

OF STATESMEN

Distinct Varieties to Be Found in the House.

IES IN CHARACTER

Are Members Who Are Invariably Self-Conscious and Others Who Are Loquacious Week in and Week Out, Others Who Buy Themselves Writers or Outwitting Their Opponents, Others Who Are Ever-Ready to Open in Mystery.

1899, by Amos J. Cummings)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 23.—The House is again the dominating power in the House. The Reed rules make it so. He is changed in name only. Representative on whose motion the rules were adopted by the last House is now the Speaker. The same have been adopted by this House about a protest from a single member in the minority. The member who protested in the last House remained bound by the action of the caucus. He himself admitted, adding: "I did that implicit obedience that I hope I will always be able to yield."

He made a faint protest and passed over the yoke. This House, despite its small majority, is certain to be more compliant than the last House. The Reed rules are now regarded by the majority as a necessity. They realized that any attempt at a modification would have proven dangerous. The House was sold. An effort to weaken it might have broken the entire structure and inundated the whole House.

Sen. Henderson is proving himself worthy successor to Thomas B. Reed. He has a magnificent presence, a graceful manner, and characteristic decision. He is in fact, but without a bundle of authority, a well-seasoned with gum graft. The House is his monarchy. He will look in vain for any insubordination in the majority. They practically gave up the first day of the session. The majority is so apologetic that any effort to change the rules would be hopeless. There is left to fight under the Reed rules. No promises have been made, and there is no irritation over the new adoption. Reed inaugurated a new era in legislation, and it is to say that the House will return to the old methods. A patriot, however, still asserts that the House is still retrograde, and that the index finger points to despotism.

THE CONSCIOUS AND GRAND. The distinctive features characterizing membership are still retained. The conscious member is always in evidence. He paces the lobby in silent awe, awakening awe. He seems to be in a permanent quandary, and wanders from desk to desk and from cloakroom to cloakroom, manipulating lappels and seeking advice. Sometimes he wants to know where he can get a copy of a report made in a way-back Congress. At other times he is in doubt as to the proper phraseology of a bill or resolution. Again, he wants to know what sense there is in the Agricultural Department distributes grape vines and strawberry plants. Anon, he is worried because somebody has applied to him for a goldfish, and he is uncertain as to how many he is entitled to, and where he can get them. One member received a request from a certain member for a mushroom spawl, and was advised by a fact-finding colleague to apply to the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for his quota. Never is the buttonholing member quiet. He is busy in the lobby, on the floor, in the lunch-room, and in the committee room. His sincerity is unquestioned, and common courtesy requires a respectful attention to his requests.

IN THE PRESIDENT'S CONFIDENCE. Next in importance is the member who is in the confidence of the President, or thinks he is. He has a mystic air, and a certain quickness of legislation with the agility of a cat fording a puddle. At times he is as showy as a butterfly. Anon, he becomes unobtrusive and modest. Sometimes you learn that he was a schoolmate of the President, and again that he is a lobbyist with him in the army. He may tell you that he stood sponsor for him at the beginning of his political career, and that his advice is sought in all the ramifications attending executive action. Others defend the President on the floor and assail his assailants; but for some mysterious reason the member who is in the confidence of the President usually remains silent. He is apparently afraid of himself; it would be a terrible mistake to divulge executive plans and intentions in the heat of discussion.

Even if he does take the floor it is only to endorse what has already been said by some well-recognized friend of the Administration. There is no doubt, however, that the gentleman is in the confidence of the President, for he frequently alludes to social affairs, and recounts the affecting familiarities of the olden time in tent and field. Such are some of the distinctive features characterizing membership in the House. There are many other varieties of species. There is the member who ramps the departments in search of favors, and again, the one who devotes himself to social affairs. Nor should we forget the oratorical variety. He deluges the House with rhetoric periodically, but his speeches are like some radiators—they make more noise than heat. Aside from these there is the member who invariably quotes poetry, and another who lifts the sayings of Shakespeare into his speeches. These and all other members operate under the Reed rules, and perhaps it is well that it should be so. For this is the transitory age of the Republic. Old things are disappearing; new things are coming into view.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

