

Has a Peculiar Charm.

The House of Representatives Popular With the People.

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The house of representatives seems to have a peculiar charm for visitors to the national capital. The reason is clear. The senate chamber is always held sacred from their intrusions. The hall of the house, however, is ever open to them when the house is not in session. They tread its aisles early and late, studying its decorations and paintings and eagerly scanning the names of the members inserted in the desks. Ladies frequently mount the rostrum and place themselves in the speaker's chair. It is an honor eagerly sought when the house is not in session. A description of the scenes in the house from early morn until nightfall will interest all who have visited the south wing of the capitol.

The doors of the hall are thrown open at 9 o'clock every morning by John T. Chaney. He is a Republican, who has been a special employe of the house for nearly thirty-five years. Mr. Chaney is suave and gentlemanly and extremely popular. As soon as the doors are opened visitors enter the chamber. Some of them are regular habitués. They march up the aisles occupying the chair of some member, and read the Congressional Record, which is always placed on files beneath the desks. There is a peculiar satisfaction upon their faces as they roll in the easy chairs and assume the airs of statesmen. Indeed, one of them, whom the employes facetiously call "the jack of clubs," chided a guide the other day because he did not point him out to visitors as one of the members of the house.

Careless members frequently leave pads of house paper upon their desks. These are seized with avidity by the early habitue. He finds a pen and writes a letter to some far-away acquaintance. Visitors imagine that he is a member writing to his constituents and this gratifies his vanity.

At 9 o'clock the pages of the house

room. He walks through the lobby, entering the house by the southeast corner. He is followed by the clerks leading to his chair. His clerk has preceded him, and placed his gavel upon the desk. The speaker grasps the mace and rises to his feet and gives the desk a sharp rap. The ringing of a bell and the hoarse noon whistle of a South Washington lumber mill is heard. With the crash of the gavel the clerks, clear and distinct, "The house will be in order." At this the assistant sergeant-at-arms raises the great silver mace from the floor to its pedestal. The speaker surveys the house for thirty seconds and then says, in a low tone of voice that penetrates the remotest corner, "The chaplain will offer prayer."

At this the members rise and listen to the prayer in a devout attitude. At the end of the prayer, a page leads the blind chaplain into the lobby. As he leaves the desk the reading clerk takes his place and the speaker orders the journal which is the minutes of the last session, to be read. The house hums like a beehive, and frequently the speaker interrupts the clerk by calling it to order. After the journal is read, the speaker says, "Without objection the journal will stand approved," and the real business of the day begins.

If there are any executive communications, that is, papers from the president or departments, the speaker then reads and refers them to the appropriate committee. In the interval a score of members have arisen at the desks, or have appeared in the area fronting the speaker. As the last communication is referred, all shout at once, "Mr. Speaker," each holding a bill above his head. All are seeking recognition to ask unanimous consent for the consideration of bills or resolutions. The average spectator fancies that these recognitions are given upon the spur of the moment. This, however, is not so. The recognitions are always prearranged with the speaker. It takes new members some time to ascertain this, but when they have vainly sought recognition day after day for a month or more, they begin to learn how business is done.

These recognitions continue until some member shouts for the regular or

THE HANI TO SOAR

AIRSHIP STORIES BRING SWARMS OF CRANKS TO WASHINGTON.

QUEER IDEAS OF SOME.

PATENT OFFICE AND SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE DELUGED WITH LETTERS.

FUTURE OF THE FLYING MACHINE.

Its Usefulness in War Made the Subject of Much Scientific Comment.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The recent stories about a flying machine have set the cranks at work writing letters from all parts of the country. The letters are still coming. Most of them are addressed to the patent commissioner or the secretary of the Smithsonian. The men who write to the patent commissioner want copies of the drawings of machines which have been patented by others. A great many inventors who are busy on flying machines keep on hand copies of the drawings of other men's patents for suggestions, and there are many more than 100 patents for flying machines which have been issued. One man, for example, has a patent for writing to the patent commissioner which have been exploited from time to time are not flying machines at all. Almost any one can get a patent on a device, however cranky, if it does not infringe the ideas of some one else already patented, and many of the patents taken out every year are for devices which on their face are impracticable. One man, for example, has a patent for tempering steel in a decoction of apples, turpentine and weeds. The cost of a patent is what stands in the way of many crank inventors. The government demands \$15 for filing and \$20 more for issuing a patent, and if the patent is not granted the \$15 is not refunded. The fees of lawyers for drawing up patent specifications sometimes amount to \$10,000 in a single case.

