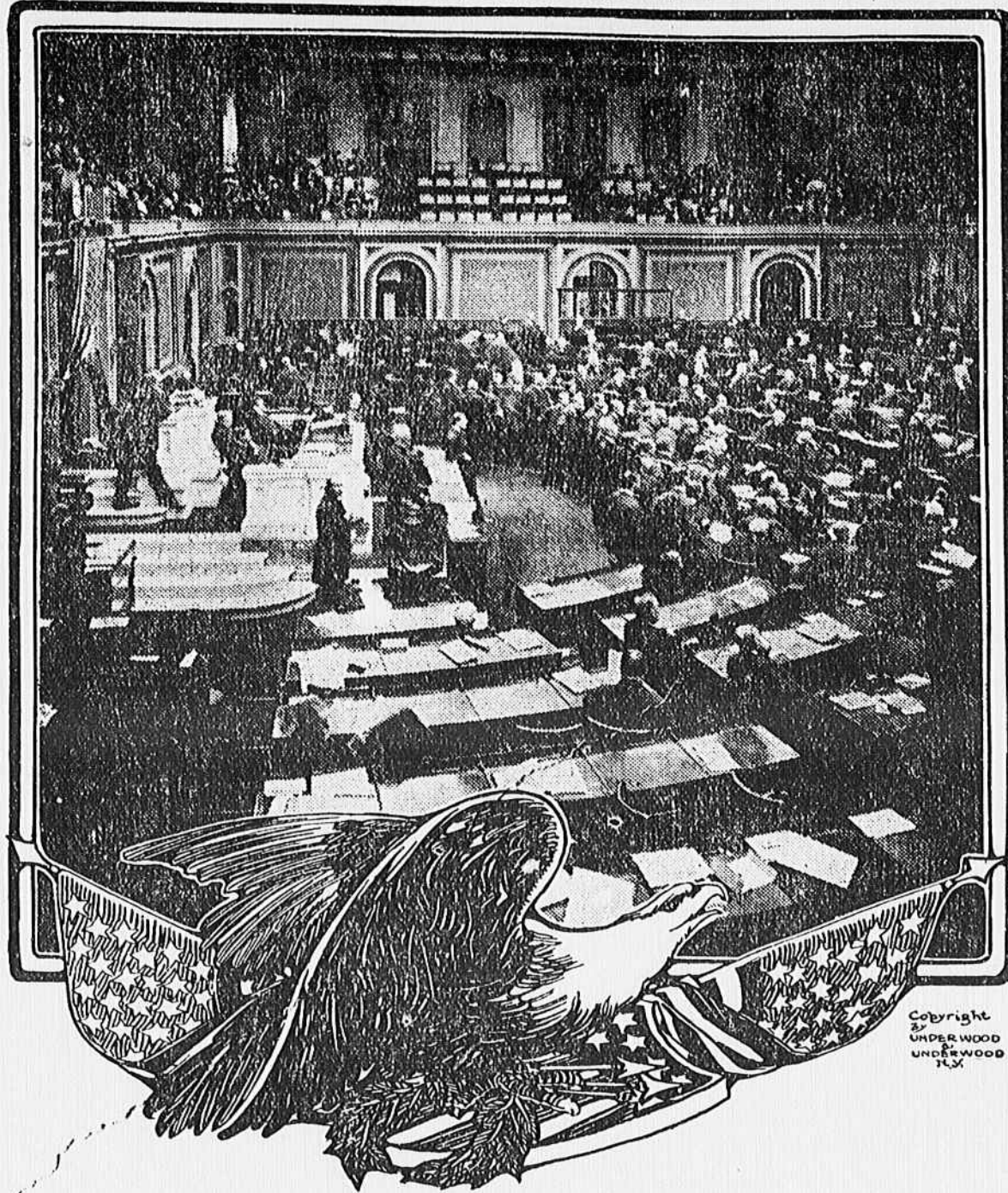


A Study in Statesmen

by Edward B. Clark



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ORCE, picturesqueness and ability in congress knows no sections. Northerners, southerners, easterners and westerners have their strengths and their weaknesses, their likes and their dislikes, their physical mannerisms and their mental idiosyncrasies just like all other human beings.

