

Miscellaneous Reading.

SCRAPS IN THE HOUSE.

Times When Representatives Lost Their Tempers and Came to Blows. "What I Know About Pugilism, by Asher C. Hinds, LL.D., might have been its title, but it isn't. Instead it is simply Chapter LXXI of the House of Representatives, an eight-volume work of more than 7,000 pages upon which Speaker Cannon depends in his numerous occasions for properly interpreting the rules for the house. Chapter LXXI is captioned "Punishment of Members for Contempt." Under this chapter Mr. Hinds in his sepulchral staid way recounts the story of some of the most stirring scenes that have ever transpired in the national legislature.

No more does the festive inkwell hurle across the chamber with some member's devoted head. No longer are chairs and cuspidors forcibly wrenched from their proper moorings and flung at the opposition with disdainful comment following in their wake. The house of representatives today is a different proposition. It is a business body.

As Far Back as 1798. According to Dr. Hinds on Pittcuts in the house of representatives the first instance of a real personal encounter on the floor took place in 1798. Representative Roger Griswold of Connecticut had cast some aspersions upon the military record of Representative Matthew Lyon of Vermont. The statement of Mr. Griswold was made while the members of the house were gathered in little groups awaiting the announcement of a vote which, under the old system, had been taken by ballot. The speaker, Representative Jonathan Dayton of New Jersey, had left the chair for relaxation and exercise. Mr. Griswold made a polite remark and Mr. Lyon promptly spat in his face.

The attention of the house was called to the unpleasant occurrence as soon as the speaker had resumed his seat and while the performance was still under consideration by the house before an adjournment had been effected. Mr. Griswold walked into the house some two weeks later just after the chaplain had called down the divine blessing on the proceedings and wallowed Mr. Lyon over the head with a heavy walking stick. Mr. Lyon was weakly. He jumped from his desk to the fireplace and seized a huge pair of tongs. With this cumbersome weapon he rushed back to the fray. Dr. Hinds states that the disorder was quelled with much difficulty, but that the motion to expel both members failed to pass.

Wise of Virginia a Scrapper. Henry A. Wise of Virginia, grandfather of the present United States attorney for New York, was one of the scrapperst men who ever occupied a seat in congress. In 1841 he had a fight on the floor with Representative Stanley of North Carolina. Their grievances were of a private character, but Mr. Stanley chose a session of the house in committee of the whole on the state of the union as the place. While the committee was busy with the consideration of an important bill Mr. Stanley walked up to the peppy Virginia and started a discussion. "Don't you speak to me again," bawled Mr. Wise. "I will not discuss the matter further."

Mr. Stanley persisted. "Don't you speak to me again," exclaimed Mr. Wise, "or I'll scale you on the floor of this house."

The high words mounted higher until Mr. Wise applied an indecent epithet. "You're a liar!" shrieked Mr. Stanley. They were separated by the members close to them, but not until blows had been exchanged. The tariff act of 1844 furnished an excuse for Representatives George Raibun of New York and John White of Kentucky to get together. Dr. Hinds failed to reproduce the details of the mix-up, which is called in the language of the House Journal of that day a recontre. The fight started as have most of the personal engagements on the floor, while the house was in committee of the whole. At such times the mace of authority—"the bird," as our latter day and disrespectful legislators are prone to term the silver effigy of the bird of freedom, which stands for the authority of the United States—had been removed from its pedestal. Into the chamber rushed the speaker, John W. Jones of Virginia. He tried to call the house to order. The sergeant-at-arms lunged in the "bird" and finally, after they were several bloody noses and at least one black eye, order was restored.

The Fight Bout of All. Representatives Albert G. Brown and John A. Wilson engaged in the first one-round bout ever pulled off on the floor of congress. Both congressmen came from Mississippi. They disagreed over so simple a matter as a discussion of the bill appropriating money for the improvement of the Capitol. The altercation arose with all the suddenness of a mid-June thunder-gust. Before the speaker could resume his desk Mr. Brown had rained blows over the head and neck of Mr. Wilson, who in turn had left several marks on the person of his antagonist. An attempt to stop the fight was unsuccessful, and the battle waged for several minutes. Both members were halted before the bar of the house and compelled to apologize. This was in 1852.

The next battle recorded by Dr. Hinds took place on the east portion of the Capitol. It followed an acrimonious debate between Representatives Josiah B. Grinnell of Iowa and Lovell H. Rousseau of Kentucky. Again a war record was the cause of the disagreement. Mr. Grinnell had cast aspersions upon the bravery of Mr. Rousseau. When they met in the portico Mr. Rousseau slapped Mr. Grinnell across the face with a short cane, and then proceeded to scold him with the same weapon. Mr. Rousseau was accompanied by three fellow members who were armed.