WING DEVICES.

The early applications for flying machine patents were usually for wing devices. Then there was a period of balloon machines. Of recent years there has been more work done in the direction of copying bird flight.

One patent issued within a few years is for a bird outfit—wings and tail—made of great imitation feathers of tin and silk. Equipped with these the inventor proposed to skim through the air, guiding himself with his tin tail. Another inventor has patented a huge kite, which will sail in a revolve. Below the kite hangs a basket for the aviator. How this is to be governed does not appear. Another device patented is a boat hanging between gas cylinders of aluminum. Paddles at the side of the boat are to beat the air and propel it. Another inventor expects to have his boat raised by fans at the sides and steered by propellers at the ends. The inventor of the bicycle to aerial navigation in a balloon with a saddle suspended where the basket should be. In this saddle the aviator is to work the pedals which will operate two fans, with which he is to force the balloon in the direction desired.

A remarkable patent for wings, granted to New York man in 1878, was for a frame of sheet steel covered with fine wire netting under which feathers were to be fastened by the quill ends. The inventor proposed that "it is evident," says the application, "that with such a construction very light wings will be made, and will easily bend down, but the greatest possible resistance will be produced upon the air in descending, as the entire surface will be closed on the underside." One inventor proposed to raise his machine with hot air, but expected to keep it aloft by the use of propellers.

Until a comparatively recent date the men who applied for patents on flying machines were regarded as harmless crankies, when they were known in the scientific world began to experiment man-flight assumed a new dignity. Hiram Maxim, the inventor of the machine gun, was one of the well known men who took hold of the idea, and he has worked for a year or two to develop it. Prof. Langley, who has been experimenting last year, was another. Third in the list came the secretary of the Smithsonian institute. He is the best known of the three, and he has adapted to serious use the slang word of the day, Prof. Langley is a bird.

AT THE SMITHSONIAN.

You would not think it to look at him, an elderly man, whose beard is tinged with gray. He weighs, I judge, about 200 pounds, and to see him entering the sacred precincts of the Smithsonian would never suppose him capable of anything so airy as flight. The act seems out of keeping, too, with the dignity of so important a person. Can you imagine the emperor of China, or the sultan of Swat flapping a pair of prodigious carpenter wings and manipulating an artificial tail far up in the empty air? In this question the answer is, and the says are —. The eyes have been laid, and the bill is passed, or vice versa. "If the member in charge of the bill is an expert, he will immediately move 'to reconsider and lay that motion on the table.' If he is inexperienced, the speaker will suggestively say, 'The gentleman is in a hurry, and so the motion is without result, and the neophyte is modest and unassuming, the speaker aids him by saying in a low tone, as if addressing the clerk: 'The gentleman moves to reconsider and to lay that motion on the table. Without objection it is so ordered.'"

A feature of the house is the irritator. He rarely makes a speech himself, but is always asking questions of those who do venture into the domain of debate. Good natured members permit the interruption, but others, nettled by the annoyance, appeal to the speaker who invariably says: "The gentleman declines to be interrupted." At times the irritator becomes the irritator, and the irritator the irritated, as was demonstrated by Mr. Benjamin F. Butler in his retort of "Shoo, fly! don't bother me!" when interrupted by Sunset Cox.

And so the business of the house runs on, with points of order and questions of privilege, discussions and roll calls, until the shades of night begin to appear. Then Mr. Dingley or some other leader of the majority moves that the house adjourn. As the members don their hats and overcoats and leave the hall the speaker rises and says, "The house adjourns." The speaker then rises and says, "The house adjourns." The speaker then rises and says, "The house adjourns."

—Amos J. Cummings.

