that as a pleasant

it upon the serving table. "On your way, boys!" he cried, jocularly. "I'll take charge of this. Now, gentlemen, come forward and meet the handsome waiter!"

The club members advanced with due decorum and each was served with a glass of the mixture by the Jones individual, who kept up a running fire of cheap witticisms as he ladled it out. When all were served he filled his own glass.

"Success to crime!" he announced. The members smiled as in duty bound to a guest, though they were slightly nettled by the fellow's familiarity, and lifted their glasses to Perkins. Swallowing the punch in sips, they

"During coming year," he said, with great firmness, "shall never raise Pomeranian poodles. Irrevocable resolution, shall never raise single one! Wife and family entreat me to, don't care. Let 'em suffer, don't care. Been raising Pomeranian poodles thirty-seven years. Began with little one. He became mother two Pomeranian poodles, they became mother four Pomeranian poodles; they became mother sixteen Pomeranian poodles, they became mother two hundred and fifty-six Pomeranian poodles—so on. House all cluttered up with poodles. Got enough of 'em. Hate 'em! But love old Tolly Perkins!"



"Kicking his chair to one side, he backed away from the table and began an astonishingly graceful interpretive dance."



"Now, gentlemen, come forward and meet the handsome waiter."

congratulated Mr. Perkins upon its excellence and joined in a buzz of dignified pleasantries.

The Jones individual, for his part, remarked: "Well, here goes a shot in the ear!" and swallowed his entire glass at a single gulp. As he did so the broad smile of anticipation which had been on his face was suddenly replaced by a look of intense disgust.

"Lemonade! And weak at that!" he remarked bitterly. Mr. Perkins stared at him coldly, and the apparently regretted his corner, for he immediately retired to a corner of the room, where he engaged in earnest conversation with one of the waiters. It was recalled afterward that the waiter went out at once, but soon returned to the punch bowl.

The club members, out of courtesy to Wilbert, ignored Jones and went on with the evening's programme. "We are to be treated to a discussion of the income tax law by our worthy fellow member Mr. Abernethy Toombes," said the toastmaster.

Mr. Toombes got up on his feet, made an airy gesture and seized the edge of the table with a quick grab at it.

And throwing his arms about Mr. Perkins, he sat down.

The toastmaster cleared his throat, looked puzzled, regarded the smiling face of Mr. Toombes, gave it up, and called on the next speaker, Jefferson F. Chubblichs. Mr. Chubblichs holds a responsible position as conductor on our street car line and was requested to speak on "Transportation Problems of the Day."

He spoke as follows: "Oh, the little red hen with a little white foot—she laid her eggs by the mulberry root! Best little hen we had on the farm! 'Guess —"

When he had got this far, singing in a loud, clear voice, he suddenly stopped short, looked around the table with an ingratiating smile, and, kicking his chair to one side, astonishingly graceful interpretive dance.

Seven other members of the club burst into loud applause as they watched him, and were so enthralled by the spectacle that they could not refrain from bouncing up and joining him in the whirl. By holding up the skirts of their coats daintily between thumb and finger tip and balancing back and forth they

created an impression of thicketed lightness, but when old Mr. Opdyke, who weighs 216 pounds, attempted to kick the chandelier he struck the floor with a decisiveness that entirely shattered this illusion.

The unpopular guest, Mr. Jones, lifted old Mr. Opdyke to his feet with soothing words. "What you need," he said, "is little glass this punch. Terrible weak, nothing but lemonade, but good for what ails you."

The others had crowded round and cheered this advice spontaneously. "Good old Bill!" they cried, feelingly. "Best friend in world!"

And they all attempted to fill their glasses open and pour the contents down Opdyke's throat. Those who were late in this attempt, rather than waste what they had managed to get, drank it themselves. Having gulped it down, they told Mr. Perkins, who had provided it, that it was remarkably delightful, and, in fact, perfect—except that it seemed rather weak. "See?" they said, dashing off another glass, "goes down just like water! Fine, old man, but weak—awful weak!"

Mr. Perkins, who had sampled several glasses of his own benefaction, tested another one on hearing this criticism and burst into tears.

