

WASHINGTON LETTER

INTERESTING GOSSIP FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

GREAT POWER OF COCKRAN

He Is a Giant Among Orators—Moved All Members of the House—The Leadership of Allison.

Washington.—The closing days of congress developed the fact that oratory is not dead in the house of representatives and that under proper leadership that body may be expected to assume once more the proud position it formerly held in the scheme of government. It was shown that given the men and the occasion the floor of the house may well become the arena for dramatic scenes equal in intensity and interest to any of the great days which once made the popular branch of congress the center of attraction for those who throng the capitol.



Hon. Bourke Cockran.

Bourke Cockran, of course, is a giant among popular orators. It is doubtful whether in all American history there has been any man who could exceed him as an overpowering oratorical personality before a popular assembly. He is big of body, big of head, big of voice, big in magnetism, with a genius for phrase-making and a wealth of invective with which no man of the present generation can compete.

It is doubtful whether in all the history of American politics there has been a more impressive oratorical triumph than that which Cockran won in the Democratic convention of 1892 at Chicago. In that year Cockran attended the convention as a member of the Tammany delegation from New York who were bent upon defeating the nomination of Grover Cleveland, and who united in a written appeal to the delegates from other states against Cleveland's nomination on the ground that it would surely involve the loss of the Empire state to the democratic party. The convention was in continuous session in the great wigwag for hours during the day and far into the night. The rain beat upon the roof, the great crowd of 20,000 people surged and howled and altogether it was an unruly mob. The sentiment for Cleveland was dominant and the democratic managers under the lead of William C. Whitney had completed the arrangements for his nomination. For hours the most effective orators in the party had been appealing from the platform, some in favor of Cleveland, others against him, but no matter who they were or whom they favored they were drowned in the fury of the crowd. Their oratory was a voiceless pantomime. Then at three o'clock in the morning Cockran rose and plowed forward to a place on the platform. He had not been speaking two minutes before he had the great auditorium silent under the spell of his eloquence and he held a hostile audience there for an hour, while he marshaled argument after argument against the former president, who was as he described it "popular on every day except election day." Then after he had concluded his speech the convention went calmly to work and placed in nomination the man against whom he had led loose the floods of his eloquence.

Cockran in the House.

The scenes in the house during the closing days of congress were not unlike those in the Chicago wigwag in 1892. There again Cockran had a hostile and critical audience with the legislative cards stacked against him and a certainty that if ever a vote was taken any proposal which he might make would be defeated by a substantial majority. Yet again he dominated his audience by the force of his overwhelming personality and while he held them under the spell of his eloquence seemed to be carrying everything by storm. He roused cheers of frenzied enthusiasm from his democratic associates and from the galleries; and even those on the republican side of the house could hardly restrain themselves from expressions of involuntary approval.



Congressman Datzell.

The glamour of a dramatic occasion disappeared in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, and even some of the democratic representatives who had indulged in the most frenzied exclamations of delight began to wonder seriously what it had all been about and to recall that Bourke Cockran in the past had lent his eloquence fully as often to the opposition as to them and that he had only rarely been on the winning side.

Datzell, of Pennsylvania, whose interruption of the Tammany orator was the occasion for stirring Cockran to his great burst of eloquence, is physically so inferior to the Irish leader as to make his attack seem almost ridiculous in the retrospect. He has a slender figure of medium height, a head which tips pertly to the right at an angle of several degrees, and a voice which is thin and piercing almost to the point of racking the hearers' nerves. He is lacking in magnetism and

in popular qualities and, though he is recognized as possessing great ability, he has never been able fully to secure the confidence even of his own political associates as a parliamentary leader. Yet in cold type his encounter with Cockran reflects no discredit on him.

Allison as a Leader.

Allison of Iowa emerges from the session of congress just closed with an even higher reputation as a parliamentary leader than he had before. Allison is recognized by both parties in both houses as a master of legislative strategy in dealing with whom younger and seemingly more aggressive politicians find themselves continually at a disadvantage.



Senator Allison.

