Champ Clark's Letter

Little Work Being Done In Congress. Republicans Obstructing Legislation. Ship Subsidy—Uncle Joe to the Fore.

[Special Washington Letter.]

MORE than half of the short session of congress has passed into history. Precious little has been done, and nothing will be done except that which a few leaders desire—that which the machine desires. All arrangements appear to have been made by the machinists to block legislation. If Democrats were doing that, we should be denounced as filibusters, but as the machinists are doing it they of course are patriots. It is clear to the veriest tyro in the house that Hon. James R. Mann of Chicago, an able, resourceful and pertinacious member, has been selected by the Republican house leaders to play the role of obstructionist. When there is danger of his being routed, Hon. Sereno E. Payne of New York, chairman of the ways and means committee and ex officio floor leader of the majority, rushes to his assistance, which is proof positive that Mann is acting on a system. Members on both sides who see their bills go glimmering rage at Messrs. Mann and Payne, but without avail. They are impervious to sarcasm, wit, humor, logic, abuse and all the rest. Just what their reason is nobody seems to know precisely, but it's plain as a pikestaff that they do not intend for anything of consequence to be accomplished except a few pet measures, such as the ship subsidy bill and of course the great supply bills, without which the governmental machinery would come to a sudden standstill. Recognizing the fact that the chances are against their ever having another such majority as they have in this house, they are anxious to make hay while the sun shines. They have majority enough to do as they please, and they are doing it.

As to Guggenheim and Colorado.

A great many good people have been flattering themselves that the millennium has dawned in American politics and that there would be no more use of money in elections, but that men would be elected strictly on their merits, a consummation devoutly to be wished. These same good people must experience a severe shock when they read the astounding interview of Senator Elect Simon Guggenheim of Colorado wherein he stated that his expense account in securing a curule chair amounts to half a million dollars. These good people would be shocked if Guggenheim were a Democrat and if Colorado were a Democratic state, but what is mortal sin in a Democrat appears to a condonable peccadillo, if not a virtue, in a Republican. If Reed Smoot were a Democrat, he would have been fired long ago, but Reed will serve his term out—not a doubt of that—because he is a Republican, and after March 4 the senate will be Republican by a two-thirds majority, only lacking two of having that majority now. If Guggenheim were a Democrat, he would be bounced out of the senate sure as a gun is made of iron, but the chances are ten to one that he will be whitewashed and permitted to remain among the conscript fathers. If a Democrat had given out the Guggenheim interview, the Republican press would have been so full of righteous indignation that the temperature of the circumambient atmosphere would have risen so high that we should have come to the conclusion that we were living on the equator; but, Guggenheim being a Republican, the Republican papers are dumb as oysters on the subject, with the honorable exception of certain sporadic cases.

Condensed Speech.

It is said that the day of oratory is past, and in a large sense that is true. The printing press, the telegraph, the steam car, the electric car and the stenographer have about put the old fashioned spread eagle orator out of business, but nothing will ever put out of business the man who knows what he wants to say and conveys his message with the maximum of ideas in the minimum of words. Such a person is Hon. James Hay of Virginia, at present the ranking Democrat on the great committee on military affairs. That every member cannot study every bill is known generally, I suppose. Even the most industrious member cannot do it; hence we must in most cases follow our party members on committees, especially those who industriously and intelligently attend to their committee duties and who have established a reputation for honesty and fair dealing. Such a one is Mr. Hay. When he states a thing men know that it is true—at any rate that he thinks it is true, for during his long and valuable service in the house he has deceived no man and nobody believes that he would deceive the house. So when the artillery bill came up, having been reported by the military affairs committee, a good many people were nervous for fear Democrats might oppose it. Mr. Hay secured its passage—that is, he most effectively prevented Democratic opposition by delivering the following luminous, concise, short speech, which I submit as a model of what may be called business speaking in the house. Here is all he said:

Mr. Speaker, I, together with the other members of the minority of the committee, am in favor of this bill. It meets a necessity which has existed for a long time, and it is made the more necessary by the large amount which has been expended on our coast defenses. As I understand it, there has been expended in the last few years $119,000,000 for these coast defenses, and it is absolutely necessary in order to keep them in proper condition that there should be men to man these guns and take care of these coast defenses. This bill has been very carefully drawn and very thoroughly considered. If gentlemen will examine it they will find that it does not increase the army of the United States except as to officers. It provides for the better recruiting of the artillery service. The trouble has been in obtaining men for the artillery owing to the fact that after they have been enlisted for a term of three years they are trained in certain branches of electricity and machinery and can command better prices in civil pursuits. This bill cures that defect by giving them higher pay. I hardly deem it necessary to consume the time of the house in advocating a measure which is so manifestly important and so absolutely necessary for the interests of the country.

