

POLITICAL LEADERS

The Men Who Dominate in the Senate and House.

REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS

Personal Characteristics of Congressman Williams and Senators Aldrich and Gorman—How They Rule Their Parties.

Washington.—John Sharpe Williams the most efficient leader of the democrats in the house have had since the days of Crisp. In some respects he is better than Crisp, for he can keep his temper under provocation and that is what Crisp could never do. Besides, Williams has the faculty of getting along personally with the leaders of the opposition. He is about as well liked on the republican side of the house as he is among his own party followers.

Williams and Speaker Cannon have become decidedly chummy. Williams appreciates the courtesy shown him when Cannon permitted him to pick out the democratic members of the committees and he doesn't hesitate to show his gratitude on all occasions when a matter of party advantage is not at stake—and there are plenty of opportunities during a session when the legitimate business of the house can be impeded or expedited according as the rival leaders are in a mood of mutual good fellowship or not.

Both Williams and Cannon have an abounding sense of humor. When they are together they call each other "John" and "Joe" and they crack jokes and tell stories with as much gusto as if they had never had a political difference in their lives. The democratic leader likes nothing better than to stroll into the speaker's room and go over the points. But when he gets on the floor in debate he is as spunky as a game cock and nobody would ever imagine that he had a republican friend in the world. There is nobody in the house who can tear passion to tatters more effectively.

An Old-Time Leader.
One of Williams' predecessors, a democratic leader who was a national figure when Williams was a boy, died only the other day. William M. Springer during the past ten years had not figured in politics; but prior to that time he was regarded as one of the democratic reprobates in the house for almost a generation.



The Late William M. Springer

After he left congress Springer was for a time a judge in the Indian territory. Of late years he has been a lawyer here in Washington, scarcely more than a memory of the robust congressman who contested the nomination for the speakership with Crisp and Mills, and who afterwards stirred the economies with his famous series of pop-gun tariff bills carrying out the democratic scheme to revise the tariff one item at a time.

Personally, Springer was a lovable man, without even a remote sense of humor. Probably it was the latter failing that made him one of Tom Reed's pet aversions when the great speaker was the leader of the republicans in the house.

Two of Reed's most famous shafts were thrown at Springer. One was in a debate while Reed was still holding a secondary rank in the house. Springer, who was a rather ponderous speaker, had made the remark that he would rather be right than be president. Reed, standing in the middle aisle, drawled back: "The gentleman need not be alarmed. He will never be either."

The other was a conversational quip: "Springer never opens his mouth that he doesn't subtract from the sum of human knowledge."

It is not to be wondered at that there should not have been any great sympathy between two men of such widely opposed temperaments. It was largely a matter of taste with each of them, and concerning taste there is no use in arguing.

to vote on the Cuban reciprocity bill on the 16th of December.

In fact, he was the only man on the republican side who understood exactly what the terms of the arrangement were, a circumstance which led to a somewhat embarrassing incident one afternoon in executive session. Senator Lodge tried to bring up a matter which was of no particular consequence, but which as it happened did not relate to the Cuban situation. Senator Gorman promptly objected. He said it was contrary to the agreement between the two sides of the chamber. The republicans who were present protested. They had never heard of any such agreement which would put it out of their power to do business of any kind. But Gorman was insistent. And when they pressed him for an explanation, he gave one. He said Senator Aldrich had promised him that if the democrats would consent to the vote on the 16th of December, nothing whatever would be done in the meantime during the extraordinary session except to discuss Cuban reciprocity. Aldrich had left the city without telling anybody on his own side of the chamber about what he had done, but they accepted Gorman's statement, and that was the end of it.

Gorman as a Leader.

Gorman, on the democratic side, occupies just about the same kind of position that Aldrich occupies on the republican side of the chamber. It may be that he hasn't quite the same degree of control of the machinery, but whatever he says goes, despite rumors to the contrary. He is the man to do business with, and when he makes a promise as to what the democrats will do, they feel morally bound to do it.



Senator Gorman

That is what Uncle Joe Cannon calls legislation by unanimous consent, and of course, it is a very reprehensible way of doing business. But it is likely to continue just as long as the present senate rules live, which, according to present appearances, will be to the end of time.