Allison has been in the senate now for over 30 years and prior to March 4, 1873, when he took his seat in the chamber at the north wing of the capitol, he had been a member of the house of representatives for four congresses, so that legislation comes to him now by instinct and he can accomplish more without apparent effort than many others can accomplish with much straining and strenuousness. He is 75 years old now and he has been in congress since he was 37.

Allison has a greater facility in shaping legislation than any other man who has been in either house or senate in many years. He has a positive genius for parliamentary phrasing, securing by an apt word or sentence exactly the legislative result which he desires. On a conference committee, where so much of the important legislation of congress is really framed, Allison is irresistible. Without exciting antagonism or seeming to be insistent he almost invariably secures exactly the results which he sets out to obtain. With a smile and a suggestion he touches unerringly the hidden spring which opens up what looks to his antagonist as a compromise, but which in truth results in precisely the aim he had in mind.

An Old Army Record.

Gov. Upham, of Wisconsin, who was executive of the Badger state ten years ago and who has been an interesting figure about the capitol for a fortnight, has a record which it would be hard to match.



Ex-Gov. Upham.

During the civil war he was officially declared dead and memorial services were held in his honor in his native town of Racine, Wis., while he lay in a southern prison, awaiting an opportunity to communicate with those who were mourning for him at home. He was a member of the first regiment enlisted from Wisconsin and he was wounded at the battle of Bull Run and left on the field grievously wounded. A year later he appeared in Washington and amazed Senator Timothy O. Howe by walking into his committee room and asking for a furlough in order that he might rejoin his regiment. The senator looked at him hard. "But you are dead, Bill," he exclaimed. "How can you go back to your regiment?" Nevertheless Upham persisted and Howe took him up to the white house. "Uncle Abe" bent a kindly eye on him. "No, I can't send you back to your regiment," he said. "You have already done everything a man can do for his country. You have fought, bled and died for her. You are officially recorded as dead and of course you can't do any more fighting in this war. I can't send you back to your regiment, but I tell you what I can do. I will send you to West Point and make a soldier of you."

And sure enough to West Point the boy went and graduated into the regular army in the same class with Quartermaster General Humphrey and several others who have made high rank in the army. Upham remained only a short time in the service after the close of the war and then went back to Wisconsin, where he settled down and went into the lumber business, marrying in due season a little girl who had been affianced to him as a boy and who had worn black for him when the news came to Racine of his demise. She has to-day the scrap book she made then containing the newspaper accounts of the funeral services with the eulogiums of the first Wisconsin soldier to fall in the war.

When Upham was mentioned for governor there were two others in the race and it was a pretty three-cornered fight. The first ballot resulted in no choice. Then one of Upham's supporters rose and read from the Chicago Inter Ocean the story of how he once died for his country. The tide was turned his way and he was nominated on the next ballot.

Abide with Me.

How the beautiful hymn "Abide with Me" came into being is recalled by the efforts which are being made to complete the rebuilding of the Lower Brixham church, England, which was begun 30 years ago in memory of the author of the hymn, the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. At the age of 54 he found himself doomed to die of consumption. In sorrow at having to leave his work unfinished he prayed that it might be granted to him to write something which would live to the glory of God when he was dead. His prayer was granted and he wrote "Abide with Me" on the last evening that he ever spent at Brixham, after preaching to the congregation for the last time.

TOLD IN NEW YORK

MEN OF MILLIONS THAT ARE PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN.

GRAFT AND THE GRAFTERS

Hints of Boodle Are Found in Both the City and State in Business and Politics—Other Gotham Gossip.



NEW YORK.

"Smith? Seems to me I've heard that name," is about as definite a comment as the average citizen can make upon the announcement that a Mr. Smith, who died in Yonkers, left to various persons \$35,000,000, and to the state of New York \$1,000,000 in succession taxes.

Mr. Warren B. Smith was the man in question. Hazily again, it is known that he had something to do with carpets. In fact, he was a manufacturer of them upon a gigantic scale. He employed workmen by the many hundreds. He invested his great income overhauling every rational need in stocks, bonds, securities, and these in turn gained in value. He lived quietly, and to the gay group of luxurious millionaires who form the "400" he was unknown, though he could have bought and sold most of them twice and thrice over.

