

CONGRESS CONVENES.

SCENES IN HOUSE AND SENATE ON THE OPENING DAY.

A Political Vanity Fair, Where Members Strut and Pose for the Admiration of the Spectators in the Galleries—Fresh Stories in the Cloakrooms.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—That great hive of wisdom, stupidity, energy and laziness strangely blended, commonly called the American congress, is again in session. As usual, the greatest interest on opening day was manifested in the popular branch. Yesterday a great crowd pressed for admittance to the galleries of the house, and every one who could obtain a seat or a bit of standing room remained throughout the session, which fortunately was a short one.



WHAT VISITORS EXPECTED TO SEE.

In the senate galleries there was a crowd, too, but it was overflowed from the house. People who could not get their noses inside the doors at the house end of the Capitol went over to the other end and found seats as the next best thing. It is always like this. One of the most peculiar features of Washington life is the immense popularity of the house of representatives as compared with the senate. The latter body is probably too dignified and slow, too drowsy and stupid, to attract the multitude. It contains a great number of famous men of course—men whom every one who visits Washington wants to have a look at. It therefore happens that all strangers in the capital city run in on the senate long enough to take a peep at the well known senators; but it is the bustling, noisy, devil-may-care house, a characteristic American assemblage, that fascinates the visitor and holds him in his seat till his dinner is cold.

A great pity it has always seemed to me that the builders of the new wings of the Capitol did not provide more room for spectators. The galleries of the house will hold only 1,800 people, which is a pretty small number considering the picturesqueness of the show and the throngs of people who would like to see it on its best days. About one-half of the seats are taken up by members' wives and families, the diplomatic corps, the friends of the president and his family, and the members of the press, leaving not more than 800 or 900 seats available for the general public.

The house is always interesting on the first day after a recess, particularly after a recess in which so much political happens as has occurred during the last month. It is interesting not for what it does, but for the men it shows—the victors and the vanquished, the men whose careers have come to a timely or untimely end, as the case may be, and those who are proud and happy in having secured a new lease of life from their constituents. Such a day as this is a sort of vanity fair in politics. It is a day on which the successful man struts and poses just a little, no matter how well balanced and how thoroughly self contained he may be at other times.

The most dignified statesman is so proud of a re-election, especially if he has been hard pressed, that when he first gets an opportunity to show himself before his associates human nature asserts itself, and he displays the plumage of his pride. It seems to him that he must be the center of all observation; that every one on the floor and in the galleries is saying, "See the Hon. Mr. Blank; he has been triumphantly re-elected by his people; rising man; great future." Whenever one of his associates approaches him he feels instinctively that it is for the purpose of offering congratulations, and his smile is ready.

In fact, he wears a continuous smile, which after a half hour or so becomes a little weary and even sickly. Of course all the people in the galleries are not noticing or thinking of the Hon. Mr. Blank. Very few of them are aware of his identity or existence. And as to the members on the floor, there are so many of these rising men who have been triumphantly re-elected (why is it that a man is always "triumphantly" chosen to succeed himself in office?) that it is impossible to make one's stock of congratulatory exclamations and adjectives go round.



WHAT THE VISITOR DID SEE.

Still the good natured members make an effort, many of them giving that they may receive payment in kind, and others extending congratulations effusively for the purpose of making themselves conspicuous, until the floor becomes a sort of clearing house of good opinions and complimentary remarks. Everybody appears to be anxious to shake every other man's hand, and there is a wave of smiles and a ripple of laughter, and a sort of chorus of sweet words fills the air. Some of it is good nature, a little of it genuine friendship, but the greater part of it nothing but vanity and selfishness and a yearning for conspicuity. That is what I thought yesterday when I looked down from the press gallery at the first day of the second session of the present congress.

The stranger in the galleries probably expected to see the members on the Democratic side dancing jigs of joy about the hall, making faces at their defeated foe and slapping each other on the back, while the representatives of the party which was

unsuccessful at the recent presidential election sat glum and miserable in their seats, watching the antics of their happier brethren with ill concealed disgust and envy.

Of course nothing of the sort occurred. Probably the happiest men on the floor were the Republican leaders. Mr. Reed, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Lodge and others mingled their smiles with those of Speaker Crisp, Mr. Hoiman, Mr. Bynum and other leaders of the successful party. The stranger in the gallery, especially if he be from a foreign country, is amazed at the apparent friendliness and cordiality of the relations existing between the leaders of the rival parties. He cannot understand it. He has been led to believe that American politicians are always fighting duels or fistfights or pulling each other's hair. And he finds them acting like brothers.

