

THE NEW SENATORS.

THEIR CHARACTERISTICS SKETCHED BY A KEEN OBSERVER OF POLITICAL LIFE—SURPRISING CAREER OF MR. HEITFELD.

Washington, Mar. 2.—I suppose that Thomas C. Platt of New York would easily be called the shrewdest and most experienced political leader among the new senators. Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, the most promising (and that means very much), Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio the most dashing and brilliant orator, William E. Mason of Illinois, the most humorous, John C. Spooner of Wisconsin is himself a passionate orator, also, and he possesses great ability; nor must it be thought, either, that William E. Mason is simply funny. He is very able also. The new senator from New York exhibits most remarkably of all recent political careers the poetry of ups and downs. Politics is war, Mr. Evans used to say, and not only must one take punishment as well as give it, but he must give and take in another sense. That is, he must do if he would be done by. It is admitted now, since the Albany dinner in honor of Mr. Platt, that his behavior at the time of the famous resignation of the New York senators in the Garfield administration was true and loyal. The close friends of Mr. Platt have always known this, and unquestionably, it is true of him, as it is of Mr. Quay and all other political leaders who really last, that they are true and loyal. They keep their promises, and they do things; for politics, whether it be played in society, or business, or public affairs, is the science of really doing things.

Some have called Platt a greater politician than Quay or Gorman. He has never appealed freely and with success to the people themselves, as Quay has done, nor has he managed both a majority and a minority party in the senate, as Gorman has done with matchless tact, but for ten years, for 15 years, if may almost be said, he has managed, without any public authority, the affairs of his party in New York, and has been one of the three or four most important factors in national conventions, and has been instrumental to the election of at least one president.

This is Thomas C. Platt, briefly, a medium-sized, slender man; quiet, introspective, incisive, indomitable, smooth, confiding, wise, grasping great public questions better than presidents, managing minute details better than your multifarious executive committees, remembering his friends; also remembering his enemies, if not to punish them, at least to prevent them from punishing him again. Delaware, Richard B. Kenney, is the youngest and the luckiest of them all. Down to the time when Anthony Higgins was sent to the senate by the republicans of the smallest state, only two dynasties, the Salisburys and the Bayards, had ruled Delaware. The Bayards had sat in the senate for four or five generations, and the Salisburys, though a newer family, were hardly less remarkable. The scandals of this three county state are too familiar. Observe only that while the Higgins men and the Bayards were fighting among themselves, a democratic slip in handily.

The brilliant young senator from Pennsylvania, Boies Penrose, is only 26. All Harvard graduates of the early eighties remember him very well, tall, rather slender, standing among the highest in his class, apparently without much effort, either, a perfect fiend in mathematics, one of those fellows with three or four brothers in college, all high-stand men, apparently without effort, of a fine family, but never bragging much about it. Well, Penrose went into politics, and on a partisan republican basis, contrary to the customary Harvard fad. Quay, as the easy boss of Philadelphia, as well as of the rest of Pennsylvania, always liked Penrose, sent him to the senate, where, by means of the efforts of his friends (which were, in fact, his own efforts), he was made president of the senate. He was slated by the Quay people to be mayor of Philadelphia, but "Dan" Martin threw him down. Mr. Quay needed to tell his intimate friends months ago, perhaps a year ago, that Boies Penrose would be senator from Pennsylvania to succeed Don Cameron. After this discouragement in the Philadelphia majority the certain progress of Penrose towards the senatorship seemed all the more striking.

It happened years ago, when a somewhat general discussion was under way whether certain captured confederate battle flags should be returned, that a governor of Ohio declared no such flag to be returnable while he was governor. It was the same man who had the tents and the supplies of the Buckeye militia, on the night of the Johnston for the protection of the flood sufferers there before the governor of Pennsylvania himself had acted. This was Joseph Benson Foraker. He was brave private soldier, winning commendation from General Sherman as another former governor, John P. Altgeld, was a dashing union cavalry soldier, a thing about public men that we forget too often.

Foraker was governor of Ohio, the idol of the younger and more aggressive republicans, reason of his brilliant oratory and his direct and unambitious leadership. He was intended for election to the senate when John Sherman was last re-elected, but was defeated and returned to his practice of law in Cincinnati. The same old friends, eventually, did not forget him. They kept the legislature republican and elected Foraker United States senator at the next opportunity.