The Smith family has a way of surprising the wisecracks when money is reckoned. Just as Mr. Warren Smith's one million in death taxes alone fascinates New York's imagination, so the greater estate which James Henry Smith, the "Silent Man of Wall Street," gained from his uncle, who died in London a few years ago, amazed even Britain of the older millionaires by paying to the crown death taxes which appreciably swelled the national revenue. That one single estate saved a penny in the pound to every man who paid income tax. Just as Mrs. Mark Hopkins Searles' house in Great Barrington, Mass., when it was erected, cut in half the tax rate on every other proprietor.

Patrick Farrelly the Newsmen.

RIGHT young Irish lads take with especial aptitude to the business of selling newspapers.

Patrick Farrelly came from Ireland with his parents, a lad of seven, without prospects, 55 years ago. He had little education when, not much later, he began selling newspapers. As a young man of 23 he had already worked up a big route when he combined with Sinclair and John Tousey, George and Henry Dexter and S. W. Johnson to form the American News company. He was the youngest of the six, but three of the others survive him, Henry Dexter nearly 90 years of age.

Ever since I can remember, Mr. Farrelly has been president, or general manager, or both. Whatever the title, he was in the office every day, attending to business.

Few men in America had such a wide acquaintance. That he knew the business managers of countless newspapers and magazines was to be expected. But he had also a large acquaintance with literary men. There are few writers who are not at some disastrous period stung by the bee of publication. When some "perfectly magnificent idea" occurred to one of these young men the first thing was to "see Farrelly." Would Farrelly handle the papers or magazines? Then success was assured.

Mr. Farrelly early learned that to pour words of caution into the ears of men bitten by the publication idea was useless. He would "circulate" anything; it was by the "returns" of many an ambitious publication was pronounced. I have sat at table at a dinner given by an over-ambitious author of national fame, where Mr. Farrelly was a fellow guest, and where the distinguished host indulged in lofty talk of his sure success, undeterred by the quizzical smile upon the lips of the man who had heard many such boasts before. The new paper ran four numbers. Its projector had tried twice before, with a result that was not a bit more encouraging.

Yet how many ventures as desperate has the old newsman seen pull through by the skin of their teeth and become paying "propositions." One is picturesque. A paper of national repute and circulation exceeding half a million copies was kept alive in its struggling days by the faith of the paper dealer who supplied the publisher. He let the bills run, even though he knew the venturesome publisher hadn't a cent left. The paper man has his reward. The paper uses up ten acres of forest every time it runs off a number. It has

never bought or tried to buy a pound of paper from any other than its first provider.

"Graft" in New York.

HE administration of "Little Mac"—George B. McClellan—as mayor of New York, has received a body blow in his signing of a "grab" franchise

endowing the Standard Oil company and other owners of the local gas trust with franchises of immense value, for which they do not pay the city a cent.

Until that bill was signed Mayor McClellan's administration had been called excellent. It had only been marred by three bad appointments in the police department, wherein part of the mischief has now been repaired. But the gas grab is considered a heavy, if not a fatal blow, to Mr. McClellan's hopes of political preferment.

No one imagines that George McClellan has handled, or will handle, a cent of the gas trust's money. But there were powerful influences at work upon him, claims of gratitude and fealty too strong to ignore.

For instance: "Boss" Murphy's brother is head of the great company that had made a contract to build the trust's new \$15,000,000 plant across the East river. The profit will be at least ten per cent. The trust, according to Mr. Lincoln Steffens, the special student of "graft," contributed lavishly in money and influence to the success of the McClellan cause last fall. Finally, the Albany lobby that passed the bill, corruptly, of course, had close connections with both the republican rural and the Tammany local machines. For country members frequently vote for rotten legislation, undeterred by hint of local disapprobation, so long as only the big city is robbed.

The sensational revelations connected with the arrest of Duke, the agent of the "grafters" in the police department, have given the mayor's administration another black eye, so that it has now a difficulty in seeing much prospect of future success.

