

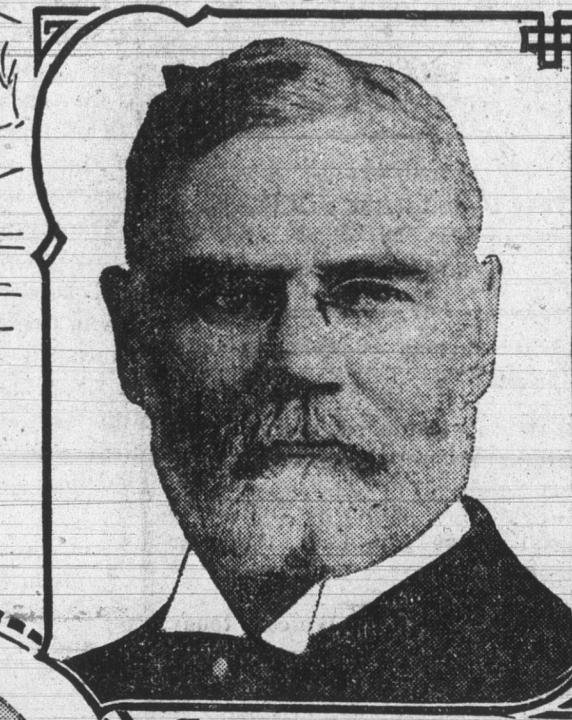
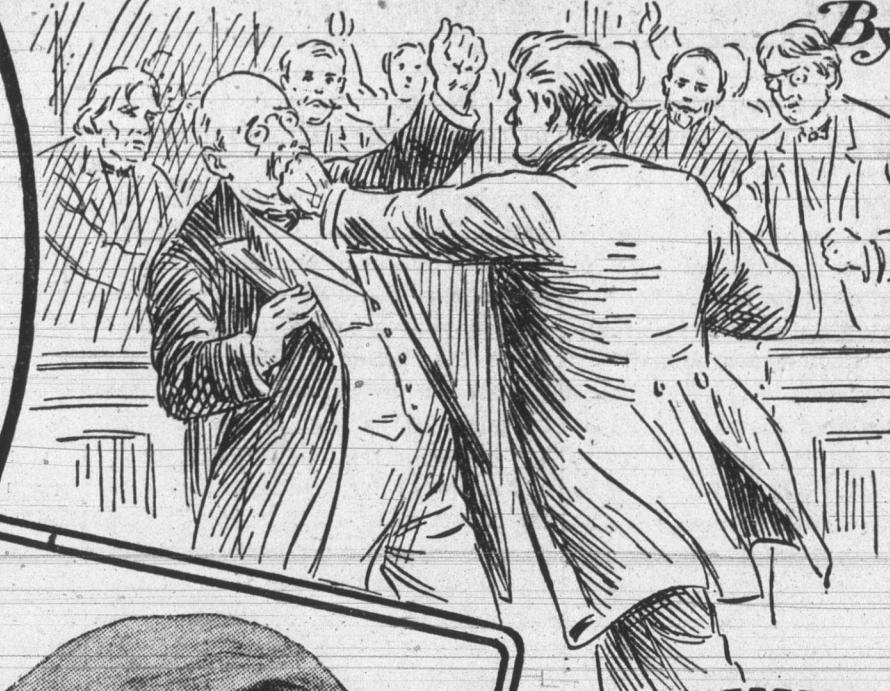