CAUSE FOR REJOICING.



"Oh, I've just found the name of one of my creditors among the death notices."

are required to be present. They place the Records upon the file of each representative, and see that the inkstands are filled. This is done under the supervision of the chief page. At 10 o'clock there is a roll call of the pages in the speaker's lobby. They fall in line like soldiers and answer the roll call. Here, if necessary, they receive special instructions as to their duties during the day.

Meantime members of the house begin to appear. They hang their hats and overcoats in the cloak room and assort their morning mails at their desks. Some bring their secretaries and dictate replies. These are usually members from a distance. Such members are never interrupted by visits from constituents. Representatives from Pennsylvania, Virginia and New York and other nearby states are not addicted to this habit. Their constituents would overwhelm them, and they would find it difficult to dictate replies to their correspondents.

By 10 o'clock there are many visitors upon the floor. The hum of conversation increases as 11 o'clock approaches. Groups of ladies and gentlemen, under the direction of the guides, through the lobby, gazing at the portraits of the past speakers of the house, and gather with curiosity around the maps indicating the temperature in every state and territory in the Union. At a glance they can ascertain whether it is raining or snowing at their homes, or whether the sun is shining. At a quarter to 12 the floor of the house is crowded with visitors. The assistant doorkeeper appears at the desk of the clerk of the house and in a shrill voice says:

"I am directed by the doorkeeper to ask all persons not entitled to the privileges of the floor to immediately retire, as the rules of the house require the same."

This request is usually promptly heeded. Those disposed to linger upon the floor are approached by messengers who shout: "It is time to retire, as the rules of the house require the same."

At five minutes to the blind chaplain, Henry N. Couden, who wears a grand army button, is led to the clerk's desk by a page. He was a soldier in a Michigan regiment during the war. An assistant sergeant-at-arms comes through the east lobby door with the mace and places it by the side of a malachite pedestal. It leans against the wall at the right of the steps leading to the speaker's desk. Meantime the speaker remains in his room adjoining the lobby. Here members gather around him seeking promises of recognition, and asking his aid in securing the consideration of bills. Two minutes later the veteran John Chaney leaves the hall by the west lobby door. Going through the file room, he ascends to the roof, carrying an American flag adorned with forty-five stars. He flies it to the bayards of the flagstaff above the state, war and navy building. The time ball drops at the noon hour, and Chaney, with bare head, as he hears the sound of the gavel in the house, pulls the bayards, and the flag floats above the south wing, announcing to all that the house is in session. The speaker has already left his

der. It may be unfinished business, privileged matters may come to the front. There is an order of the speaker to lead to a discussion. Half the members of the house begin to write letters or read newspapers. When a debate is about to be announced some representative usually appears in the gallery, saying: "Mr. Speaker, I desire to vote."

At this Mr. Reed, in accordance with the rules, asks: "Was the gentleman in the hall when his name was called?" If the reply is in the affirmative, the speaker gazes steadily at the representative, and inquires: "Was the gentleman listening and failed to hear his name called?"

If the answer is still in the affirmative the speaker stares at him, surveying him from head to foot for twenty or more seconds, and then, apparently half satisfied that the gentleman has heard the speaker, he says: "The clerk will call the name of the gentleman."

When this is done the answer comes "aye" or "no," and is recorded on the tally-sheet. The clerk then tabulates the vote, and passes it to the speaker on a slip of paper. Mr. Reed arises from his seat, as required by the rules, and announces the result in stereotyped words: "On this question the yeas are —, and the nays are —. The yeas have it, and the bill is passed," or vice versa. "If the member in charge of the bill is an expert, he will immediately move 'to reconsider and lay that motion on the table.' If he is inexperienced, the speaker will suggestively say, 'The gentleman is in a hurry, and so the motion is without result, and the neophyte is modest and unassuming, the speaker aids him by saying in a low tone, as if addressing the clerk: 'The gentleman moves to reconsider and to lay that motion on the table. Without objection it is so ordered.'"

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Lewis Pinketeen, 84 East Seventh street, will remove to 708 Manhattan building on or before May 1st. He will engage in the wholesale jewelry business exclusively.