As a result of the Grinnell-Rousseau encounter, the house has since considered for more than a month the circumstances of the case and various resolutions of a punitive nature for Mr. Rousseau and his three friends.

The members who thought that Mr. Rousseau should be expelled from the house were in the majority, but not in sufficient numbers to effect his expulsion, which would have required a two-thirds vote. They were able to thwart the attempt to let them off with a simple reprimand, but as a result of all their deliberations nothing was accomplished.

Cuspidors Flew. In 1880 Representative James H. Weaver of Iowa, afterward candidate for the presidency of the United States, and William A. J. Sparks of Illinois created what Dr. Hinds refers to as a scene of great disorder on the floor of the house. This row is not described in detail by the parliamentarian, but the newspapers of the day ran lengthy stories. In the melee which became general, cuspidors were thrown, and at one time Gen. Sparks, breathing wrath, flung a chair at Gen. Weaver. Both combatants were compelled to apologize for their conduct.

Within the last 30 years there have been fewer real physical encounters. The last notable instance was that between representative, now Senator-elect, John Sharp Williams of Mississippi and the late Representative David A. De Armond of Missouri. Mr. Williams was minority leader at the time, and Mr. De Armond was a recognized candidate for the honors which the brilliant Mississippian was soon to relinquish for the toga. In this fight blows were exchanged, the following high words were the result.

One of the funniest scraps that ever occurred in the house took place between former Representative Brosius of Pennsylvania and Representative Charles Bartlett of Georgia. In answer to a charge by Mr. Brosius that he was hindering action on an important measure through constitutional quibbling, Mr. Bartlett grew angry. He reflected on Mr. Brosius's words. The latter returned the compliment with some trimmings. On the desk in front of Mr. Bartlett was a huge book bound volume of the Congressional Record. It represented the locuquacity of half a session and contained more than 2,000 pages. Mr. Bartlett grabbed this as the nearest as well as the heaviest thing he could throw at Mr. Brosius. He did not stop to think that it might not hold together. He flung it with all his force at his enemy. As it left his hands the patent binder broke and twenty wounds of words sailed through the air in separate sheets. Mr. Bartlett stood in a shower of paper while Mr. Brosius, who had leaped across the house, was too much for the risibilities of the house. It broke into loud guffaws, and taking to its heels, the house ignored the incident.

A CUNNING WEASEL.

The Trick By Which He Trapped His Big Rat Antagonist.

Once a sawmill in a western town was infested with rats, which, being unmolested, became very numerous and bold and played round the mill among the men while they worked during the day. But one day there appeared on the scene a weasel, which immediately declared war on the rodents.

By one of the rats fell victims to the weasel's superior strength, until only one very large, pug-nosed rat was left of the once numerous colony. The weasel had a go at the big rat several times, but on each occasion the rodent proved more than a match for his slender antagonist and chased the weasel to a hiding place.

Shortly thereafter the weasel was seen busily digging under a lumber pile near the mill. He was engaged for some time, but later appeared again in the mill, seeking his old enemy. He soon found him and at once renewed hostilities. As usual, after a lively tussle the rat got the better of the argument, and the weasel ran, pursued closely by the rat, straight to the hole under the lumber pile.

THE ARIZONA ROAD RUNNER.

Why No One Would Think of Killing This So-called Bird of the Desert.

Eastern readers are likely to be puzzled by the dispatch from Douglas printed in yesterday's Republican descriptive of the initial failure of an aeroplane from which great things are expected that "the aeroplane ran over the ground like a yellow road runner, but refused to fly." Outside of Arizona the road runner is a name for a bird, whose tissues were all permeated with the dreadful disease, was removed from the operation room. To this day no one can tell how it happened, but when her ambulance got stuck, she was wheeled from the elevator she was on the floor below the one where she belonged. The two attendants took her to Room 10 and placed her in bed. A little while later the sterilizing force arrived, and, to their horror and consternation, they found an unconscious woman in the bed that must be teeming with erysipelas germs. A conference was held, and it was decided that the shock of removal would be fatal, and as the poor woman would die anyway, she might as well be left as she was. She developed a perfectly terrific case of erysipelas, but she did not die. In fact, she recovered from both diseases, and when the case was reported, a year later, she was in perfect health.

Some thirty years ago, in St. Louis, there lived a beautiful girl, beautiful on one side of her face only, for her left cheek was marred by a purple birthmark that developed at an early age. Her father was rich, and he spared neither money nor trouble in his effort to have the blotch removed. The skin specialists sent in large bills, but the blotch remained. One summer, she was visiting at Hamball, and there she learned of an old woman, half negro and half Indian, who could remove any mark. She consulted the old woman, and she developed a perfectly terrific case of erysipelas, but she did not die. In fact, she recovered from both diseases, and when the case was reported, a year later, she was in perfect health.