Uncle Joe to the Front.

The Republican presidential situation changes frequently. Most people here believe that somehow or somehow else President Roosevelt will be induced to become a candidate. That belief causes most declarations for favorites to be made conditionally. But, taking it for granted that Colonel Roosevelt stands pat on his numerous declinations, then here is my analysis of the case as it now stands: Foraker, the anti-Roosevelt candidate; Mr. Speaker Cannon, the administration candidate; Vice President Fairbanks, his own candidate, cautious, noncommittal, watching which way the cat will jump. It is perhaps hardly fair to rank Uncle Joe as the administration candidate, though he and the president are cheek by jowl, for Uncle Joe is strong in his own right and, if nominated, would be a popular candidate. It must be clear that if Foraker keeps on making headway at last the whole force of the administration will be thrown enthusiastically against him, and the chances now seem to be in favor of its being thrown to Speaker Cannon. At this stage of the proceedings it looks this way: If Uncle Joe makes up his mind to go after the presidential nomination and if the White House influence is really for him, he will bag the nomination. If he were five years younger, I would say he was a sure winner—that is, as sure as anything in politics can be. He is past seventy, but well preserved, active as a cat and his force unabated. Gladstone, Disraeli, Bismarck, Von Ranke and others did great things when older than Uncle Joe. This being true, his age will not cut much figure. Of course those advocating other candidates will use it for all it is worth, but a few speeches from the speaker on the stump, properly staged—and his secretary, Mr. White Busby, can be depended on to stage them—and all opposition to him on point of age will vanish as the morning mist. It is well for those who are interested in presidential politics to keep an eye on Uncle Joseph. He is a big factor in the fascinating game.

If the Democrats act with prudence, they can elect the next president, no matter who the Republican nominee is.

Slayden's Bill.

Texas is a great state. Everybody that knows anything about our geography knows that. Texas, if fully developed, could support the present population of the United States. In keeping with the eternal fitness of things, Texas has a very strong delegation in both houses of congress. There is none stronger. Her senators and representatives are fine specimens of both intellectual and physical men. James L. Slayden, a tall, handsome, sinewy man, robust in both mind and body, is the Texas member of the military affairs committee. He represents the San Antonio district, in which is the Alamo, inspiration for patriotism. Slayden, being a typical Texan, does not mince matters. What he means he says, and what he says he means. While the senate was fiddling for weeks about the Brownsville episode, which episode is only a symptom of a disease, Slayden proposed a heroic remedy for the disease by offering a bill providing that after July 1 no negro soldiers shall serve in the United States armies. Whether a man agrees with the Texan or not, he must admit the courage of his performance. In support of his proposition Mr. Slayden made a most excellent speech. I wish I had space to reproduce it in full, as it well deserves wide circulation and wide reading. It contains much food for reflection. I have room only for the exordium and peroration. He began by saying:

For a long time I have looked upon it as a desirable military reform. Recent events of a startling and deplorable nature have convinced me that it is urgent. It cannot be delayed, I apprehend, without risking a collision between white citizens and negro troops. There is reason to fear that occasional assassination and riot may be succeeded by disasters that will measure up to the standard of battle. Firmly believing that, as I did, I regarded it as a duty to try to prevent such a condition by amending the law. A series of violent outbreaks on the part of negro soldiers, culminating in a murderous assault on the unoffending citizens of Brownsville, decided me to offer the bill without further delay. The bill was not offered for buncombe. I proposed it because I am absolutely convinced that it is a measure of reform which must ultimately commend itself to the judgment of the American congress. I very much regret to say, however, that there does not appear to be any immediate prospect of success. Like many good legislative suggestions, it will probably have to die the death many times before the mind and conscience of a majority can be awakened. The lack of active sympathy for my measure among such of my Republican colleagues as I have spoken to about it makes me realize that I am not apt to have an opportunity to discuss the bill as pending before the house, and so, Mr. Chairman, I shall avail myself of this occasion to speak of it.

Mr. Slayden closed as follows:

As I have already said, I fear that we have not yet reached the stage where we will legislate on this matter intelligently and for conditions as we find them, but we will reach it by and by.