gone flow from him in uninterrupted succession until the cry of "Yeas and nays" from the corridors draws him into the House, and the coming again of the roll down to work. He is perseveringly suggestive in discussion, and never loses an opportunity of getting his name into the Record. He introduces bills by the score, but none of them ever reach the stage of consideration. Anon, he evinces an inquiring disposition and announces the orator with trifling questions. When in good trim he can depopulate a cloakroom—or even the House itself—in short order. At night he frequents the newspaper offices, seeking personal mention and flippant praise, and sometimes gets both.

ALWAYS WRITING LETTERS. Then there is the member who considers that all his correspondence is personal. He is ever at his desk, and is always writing letters. To reply to the government allows him a clerk at a maximum salary, and he has a clerk; but in many cases the clerk is appointed in payment of a political debt, and is totally incompetent. Some Representatives not overburdened with mails send an autograph letter in reply to every inquiry from constituents. Possibly it has a tendency to increase their popularity at home and strengthen them politically. Certain it is that many members spend hours at their desks, using the pen, dead to all discussion, unaware of the business before the House until the vote is reached. There are men, however, who conduct their correspondence at their desks with open ears, and have an accurate knowledge of all that is passing. Such was Gen. Francis B. Spinola, of New York. One day while busy with his correspondence a discussion arose concerning the alleged outrage at Mississippi. Harrison, Kelley, of Kansas, made a resentment of Clark Lewis, a well-known planter. It was Lewis' first speech in the House. He was protesting against the injustice inflicted upon his State. He said that a quarrel between two negro roustabouts in some interior town of the State, resulting fatally, would be magnified into a race rising and cause misrepresentation in the Northern press. The cry of assassination would be raised throughout the land. If a white man should kill a negro in self-defense forthwith throughout the North there would be a shout of "Murder! murder! murder!" At this, Spinola, who was still busily writing, shouted at the top of his voice, "Police! police!" without raising his head or taking his pen from the paper. The House resounded with laughter, and the worthy planter's peroration was somewhat damaged.

THE BUTTONHOLING MEMBER. One of the curiosities of the House is the buttonholing member. He seems to be in a permanent quandary, and wanders from desk to desk and from cloakroom to cloakroom, manipulating lappels and seeking advice. Sometimes he wants to know where he can get a copy of a report made in a way-back Congress. At other times he is in doubt as to the proper phraseology of a bill or resolution. Again, he wants to know what sense there is in the Agricultural Department distributes grape vines and strawberry plants. Anon, he is worried because somebody has applied to him for a goldfish, and he is uncertain as to how many he is entitled to, and where he can get them. One member received a request from a certain member for a mushroom spawl, and was advised by a fact-finding colleague to apply to the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries for his quota. Never is the buttonholing member quiet. He is busy in the lobby, on the floor, in the lunch-room, and in the committee room. His sincerity is unquestioned, and common courtesy requires a respectful attention to his requests.

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THE COMING OF THE UP TO DATE SANTA CLAUS.

IN THE FEMININE WORLD

CHRISTMAS GARLANDS. The stream in the frozen flaws was smooth. And white as a bar of pearl: The swaying balls of the cottonwood Were caught in a gusty swirl, As through the gloam of the beaten elms. And the dust of the quaking firs, Astride of the northern blast he came— The Knight of the crystal spurs.

The lilhe, long withes of the willow tree. Were bent by the ruthless gale; The berries that clung to the dogwood sprig. Were rattled about like hail. And not a shimmer of russet-red, Nor a fragment of amber-brown, Remained on the oak tree's mighty boughs. Nor the shuddering alder's crown. But though the point of his lance was sharp, And his mood was harsh and wild, He turned aside from the evergreens With the changed mind of a child. The shivering vines were shriveled black. And the buckeye's fallen burs Were covered thick with a frozen rind, By the Knight of the crystal spurs.