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SUPERSTITION AND SCIENCE.

Things Once Foolish Now Quite Reasonable.

Two decades ago the Esoteric Society issued its "color scheme" for the benefit of its members. Science laughed at the absurdity of the statement that colors could have anything to do with health, success or happiness. Nevertheless, the members of the society continued to believe that the wearing of dull brown was conducive to worry, and that the wearing of dull blue would doom the wearer to what was termed "earth work," the grinding kind of labor, of whatever nature, that had in it no mental uplift and no spiritual joy.

Red was said to stimulate the system, the kind of stimulation dependent upon the shade and quality of the red. The wearing of tender, light green developed the poetic nature. Clear blue, whether dark or light, had a beneficent effect on the soul, and yellow was supposed to bear directly on the intellect. The system included a parallel in musical tones, and, incidentally, provoked much ridicule from the learned ones.

The whole doctrine of color was said to be a piece of pitch blend that is high in its percentage of radium is not a mere yodel stone, but a thoroughly scientific means of treatment.

The most amusing case of superstitious turned scientific is told by a prominent St. Louis surgeon, who was serving his term as interne in a New York hospital. The young doctor was in the charity ward when an Irish boy whose foot had been crushed by the impact of a horse's hoof. The boy had swelled and turned purple, and the most stubborn one was that sore on the top of his foot, which flatly refused to heal. The doctor had tried and then skin grafting was resorted to. The interne had the case in hand, and he was driven to the use of his own skill by the attitude of the boy's mother, an ignorant old Biddy, who greeted each new effort and failed to give a word of her head, and the remark:

"I could have told ye 't'd do no good at all at all."

At last the interne gave up. He had used every means known to science for the healing of an open sore, and each in turn had proved of no avail. At that time he had been informed by the mother:

"You can try your hand at the sore tomorrow," the young doctor finally informed her. "He was very sure that the wound would never heal."

The following morning she arrived with the materials for the cure. In a small cigar box she carried a hard film of horn comb. It was evident that this was not the first time that she had used the material in her service in the healing of a wound, for the back showed the marks of the grater at several places.

The mother gave instructions that the casing was not to be opened for three weeks. At this time the bandage was removed and the sore was replaced by a perfect layer of healthy tissue. The doctors were amazed, but the old woman found just what she expected. "Then the interne set himself the task of finding out why the old woman's scientific method was the same substance as human skin. The hand-picked lint and gauze were in place until it could unite with the open surface to form new skin. The practice was so scientific, and based on experience, which is sometimes better than science.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FOXES RUN IN RELAYS.

Team Work of Cunning Animals Outwits Dogs and Hunters.

Foxes have been known to combine their efforts and by their "team work" outwit a whole pack of hounds and a field of hunters.

One spring in North Carolina four hunters with a pack of forty dogs were chasing a fox. The chase had been on for two hours or more, the fox running in a circle not more than three miles in diameter, when the hunters assembled on a knoll near the center of the circle which the fox appeared to have described for himself.

The knoll overlooked a ravine about 100 yards distant from where the hunters had taken their stand. Across the ravine, which was about 75 feet wide, had fallen a giant chestnut tree which time and the elements had stripped of its bark.

One of the hunters saw the fox come into sight, with the dogs four or five hundred yards behind. The fox ran straight to the chestnut tree and disappeared there. Up to this time it was not known that the log was hollow. In a few seconds the fox emerged from the other end of the log on the opposite side of the ravine and made out through the forest. The dogs ran to the log and there stopped. The hunters watched them for a few minutes, and then the master of the hunt called them across the ravine, put them on the scent and away they went again in full cry.

nothing. It was a piece of pitch blend—that was all. There appeared no connection between the case and the apparently foolish idea entertained by the proprietors of certain mineral springs that the water taken from the spring would lose its virtue if removed far from the place where it burst from the earth. It was held in ancient times that the famous springs of Joachimsthal were inhabited by a spirit, and that those who bathed in the water and drank it were acted upon by this spirit, and that the water had no virtue in itself. In the New Testament we are told of another spring of the same character, and similar stories have been told of medicinal springs in Spain and elsewhere.

Yorke knows that the water of these springs does actually cure rheumatism and many other diseases, and it is also known that the self-same water, when taken away from its source, and used for bathing or drinking, has no more effect than ordinary water would have. For a long time the men of science said this could not be—that the effect of the water was due to certain chemicals which were in it, and the same could be produced by artificially compounding the water in exactly the same proportions.

A few years ago, science, backed up by common sense, and on the other side was superstition, backed up by stubborn facts. Then along came Dr. and Mrs. Currie with the discovery of radium. They led the way to the discovery that the beneficent agent in a piece of pitch blend that is high in its percentage of radium is not a mere yodel stone, but a thoroughly scientific means of treatment.

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