The rollicking Billy Mason is the new senator from Illinois, well known everywhere by this time as a humorist, not known enough as a serious and able and experienced man. He is 46, a New York boy who taught school and practiced law in Iowa, and then went to Chicago, and into public life, to the state legislature and to congress. His election to the senate is somewhat poetic; at least from the home point of view; for it became his fixed ambition, after he retired from the house of representatives in 1880, to go to the upper branch some time. The republican machine in Illinois (which is chiefly the republican machine of Cook county) could not nominate Martin Madden, the Chicago alderman. "Billy" Mason was much respected by the republicans and leaders throughout Illinois, and was not objectionable to the Cook county machine. It was not so very hard to settle on him, therefore.

Hon. John C. Spooner, the new senator from Wisconsin, has been absent from the senate for several years, replaced by Mr. Vilas and now replaces Vilas. He was born in Indiana in '41, and served a year in the army as a private soldier. Later he was confidential secretary to Governor Fairchild of Wisconsin, and a successful lawyer and attorney general of the state. He had come to the United States senate first

in '85, and was early recognized as one of the moving forces on the republican side, this by reason of his eloquence and his real political insight, and in spite of his small physical stature. Senator Spooner is not large, or dignified-looking. His friendship for Uncle Philletus Sawyer, so long a senator from Wisconsin, and the friendship of Uncle Philletus for him were always noticeable. And they were a very valuable pair of senators for any state to have—Sawyer with his money, and his fine, old-fashioned business ways, Spooner with his dash and capacity for public speaking.

The veteran Dan Voorhees is succeeded in the senate by Charles W. Fairbanks of Indianapolis, a very tall and slender gentleman with a broad forehead and a full beard, and the appearance not so much of a senator as of some medium western lawyer. Mr. Fairbanks was born in Ohio in 1852, and graduated from the Ohio Wesleyan university. He became, first, a newspaper man, and then a lawyer, and as his career developed into railroad and public affairs he naturally became a leading Indiana politician. The candidate against him in the senatorship race was Gen. Lew Wallace, though Fairbanks was evidently to be the winner from the first. Senator Fairbanks is a close friend of Major McKinley, and it is believed that the McKinley influence in Indiana operated to help him; as, also, in Illinois, it was effective in beating Madden if it was not effective in electing Mason.

George Turner, the new senator from Washington, has had a good deal of experience on several sides of politics. He is a man still short of 50, and has been for 15 years conspicuous in north-western political affairs. Long before that, however, he was an active republican in Alabama, and as chairman of the Alabama delegation to the republic-

States senate. He had refused to "take counsel" with the leaders of the Mormon church, of which he had for many years been one of the 12 apostles, and the church, therefore, determined to defeat his aspirations for the senate. Two years before Thatcher and Joseph Lafayette Rawlins had been the regular democratic nominees of a popular state convention of the democrats, that is—and, as the event proved, Rawlins not only became the leading candidate against Thatcher (though he had written a note declining to run), but he finally, with the help of the church influences, beat Thatcher. It can well be imagined that an intense bitterness was thus engendered, not only in the legislature, but throughout the new state; and it was not surprising to the two senators before Thatcher and Joseph Rawlins that the Mormon church had interfered with the election in a manner prohibited by the constitution. One of the gaunt, gray army that surrendered at Appomattox with Lee's brave army of Northern Virginia in 1865, a senator from Thatcher, Kansas, William A. Harris is a Virginian by birth, and he was a student of the military academy of that state before the war. He was a private in the confederate army, and afterwards an officer. Soon after the war he settled in Kansas and became the owner of a large ranch. He became prominent in the Farmers' alliance, also, and naturally drifted to the populist party. In 1892 he was elected congressman-at-large for Kansas by the populists and democrats, but running for reelection two years after he was defeated by Capt. Richard Blinn. Last fall he was elected to the state senate of Kansas, and was to take his seat in that body when he was promoted at one bound from the senate at Topeka to the senate at Washington.

Gen. Edward A. Pettus of Alabama was one of the oldest members of the senate. General Pettus goes to the senate at the ripe age of 78. He has been active in political life in Alabama for more than 40 years. He was conspicuous before and during the war, and held high rank in the confederate service. He was delayed in reaching the senate by the circumstance that General Morgan, who has long been in the senate from Alabama, determined that if two good men happened to live in the same town it should be no bar to sending both to the senate. He was a very ardent silver man in the long