Advertisement for Carpets, Parlor Goods, and Floor. Includes sections for Wiltons, Axminsters, Body Brussels, Tapestry Brussels, and Corduroy Couches. Price \$6.85. Also features a 'New Baby Harrison' advertisement with an illustration of a baby in a cradle.

not feel very unhappy if the balloons were left behind.

BALLOONS IN WARFARE.

Balloons were used in warfare during the siege of Paris. They were ordinary gas balloons, and were used for carrying people out of the city beyond the lines of the besieging army. These people took carrier pigeons with them and sent messages back to their friends. This was in 1870. But the balloon in warfare antedates the siege of Paris. There are evidences that balloons were used for the purpose of reconnaissance in 1794, and they were used on the peninsula during our own civil war. Experiments have been made recently in France and in the United States in the use of balloons in warfare, and as the defensive side of the problem is always as important as the offensive, tests of various arms and ammunition against balloons have been made. Russia, Germany, France, Austria and England have all been considering experiments and reports of the balloons have been sent by the intelligence office of the war department here. They show that a balloon 2 miles away and 1,000 feet high can be seen with the naked eye. A balloon 3 miles away and more than 800 feet high can be pierced with 20 out of 26 shells. A balloon 4 miles away and 3 miles high can be pierced with 10 out of 26 shells. A balloon 5 miles away and half a mile high can be brought to the ground by a shell.

Besides, it is shown in practice that observation of balloons is a great advantage. The balloon is defective because the angle of vision leads to error in the estimation of height. The angle of vision is not constant, and the angle of vision is not constant, and the angle of vision is not constant.

The Langley machine was exploded first four years ago. It had been in construction then for two years. It was surrounded by a great many cranks, and this was dissipated gradually and facts were given out from time to time. Finally the statement was made that the machine had been sent through the air for half a mile, and this was verified by Prof. Gardner Hubert, the inventor of the machine.

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New "Baby Harrison."

Successor to Master McKee.

Little Miss Elizabeth Harrison, the baby daughter of ex-President Harrison, will not be a new woman—that is, not if her mother can help it. "You may say that the new Harrison baby is the dearest baby in the world and put my name to it," added Mrs. Harrison, a few days ago, with the fond smile of a woman who indulges in the stereotyped declaration, "dearest baby in the world," over her first born.

Mrs. Harrison is constitutionally opposed to newspaper interviews, and that was all she would consent to say as a direct interview as she sat in the drawing-room of her Indianapolis home and talked—well, mostly about the baby, of course. "Besides, the general," she concluded significantly, "is opposed to my being interviewed." And, of course, if "the general," as she always speaks of her husband, is opposed to it, that settles it.

Former President Harrison's wife is

been discovered. What do you think it is? It is a tiny dimple in her chin, precisely like "the general's." Otherwise Miss Elizabeth's complexion is pink, her nose is a mere pretense, and her mouth can be distinguished upon close examination as of the rosybud pattern.

That the mother of a former President's daughter is exactly like any other woman with her first baby is evidenced by the fact that Mrs. Harrison possesses a baby book. However, this wonderful volume of baby lore is not prematurely filled with the first cute sayings and the date of the eventful day when the first tooth pushed through the gum.

So far "the general" has not been guilty of walking the floor a single

night with the little miss. Mrs. Harrison divulges this nursery information, and further declares that Miss Elizabeth is a good child—a very good child, indeed. She always adds, with a touch of pardonable pride, that the baby does not cry. This in itself is enough to doubly endear her to the neighbors. In fact, the baby is credited by its mother with not only being a baby who smiles, but with having reached that wonderful stage when she "begins to notice things."

When Miss Elizabeth begins to say "goo goo" doubtless Mrs. Harrison will like all maternal inscribers in baby books to discover in the baby jargon all sorts of cute sayings.