After a few incidents like those at Fort Meade, San Carlos, El Paso and Brownsville congress will be really aroused to a discharge of its duty in this matter. Repeat the Brownsville affair with a change of locus—let it occur in Michigan, New York or Illinois—and a new light will be seen. Until then we will be as patient as possible, having faith that finally the sympathy of the whole country will be given to that section which has been so tried in the school of disaster, a section which stands face to face with the perplexities and dangers of the most difficult question any people on earth were ever called on to meet and solve. When all the states comprehend this question, which now they barely apprehend, they will help us of the south to make it certain that the homes of white men in a white man's country will be protected by white men only.

Mr. Slayden's bill and speech present the real issue, and it is a most important one to congress and to the country. It is a subject well worthy of the best thought of the people.

A Missouri Hero.

If Andrew Carnegie does not bestow one of his hero medals upon the Missouri conductor, Elias Heywood, who captured the bandit who was robbing a train, then A. C. should go out of the medal business at once and forever. No belted knight ever performed a braver act than this unpretending Missouri conductor, and it was a wholesome deed. To charge a battery in the excitement of battle animated by the gaudium certaminis in company with hundreds or thousands of one's shouting comrades has ever been accounted a heroic performance, but it is easy beside what was done by Heywood. Unarmed, watching an opportunity, single handed he pounced on the robber who had his pistol in his hand, knocked him down and held him till he could be tied. Certainly Carnegie ought to give him a medal, and the railroad company ought to give him a life pension equal to his salary. Leonidas at Thermopylae, the Light brigade at Balaklava, the Old Guard at Waterloo—none of these showed more courage than did Conductor Heywood. All honor to his name. May his tribe increase. Like Lord Byron, he awoke one morning to find himself famous. Conductors who act as he did are as scarce as poets who write as Byron wrote. If Heywood were of proper age, he ought to be sent to West Point, but as he is sixty-four that cannot be. If he had performed his heroic feat within the realm of Napoleon while that mighty man was emperor of France, he would most certainly have been rewarded with the cross of the Legion of Honor and given even more substantial rewards. Even in this prosaic age Heywood should not go unrewarded.

A Contrast.

Little Delaware is to be most heartily congratulated on having unloaded Gas Addicks, the greatest incubus that ever afflicted any American commonwealth. He has kept her in the limelight—and such a limelight!—for ten or twelve years, humbled her, disgraced her, made her name a hiss and a byword among the states. Twice he forced her to have only one United States senator for the space of two years each time, and once for a period of two years he prevented her having any United States senator at all. That's Republican Delaware! What an awful contrast with the Democratic era when Delaware sent to the senate such splendid Americans as the Saulsburys, the Bayards and Judge George Gray!

Holding On.

What has become of the Platt resignation rumors? For months they came thick and fast, but the aged, not venerable, Thomas Collier Platt still sits in the house of the ancients and gives no sign. It will be remembered that he once resigned. That was away back in the dog days of 1881, during the Garfield-Conkling feud. Most folks believe that the lordly Roscoe compelled Thomas Collier to resign, and they therefore and thereupon dubbed him "Me Too Platt." His friends say that he suggested the idea to Conkling—a statement taken cum grano. That Conkling would have heeded his advice is altogether improbable when we reflect upon the known characteristics of the two men. At any rate, Platt hasn't resigned any fat position since Conkling died, and, what's most likely, he never will.

Perhaps somebody some time somewhere has done a more unwise and inopportune thing than Governor Swettenham did when he wrote his rude and uncalled for letter to Admiral Davis. If so, it has escaped the historians of all time. It is the ne plus ultra of bad manners. In this era of good feeling betwixt us and Great Britain there is no danger of its producing international complications, but nevertheless the British foreign office did well to promptly disavow it.

The world moves, and no mistake. James Bryce is the only untitled Englishman ever accredited to our government as the British diplomatic representative. The entire diplomatic establishment as now conducted is archaic and should be abolished, but if it is to be continued, as it no doubt will be, then we hail James Bryce, ambassador, etc., as the harbinger of a better day.

Champ Clark

BOWSER QUITS CIGARS

Stops Smoking Just to Prove to Friends He Could Do So.

REFORM DOES NOT LAST LONG

Resumes Acquaintance With the Weed Before One Day Had Passed—Gets Into a Passion and Tries to Kill the Cat For Grinning at Him.

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The Bowser family had finished dinner and been seated in the family room for half an hour, he with his newspaper and she with her book, when he uttered a chuckle and queried:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you observe anything unusual this evening?"