Gorman and Aldrich are very much the same type of men. They are first of all business men. They understand the currents of trade and appreciate the effect of legislation on commercial interests. They are organizers and deft handlers of men. They can read character and they can keep their own counsel. They understand weaknesses in others to which they can appeal. They are always in the game.

Gorman is more of a public speaker than Aldrich. He is not an orator in any way, but he has a faculty of aggressiveness in debate which Aldrich has never shown. Aldrich when he talks uses a conversational tone, and goes about it as if he were explaining something before the board of directors of a railroad. Gorman is never exactly conversational. There is always some little touch of mystery in everything he says, and his face is jesuitical in its inscrutability. Aldrich, on the other hand, is seemingly the most frank and confiding of men. One wonders how it can be that this smiling, easy-going, companionable fellow can have so many tricks up his sleeve.

New Railroad Station.

The ways are cleared already for the great Union station, which is to be completed for the 4th of March, 1905, and which will be when completed the finest thing of its kind in the world.

By contrast with the present wretched avenues of approach to Washington it will be almost inconceivably splendid.

The new station, which will be only a stone's throw from the capitol, will be built of white granite—a peculiarly white and dazzling stone, quarried at Bethel, Vt., which will surpass marble in architectural effect.

The station will face directly toward the dome of the capitol, and the entire facade will be clearly visible from the capitol steps at the end of the broad avenue. The architectural effects have been drawn from the triumphal arches of Rome. Sloping gently away from the building will be a plaza 500 feet wide and 3,000 feet long, adorned with balustrades and fountains, while there will be a terrace 100 feet wide surrounding the structure.

The station itself will be 620 feet long and from 65 to 120 feet in height. The three entrance arches, each 50 feet in height, will be on a scale far surpassing anything in Roman architecture. The waiting-rooms will be dreams of luxury compared with anything that has ever before been suggested for a railway station, and the dining-room will be equal to anything that can be found in a first-class hotel. There will be all sorts of unusual conveniences. One of these is an invalid's room, easily accessible from the street.

Another is a special entrance for the president of the United States. Besides there will be dressing rooms with baths and a Turkish bath and swimming pool. The entire cost of the station with approaches will be \$14,000,000, of which the government pays \$3,000,000.

LOUIS A. COOLIDGE.

On Graves of Maidens.

The grave of an unmarried woman in Turkey is often indicated by a rose carved in stone.



RANK IMPOSTOR.



Mr. Heehaw—Umph! This feller ain't wuth seein'. Anybody kin git ossified in this cold weather!—Chicago Daily News.

No Kick Coming.
The warbler faced the audience and thus sang true and true: "I cannot sing the old songs, As once I used to do." 'Twas then a gallery goddlet Called out from his high pew: "Amen, old gal; get busy now, And give us something new."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A DISAPPOINTED HUNTER.



He—You're not—going back already—and all rigged out in your new hunting suit?
She—Why, of course I am. Here we've been out all morning and I haven't seen a soul I know.—Chicago Chronicle.

Smart Little Bobbie.
"Mamma, I know the gentleman's name that called to see Aunt Ellie last night—and nobody told me, either."
"Well, then, what is it, Bobbie?"
"Why, George Dont! I heard her say 'George Dont' in the parlor four or five times running. That's what his name is!"—Tit-Bits.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?



"Ah, doctor, my poor husband was a great sufferer!"
"I know that—er—I mean—I am not astonished!"—Ally Sloper.

In the Politic World.
"Lizette," said Mrs. Goldrich to her maid, "I wish you would run up to my room, get the novel on my writing-desk, cut the pages, take it back to Miss Book-hides, present my compliments and thanks, and tell her the story aroused my most profound interest."—Tit-Bits.

Posterity's Hard Job.
"Posterity will be just to me," said the poet.

"I don't see how it's going to manage it," replied his wife, "when it won't have any chance to get at you."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Getting Acquainted.
Relative—I notice that you have at last got acquainted with your next-door neighbor, who has lived alongside of you for the past ten years.
Mrs. D'Avoo—Yes, we were introduced to each other at the Pyramids of Egypt, and I found her a delightful companion. We became very intimate.—N. Y. Weekly.

Another War Rumor.
Priscilla—Lieut. Huggins seems to be rather attentive to Miss Elderleigh of late.
Melicent—Yes; and she is evidently skirting around trying to precipitate an engagement.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SEASONABLE DIPLOMACY.