The Globe "Security Company."

HE affair of the Globe Security company suggests that state politics, as well as local, are in a bad way. Here Gov. Odell is hit by the disclosures.

The Globe company was run in connection with the Federal bank, managed by one Rothschild. The name "Rothschild" suggested to the ignorant that the president of both concerns was a relative of the famous, and honest, Frankfort family. The name "Federal" was meant to suggest that the bank was a national bank, which it was not.

Organized under the state laws, it was being looted. Everyone knew it was being looted. Shares of its stock were sold on the auction block as low as eight dollars. The state bank superintendent was notified, more than once. His men were leisurely making a routine examination of a big savings bank. Not until that long job was finished did the examiners attack the little bank that was being looted. The saddest part of the affair was that its East side branch, managed by an ex-elderman, was largely patronized by poor merchants of the Jewish district, whose all was swept away.

The Globe company was even more rapacious. It made loans upon chattel mortgages, sold them, took installment payments which it failed to turn over to the new holders, then "failed"—liabilities nearly a million. When the receiver's lawyer investigated the imposing "vault" in the Globe office he found its back a mask of painted tin, belying the steel front with its massive locks. That's the sort of thing that goes on in New York when the authorities shut their eyes, even for a moment, to talk politics.

"Business Graft."

LL this recalls what Mr. Steffens has said about business "graft" being more dangerous to a community than police graft, and far harder to stop.

Permission to rob the public, either by service corporations that receive unlimited franchises, or by "get-rich-quick" concerns, or by raving touts that pretend to give winning "tips," or by one of 50 devices for getting other people's money, are ten times a greater evil in New York than the more picturesque police "graft" about which so much is heard in spite of the Duke revelations. I must insist upon pretty accurate information that New York's police force is better managed than under Van Wyck Tammany started out with the definite purpose of stopping police "graft," and thus lulling public suspicions so that, under such bribes to the public conscience as clean streets, a low death rate and fair police protection, the bigger "graft" could go on unchecked. There are policemen who continue to "graft" on a small scale, but it is a risky business. Tammany would not hesitate to sacrifice them.

OWEN LANGDON



WHEN THE WIND BLOWS.

When the wind blows, Nobody knows Where the wind goes! When the wind blows Every one's nose Is as red as a rose! When the wind blows, The old rooster crows, And defies all his foes! When the wind blows, Do you suppose, That sea captains doze? When the wind blows At night, and it snows, Two eyelids close— And ten little toes.

—Ernest McCann, in St. Nicholas.

EARTHQUAKE ON TUMBLER.

Here Is a Funny Little Trick That Is Easy to Do and Requires No Apparatus.

Nearly fill a tumbler with water, wipe the edge dry if you happen to have wet it, lay on it a card which is large enough to project at least half an inch all around and let it stand undisturbed. In half an hour or so you will find that the card has become hollow, like a cup, and has sagged down inside of the glass. This is caused from the vapor rising from the water. The lower face of the card, being moist, has swollen or expanded, while the upper face has not, and therefore the flat card is warped into the shape of a cup. Take it off and replace it with the damp convex side on top. The rounded card represents the earth.



EARTHQUAKE ON A TUMBLER.

or a portion of it, and in a minute you will see it quake.

But to make the earthquake more interesting your earth should have inhabitants. You cannot make these small enough to be in the right proportion to your little earth, and if you could they would be too small to see, so you will have to make them as small as you can—an inch or two high. Make them of paper, stand them carefully on their feet or seat them on bits of cork on your earth before it quakes. If you can make the figures in pieces, with their bodies gently balanced on their legs and their heads on their bodies, so much the better.

You might also add a house built up of four bits of card for walls, held together only by the weight of a fifth piece laid on top of them for a roof.

All your figures and buildings—there isn't room for many—must be in readiness before you turn the earth—I mean the damp card—over. Set them quickly but carefully on the convex surface and wait for the earthquake. Very soon the "earth" will sink in with a snap, and walls, heads, legs and bodies will go flying through the air. The reason is easy to guess. The upper surface of the card has been drying and contracting while the lower surface has become moist and swollen, so that presently the card has to bulge down instead of up.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

ODDITY OF AIR CURRENTS.