"Never meant to do thing like this in world!" he sobbed. "Disgrace to club, so weak!" And he buried his head in his arms and gave way to his grief. It was only after five sympathetic friends had jointly pried his teeth open and poured down one more that he consented to sit up once more. He then broke into a hearty laugh and insisted upon telling the whole company, although nobody listened to it, a long and disconnected story concerning a guinea pig named Gwendolyn which had belonged to a maiden aunt of his.

It was about this time that Wilbert Rogers, who had introduced the stranger in the first place, was found sleeping peacefully under the row of overcoats checked in the cloakroom. He was awakened partially. "Beautiful party, thank you so much; beautiful ball," he murmured; "only, why hang clothes over bed?"

RESOLUTIONS adopted by the Innocent Bystanders Club, Jan. 1: "Whereas, on Dec. 31, a person, or persons, unknown did mischievously, maliciously and to the harm of this club insert, or cause to be inserted, into a bowl of lemonade certain ingredients which resulted in the subsequent court proceedings in which members of this club were accused of (1) creating a riot upon the streets; (2) urging duty constituted officers of the law to climb up the City Hall tower and fall off; (3) singing ribald songs, to the great annoyance of sleeping citizens; "Therefore be it resolved, That during all of the present year the members of this club shall abstain from lemonade."

Adjourned to Jan. 8.

Drawing Inspiration From the Overshoe

By SAM M'COY.

THIS is a simple, kindly face, as it looks out at you from the old daguerrotype that was recently discovered in the attic of the old family mansion at Westport, Conn. Rugged and yet, in a sense, motherly.

Alpheus Waterbury, the real inventor of the rubber overshoe—in spite of others' claims to that honor—was born in the obscure village of Bearsville, Mass., in 1827. The family shortly afterward moved to Connecticut. Even as a child Alpheus was particularly thoughtful and considerate of dumb animals, a trait which has often been recalled by women whose husbands leave their overshoes at the office on rainy nights. Indeed, it is to this characteristic of the infant Alpheus that the world owes the invention which has cheered and comforted so many millions of homes.

The thoughtful little fellow was one day

watching the gambols of a puppy belonging to the family, and observed that the animal took a lively interest in objects which it could carry about in its teeth. Hats, handkerchiefs, bits of wood, a copy of the Congressional Record, woolen mittens and lipsticks—in all of these articles the dog manifested keen concern for a time, but, as Alpheus noticed, soon seemed to weary. Again and again the puppy looked wistfully up at the boy with a very agony of pleading in its intelligent eyes, and Alpheus, grieved at the inarticulate longing of the pup. For hours he studied over the problem, and suddenly, with a blinding flash of inspiration, he cried:

"I have it—a rubber overshoe!"

"Such was the humble origin of this greatest of domestic inventions. Alpheus was hampered for a time, it is true, by the fact that rubber had not yet been discovered at that remote date; but, conscious of its need, he did not rest until the commodity had been brought to New England from tropical lands and, in the nineteenth century, made available for his use by the chemical researches of Mr. O'Sullivan.

Although Mr. Waterbury's primary purpose was to relieve the suffering of dumb brutes, as has been described above, his great contribution to domestic happiness, and the achievement for which his name will always be held in grateful remembrance, consists in the new opportunity which he opened up to women. We refer to the exhaustless occasion which by the invention of the overshoe he afforded to women to witness the inherent helplessness of the male.

What a glorious, inspiring, soul-warming spectacle it is that is now to be witnessed in millions upon millions of homes throughout the length and breadth of the land on any rainy morning the daddering, inept husband and father as he is about to start off for his day at the place where they pay him a salary apparently because he wears pants; the children, crowding about the door to snicker at his heels, in anticipation of the denouement; the wife, a half-pitying smile upon her cold face, as she watches the poor wretch start blithely off, goshless. At the sidewalk she halts him.

"Haven't you forgotten something?" she asks, wistfully.

The unfortunate simpleton, with the rain beating down upon his worn derby, looks at himself all over and gives it up. At an imperious gesture from the door he crawls back, cringing, once more put into his proper place.