Possibly the minority members, the Republicans, have a little the best of the congressional situation. If I were going to sit in congress—which heaven forbid!—I should want to sit on the minority side. There is so much more fun in not being responsible for what happens, and instead being able to find fault and kick and poke fun at the fellow who is responsible and fill his political hide full of holes.

As I watched the meeting of the house yesterday I thought I saw a suspicious number of smiles of a somewhat sinister nature lurking about the mouths of the Hon. Thomas B. Reed and the Hon. Julius Caesar Burrows. Possibly they were thinking of the fun they are going to have when the Democrats in the coming congress get seriously at the work of making a tariff bill. There is no rose without a thorn, and the thorn in the Democratic thumb at the present writing is the danger that when they make a tariff bill they will fail to please the people in some way or other and be thrown out into the cold and cheerless street, as their predecessors were.

The crowds in the galleries yesterday were evidently not thinking of the tariff question and the future of the political parties. The people have had so much politics of late and so much tariff talk that they must be quite willing to turn their attention to something else. A large number of the spectators were women, and the interest of the women seemed to be centered in the personal appearance of the statesmen. They chattered about Mr. Durbin's fresh color, Mr. Allen's whiskers, Mr. Lodge's neatly trimmed beard, Mr. Reed's increasing baldness, Mr. Crisp's accumulating girth and other trivialities and personalities.

The women also appeared to be greatly amused at the show of vanity which was spread out before their eyes. It is not often that they get an opportunity to see a few hundred successful and presumably strong and sensible men acting very much like a parcel of women who meet for the first time after a summer's travel. And as to the vanity of the lords of creation and makers of laws, I think the case was very well put by an elderly woman who sat next the press gallery and after an hour or so remarked to her companion: "A woman is vain prettily. When a man goes in for vanity he wallows in it."

THE GIRL WHO IS ALWAYS THERE.

Some of the women in the gallery have familiar faces. They have been seen here at every opening or other gala day for ten or a dozen years. They are not all young and charming, though they try to appear so. Some of them seem to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth, for they have not changed a particle in half a dozen years. If they have, they manage not to let any one see it. Who they are or what they are is not known to the smartest man about the Capitol. They are not the wives of members, or they would be sitting in the reserved gallery. They are not the representatives of the half world, else they would be known to most of the habitués of the Capitol. They are neither wholly respectable, one might say, nor yet wholly bad. If there is any mean for a woman, these women probably have found it. They are typical specimens of that class of women which is lamentably large in the American capital—women who live in peculiar ways; dress well when fortune smiles; keep some sort of a hold on the outskirts of society; are viewed with suspicion and yet not cast out; adventuresses of a mild and somewhat harmless type; homeless women who "know how to take care of themselves," and yet are not invited to enter the houses of careful people. There are hundreds of such women in this city, and the Capitol is their favorite rendezvous. Some of them are deserving of pity—luckless girls who have lost their places under the government; unfortunate young women whose families have met with business reverses; ambitious creatures who have not found the path of a lone woman an easy one to travel in this world—the flotsam and jetsam of respectable womanhood in the Capital City.

On the floor below the members are settling down to business. A few of them are actually paying attention to the proceedings of the moment. The majority, however, are sitting in the corners of the cloakroom talking over the recent battle on the political field. The stories they have to tell, the incidents to relate, the boasts to deliver, the confidences to impart, are seemingly legion. One congressman tells how he beat his opponent by paying the Prohibition party leaders in his district \$400 to nominate that rival on his ticket. Inasmuch as it was a city district containing 70 saloons, and every saloon keeper more or less a politician and bitterly opposed to the Prohibition party and all its candidates, the indorsement of that party proved fatal.

Another congressman from the south tells how he hired a circus to travel through his district just before election and take poll tax receipts in lieu of cash for tickets. All the colored men wanted to go to the circus, and as cash was scarce they put in the poll tax receipts which the Republican nominee for congress had paid for, so that they might be able to vote for him. Without these receipts they could not vote, and the district went Democratic by a large majority.