*SPEAKER
JOSEPH G. CANNON*

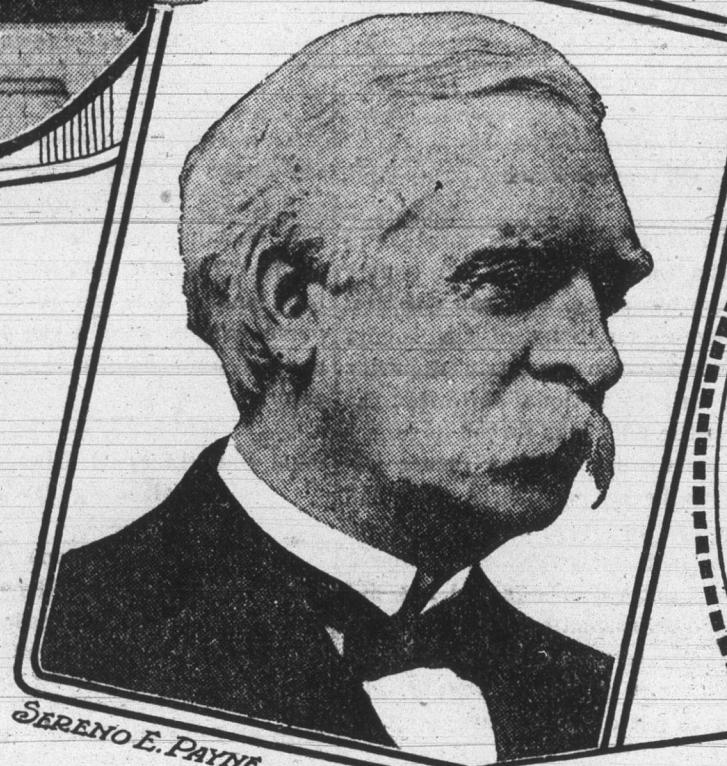
When LAWMAKERS Become PEEVISH

By EDWARD B. CLARK

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JAMES R. MANN



SERENO E. PAYNE

IT IS the custom to speak of the United States senate as the most dignified legislative body in the world, while on occasions the house of representatives has been described as a "bear garden." The senate is ordinarily a dignified deliberative body, but nevertheless it is a mistake to look upon the house of representatives in any way, except on the rarest occasions, as an assembly given to disorderly procedure. There have been within the last few months many scenes of intense excitement in the house, times when personal, political and factional temper has run high and when there was the "high spirited excuse" for scenes bordering on the tumultuous. In the main, however, through all the temper-trying times of the attempt to shear Speaker Cannon of his power, and during the intense moments of the debate on the railroad bill, the members succeeded in holding themselves in check, and in giving an exhibition of self-restraint that was admirable. On only a few occasions within the space of seven years that one correspondent has watched proceedings in the house, have there been personal encounters on the floor between members. In only one instance really could these affairs be spoken of as personal encounters, for in only one case were blows exchanged.

A former minority leader of the house and one of the leading members of his party, exchanged blows, but the matter was a personal one, and not a political one, and it might have happened outside of the house as well as inside. It was not brought about by the heat of debate, but by long continued friction which engendered heat enough to cause an explosion while the house was in session. One of the parties to this physical encounter is now dead, and the other, next March, will take his seat in the senate of the United States. Their names probably will suggest themselves at once.

There are many hot-headed members of the lower house of congress, and some of these "temperamental ones" are leaders in their respective parties. As leaders, however, these men long ago learned that if they were to maintain leadership they must keep a check on their tongues and a check on their birth-right willingness to enter on a scrimmage.

The members of the house realize that men laboring under excitement, will say things that they will be sorry for in a minute, and so frequently, words that positively are insulting, are overlooked by the offended member for a few minutes in order to give the offender a chance to get his faculties back and apologize. If he does not apologize, though he generally does, the one who feels himself aggrieved, has his own way of securing retraction, either by appeal to the house, or direct appeal, sometimes made in pretty sharp language, to the member who has offended.

One of the most exciting times in the house of representatives in recent years was a verbal encounter between Representative Bourke Cockran, Democrat, of New York city, and Representative John Dalzell, Republican, of Pittsburgh. Bourke Cockran is known as one of the greatest orators of the United States, and John Dalzell is known as one of the ablest debaters on the Republican side of the house of representatives, a small man physically, but absolutely fearless. Dalzell is one of the chief advocates of protection.

The New York member attacked the consistency of the Pittsburgh member in a speech, and said some things about the inconsistency of the Republican party. To Dalzell, this seemed to give the opportunity that he wanted. He stood on the floor of the house and accused Cockran not only of inconsistency, but practically of using his gift of oratory, first to uphold one side of a question, and then to uphold another, and the Pittsburgh man did not try to conceal the reasons which he thought were responsible for the change of opinion and the change of attitude on the part of the man whom he was criticizing.

In that speech against Cockran, Dalzell was waspish. There were men on the floor who expected fully to see Cockran attack him, not verbally, but physically, but the New Yorker sat through the speech, and when it was ended arose in his own place. The New Yorker contented himself with saying that if he were guilty of the charges which the Republican member had made against him, he was not fit to stay in the house of representatives, and he demanded that congress as a matter of personal privilege to him, should make an investigation of his conduct, make a report thereon, and if he were found guilty, the fact should be published to the country.