There have been men in congress who year in and year out on every occasion have kept hewing to the line of one special legislative endeavor. John T. Morgan, for years senator from the state of Alabama, worked for months untold to secure the adoption by the United States government of the Nicaraguan route for the great interoceanic canal. He lost out, but it is probable that the facts which he obtained in his researches were of more value to the diggers of the canal than those gathered by any other one man.

Senator Morgan was one of the noted exceptions to the psalmist's rule for the limit of the years of man. Some of the flippant, and possibly tired, senators declared that Mr. Morgan's speeches were as long as his life. If the voice of the Alabama man had been younger there would have been few sleepy ones in the senate when he talked—that is when he talked on any other subject than the interoceanic canal. Then it was to fly before the face of his oratory.

There was substance to Senator Morgan's speeches, and this much cannot be said for the vocal efforts of some of the flippant and younger ones. The aged one's words went into the Congressional Record and illuminated its pages. When he rose to speak many of the colleagues of Mr. Morgan retreated to the restaurant or the cloak room. Only rarely did he take apparent notice of the seeming discourtesy. Once, wisely or unwisely, he said with something of pathos in his voice that he wished he could talk in the lunch room, for there he would be sure of an audience.

Mr. Morgan was no imperialist. He had a fear in his heart of the outcome of the policy of expansion, and the note of warning that came from his lips was frequent and forceful. One day, after outlining the position which he believed his country should take, his voice came back to him. Senators starting to leave their seats sank back and listened. The words fairly rang through the chamber. This was what he said:

"In this lofty attitude we can prove the virtue of the republic before the eyes of all mankind, or we can set its light as a beacon to warn coming generations that, even in the highest ech of power and advantage, this republic—a cynosure of all eyes—is affected to the core by the sin of covetousness, and is adrift with consequent loss of power that is attended by the usurpations, tyrannies and oppressions which have marked the course of the oligarchies despots that have disgraced the history of the nations."

The senate of the United States stands for dignity. Sometimes the dignity is overdone, but, on no occasion the Senate was undignified to the point of striking several older senators with horror.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina was making nothing less than an impassioned speech. He was reaching toward the skies of oratory, when Senator Warren left his seat, unseen of Tillman, and took station behind the South Carolinian. The speaker had both hands high over his head directing the soaring of his thoughts and words. Warren took a step forward. His hand stole to Tillman's side, slipped into his pocket, and came out again holding in its clutch a big black bottle.

All unconscious Tillman went on with his words of fire. Warren held his flask in full view of the presiding officer, of his colleagues and the crowded galleries. There was a gasp, then a smothered and simultaneous gurgle of horror from a hundred throats, and then roaring laughter unchecked.

Tillman turned and knowledge of the awfulness of his situation came to him. For once, possibly for the first time in his life, he was staggered to speechlessness. He strove for words, but they came not at his bidding. His face was first black with something like anger. Then the cloud cleared and a smile broke through. Speech returned, and two words came: "Boracic acid."

It was boracic acid, but unfortunately for Mr. Tillman, it had been put into a black and suspicious bottle. A sore throat was the reason for its carrying, and while the South Carolinian is a man of known truth, he would not let the matter pass until he had passed the bottle and had forced him comrades to smell the stuff and make clear his temperance record.

Neither senate nor house makes light of pension pleas in the presence of the galleries, but some of the would-be pensioners play comic roles in the committee rooms and corridors. Claimants who can prove things are treated as old soldiers and old soldiers' widows ought to be treated—decently and reverently.

Congress in its weakness has voted pensions on many an occasion, though doubtless knowing that the pensions were unearned and undeserved, but the day of that sort of thing is passing. If it has not altogether gone. One member was asked to use his influence to secure an in-

crease of pension for the widow of a soldier. There were papers forwarded to him which bore on the case, and these he turned over to the committee on pensions after his bill had been introduced.