"Here," she says, "Put these on." Properly shod, the sodden creature goes forth once more; while the wife, cheered and heartened for the entire day, remains blithely singing about the home. What a tribute to the inventive genius of the late Mr. Waterbury!

But it is at nightfall that the inventor's greatest triumph is recorded. The head (so called) of the family then returns home—without them, of course. As he enters the hall he remembers them, too late; and though he would far rather go out once more into the night he lacks the courage even for this.

For a long moment she stares at him and at his squealing shoes in silence. He attempts speech, but it dies out. Not so with her. She speaks as follows:

"You!" she says. "You unintelligent, un-intellectual, shallow, weak, soft, sappy, weak-headed, weak-minded, feeble-minded, half-witted, short-witted, shallow-brained, dull, stupid, obtuse, blunt, stolid, doltish, simple, dull-witted, blunt-witted, childish, infantile, babyish, childlike, fatuous, idiotic, imbecilic, drivelling, brainless, witless, thick-skulled, blockish, foolish, silly, senseless, irrational, insensate, nonsensical, muddied-headed, un-gifted, undiscerning, unenlightened, prejudiced, bigoted, purblind, narrow-minded, wrong-headed, crochety, conceited, self-opinionated, mulish, infatuated, giddy, eccentric, dod, extravagant, light-headed, hare-brained, scatter-brained, ridiculous, injudicious, imprudent, unreasonable, ill-judged, ill-advised, inconsistent, absurd, egregious simpleton, willing, nifty, dolt, numskull, half-wit, dunce, dotard and driveller, change your shoes and come in to supper!"

He does. Without the overshoe—what would the home be?



"We are to be treated to a discussion of the income tax laws by our worthy fellow member Mr. Abernethy Toombes."

holiday surprise he had instructed the steward to prepare a bowl of punch and that he would be gratified if the members would join in it with him. The stranger—whose name, by the way, was William Jones—looked up with a gleam of joy in his eye.

"Great!" he bellowed, slapping Perkins on the back. "You've got the right idea, old kid!"

The punch was brought in. It was contained in a bowl somewhat resembling a circular washbasin. The Jones person was at its edge almost before the waiters had placed

Larger Congress Membership Means Little Leadership Change

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of the steering committee but he has come to be an authority on military affairs in the upper branch. He has taken his job of chairman of the Military Affairs Committee seriously and worked so faithfully that his opinion is almost law with his colleagues.

The Republican whip of the Senate, Charles Curtis of Kansas, is a native of Shawnee county of that State and has a trace of Indian blood. During the last six years of his service in Washington he has shown himself to be a remarkably clear thinker and good counsellor, and, what is especially needed in a whip, a good mixer. He seldom makes a set speech and does not make any pretence of being an orator. He is nearly 60 years old, but doesn't look 50. Curtis is chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs and a member of the Appropriations, Finance, Rules, Philippines and Public Buildings and Grounds committees.

Boles Penrose, long known as "Boss Penrose" of Pennsylvania and United States Senator from that State—chairman of the powerful Finance Committee, which frames the tariff and internal revenue laws, and one of the most influential men in either branch of Congress—has been pulled down from his high estate by an unfortunate illness, which not only kept him away from the Senate during most of the exciting battles over the Versailles treaty but prevented him from attending the Republican National Convention last summer.

Senator Penrose is still ill, but his influence is felt in the Senate. He is consulted by his colleagues, by letter, wire and in person. While Penrose never has posed as a public speaker, he is one of the keenest wits in the Senate, and when he wants to he can convulse that body by his drollery and sarcasm. He is past 60 years old, and his illness has been so severe that many of his friends fear he will never again take an active part on the Senate floor or in the committee rooms. Penrose was a lawyer before he was a politician.

Perhaps the foremost financial authority of the Senate is Reed Smoot of Utah. He is certainly among the first three or four men with that distinction. He is a member of the Mormon Church, and when he first came to the Senate in 1903 there was a great deal of prejudice against him, but that has passed away before his sterling record, his universally acknowledged ability and his general affability. He is a banker and woolen manufacturer. When it comes up

picking flaws in appropriation bills and framing tariff and internal revenue laws Smoot is in his element. He is 53 years old and a native of Salt Lake City.