The outfit of the Harrison baby begins its high-born station. The nursery is in white, and every piece of the dainty wardrobe is the same color. There are soft and sheer white slips for gowns and petticoats, soft woolsens for the tiny undergarments, and creations in lace for dress-up occasions. Wherever a bit of color appears in the outfit it is of palest blue. Many of the little garments are delicately embroidered in delicate blue or white silk by Mrs. Harrison's own hands. In fact, as far as possible the mother supervises the little one's wardrobe. The periodic trips to the wardrobe in search of the wherewithal to clothe the new arrival were made by her, and between times many of the pieces were made beautiful with her own needle. She also crocheted that cozy kind of a covering known as afghan for the little wicker cradle in which Miss Elizabeth sleeps.

That Mrs. Harrison should be so strongly opposed to the new baby's developing into a new woman is a most natural feeling when her own tastes are considered. She is not an active advocate of the so-called progressive movement of the fair sex, but is rather a semi-society, semi-domestic woman—a womanly woman—lovely and lovable withal. It is not difficult to discover, after one sees Mrs. Harrison's face to face, why the new baby is so gifted with national renown should at the age of sixty-three have been tempted with new matrimonial honors.

The woman the ex-president wedded is thoroughly charming. In appearance

not reticent in discussing the infantile names of the little newcomer. Since Miss Elizabeth is her first baby, it goes without saying she is a wonderful child. All Indianapolis, to say nothing of all Indiana, thinks so, and keeps religiously informed as to dainty additions to Baby Harrison's luxurious wardrobe and the severity of her periodic attacks of colic. Even the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, has gone into retreat to write verses to the little maiden. Indeed, there is enough "Harrison baby" gossip afloat to fill a good-sized book.

IS BABY MCKEE'S AUNT.

The little miss who put Baby McKee's nose so badly out of joint is now eight weeks old, says the Chicago Times-Herald. Baby McKee, of White House fame, has, however, grown into good-sized trousers by this time, and Baby Elizabeth, who is doubtless somewhat imbued with the new woman spirit, notwithstanding her mother's emphatic protest to the contrary, stands her turn as one of the babies eligible to the interest of the entire nation. Baby McKee thus retires to the subordinate position of nephew to Baby Elizabeth.

The new daughter of Gen. Harrison was named Elizabeth in honor of both her mother and father. Her name, however, was Benjamin and he would have been educated at Yale. So much had been decided by the expert parents. Since the Harrison baby is destined not to be heir to grandfather's hat it is hinted that the piece of historical headgear has been turned upside down, provided with rockers and utilized as a cradle.

The Prince of Wales

Orders JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT

ASSOCIATED CATER, ASSOCIATIONS. Mr. Newman, Agent for Johann Hoff's Malt Extract, London, E. C.

Please supply three dozen Hoff's Malt Extract on account of B. H. Pringle, W. J. Coak, or Porter, without their intoxicating effects. By goods to Albertville, Ballast, Afr./Ashing.

Beware of Imitations. The genuine Johann Hoff's Malt Extract makes Flesh and Blood. More strength in one bottle of Hoff's Malt Extract than in a case of Ale.

ESNER & MENDELSON CO., Sole Agts., N. Y.

GRANT MONUMENT DEDICATION.

Excursion Rates to New York.

On the 27th of April, in the magnificent Mausoleum upon the bank of the Hudson River, Columbia will enshrine the ashes of her greatest captain. The event is one without a parallel in the history of the Nation, and the ceremonies will be of unusual pomp, splendor, solemnity. The occasion will be graced by the presence of the President, the Supreme Court, and the great civic officers of the Nation and the States. The Army and Navy, the National Guards of the States, the Grand Army of the Republic and other patriotic and civil organizations will unite to form the most superb pageant ever seen in America. Many foreign nations will send special representatives and ships of war to join our own matchless fleet in majestic procession to the Tomb of Grant.

The B. & O. R. R. will sell reduced rate excursion tickets to New York, April 23 to 28th inclusive, valid for return journey until May 4th, inclusive, and good to stop off at Washington returning. The round trip fare from Chicago will be \$24.00, and correspondingly low rates from points east.

For detailed information as to trains, etc., address L. S. Allen, Assistant General Passenger Agent B. & O. R. R., Chicago.

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