"No, I hadn't. What is it?" she replied.

"You haven't missed anything?"

"I can't say that I have. The cat is here, as usual, and the clock hasn't stopped."

"You are not a very observing person. What do I invariably do before sitting down to read the paper?"

"Ah! You are not smoking. You can't be out of cigars?"

"There are two or three boxes around, I believe."

"Is it a bet?"

"Mrs. Bowser, man is essentially a creature of habit. If he limped for a month he would get into the habit of it. Smoking, drinking, chewing and such things are simply habits. Any sort of man can acquire them, but it takes a

THERE WERE THE USUAL NUMBER OF CATS ON THE FENCE.

man of stamina to break off, even though he will tell you that his health is imperiled by continuing on. I have been smoking for twenty years. It hasn't done me any hurt or any good. At any time during those twenty years I could have broken off had it been necessary. I have always felt a supreme contempt for the poor fish worms that felt they couldn't."

"But have you at length decided to stop smoking?" she asked.

"For one solid year."

"But why, if it was not hurting you?"

Why He Stopped.

"Well, Green came into the office this afternoon on some business. He is a great smoker. I hadn't seen him for three months, and I was amazed to find him a total wreck. Smoking has done it. When I asked why he didn't give it up, he frankly replied that he couldn't. He was also frank enough to say that he didn't believe I could. Two or three others agreed with him, and I finally got a little put out and told them that I would stop for a year. Yes, stop it is. Not another puff for twelve long months."

"Do you think you can do it?" asked Mrs. Bowser in doubtful tones.

"Do I think so? I know so. Have you seen any of the namby pamby about me? When I said I would do a thing, haven't I always done it? I've been in the habit of smoking at least ten cigars per day, but I'll knock it sky high and never wink over it."

"It will be something almost heroic if you can. Will the extra money that you save come to me?"

"Every cent of it. You can figure on about $4 a week increase in your pin money. Understand, however, I'm not giving up this habit because smoking hurts me or to save the money. It's just to show the world that I've got the necessary backbone."

"I see. What are you chewing?"

"Just a little bit of licorice root. It isn't because I want to smoke, but I happened to pick it up, you know. By the bye, I've got to run around to the drug store and get a corn plaster."

Mr. Bowser left the house, but he didn't go to the drug store. He went to the grocery instead, and he purchased cloves, cinnamon, cardamom seeds and two or three other things. He kept his mouth full on the way home, but had hardly entered the house when the vision of an eminent citizen smoking a cigar while he read the evening paper rose up before him, and he uttered a groan without realizing it.

"Is it colic?" innocently asked Mrs. Bowser.

Thought It Colic.

"Colic? What the devil would I be doing with a case of colic? I never had it in my life."

He sat down and picked up the paper and read for five minutes.

Then he entered the library and looked to see if the dictionary was in its usual place.

It was, and he returned and sat down and slyly stuffed four or five cloves into his mouth. The cat looked at him in a sarcastic way, and he made a mental note of it.

That cat should suffer for his presumption.

"Do cloves kill the desire to smoke?" suddenly asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Of course not, but I have no desire to kill. I don't believe I could smoke a cigar if I tried."

He then arose and walked down the hall to the hatrack to see if his hat was there.

It was, and he wandered back and looked out of one of the rear windows and swallowed the cloves and substituted some orange peel. Mrs. Bowser was immersed in her book and paid no heed, but he turned to find the cat looking at him with a grin on his face.

"By thunder, I'll break your neck for that!" he exclaimed.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Bowser as she whirled around.

Becomes Uneasy.

"Oh, I was just thinking of something and spoke my thoughts. I believe I will walk down to the corner and see if that house with the bay windows is for rent yet."

"What do you care whether it is or not? You don't want to rent a house."

"I might want to sell it to some one who was looking for a house, you know."

Mr. Bowser went.

The house on the corner was still for rent.

On the way down he felt an aching void.

On the way back he felt two of 'em.

A pedestrian who was smoking a good cigar passed him, and he leaned up against a shade tree and swore.

As he stood at his gate he remembered how good the taste of a cigar was on the hind platform of a street car in the morning, and he kicked himself three times before going into the house.

He devoted five minutes more to the paper and then said he guessed he'd go downstairs and see if the furnace was all right.

He found the furnace in the same old spot, and it looked as natural as an old hat. The water pipes were also all right; also the walls.

"If you are going to find it too hard to stop smoking I'd give up the idea," observed Mrs. Bowser as she came upstairs.