No account of the most influential figures in the Senate would be complete, without mention of Frank B. Brandegee of Connecticut, who represents perhaps more than anybody else the sharp-tongued, sharp-witted, common sense, fearless type of Yankee. He is a Connecticut Yankee through and through, with even the nasal twang in his voice, and he represents all that is best in the type. Brandegee and Lodge are close friends. He does not often make a speech, but he can make a mighty good one when he wants to, and woe be unto the unwary Senator who crosses him in debate without plenty of ammunition with which to defend himself. His logic is of the merciless kind. It strips off the husks and leaves the truth bare and sometimes bleeding. His important committees are Foreign Relations, Judiciary and Patents, but he interests himself in everything that goes on in or about the Senate. He is 56 years old and a lawyer.

The Treasury "watchdog" in the Senate is Francis E. Warren, chairman of the Appropriations Committee and member of several other committees, including Military Affairs, of which he was chairman for many years. Few persons looking at the powerful frame of Senator Warren would realize that he is 76 years of age, but the Congressional Directory shows that he was born in Hinsdale, Mass., June 20, 1844, and that he served as a private and non-commissioned officer in the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry during the civil war. Just as Warren is the man who makes Government expenditures his chief business, Senator Albert B. Cummins of Iowa makes the railroads his. As chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee Senator Cummins took the chief part in framing the new transportation act, and anybody who knows the number and different kinds of opinions that were held in Congress on the railroad question before that bill was reported from the Cummins committee will realize the magnitude of the task he helped to perform.

Then there is William Edgar Borah of Idaho. He is a Senator in a class by himself. He has set himself the task of finding the flaws in other people's works and, by crying them out in public, forcing their correction. He is the Senate's supreme critic. He is also probably its greatest orator today. Just now Borah's chief business is pre-

venting the Wilson League of Nations from being accepted in any form by this country. That has been his business for some time, and he has been remarkably successful. He will turn to some other task when that has been accomplished. He never picks out anything easy, for he loves a fight—the hotter the fight the better. In fact, unless Borah is opposing somebody or something he is lost. He is fearless and unswerving when once he has fixed his mind on an idea, and hard to handle in a rough and tumble debate.

Like so many other Senators and members of the House, too, for that matter, Borah was a successful lawyer before he entered public life. He is 55 years old. He is a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, the Judiciary Committee and several others of lesser importance, but his power in the Senate is not in committee rooms. It is

on the floor, and he is a man who must be consulted when important legislation is being framed.

No attempt is being made to give an exhaustive study of the Senate in this article. A few of the more striking and influential men only are being mentioned. There are others in the Senate equally as able as any of those mentioned, and probably of greater real intelligence than some of them, but circumstances have not made them the leaders.

The Democrats in the Senate will have little to say for the next few years. They will content themselves with entering objections and let it go at that. The Democratic policies will be shaped by such men as Senators Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, Furnifold Simmons of North Carolina, Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska and James A. Reed, the fiery anti-Administration Democrat

MEN IN CONGRESS TO-DAY OF AS HIGH CALIBRE AS THOSE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO, SAYS 'UNCLE JOE'

New York Herald Bureau, Washington, D. C., Jan. 1.

Representative Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln. He began his almost unbroken Congressional career nearly fifty years ago and, although now in his eighty-fifth year, is still a regular attendant at the sessions of the House, of which he was Speaker for eight years. THE NEW YORK HERALD correspondent asked "Uncle Joe," as he is affectionately known to his colleagues, whether in his opinion the average Senator and Representative of to-day measures up to the average of the old days in all round ability.

"There were many great characters in the Senate and House fifty years ago," he said, "but fifty years hence the people will hark back to now. From the standpoint of ability, the personnel of Congress doesn't change much. In public life, particularly legislative life, a man's ability and standing vary much the same as in private life, depending upon experience and length of service. These things always have counted. Men now looked back upon as great were in Congress for a long time and had the experience which enabled them to make their reputations. Of course questions dealt with from time to time to a certain extent into the history of the country, and the men charged with the duties that abound in the shaping of policies and the execution of the laws as well as their enactment are remembered for their connection with those policies and laws. Especially was this true of the Civil War period. The men of that time charged with shaping policies and the making and execution of laws are constantly referred to by their successors and will dwell in history to a very large extent. "I do not see from existing conditions but what we have in both the Senate and House to-day men of as high calibre and ability as in the earlier days." Mr. Cannon was asked whether he believed greater opportunities now offered in business life kept men with political ambition from entering public life. "No," he said. "The rewards always have been in business, but as I look back over the years gone by it seems to me the rewards now are no greater proportionately than they were then."

from Missouri, who, while he may not sit in the inner council, must always be reckoned with.