Over in the senate the usual dignity and heaviness prevail. The session lasts but a few moments, scarcely long enough to give the visitors an opportunity to scan the faces of the senators who have lost their seats to see if disappointment has deepened the lines of care. ROBERT GRAVES.

NEW YORK SWELLS.

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY WAS NOT ARRAYED LIKE THESE.

The Fashion Framers Offer Marked Innovations in Apparel—Pointers for Men on Correct Styles of Clothing Themselves for the Winter.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—The well dressed American is called upon nowadays to exercise a goodly quantum of common sense in keeping reasonably abreast of the fashions of the times.

Leadership in men's fashions is not a trivial avocation! The denizen of swiftdom, not only as a matter of maintaining ease among his clubmates, but also because of the responsibility entailed in giving currency to certain deviations which are evolved from time to time—setting the fashion, as it were—has a somewhat hazardous task.

So discriminating have our fashion framers become, however, that we no longer accept with blind idolatry the innovations of our English cousins. At all events there is no longer a disposition to rush in and without consideration adopt the London style immediately it is given forth.

Only recently indeed, as exemplified at the horse show, have the men of what is known to be the smart set given sanction to the long tailed coats. They believed in and they wore the garments occasionally during several seasons past, but not with that significant sanction which was manifest upon this occasion, of all others, in the fashionable calendar, when new phases in men's dress are exploited.

Concisely told, the marked changes are all in the nature of shape and conformation, tending to influence toward the more courtly deportment of the gallants of 1840. This noticeable impression is, however, deftly quelled by having the finish and fabric in even a quieter tone than has prevailed of late.

For instance, the concededly apropos and distinguished looking outer coat of this coming season is the long, loose fitting black, blue or dark green cloth—a sort of melton kersey—the fabric having the rich quality of the kersey and the sturdy finish of the melton, the former "make" affording the best unfinished uncut edge. In style it is primarily an ample garment, though not of the extreme box ilk. The velvet collar is unstinted. It is made single breasted, fly front, and extends in front, as the illustration discloses, well below the knees. This is in its entirety one of the most ultra coats issued of late years, and yet in its ensemble there is not one phase which the most conventional would cavil.

There are to be worn three shirt studs with full dress—the pecuniary value not a matter of consequence—the shirt button or three small sewed on pearl buttons being deemed the zenith of dress shirt wearing. There will be a more frequent wearing of evening gloves than heretofore, particularly at entertainments where ladies are to be met.

The neckscarf is the dominant adjunct of everyday apparel. They are made in forms with flowing ends and graduated aprons, unlined, admitting of most artistic knottings and affording the expert scarf tier the opportunities of his lifetime. But the neckwear makers are fairly treading upon the heels of the experts, for they have conjured styles in made up form that follow very closely the self tied effects—some of them positively remarkable proof in their fidelity.

A recent edict in neckwear lore, which is followed by "everybody that is anybody," is the relegation of the De Joinville type of knotting for wear with the single breasted coat, and the Windsor four-in-hands or some other of the flowing, wide aproned variety with the double breasted coats. The overcoats do not affect neckwear. It is the undercoat, particularly those of semidress, that are concerned. The men of swiftdom appreciate that the crossfolds of the De Joinville break the straight line of monotone that the single breasted would carry out, and that the nick formed by the lapel opening of the double breasted coat invites the wearing of the straight down four-in-hand fold, as in the nature of an artistic variance.

The influence of men's dress upon the manners of the epoch in which it is current is evidenced all through the fashion plates of past centuries. Such a garment as is vouchsafed in the form of the new evening topcoat will inevitably make its impress upon the refinement of the times. It imparts to the wearer the air of a diplomat, and seems to belong to a regime of courtliness when men of fashion were wont to meet in the Strand, exchange felicitous greetings, bow elaborately, and the dance was in the minutest tempo.

In these ta-ra-ra days, when the serpentine high kicking is rated the acme of grace, such an innovation seems untimely. But it is a most engaging type to contemplate, and has the merit of being at once practical and utilitarian. It is easily adjusted and cast off, and when the velvet collar is jointed under the chin the neckwear and shirt front are kept immaculate.

While the double breasted long tailed frocks predominated at the New York horse show on the swells, both tall and short, there were new and foreign looking cutaway coats that created a positive sensation.