But the shaken plumes of the cedar boughs. The frost-born fiery glow Of clustered beads on the holly tree, The pearls of the mistletoe, He touched them not with a smiling hand. For his will was well to slay, For cedar and holly and mistletoe. Are sacred to Christmas Day. —HATTIE WHITNEY, in Truth.

Is there one amongst us that does not recall with delight those exquisite days of childhood when we really believed there was such a personage as Kris Kringle. When we listened in good faith for the tinkle of his sleigh-bells, or lay wide-eyed, in our little beds and vowed we would watch for his coming down the chimney-place? Foolish was a few short minutes and we were in dream-land, with happy visions floating through our little brains.

Christmas is the time, says an old superstition, when the fairies may listen to the holy name without fear, and rejoicing, lend their voices with mortals in the Christmas carols.

There is a strange superstition among the Siberian peasants that "the basis of the stall" are given speech and prophecy at Christmas dawn, and he who is brave enough to hide away in the straw may listen to his fate, as foretold by them.

The holly-berry is surrounded with superstition. If your decorations are not taken down on Candlemas eve you will have misfortune; and you must be very careful not to prick your fingers when you do take them down, for that, also, is a sign of bad luck. For if you want protection from witch's throughout the year, just pick a twig of holly on Christmas eve, or bring a piece back with you from church on Christmas day. That will insure you against all danger.

The bird of dawn singeth all night long: And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad; The nights are wholesome: then no planet strikes, No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, So hallow'd and so gracious is that time."

Zola confesses to admire most in a woman, tenderness; in a man, goodness.

A curious custom in Kaffir land is, that while the bridegroom is expected to build the fences and see to the cattle, to the young bride falls the burden of building with her own hands the house in which they are to live. Among the Kaffir tribes, the Zulus stand highest and treat their women with the most kindness.

Queen Elizabeth, of Roumania, in literary life known as Carmen Sylva, is one of the most interesting and progressive of royal personages. She leads a most active life, rising at 3 o'clock in the morning to devote herself to the piano and the easel. There is, perhaps, less ostentation about her than any woman of royal blood in Europe. Her ambition at one time was no higher than to become a teacher.

One woman in Illinois has overcome the proverbial fear of mice, which is thought to be innate in womankind. She raises these "dear little things," in which she has discovered a "child-like nature," for the market. So fond has she grown of her pets that she is trying to persuade women now that it is silly to be afraid of a mouse. She will even let them run upon her dress and dance on her shoulder. She considers the Japanese mouse the best waltzer; next to him comes the Chinese. Her most aristocratic mouse is the Egyptian. She thinks mice are very "responsive" by nature, and she is attracted to them because of their cleverness.

The Countess of Warwick, so noted for her beautiful profile, has tired of society and its butterfly ways, and has fled henceforth to the unfortunate. She signified her intention of devoting her life now engaged in many charitable works, and it is expected that she will in the near future come to America on a lecturing tour.

THEATRICAL. This lively farce comedy will be the attraction at the Academy of Music to-morrow, matinee and night. The management present the following chorus: The piece is brilliant with witty dialogue and situations that cannot fail to provoke interest in the most resisting. In one respect "Town Topics" is far superior to many farces, in that there is not an unwholesome line in it. There is so much laughter that the plot, such as there is, has a tendency to get lost occasionally in the specialties, but one always picks up the thread of the story again and follows it to the end. The comedy itself is well put together and abounds in incidents that are uproariously funny. The company is said to be an unusually strong one, coming well endorsed by the leading papers of other cities. Prices: Matinee, 50c; night, 25c, to \$1.00.

A COUNTRY MERCHANT. "A Country Merchant" will be seen at the Academy on Wednesday, matinee and night, with the comedian, Mr. Charles Cowles, in the star part. The production is vitally by the management to be on a splendid scale, the scene settings being particularly realistic, and the interesting story of the play will be well told by a clever company of players, and all together a

magnificent treat is in store for the large audience which is confidently expected.

THEATRICAL NOTES. "The Sign of the Cross" is promised with all its magnificence of costume, scenery and historically correct appointments, as one of the attractions at the Academy soon.