"Who's finding it hard to stop?" he demanded, with considerable heat. "I haven't the slightest desire to smoke. If the president offered me a dollar cigar I wouldn't touch it."

"Well, that's certainly heroic in you. The people around here won't believe you have so much stamina."

Had Mouth Full of Cinnamon.

Mr. Bowser had a mouth full of cinnamon and didn't reply. He went upstairs instead. He went up to see if all the bedrooms were in their usual places.

They were, and he came down again and forced himself to sit down for as much as ten minutes. Then he got up to go down the hall and see if any one had stolen the front door off its hinges. Mrs. Bowser heard him sighing and groaning, and when he wandered back she said:

"I'm tired tonight and want to go to bed early. You can sit up as long as you want to."

The cat grinned and chuckled at the words, but Mrs. Bowser was hardly upstairs when that feline was flying for his life. He got away by a narrow margin, and then Mr. Bowser rushed down to the dining room, where he knew he had left a big black cigar that morning, and, lighting it with trembling hand, he made a sneak for the back yard. The moon rode high, and there were the usual number of cats on the fence, but he minded them not. He simply sucked and puffed and went "Yum, yum," down in his stomach and said to himself:

"How on earth I was ever such a fool as to tell Mrs. Bowser that I was going to stop smoking I can't understand. Stop! Why, I'll smoke three times as many as I ever did before, and if she asks about that increased pin money I'll tell her she's the most grasping and extravagant woman in America!"

M. QUAD.

In Flood Time.

They used to tell the story of a philosophical farmer on the Ohio river whose house and barn were mortgaged up to the eaves. And when one day, standing on a safe eminence, he saw the flood sweeping them away he shook his head, heaved a sigh of relief and calmly observed, "There goes my floating indebtedness."—Woman's Home Companion.

Still Harder.

"Senator, I presume it requires a good bit of practice to make a speech and have every sentence in it say something, doesn't it?"

"It does," replied Senator Badger, "but it requires more to be able to talk for an hour and say nothing."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

His Query.

The Eldest Hope—Who's that, ma?
His Fond Mamma—'Ush, 'Orace; that's the gentleman that married me.
The Eldest Hope—Then, if that's the gentleman wot married you, wot's pa doing in our house?—Sketch.

Mentioned In the Dispatches

CAPTAIN PENDLETON.

THE commander of the battleship Missouri, Captain Edwin Conway Pendleton, who assisted in the relief work at Kingston, Jamaica, under Rear Admiral Davis, has seen service on many stations during his naval career. He is a native of Virginia and is the son of a naval officer, was graduated from the Naval academy in 1867 and was assigned to special duty on the Minnesota for two years. He became an ensign in 1868 and master in 1870. The next year he was advanced to the lieutenant's grade and in 1880 became a lieutenant commander. He became a full commander in 1897 and attained the captain's rank in 1902. He was in command of the Atlanta in 1900 and 1902 and was for several years superintendent of the naval gun factory.

Secretary Elihu Root of the state department, whose visit to Canada has been a theme of international comment, is not a very good subject for the cartoonist. His predecessor, the late John Hay, was fond of caricatures and made a large collection of them, and he could even see the fun of those

SECRETARY ROOT AND A CARICATURE OF HIM.

which made people laugh at his own expense. Secretary Root is a very polished man both in manners and in personal appearance and habits. He is always well dressed and well groomed, but in the accompanying caricature looks quite otherwise. The present head of the state department does not believe that staying at home all the time is essential to a proper discharge of his diplomatic duties. By going to all the countries of South America and treating their public men to good samples of his well known eloquence he made many friends for the governmental and trade policies of the United States among the peoples of the southern half of the new world, and he hoped by his Canadian trip to intensify the feelings of friendship already existing between Uncle Sam and the "Lady of the Snows."

Congressman James Breck Perkins of Rochester, the father of the house resolution to establish a national graduated inheritance tax in accordance with the recommendations of the president, is an instance of the scholar in politics. He is perhaps better known as historian than as statesman, and his researches into French history have made him an authority on the subject. He was recently in the public eye on account of his acting, with Edward M. Shepard of New York, as counsel for the Rev. Dr. Crapsey, who left the Episcopal ministry after a trial on charges of heresy. Representative Perkins was born at St. Croix Falls, Wis., in 1847, but Rochester has been his home during most of his life, and he graduated in 1867 from the University of Rochester, from which thirty years later he received the honorary degree of LL. D. He has practiced law in Rochester since 1868. He spent a half dozen years in Paris engaged in the study of the history of France, and his published works on that subject include "France Under Mazarin," "France Under the Regency," "France Under Louis XV," and a "Life of Richelieu," as one of the "Heroes of the Nation" series.