The widow did not get her money, and it was not long before the whole house knew why. The member who had espoused the widow's cause had been in congress for years, and the joke at his expense was too good to keep, and one after another of his colleagues walked up to his desk and congratulated him on the wisdom shown in the plea which was in written form, he had turned in to the committee to win the widow's case.

It is perhaps needless to say that the member had never read the plea. It set forth the fact that while the amount of pension increase the widow of the soldier hero asked for was large, it must be understood "that she came of good family, moved in the best social circles, and was in need of a large sum of money to keep up appearances."

Upon occasion senators and representatives permit their constituents to do their talking for them in congress. Petitions come in floods at times, with the object of securing legislation by external pressure. In the Smoot case, and in the pure food and army canteen matters the pleas of the people came in by the tens of thousands. The members of both houses present these letters, call attention to their import and then allow the petition to do the rest if they are potent enough.

Senator Latimer of South Carolina once introduced a good roads bill calling for the expenditure of government millions for the improvement of the highways. The automobilists all over the country began sending letters of approval. They pressed their friends into the writing service, but that they did not always pass upon the persuasive merits of the friends' productions is shown fairly well by one letter on the good roads' subject received by Senator Cullom. It read like this:

"Dear Mr. Cullom: Please vote for this d-d bill, and you will oblige a fool friend of mine who runs an automobile. Yours more or less sincerely,

It was a Chicago man who wrote this appeal. There were others like unto it. The good roads bill still sleeps.

In the older days the school readers contained the story of "I'll Try Sir Miller." Probably everybody knows who "I'll Try Sir Miller" was. Certainly everybody ought to know. Gen. James Miller then a captain, was the hero of Lundy's Lane. He said he would try to do the thing necessary for the thrashing of the enemy, and he did it, and "I'll Try Sir," took the place of his Christian name James.

For years several representatives in congress tried to secure an appropriation to be used for the building of a monument to General Miller at Petersboro, N. H., near which town "I'll Try Sir" lived on a farm before the war of 1812, and for years after its close. The representatives who had the matter of pushing the bill in hand used the words of Captain Miller at Lundy's Lane to express their own determination to secure a victory. They certainly did try, and the speeches that were made before the library committee of congress held patriotic appeals in every sentence. Apparently, however, it was easier for Miller to capture a battery against odds than it was for members of congress to capture the dollars necessary to build a monument of enduring stones to his memory.

It was a case of try and try again. While the cause of Miller, whose heroism was worth a dozen monuments, was being pleaded, congress voted money for memorials to other men less deserving. Finally, however, a New Hampshire member who had been digging into history found out something about "I'll Try Sir's" career which was not generally known. Congress had been told time and again that Captain Miller not only had shown conspicuous gallantry at Lundy's Lane, but that prior to that fight he had thrashed a superior force of British and Indians at Managua. Congress had also been told that Miller had commanded the center column of General Brown's army, which routed what was apparently an overwhelmingly greater force of the British at Fore Erie.

These things didn't make an impression. Congress seemed to think that inasmuch as Miller was a soldier that it was his business to defeat superior forces of the enemy every day in the week without imposing any monument-raising duty on posterity. The New Hampshire member, however, found out that after the war of 1812 Miller went back to his farm near Petersboro, plowed fields, chopped wood and milked the cows instead of going to Washington to ask the government to do something for him on account of his record.

Miller's popularity was such after the treaty of peace that the government probably would have been glad to give him anything that it had to give. When "I'll Try Sir" was asked why he was playing Cincinnati instead of taking a job in Washington, he replied: "When men begin leaving the farms for the cities the nation will begin to decay."

Congress was told of this saying of Miller's, and either admiration for his choice of a farmer's life or else belief that he was a prophet who before long might have the truth of his prophecy proved, brought a favorable report from the committee on library in the matter of the monument at Petersboro.

sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminence in ourselves by comparison with the inferiority of others, or with our own former.