These examples were in black, dull finish cloth—something in the nature of a light weight melton—but it was the cut of the garments rather than the material that invited attention. The front is three buttoned, the lines being exceedingly suave and efficient, as a graceful semiformal morning coat should be. In the back perspective the conformation of the tails is so much like those of the dress coat that when seen first in this view the impression is that a turn about will disclose a swallow tail front.

This is really too much of a shock for the



THE DIPLOMAT.

average devotee of the revered claw hammer. So, that it shall not even pretend upon the latter's impregnable rights, the crack American tailors that have reproduced the new coats have left but a shade of the swallow tail effect without disturbing the harmony of the cutaway curve.

There can be no gainsaying that the smartness of this new garment is the attribute most likely to win for it an important place in the category of men's wear. The cutting away of the skirts in the side view creates a most favorable impression, while the contemplation of the garment in its entirety carries with it the conviction that this coat of demidress was never heretofore seen to such advantage.

The first wearers in America of this new cutaway are a group of Londoners who were seen about the down town exchanges looking for good, exclusive, double cinch investment opportunities for the placing of their good English money. They are men—as verified in the other details of their makeup of undoubted discernment in dress, and the brokers are not slow to get their clothes at work on similar productions. There is, it is said, a rage over this style prevailing in the English capital, and certainly none better than a crack London custom clothier could have turned out so well built a garment.

The best tall hat of the season is the make having the most noticeable bell crown and the most pronounced wide brim. These are the truly best looking hats to be worn with the long coats and the tighter trousers. The English trousers are described as small over the instep and the measurement 19 inches. But then the English foot is larger than the American. About 19 at the knees and 17 at the bottoms is the "propaganda" with the deah boys, bai Jawwe!

The pleasing intelligence is in circulation to the effect that that very eminently practical and pre-eminently convenient opera hat is about to experience a renaissance. It will be regarded in the same dignified category as that in which the high hat is classed, and for certain occasions where hats are to be carried and a crush is impending it will tend to keep the feelings untruffed, and thus as a profanity deterrent alone will fulfill its mission.

That good old standby, however—the frock coat—the first of the long tailors to make its way—is still an oft donned garment by the younger swells. As Redgie Cadouyette, of the Whipper-snapper club, remarked: "It is one of those distinguished looking coats, don't you know, deah boy, that one has to stand well up in. One must wear one's best fixings with one's long tailer, don't you see, old man. Everything must be at top notch with the double breaster. The gloves must be tan in the deep Russian; special buttoniere; hat polished; collar high, straight up, with scarf tied in a tight knot, spread apron effect, and a boutonniere, white, of extra size. There is no shirking things, deah boy. One must hold one's self up to it all the time, or the wearing of this favored garment falls flat."

The two extremes about the purities of New York are the swell and the tough. "Ah, get on to his giblets," says Chimnie, who wears a short covert coat and wide trousers. "Where did he get that crazy long tailed overcoat? Hully Gee, but he's a sight! Well, he makes me smile!"

Thus Cholvy Van Rensselaer says, looking through his eyeglass: "By gad, what a curious make! I declare I believe that's my old short overcoat the fellow's got on. Yes, and my whipcord trousers. I remember how they guyed me at every opportunity when the whipcord topcoat and trousers to match were first introduced. And now, three years later, I am afforded a revengeful chuckle for past insults. I shall always laugh last at my severest critics and subsequent imitators, for they are certain finally to get into the swim out of date."

It is a fact that the taking up of new styles by the multitude of men of dressy inclinations is done more or less charily. There are those that will accept instantly the mandates. Others will hesitate and at first have the extreme features toned down. So on throughout the whole community of the great well to do the acceptance of new styles goes on until its universal adoption. Meanwhile the fashioners have not been idle, and are ready to launch a series of original and efficient conceptions.

There is a word to be said about the abrupt changes that the season has brought forth. They will not, as a foregone conclusion, please what is known as the maddening crowd when they first appear, but the men of fashion expect such incredulity from whence it comes and regard it as merely incidental to the progressive furtherance of the men's apparel. Moreover, the longer the men of fashion can monopolize a style the more exclusive the feeling in the wearing of it.