Viola Allen's company in "The Christian" has been augmented this season, so as a whole to be stronger in general ensemble than it was last year. In it Robert Druce plays the role of John Storm; Edgar Davenport, the son of Edwin Davenport, plays the man of the world, Horatio Drake; Harold Russell, who was last seen with Charles Coghlan, plays the calloused Lord Robert Ure; Mr. C. Leslie Allen, who is Miss Allen's father, plays the suave Archdeacon Wealthy; Frank C. Bangs, known from the triumvirate of Booth, McCullough and Bangs, plays Father Lamplugh; and the balance of the company includes Oscar Eagle, Charles Mason, Edgar Norton, Guy Nichols, Chas. Rowan, Mrs. Gertrude Dickson, Helen Lowell, Carrie Merrills, Jessie Bradford, Perdita Huidspet, Evangeline Irving (a sister of Isabel Irving) and others. Besides these names, a large auxiliary company is carried to interpret the different minor roles of the play.

Frank Daniels is crowding Wallace's Theater, New York, by his attractive production of his latest comic opera success, "The Amerc." The scenes are laid in Afghanistan and the comedian impersonates the ruler of the Himalayas with most humorous effect. Victor Herbert, who writes about the best comic opera scores done in this country, is the composer, and the librettist is Kirke La Shelle.

Primrose and Deekstatter have revived this season the old style of negro minstrelsy, with its plantation melodies and darkey characterization, and log cabin series of songs rendered in exquisite manner. The specialties are new and the best novelties of this and other countries, the orchestra is superb, and dancing will illustrate the best minstrel entertainment ever offered by this representative organization.

"The Man in the Moon," with its twenty gorgeous ballets, its superb company, including the inimitable Fougere, with her fascinating mimicry and impersonation of celebrated actors; its new and talking songs and ballads, etc., is still the reigning attraction at the Columbia, Boston, which it literally crowded to the doors nightly. The original engagement has been extended two weeks.

Andrew Mack has been having a wonderful season of success, his new play has caught the public and his original songs have, as usual, been fascinatingly sung by the popular comedian. Rich and Harris have given him every accompaniment so that the lover of the artistic in good comedy will find in "The Last of the Rohans" much to be enjoyed.

Nat Goodwin has just concluded a brilliant engagement of five weeks in Chicago. The last week was devoted to repertoire and included among the performances the famous success, "The Gilded Fool," "An American Citizen" and "The Cowboy and the Lady."

The Auditorium Theatre, of which James M. Barton is the proprietor and general manager, and Charles Rentz business manager, has an especially attractive program for Christmas week. The concert program is elaborate, and the show will begin with Buckley & Rentz's one-act farce entitled "News-Paper Personal, or, Upside-down." This is a side-splitting, better than doctor's medicine for the blues. The olio of novelties embraces more for the money than has ever before been offered in Norfolk. The Christmas matinee is at 2:30 p. m.

CURSES OF THE CRIME OF '73

An Appeal to the Irresistible Logic of Events.

VESUVIUS LOOSE AGAIN

Hoob, in Discussing the Financial Situation, Says Gold Standardites Find Again That They Have Bitten Off More Than They Can Chew and Are Being Crucified on Mr. Bryan's Cross of Gold.

New York, Dec. 23. Editor Virginian-Pilot:

Alas, this ties up all the farinacious logic of events. The curses of the CRIME of '73 are still coming home to roost and all my prophecies are being fulfilled to the letter, so that I am tempted to exclaim, with something of the sorrow of our blessed Lord, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Thou that stonest the prophets!" I make this quotation with all reverence. Vesuvius has broken loose in Wall Street again, and the gold standardites find again they have bitten off more than they can chew. In short the arrogant and brutal money power and the grabbing brigands are getting it in the neck all the world over. Surely there is an avenging Dely in the affairs of men. "Again," as Senator Daniel says, "they have been heaping up wrath against the day of wrath." And now, at the very time when Keene, who has panic the world over, the Rothschilds and Morgan syndicates are attempting to give silver another stab and to consummate, if possible, the curses and CRIME of '73. They want to increase the value of hundreds of millions of bonds by making them payable in gold. But, at the very time that there is a scramble for gold and a semi-gold panic in Lombard and Wall Streets, they seek to increase "the strain on gold." Insatiable avarice! will not the CRIME suffice? rackwrecked idiots! is there no avenging Dely in the affairs of men?