Little Willie—Say, pa, it must be awful to be a poor orphan boy and know that Santa Claus won't bring you a bicycle, a sled, a cannon, a knife, a box of tools, a watch and a lot of oranges, candy and nuts for Christmas.—Chicago Daily News.

For Good.
Maid—I understand you are about to lose the young pastor that has been preaching for you the last year or two.
Mabel—Yes; he's going to be married next week.—Atlanta Constitution.

Man of Ability.
"I hear he is a man of ability in many lines."
"Yes—culpability, incorrigibility and undesirability."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Provoking Wretch.
"Why does Amelia hate Cholly so?"
"Why, when she told him she could never learn to love him, he insisted that one was never too old to learn."—Puck.

QUITE CONSIDERATE.



"Must you go so early?"
"Yes, I think I must. I know the other girls are just dying to discuss my engagement, and I don't want to spoil their pleasure."—Chicago American.

A Useless Search.
Don't you hunt for trouble; 'Jes' ter' to what you's got. It ain't no special credit. Even if you finds a lot.—Washington Star.

Far-Fetched Objection.
Gladys Beautigirl—Oh, but mamma objects to kissing!
Jack Swift—Well, I am not kissing your mamma, am I?—Town Topics.

His Evidence.
"Why do you say the dog is worth \$200? Have you got his pedigree?"
"No; but I've got a receipt for the \$200 I gave for him."—Chicago Post.

Two Doses Daily Enough.
Hewitt—Gruet used to be a big eater, but now he has only two meals a day.
Jewett—You know the reason, don't you?
Hewitt—No; what is it?
Jewett—The doctor gave him some medicine to take after each meal.—Brooklyn Life.

Precious Stones.
Harry—They told me Blanche was deaf, but when I changed the conversation to diamonds she heard every word.
Harold—Oh, I don't guess she is stone-deaf.—Chicago Daily News.



HER CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

"I HAVEN'T seen you since Christmas eve!" cried the little woman in broadcloth. "Tell me about your Christmas presents. I saw the ones Frances had prepared for you."
"Don't mention Christmas presents to me!" wailed the young woman in velvet. "You see, we haven't as much money as I need myself, so I have to send handsome presents to make other people think I have."
"How sad! Personally, I take the money I've saved and buy a lot of things I just can't part with. Then I tell everybody that giving Christmas gifts is out of date—and isn't it a good thing, since it was such a vulgar custom?"
"But you're rich enough to make people call you eccentric when you do such things; they would merely say that I couldn't afford them."
"By the way, Frances asked me today if you were not obliged to economize dreadfully. I'm very charitable, so I said I thought not, since you never paid cash for anything if you could help it."
"How sweet of you, dear; I'll do as much for you in your absence. Well, this year I knew that Frances' husband had made a quantity of money, and resolved to give her something so



The Washerwoman Blessed Her.
handsome that she'd think mine had made more. I don't know how it happens, but I never have time to buy my Christmas presents until the last moment. On Christmas eve I went out early to do it and the first person I met was Frances. I told her I hoped she and the babies would like the gifts I had selected for them, as I'd chosen things they really needed."
"But had you bought them yet?"
"Well—er—no, but I had started out and—ah—what is well begun is half done," you know. I had decided to give Frances either a piece of bric-a-brac or a ring. I was a little upset that day; George had made such a fuss about giving the washerwoman and her children nice presents, just because she is a widow. I said it was wrong to encourage expensive tastes in them; but George is so illogical."
"Pshaw, he had to provide the money."
"But I need one of those lovely long amethyst chains—I do hate to be so shabby; but George has no pride."
"Did you get your presents?"
"Yes, and an awful headache, as well! The things for Frances were easy to get, but the cheap counters were crowded, and I had a hunt for the washerwoman's presents."
"But you got—"
"Oh, yes; some cheap, showy toys, and added some old clothes to make up a good bundle. I made up the two packages, called a messenger and went to bed."
"Then everything was all right? I thought—"
"Alas, no! I got a letter from Frances saying I oughtn't to deprive myself and the children of things we evidently needed in order to keep up appearances. The washerwoman called down blessings on my head—"
"For the cheap toys and the old clothes!"
"N—no, I had somehow got those two packages mixed and—and the man who swore at the altar to love and cherish me seemed to think it a g-g-good joke!"