The house refused to take any action on



CHAMP CLARK



BOURKE COCKRAN

ceded the change in the rules of the house which was secured by a coalition of so-called Insurgent Republicans and the Democrats. Led by Representative Norris of Nebraska, the Insurgents and Democrats together succeeded in taking away from the speaker his membership in that committee. It was a great change from former conditions, and it was a direct attack on the power of the speaker, an attack that had in it seemingly much that was personal, although most of the men who had a hand in it, denied that there was any personal feeling.

Men sat white in their seats or stood and spoke with shaking voices, so tremendous was the excitement, but during it all each man kept a firm hold on his temper, and while it seemed to the spectators that encounters must come, they never came, and the change in the rules was effected, involving as it did, an airing of factional differences with just as little outward show of disturbance as would attend the enactment of legislation of small degree of interest.

Every man has mannerisms, but of course in the house of representatives pronounced mannerisms of the leading members are the only ones which become impressed upon the public. Sereno E. Payne, the Republican leader, is the author of the last tariff bill as it passed the house of representatives. Outwardly, Mr. Payne suggests a condition of mind

Elevator and hall boys are also intrusted with all sorts of repairs, sponging, pressing, dyeing, etc. You will see them hurrying toward the uptown shops, their arms laden with all sorts of wearing apparel, from silk hats that need ironing to shoes that need half-soeling. For such work the boy generally gets two bits of money, one from the tenant for performing the errand and another from the tradesman to whom he throws the work.

A busy time for many of the boys is Sunday afternoons and evenings, after the delicatessen shops open. Then housewives upon whom unexpected company has descended whistle for the hall boy, who makes an emergency run to the nearest purveyor of ready-cooked food.

On Sunday mornings you will find quite a line of colored boys in uniform lined up at the branch postoffices in the residence districts. These represent various apartment houses and apartment hotels whose tenants want their mail on Sunday mornings and who club together to give the colored attendants a small fee for making the trip to the branch postoffice during the hour at which mail is distributed every Sunday.

In some houses elevator and hall boys are not permitted to run errands, the New York World says. In others, where two or three lads are on duty, rules are relaxed and superintendents are glad to let the boys serve the tenants. Naturally the boys like to do the errands, because there is corresponding increase in their incomes.

and temper indicated by the sound of his first name, but the Republican leader is not serene at all times, although he, perhaps better than any other prominent man in the house, keeps control of his emotions.

Mr. Payne is fat and he is jolly under ordinary circumstances. Occasionally when his good Republican soul is pierced by an arrow of sarcasm, invective or reproach fired from the Democratic side, Sereno loses his serenity, and he grows quite hot and emits what some members have dubbed bolts of lightning. On occasions of less heat, the Republican leader emits sparks only, but they are of the kind that burn. There are possibilities of indignation and anger in Representative Payne that no one would suspect who looks down from the gallery upon his ordinarily calm exterior.

Champ Clark of Missouri, the leader of the Democrats, loves his joke and it takes an occasion that is worth while before he rouses himself to anger. "When Champ Clark gets mad he gets mad," is the expressive way in which a Democratic colleague of the minority leader put the matter recently. There was an exhibition of how mad Champ Clark can get at the time when he was trying to hold his Democratic colleagues in a solid line in favor of a change in the rules governing house procedure. This was at the time when some of the Insurgents, in connection with the Democrats were trying to secure what is now known as Calendar Wednesday. It was at a time long prior to the fight which ended in the removal of the speaker from the committee on rules.

The Democratic leader found that he could not control all his party colleagues, and he had a suspicion that some of them knew that they were to get committee preferment at the hands of the speaker, provided they deserted the Democratic leader in the time of need. One New York Democratic member, with some others from different parts of the country, deserted their chieftain in the hour of trouble, and later the New Yorker was given a fine committee berth by the speaker.

No one will ever forget the castigation which Champ Clark gave this colleague, whom he looked upon as a deserter from the cause of his fellows. It was a scoring the like unto which few men have ever received. The New Yorker took it in apparent humbleness of spirit, and it may be that he did not have any excuse to offer. Time is a great healer, however, and now the Democratic leader and the man whom he excommunicated are good friends, and seem to be working in harmony for the party good in the house of representatives.