JAMES BRECK PERKINS.

In some recent remarks in congress Mr. Perkins said: "A job may help the man who gets it, but as a general rule it harms the man who gets it for him. Civil service reform has not in all respects worked beneficially, but for representatives it has been an unmixed blessing. It has made their lives happier and their tenure of office longer."

Mr. Perkins had prepared some figures to show that up to 1860 New York sent 600 representatives to congress and that 400 of them were retired at the end of the first term. In the next twenty years congressional careers were short, but from that time forward, owing to the extension of the civil service and the taking of patronage from representatives, the average official life of congressmen has lengthened until now more than half are in their second terms, while one-twelfth of the New York delegation have served seven terms or more.

The cartoonists have always been fond of picturing James Hamilton Lewis, who used to be a member of congress from Oregon and is now corporation counsel of Chicago. He forms a striking figure, and it is easy by slight exaggeration of his eccentricities of manner or dress to make a good caricature. It was in his second speech in congress that Lewis coined his famous phrase, "fossilized military satraps and gilded society sapheads." His first oratorical duel was with Lemuel Ely Quigg in a discussion over the trusts, and it was then that Mr. Quigg went down under Colonel Lewis' peroration, applying to his opponent the Scriptural quotation, "The ox knoweth his master and the ass his master's crib."

Not long afterward Colonel Lewis had a lively clash with Representative

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JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS IN FACT AND IN CARICATURE.

Johnson of Indiana. Mr. Johnson in defending the policy of President McKinley attacked Colonel Lewis' speech, intending to make the latter ridiculous. Mr. Johnson handled the subject with infinite tact, but he found his equal.

"If the political death, which some hope for and others fear," answered Colonel Lewis in his politest tones, "should befall the president of the United States those looking for the cause of the demise will find it in the simple elegy, 'Too much Johnson.'"

Theodore P. Shonts, who recently resigned as chairman of the isthmian canal commission in order to become president of August Belmont's Interborough-Metropolitan transit system in New York, has been regarded as a wonderful organizer. He has had great success in controlling forces of men, and this fact has made him in demand for positions requiring exceptional executive ability. At Panama he gave considerable attention to making the employees contented with their surroundings. In pointing out the necessity of amusement for workers on the canal he once said:

THEODORE P. SHONTS.

"Nothing breaks the health and cows the spirit like monotony. The monotony of every workman's life must be pleasantly varied, or the poor fellow will be unable to work well. A young lady once took a position as governess in a rich New York family. The residence of this family was magnificent. The young lady was especially impressed by the footman who stood in the hall.

"This footman was tall and robust and shapely. He wore a glittering livery, with knee breeches and brown silk stockings, and standing in the hall, opening the door or conducting visitors to the drawing room he was a stately and grand and solemn picture. His face was as expressionless as a statue's. He was as stiff and unbending as a lamp post.

"Well, one day in the family's absence the new governess heard downstairs a most hideous din—shouts, yells and shrieks—as though a couple of maniacs had broken loose and fallen to fighting. As she listened nervously a maid hurried upstairs, entered the room and said:

"'Don't be scared, miss. It's only the footman. When everybody is out he always shouts and hollers so. He can't help it. It relieves his feelings.'"

Speaker Joe Cannon one day passed by the luxurious and betablecloted house restaurant for congressmen to the bare floored little alleyway, with little naked tables of the "Beefsteak John" sort,

VARIOUS VIEWS OF UNCLE JOE CANNON.

where the plebeian multitude are unceremoniously fed by hoarse and jostling waiters.

The proprietor reached Uncle Joe in three leaps and took him by the arm with intent to steer him into the holy of holies, where the linen napkins are.

"Don't," said Uncle Joe, resisting. "I came here on purpose. I am in a hurry, and I want to get something to eat. I can't get it there."

After vain expostulations the proprietor permitted the speaker to sit at a bare table opposite a fat grocer. Every waiter in the place dropped his customers and dashed forward to wait on Uncle Joe, who demanded bean soup and apple pie. Three waiters brought him the soup, two conveyed the pie, and the proprietor himself furnished a glass of water.

"No mystery about it," said Uncle Joe, wiping some pie crumbs from himself with a paper napkin. "I want what I want when I want it, that's all and I wanted to get that soup before sunset."