How to Restore Chinchilla.
Chinchilla is a becoming fur, but it has a way of taking on a ghastly yellow tinge when soiled. When this happens it can be cleaned by this method: Take a bag of fine sea sand, sift it well to eliminate all grit or gravel, and then rub it vigorously, just as hot as the hand can bear it, through the fur. When shaken out the fur will be found to have resumed its freshness and that at the cost of very little labor and no expense.

Little Trick Worth Knowing.
Doughnuts or biscuits may be heated "amais as good as new" by putting them in a whole paper bag, sprinkling in a few drops of water, twisting the ends, putting in the oven, raised a little from the bottom on a grate. The oven must be very hot.

SKIN SOFA PILLOWS.

A Fad Which, According to Report, Has Taken Eastern Housekeepers by Storm.

The woman who does not own a skin sofa pillow has not acquired the latest fad, which was born of sorrow over the death of a pet.
This pet was a calf, which had met an untimely end, thereby awakening much grief among the feminine members of the family. In the midst of their woe it suddenly occurred to one of the girls that, inasmuch as a stuffed calf would be rather out of place in the household, the skin might be used for some other purpose. That was when the pillow idea presented itself.
The men scoffed at the proposition and said that it was absurd, but they had to admit that the glossy brown skin, with its beautifully marked white spots, was so handsome to be buried with the calf, so before the last sad rites were performed the body of the little Jersey was skinned.
In due time the skin was cured, trimmed into shape and used to cover an air cushion. It was made square, with the exception of the corners, which were trimmed to represent ears—three at each corner, and tried with strips of calfskin in a bowknot. When done the skin had the look of a delicate shade of panne velvet.

This novel method of preserving the pet calf's skin suggested to some one else an idea which resulted in another unusual pillow. On a square of plain chamois skin a fireplace was painted, bricks and all, showing the glowing wood, the kettle and andirons. Paper patterns of a cat and two kittens were cut and a piece of black fur was brought into requisition for the tabbies. The fur was cut the same size as the patterns, padded slightly and glued securely to the chamois skin. The cats were placed at an angle that brought them to the left of the hearthstone, facing the blaze, and with their backs to the public—a thoroughly domestic scene.

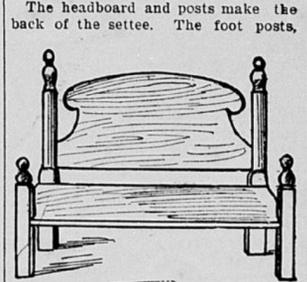
The Washington Star says that some of the newest college pillows are made of skins. An especially handsome one was recently fashioned out of a black and white calf skin, yellow chamois skin strips about an eighth of an inch wide being used to form the legend "Yale." The letters were first outlined on the pillow, then the chamois ones were glued on. Small holes were made with an awl at frequent intervals about the letters, then little brass clasps, with nail heads, were pushed through the holes and the clasps spread in position underneath. Of course this pillow is not especially desirable from the standpoint of comfort, but it makes a good show pillow.

Calfskin and chamois skin are softer and better adapted to useful pillows, if properly made, than other skins. However, those who are so fortunate as to have beautiful skins of any sort in their possession will be able to put them to a new use in this way.

For instance, some of the new men's dens are upholstered with the skins of animals, small heads and tails being suspended from the corners to give a finishing touch.

A BEDSTEAD SETTLE.

How to Make Excellent Use of Discarded Bedroom-Furniture, the Older the Better.



SETTLE FROM A BEDSTEAD.

This is attractive either on the lawn or on a deep porch. It is always inviting the passers to take a seat a few moments and enjoy the cool shade and fresh breezes. On the piazza it is of the nature of a fine old-fashioned settle. To construct one is the man's rainy-day work. Any old bedstead will do, the older the better.
The headboard and posts make the back of the settle. The foot posts, minus the board, complete the four legs. These are joined by cleats on which rests the seat. The width of the seat is made to fancy, 12 to 16 inches. The sides of the bedstead are fitted for the arms to the settle, although it is not necessary to have them. The settles made from grandmother's bed will not need staining or painting. Those of later date need a dressing to be attractive.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Use of Colored Napery.
Colored napery is allowable at breakfast and luncheon, but never at dinner. Little starch should be used in laundering white linen. A handsome monogram embroidered in white in one corner is all the ornamentation that is permissible on either tablecloth or napkins.