struggle between the two elements of the democratic party for the control of Alabama, and he is a fine lawyer and will undoubtedly take high rank among the jurists of the senate. There is another Clay in the senate, too. Since the death of Charles Turner Clay of Alabama and retirement of Cassius M. Clay of Kansas by reason of old age, there have been none of that great family in the upper branch. But now another comes up from Georgia. He is distantly related to the great Kentucky family and he worked his own way to his present prominence. He is about 45 years of age, and has been a member of both branches of the Georgia legislature, and was for several years chairman of the democratic state committee of Georgia, which made him a most attractive executive officer of the party. When death laid its hand on Charles F. Crisp at the very moment of his entry to the senate a vigorous contest ensued among conspicuous Georgians for the succession. Clay's fine political training came into good use, and he defeated his rivals handsly, and succeeded in the senate locally, as in '74 he was a senator in the Idaho legislature. He was a state senator at the time of his election, and a big, handsome man, over six feet tall, and weighing 225 pounds, a man not to be compared with the dashing young Dubois, who had to sustain the opposition of the combined republican and gold forces of the country, but a person considered honest and well meaning.

The legislature of Utah lately went through a most novel and bitter experience. Moses Thatcher, a millionaire banker and banker of the country, had become a candidate for the United

A LOT OF KATES.

It seems to me surpassing strange How we have reached such straits, But doesn't it seem rather queer That we've so many Kates?

There's the Depre-Kate, a miss who seems A victim of regret, And Dedi-Kate, whom public men Have very often met.

Then there's a jil, Prevari-Kate, A naughty little girl, Who, with her chum, Communi-Kate, Some wicked pranks have played.

Now, Masti-Kate we often see, She's fond of chewing gum; And Compli-Kate is such a tease She's quite a pest to some.

Equivo-Kate's a fickle miss Whom few desire to trust; She's quite unlike Adjudi-Kate, Who's very good and just.

A wealthy maid is Syndi-Kate, Who yields no end of pow'r; And Dell-Kate's a frail young thing As tender as a flower.

There's the Suppli-Kate, a pray'ful lass, And others, I might state; But of the lot none can compare With just the plain girl Kate.

—New York Evening Journal.

"SKEW" EVANS.

From the Sydney Bulletin.

"Three notes a week and a shanty in However, it'll be better than graffin' a 'Sovever, it'll be better than graffin' a feller's bloomin' soul out for nothin' in this Gaud-forget patch."

Thus Silas Neame, shiftless "cockey" of Backgumbah, New South Wales, to the who's surprised, teased, and teased female he called wife, but who neither honored nor obeyed him. He, native born, had just received legal tidings that his granduncle in England, dying, had bequeathed him a house and £150 a year on condition that he (Silas) resided at Ashbourne, Kent, England. So Silas sold his mean milkers, razor-backed hogs, spavined horses and deposed implements, slouched to Sydney, and there took steamer. Two persons only, one a little, the other exceedingly, regretted his departure—his daughter Cis, a bush beauty and coquette of 16, who was "ryther mashed" on young Sam Levin, stock rider on Backgumbah station, and Sam, desperately fond of the girl and heart-broken at the parting.

"But you'll wait for a feller, Cis? I'll go to this byer new dizzias at Perzebagh make my pile and come to England and splice you inside of two years."

Cis kissed and promised. Yet, bitten by the tarantula of change, thought much of the possible pleasures ensuing and little of Sam. He, a man and earnestly in love, was, as goes without saying, a fool. Within two years, having scooped £500 at Teroroer, he was in Ashbourne, asking for Cis. Silas, with strong beers oozing out of the corners of his mouth, swore rings around him when his daughter's name was mentioned. The woman threw her apron over her head and whimpers like a locked-out dog. Kind neighbors, however, ready to tell all about Cis—how she had "ooked it, a matter of nine months afore, with a swell chap for the blasted cavalry barracks at Canterbury," and had been seen in Lunnun, "a raddled Jezebull!"

To London Sam went seeking Cis and there, after months and by what accidents call coincidences and oracles, wiser, kismet, found her in a hospital dying. She knew him and gasped out a name. The nurse supplied other particulars. Sam sought nothing else. He did not even attend the girl's funeral. He was too drunk. He was drunk and mad for many days, and—then!