The hardest worked man in the house of representatives, not even barring the speaker, is Representative James R. Mann, Republican, of Chicago. Mann is known as the great objector, and also as the watch dog. It is his duty to be on the floor of the house constantly, and to watch legislation, line by line, and to see to it that nothing is "slipped over," which the Republican majority does not think proper.

Mr. Mann keeps an eye on amendments to the appropriation bills, and all kinds of things as they come before the house. It is he who objects to the consideration of many small bills when unanimous consent unquestionably would secure passage for them. This makes him in a sense tremendously unpopular with members who want to get something through, and can only get action under unanimous consent.

It is ready for use at a signal from the mother or nurse.

Landlords may object to dogs, but hall boys—never. A valuable dog is pretty sure to mean a weekly stipend to an obliging colored attendant. Here again the iron fence or bar becomes useful as an anchorage for the pet in his care and many an uptown hall boy spends his noon hour giving a pedigree dog its outing.

An upper West side boy whose Rooseveltian teeth are the hallmark of good nature said when interviewed on the subject:

"Yessir—we all can do most anything. Missus Powers, she has me open all her cans, 'cause her hands is shaky, an' I hooks her dresses when Mr. Powers he ain't home. I kin market fur her ef she's feelin' poorly, an' I alius meets her mother at the subway station an' takes her back again. I take keer of her cat when she's away and I feed Missus Brown's bird when she goes. Most all the ladies they give me their keys if they're 'spectin' some one to come, while they're out, an' I ain't never made no mistake."

The ONLOOKER
WILBUR D. NESBIT

**INNOCENT
MERRIMENT**



The mob is rushing down the street, We hear the trampling of their feet While racing, running, in advance, And casting back a frightened glance The objects of this frenzied chase Rush on each with a pallid face.

Wild shrieks arise as comes the mob; One of the victims gives a sob And her companion takes her arm And vows she shall not come to harm. About their heads the missiles fly— Most of them, luckily, pass by.

See how the people on the street Turn laughingly the sight to greet— O, heartless folk! How can they cheer And chortle at the sounds they hear! Ah! See, some one has hurled a shoe That makes one victim howl anew.

Now they are captured! Hear her plead, Let to her cries they give no heed. They lead her captive, while they shout And bind the man all roundabout. They take him with a joyous yell To place him in some hidden cell.

What have they done to suffer so? You silly! Surely you must know This is the gay and festive way In which we dignify the day Whereon a couple vow for life To live as happy man and wife.

His New Typewriter.



"Understand you got a new type writer, Jones."

"'Yept; got a peach now."

"Better than the old one?"

"Sure. This is a different style altogether."

"Firm carriage?"

"Very fine carriage, indeed."

"Quiet?"

"Quiet as a mouse."

"How about the feed?"

"Don't know. Haven't taken her out to lunch with me yet."

* A Subtle Hint.

Tenderly, the backward lover takes the taper fingers of the coy damsel in his palm, and murmurs:

"Ah, would this little hand were mine!"

After waiting several seconds for him to continue his remarks, the coy damsel sighs:

"Just that hand?"

"Yes," he vows, looking unutterable things into her eyes.

"But," she says, dropping her head, "if you had that hand, both of us would have an odd set of them, wouldn't we?" Why don't you—

And in another moment they are talking of whether they will have the piano furnished in mahogany or vermeil martin.

Should Be Cured.

"Now," said the man who occasionally dashes off a little poem, "those verses are some that I wrote last night. Every night, instead of going to bed, I sit up and write a poem on that order. If you were me, what would you take for that?"

"I'd take a good dose of chloroform, or something like that," declared the materialistic friend. "A good night's sleep will do you lots of good."

Taken at Her Word.

"Really, Mr. Hansom," said the fair girl, "I'm shocked to hear you confess such behavior in your business dealings. You should always do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

"You wouldn't have me do that always?"

"Certainly," she replied; "always."

"All right. Here goes!" he cried, and kissed her.

Poor Remedy.

"I don't see," says the man with the undecided hair, "how this man Lawson is going to work that cure of his on the trusts."

"But," contends the man with the shingled bald spot and coat, "he says the way to do is to make the money powers disgorge."

"'Yep; but in the next breath he says you can't get money out of the system."