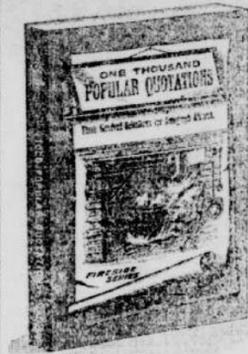
The ordinary man that mock the swells aloud every time around find great rejoicing in the first suiting, and yet after a year or two these same objects are wearing the identical article, only in a cheapened reproduction. It was thus with the men of swaggerdom when those two extreme tangents in the fashions marked the most degraded epoch in the costume condition of the Nineteenth century—I refer to the padded, square shouldered coats and the spring bottomed trousers.

When, however, the hoodlum and pride-of-the-picnic tough citizen got the chance they became fairly enamored of the combination—cherished it along in a forced existence for several years, so difficult was it to wear them from this depraved and congenial garb.

It is part of the progress in the men's wear that who that set the standard high should be scoffed at. It is the philosophy and history of all great movements that the originator was jeered at for his discovery—he who laughs last laughs best.

WILLIAM ADDISON CLARKE.

POPULAR QUOTATIONS



300 SELECTIONS FOR AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

CHOICEST THOUGHTS AND SAYINGS OF EMINENT WRITERS OF ALL AGES.

EDITED BY J. S. OGILVIE.

One 12mo. Volume, with Colored Cover.

SUBJECTS EMBRACED IN THIS VALUABLE WORK:

- ABILITY, BEAUTY, CHARITY, CURIOSITY, COURAGE, CURSE, DEATH, DRESS, EDUCATION, FREEDOM, FREEMASONRY, FLOWERS, FAITH, GOVERNMENT, GENIUS, HAPPINESS, HOPE, HONORANCE, IMPROVEMENT, JOY, KISSING, LOVE, MARRIAGE, MOURNING, NATURE, NEWSPAPER, OLD AGE, PLEASURE, POLITICS, RICHES, SARCASM, SCIENCE, SELFISHNESS, SORROW, STRUGGLE, TRUTH, VICE, VIRTUE, WEALTH, WISDOM, YOUTH, ZEAL.

To any one who will subscribe for THE PROGRESS, or send us a subscriber, we will send this Book of Quotations free. Subscription price of THE PROGRESS, 1.00 per year.

AMERICAN HOME LITERATURE

Large 50 Pamphlet Type Form. Famous Novels. By Celebrated Authors. Given free as premiums to new subscribers. Read our liberal offers below. It is the opportunity of a lifetime to secure a selection of standard works and an excellent periodical at a nominal cost.

- List of 50 famous novels including titles like 'The Hunchback of Notre-Dame', 'The Pickwick Papers', 'The Three Musketeers', etc.

Here are fifty Famous Novels which we are offering, provided you subscribe for THE PROGRESS, for the insignificant sum of 50 cents. The price of the paper, as you know, is only 1.00 and we propose to send you THE PROGRESS for one year, and these Fifty Famous Novels all in a bulk postage prepaid, for 1.50. Send us THREE subscribers and we will send you the Fifty Books absolutely free of all cost. Subscribe yourself, and get your brother-in-law and your uncle to do the same. You'll make out your three.

SURPRISE COOK BOOK

FOR ALL HOUSEKEEPERS

By JENNIE TAYLOR.

1 Vol. 12mo., 185 Pages, Paper Cover.

A BOOK like this is the Housekeeper's Friend, saving her an incalculable amount of worry and anxiety, and standing in the way of years of practical experience. The recipes and instructions are adapted to the needs and means of an every-day American family, and will not disappoint a housekeeper by suggesting an interminable line of too expensive dishes, or puzzle her with the employment of foreign or technical terms.

THIS WORK IS A VERitable ENCYCLOPEDIA, CONTAINING 1000 Practical Recipes WHICH ALWAYS COME OUT RIGHT.

- 42 recipes for Soups, 30 recipes for Sauces, 30 recipes for Invalid Diet, 50 " Fish, 75 " Vegetables, 26 " Cooking Eggs, 100 " Meats, 115 " Puddings, 120 " Bread & Pastry, 25 " Game, 46 " Pastry, 44 " Custard & Cream, 40 " Poultry, 104 " Cakes, 15 " Canned Fruit, 28 " Salads, 56 " Pickles, etc.

If you will subscribe for THE PROGRESS, or send us a subscriber, we will mail you this valuable little friend of the housekeeper absolutely free. The subscription price of THE PROGRESS is only \$1.00 per year.