If a laugh is a benefaction and the provoker of a laugh a benefactor, why are there more statues to dull people than to witty ones? Who was the greatest laugh promoter in history? It was said of Sidney Smith that he was the father of 10,000,000 laughs. "Laughter," said Lord Rosebery recently, "is a physical necessity. We live under a sunless sky, surrounded by a melancholy ocean, and it is a physical necessity for the English nation—even for the Scotch nation and the Welsh nation—to laugh. It exhilarates all social relations. Was not," his lordship added, "the laugh

of Sir Frank Lockwood something that would make a stuffed bird rejoice? And those who listened to the splendor of merriment which he could impart by that laugh realize the intense value of that emotional exercise."

Alibi.

Father (having caught his son in a lie)—Haven't I always told you to tell the truth?

Son—Yes, father; but you also told me never to become the slave of a habit.

Do you ever think of the irrevocable nature of speech? You may find, years after your light word was spoken, life and a house

The Onlooker by WILBUR D. NESBIT A Hot Day



IN THE COUNTRY.



IN THE CITY.

I.—In the Country.

Adown the road run little swirls of dust,
The dog pants in the shade, with lolling tongue,
And from the fields in endless noisy gust
The clacking of the harvesters is flung;
The house is darkened, and when you go in
You tiptoe softly through the shadowed hall;
The maiden aunt, who is extremely thin,
Now seems about to vanish, specs and all.

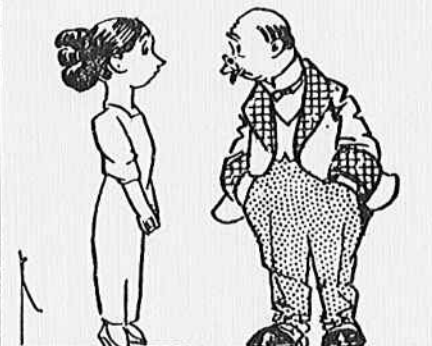
The fat hen 'neath the currant bush retreats
And clucks ill-tempered comment on the day,
The pigs their sundry grunts of joy repeat
From the mud wallow whence they will not stray;
The dinner bell rings hotly, and the men
Come home, all sweaty, red of face, and say:
"I hate to go back to that field again;
The city must be nice and cool today!"

II.—In the City.

The air is dancing up between the walls,
The breezes like from an oven fans the street;
The peddlers with their aggravating calls:
Your shoes grow tight and tighter on your feet;
The fat men all grow fatter, while the lean
Grow leaner yet, and glare with burning eye
Upon the dusty, scorching, burning scene;
A blue-steel soullessness is in the skies.

Each woman dabs some powder on her nose
And sadly says she knows she is a fright;
The man who steps upon another's toes
Within the street car straightaway has a fight;
And each and all of them, the cross and hot,
Frets dolefully the while, and oft will say:
"I'm fairly baked, and getting worse!
Great Scott!
The country must be nice and cool today!"

DISQUALIFIED.



"But, papa, why do you object to my marrying Clarence?"
"I fear, me child, he is not good enough for you."
"O, papa, he says my slightest wish shall be his law."
"Then he isn't smart enough to be a son-in-law of mine."

At the Amateur Theatricals.

Stage Manager (behind the scenes)—That won't do, Mr. Stormer. You must embrace the lady as if you meant it. Now, forget yourselves and your real lives, and throw yourselves into the mimic existence. Don't let the fact that Mrs. Dovey's husband is in the audience affect you so that you cannot make this scene seem real.
Mr. Stormer (who is rehearsing the third act climax with Mrs. Dovey)—That's all right. I can forget about her husband, but I can't forget that my wife is out in front, too.

Said the Horticulturist.

"Oh, Susie," said the dear girl friend, "you should have heard what Mr. Twigg, the horticulturist, said last night when some one told him that you were one of the season's buds."
"What did he say?" asked Susie.
"I don't remember his exact words, but it was something about how interesting it was to see a century plant in bud—Why, Su-u-sie, dear, how can you accuse me of offending you?"

How to Be Happy, Though—

"I do believe you are asleep!" exclaimed the wife. "And to think that a year ago you said I was a dream."
"I was asleep," acknowledged the husband. "And once more you have made me wake up."

CURE THAT SORE THROAT

Sore throat is inflammation of the mucous membrane of the throat, and if this membrane happens to be at all sensitive a predisposition to sore throat will exist.

Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic is both a preventative and a cure for sore throat because it possesses extraordinary cleansing, healing and germicidal qualities. Just a little in a glass of water, used as a gargle, will quickly relieve all soreness and strengthen the mucous membrane of the throat, and thus overcome all tendency to sore throat.

Paxtine is far superior to liquid antiseptics or Peroxide for all toilet and hygienic uses.

Paxtine may be obtained at any drug store, 25 and 50c a box, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass. Send for a free sample.

IN THE UP-TO-DATE FASHION

Lecturer Found It No Trouble at All to Answer Question Meant to Embarrass Him.

"Will you allow me to ask you a question?" interrupted a man in the audience.

"Certainly, sir," said the lecturer. "You have given us a lot of figures about immigration, increase of wealth, the growth of trusts and all that," said the man. "Let's see what you know about figures yourself. How do you find the greatest common divisor?"

Slowly and deliberately the orator took a glass of water.

Then he pointed his finger straight at the questioner. Lightning flashed from his eyes, and he replied, in a voice that made the gas jets quiver: "Advertise for it, you ignoramus!" The audience cheered and yelled and stamped, and the wretched man who had asked the question crawled out of the hall a total wreck.

AT THE BOARDING HOUSE.



"Who is that man," asked the new boarder, "who is making such a fuss because he has swallowed a fish-bone?"
"That's the sword swallower at the dime museum around the corner."

Gray Matter.

"I used to think I could hire all the brains I wanted for \$25 a week," Mr. Pushem said.

"Well, couldn't you?"
"Yes. But it wasn't long before I had to call in a \$180,000 lawyer to straighten out the kinks they put into my affairs."

The Retort Courteous.

Manager—You prima donnas want so much for your services.
Prima Donna—And you managers want our services for a song.

FALSE HUNGER

A Symptom of Stomach Trouble Corrected by Good Food.

There is, with some forms of stomach trouble, an abnormal craving for food which is frequently mistaken for a "good appetite." A lady teacher writes from Carthage, Mo., to explain how with good food she dealt with this sort of hurtful hunger.

"I have taught school for fifteen years, and up to nine years ago had good, average health. Nine years ago, however, my health began to fail, and continued to grow worse steadily, in spite of doctor's prescriptions, and everything I could do. During all this time my appetite continued good, only the more I ate the more I wanted to eat—I was always hungry.

"The first symptoms of my breakdown were a distressing nervousness and a loss of flesh. The nervousness grew so bad that finally it amounted to actual prostration. Then came stomach troubles, which were very painful, constipation which brought on piles, dyspepsia and severe nervous headaches.

"The doctors seemed powerless to help me, said I was overworked, and at last urged me to give up teaching. If I wished to save my life.

"But this I could not do. I kept on at it as well as I could, each day growing more wretched, my will-power alone keeping me up, till at last a good angel suggested that I try a diet of Grape-Nuts food, and from that day to this I have found it delicious always appetizing and satisfying.

"I owe my restoration to health to Grape-Nuts. My weight has returned and for more than two years I have been free from the nervousness, constipation, piles, headaches, and all the ailments that used to punish me so, and have been able to work freely and easily." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The Shepherd of the Black Sheep

Professor Sir Charles Bell in the Strand Calls It a Convulsive Action of the Diaphragm.

"Laughter," says Professor Sir Charles Bell in the London Strand, "is a convulsive action of the diaphragm. In this state the person draws a full breath and throws it out in interrupted, short and audible exclamations. This convulsion of the diaphragm is the principal part of the physical manifestation of laughter; but there are several accessories, especially the sharp vocal utterance arising from the violent tension of the larynx and the expression of the features, this being

a more intense form of the smile. In extreme cases the eyes are moistened by the effusion from the lachrymal glands."

There you have a scientific definition. But it is clear that mankind would hardly take the trouble to go through that experience if that is all that laughter consisted of. They would not regard a Dickens or a Mark Twain as a benefactor merely because a perusal of their writings produced that. No; even the philosophers know that laughter is something better than that—something internal—that there is such a thing as silent laughter. Hobbes calls laughter "a