When Blown Through a Funnel a Candle Flame Is the Most Obstinate of Things.

Of course you know what a "blower" is. The meaning that we have in mind is not to be found in the dictionary, but you are doubtless familiar with the term blower, which is the same thing.

The next time you encounter him tell him that you don't believe he can blow out a candle placed only a foot from his experienced mouth without any other obstacle than his own breath between them.

If he accepts the challenge, seat him comfortably at the table, place the lighted candle in front of him, and, putting to his lips a large tin funnel, with the



FLAME DEFIES THE BLOWER.

center of its mouth opposite and near the flame, tell him to blow through that.

He may blow until he becomes black in the face without extinguishing the candle. The harder he blows the more it doesn't go out.

After he has given it up, say: "It is easy enough when you know how," put the funnel to your lips and blow out the candle. How? Simply by bringing the rim instead of the center near the flame.

When you blow through a funnel your breath spreads and follows the conical surface, leaving a region of dead calm in the center. Your friend blew all around the flame without touching it, but you extinguish it with a puff.

There are a good many queer things about air currents that would never have been thought of if they had not been found out by experience. This is one of them.—Detroit Free Press.

KITTEN FOUND THE CATNIP.

After Rigel Had Discovered the Treasure He Wanted to Share It with His Playmates.

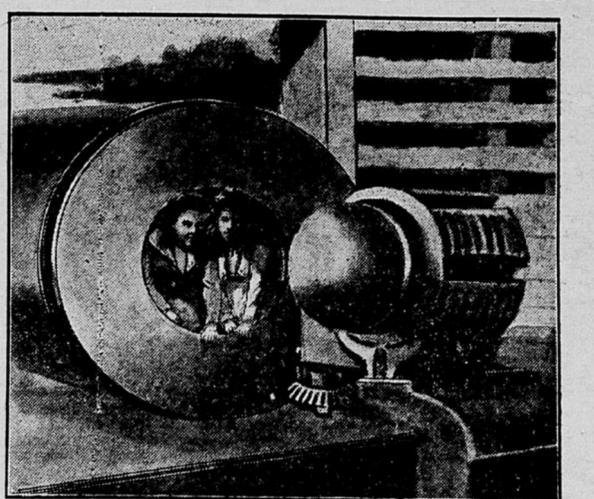
An Indiana physician tells this story of a bright kitten in Our Dumb Animals: The kitten was named "Rigel," was very playful, full of reasoning in all his play, and soon grew to be a large cat.

Snow covered the ground most of the winter, and catnip could not easily be had by the cats. One day while sitting at the desk I noticed my cat climbing up a set of shelves which contained medicines and drugs in bottles and boxes. When he reached the fifth shelf from the floor he carefully reached with his paw a small packet, pulled it out and dropped it to the floor. Nothing else was touched. He jumped down, smelled of the paper, then came to me and mewed and ran to his bed, which on picking up I found to be an unopened five-cent packet of catnip. I broke it and gave a part to him on a paper. He ate of it, then rolled in it and enjoyed a real feast.

In the evening of the same day, while relating this to a friend, a mewing and scratching was heard at the door. I opened it and in came Rigel, and with him a large white cat. Rigel repeated his performance and seemed pleased to see his friend enjoy it.

About a week after the white cat and a maites cat came in, and a third time my cat succeeded in getting the packet without disturbing another box. After they had partaken to their satisfaction, I put them on the walk and my friend and I watched them in their play.

In the World's Largest Gun



WHEN a soldier or sailor is told a gun is of a certain caliber he knows exactly what the words mean, but the average boy does not, and, therefore, when he read some time ago that the largest gun in the world had just been finished at Watervliet arsenal it is very doubtful if he was able to form any precise idea of the magnitude of the new weapon. If so, he will surely be interested in the picture which represents two children sitting in the very breach of this monstrous gun and thus shows at a glance its great dimensions. The children are nine and ten years old and there is ample room for both. Our cut is from the New York Herald.