Do you not see you, too, are now being crucified on Mr. Bryan's cross of gold? The values of your trust securities have declined 450 millions this year. Ah, you cannot make up this loss by giving the yoke of the gold standard on the people. Mr. Keene, who has made 20 millions recently by your avarice and avarice is the blindest of all the passions—tells you that you must take silver for your inflated trusts and credits, or get "naughting." He tells you that your trusts are driving thousands of middlemen, commercial travellers and clerks out of employment, and crushing out their manhood and independence of character. But what do you care? You believe only in the brutal power of money. You think you can make the worse appear the better case, and "juggle" the thousands of clerks out of their jobs. Ha, but now you turn upon your stocks declining millions, with bombs bursting and confidence destroyed; now you call in vain upon your Baal; now you grovel and bite the great toe of your senseless and remorseless gilded gods, as the writers at the well known "lem!" Do the gallant and pious Boers, as they charge into battle call on your gilded and immortal sphinx? No; a thousand times no. They sing "Old Hundred" and praise God—the ever glorious Trinity of whom the compassionate breast is "very God of very God."

And now you gallant Virginians, who are born on the ever-sacred and sweet soil that gave to the world the immortal Patrick Henry, the ever-glorious Jefferson, to say nothing of Washington, the grandest character in all history, do you call on you to make a new Declaration of Independence. Rise in your might and declare that the time has come when it is mete and right that you should be free and independent of the British gold standard and that these sovereign States no longer be the provinces of Great Britain. You have been the bully and land-grabber of the world since Waterloo, and has degenerated into a second-class power by the wisdom of Joubert and the inspired Boer sharpshooters. And, O, Virginians, let your ringing voices, inspired by a heavenly sense of justice and right, declare that the "little Republics" shall not be crushed off the face of the earth. Let your cry be, "Down with the CRIME of '73: Down with the British gold standard and the Rothschilds; Down with the tyrant of the White House, who has ruthlessly slaughtered 4,000,000 Filipinos, whose ancestors have fought for their liberty against Spain for a hundred years!"

But, there is a world-wide gold panic and the stock banks of England are likely soon to burst like full-grown eggs. And, as it is the gold standard, we begin to see that the gold standard and the McKinley and Marcus Aurelius property is a gilded and painted old harlot. Boston is in a state of gloom. One of her banks has spouted a million barrels of beans to the Clearing House for over three millions of certificates or "shill-plasters."

Alas, this ties up all the barinacious and succulent beans in the market, and there is a panic in consequence among the noble Athenians. Beans are the brain-food of the classic literati and patres conscripti of Beacon Hill. Imagine then the condition of affairs. There are not beans enough in the open market to last the good old boarding-house "mothers" a week. All Boston can do is to fall back on pic, O, dies vital! I cannot close this somewhat discursive epistle to you, O brave and noble Virginians, without warning you to beware of the Greeks ("Tona ferentes") who are seeking to kill off free silver by that our dearly loved Brother Bryan will not be the logical candidate. That is the game of the subsidized prostitutes of the press in this town of New York. Kill off free silver? Kill off our Bryan? They might as well attempt to turn Niagara back into the lakes. Why, when Bryan comes East, he will be hailed as a Messiah (not to speak it profanely) by the outraged and impoverished people who are scrambling over each other's necks in the fierce competition for the phantom dollars. BEERE. W. I. Industrial Ex., N. Y., Dec. 19.

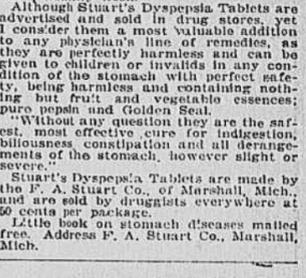
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