The Republican steering committee of the House consists of Floor Leader Mondell, a native of Iowa who migrated westward into Wyoming and has had a general mercantile and business career as well as a political career; Thomas P. Dunn of Rochester, N. Y., who is the sort of a man that is seldom seen, almost never heard, but who makes it his quiet business to keep his eyes on everything that is going on in the House; Samuel E. Winslow of Massachusetts, a manufacturer, who is one of the business experts of the House; Martin B. Madden of Illinois, maker of stone and other building material and a hard-headed business man, and Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, Ohio, who first attracted worldwide attention by marrying Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of President Roosevelt.

Mr. Longworth is to-day one of the central figures of the House. He has won for himself an enviable position of influence and prestige through many years of hard work and discriminating actions and judgment. Not only is he a member of the steering committee, but he and Chairman Fordney of Michigan are the most influential members of the Ways and Means Committee, which is now wrestling with the question of a new tariff and new domestic taxes.

Although the Speaker of the House does not have the authority that he used to have in the days of Reed and Cannon, he is still a man of considerable influence, depending to a great degree on his personality. Speaker Frederick H. Gillett of Massachusetts is more than a presiding officer. There is one power that the Speaker still has, and that is the right to refuse recognition by the chair. In order that the teamwork of the majority may be flawless the presiding officer must be primed and willing to let the right member take the floor at the right time to make the right motion. So Mr. Gillett is a member of the inner circle.

There is no harder worker in his own sphere, and that is one of the greatest of all, than Representative James W. Good of Iowa, chairman of the Appropriations Committee. He is a lawyer by profession and is finishing his twelfth year in the House. He handles bills appropriating billions of dollars each year, and he must be ready to answer innumerable questions about them on the floor. He gets away with the job, too, in spite of the fact that several mem-

bers make it their special business to pick flaws in appropriation bills after they have been framed with months of labor by Mr. Good's committee. But that is part of the routine. There must be men who draft and perfect the bills in committee, and others who subject them to microscopic inspection and criticism on the floor. Thus are the people's affairs watched.

There are two men on the Republican side of the House who have constituted themselves the Treasury watchdogs in extraordinary. They are known as "Big Jim" and "Little Joe," and they are James R. Mann of Illinois and Joseph Walsh of Massachusetts. Mr. Mann won his way into the position of Republican floor leader when the Republicans were in the minority during the first part of the Wilson Administration by his untiring attacks on bills of all sorts. He amazed the House time after time by the breadth and minuteness of his knowledge. He asked questions which completely stumped men who had been working on the subjects for months, and then answered them himself.

Mr. Mann would have been the present Speaker of the House but for a factional fight against him, due partly to his record on war legislation and the enemies he made in his career as critic of everything and everybody. But with it all Mr. Mann is a lovable character, who likes to show his teeth in the House but forgets all about his legislative battles outside. He harbors no animosities. Mr. Walsh is understudy for Mr. Mann, and is fast fitting himself to step into his shoes.

The inner group in the House includes also Representative Philip P. Campbell of Kansas, whose position as chairman of the Rules Committee gives him much to say about what bills shall or shall not come before the House under auspices that will insure speedy action. If anything has to be done quickly, or against the will of a fighting minority, Mr. Campbell's services are in demand. He calls his committee, together and a special "gas" rule is brought in, which usually ends the matter with as little pain as possible to the vanquished.

John J. Esch of Wisconsin is the principal authority in the House on the railroads. Unfortunately, he was defeated for renomination and will not be in the next House. Representative Winslow of Massachusetts will probably succeed him as chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee. Julius

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