"For inspection—port arms!" General fort parade for the Twenty-fourth Hussars one sweltering afternoon at Perzebagh, Bengal, Captain Nethergat—with delicate irony the men called him "Leathergut"—was about to inspect B troop on their troop parade ground. The troop consisted of 12 men, 10 inspected them, and a sucking subaltern, whom the men swore at almost audibly, but without vice—for they loathed foot parades, the sun was hot and their helmets tight—had, without comprehension, nosed their buttons and pouch belts. Called to attention by the captain, him they cursed silently, but atrociously. For they hated him more than all bad things known in earth or suspected in hell. He had exchanged from the infantry some two years before, a fact in itself condemnatory to horsemen. Added thereto, he, "Leathergut," as a button stick in barracks room or on foot parade, flinched when mounted at rough field days, rode coward at a charge and was unmitigated bully and tyrant always. Many times had B troop, with much pretended sweating at bit reins and noose and riding on, been sent to ride over him at brigade field days. Had he led the troop into action he would never have ridden out alive. Two score of troopers would have made that their business, and Nethergat knew it and loved his men accordingly. He inspected them as if they were lepers.

"Tisn't exactly what the gory toe soldier says; it's the way the sanguinary swine says it and looks at a man," the men agreed.

Now he passed in silence the first two files, halting, contemptuous, at the third.

"What's this fellow's name, Sergeant Major Dillon?"

"Evans, sir."

Nethergat knew this well, but that form of insult is ever effective.

"Well, Evans is beastly dirty, as usual."

The troop sergeant major said nothing. He knew his captain lied and that "Skew" Evans was, as ever, slick and span.

The man himself stared straight to his front, his face impassive and rigid as a Hindoo graven image. He was well used to this hazing from the captain.

"What service has he, sergeant major?"

"Eighteen months, sir; joined the depot at Canterbury; just after you embarked for India. Only been out here six months, sir."

"Aw! Thought he was a damn recruit. Make him a prisoner when the dismiss sounds." He continued his inspection.

"Shoulder arms—stand at ease—stand easy!"

Said Dillon to his captain as they waited the "March on." "What crime shall I put against Private Evans?"

"Dirty on general parade, of course."

"Beg pardon, sir; cleanest man on parade. Colonel won't like it, sir."

That the captain bored his teeth, prior to exercising his large gift of verbal offensiveness, but checked himself. He had reasons for placating Dillon.

"Do as you damn please," he snarled.

"There's the trumpet! Troop, ten-shun!—four right!—quick march!"

Two old moustaches, just off guard, were the inspection from "B" troop bungalow.

Said one: "What's that pig Leather-

guts always down on Skew Evans for? Skew's a good man, ain't he?"

"Yes, makin' of a blooming smart hussar—good rider, savvy, horses, straight comrade," said the other, Skew's chum. "Some day," he observed reflectively, "one of 'ese 'ere school 'cruties with an uncut tail put a bullet in old Leathergut."

"Skew will, I expect, if the hinfrenal swaddy don't let up on him."

"No, I axed Skew oncer if he didn't feel that way. Skew looked black as a dust devil, but he says: 'Let 'im rip; he'll be bailed up worse than shooting one of these days. I'm on his track. Adjutant told Skew he'd transfer him to C troop and give him the lance stripe.'"

"Why didn't he go?"

"Loves his dear captiv' too much. Said he wouldn't leave B troop for no money. More confounded fool you," says the adjutant. But Dillon thinks a heap of Evans and his saved him time and again."

"Fust chose. Wasn't had when he joined the depot and been attendin' school ever since. He's a quiet bloke, too. Takes his beer, but don't go large. Got one of them there foto fakemaks; best blooming photographer in the station now?"

"Leatherguts don't shop him so often now?"

"No. Last time he clinked 'im for 'dumb insolence'—said he looked disrespectful—old daddy, the colonel, says: 'Captain Nethergat,' he says, 'you hardly seem to know what constitutes a good soldier, not in the cavalry at all,' he says; 'when we've a good man we keep him out of trouble, not ram him into it. Dismissed,' says old daddy. The captiv' he gives Skew particular shoeke, same as before, but he don't put him in the guard report."

The other summed up: "I've got a 'Skew' rube. Let's go down to the bazar and drink it. They're all marching on now."

Troop Sergeant Major Dillon, B troop, was admitted by his officers to be the best and by the men the smartest and straightest non-com, in the corps. He was a good disciplinarian—a just man and a merciful. Therefore, the troop would—for that is the cavalry man's way—have ridden after him to the very gates of sheol, through them and out the other side. He had held his rank for years; frugal and keen, he had saved and made money, as his captain knew. But Dillon had the ghostly skeleton in his cupboard—a young man's way—have ridden after him to the very gates of sheol, through them and out the other side. He had held his rank for years; frugal and keen, he had saved and made money, as his captain knew. But Dillon had the ghostly skeleton in his cupboard—a young man's way—have ridden after him to the very gates of sheol, through them and out the other side. He had held his rank for years; frugal and keen, he had saved and made money, as his captain knew. 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