



CONGRESSMAN JAMES R. MANN

WHEN THE GALLERY SEES FUN



CONGRESSMAN HENRY T. RAINEY

By EDWARD B. CLARK



HE return to America of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth after their honeymoon trip abroad gave to Representative Henry S. Boutell, Republican, of Chicago, an opportunity to have considerable fun at the expense of the Democrats. It is known of course that one great political party looks to Thomas Jefferson as the apostle and prophet of the simple democratic life, and knowing this, Mr. Boutell, who apparently had been reading some ancient records, tried his best to undermine the "simple life" pedestal upon which Thomas Jefferson stands.

There were some people apparently who thought that Mrs. Longworth, who is ex-President Roosevelt's daughter, might return from her honeymoon trip abroad, where she was treated in a measure like a royal personage, in a frame of mind in which pride was dominant and that she might have lost some of her American simplicity. Representative Boutell made a speech which of course did not have Mrs. Longworth for its central subject, but he introduced matters by saying that she would return to America, "not Princess Alice, but the same modest, unassuming daughter of the president that it was her wont to be."

Mrs. Longworth came in to Mr. Boutell's speech only as an incident of discourse, the Republican representative's main intention being apparently to attempt to refute the statement made by Representative Wheeler of Kentucky that the Republican party under present administration was introducing "truculent sycophancy and funkism" into our intercourse with representatives of foreign powers.

The Chicago Republican looked at the Democracy's Mississippi chieftain (now a United States senator), then turned his eyes to the then sub-chieftain, Champ Clark of Missouri, and said: "I wish to read a few words of Thomas Jefferson." The chieftain looked more than a bit startled. "I read from the 'Complete Writings of Jefferson,' by Ford," went on Mr. Boutell slowly. "It appears from this letter that Adams was just about to go as a business agent of Jefferson to London, and after giving him several commissions, he writes:

"One further favor and I am done; to search the Herald office for the arms of my family. I have what I have been told were the family arms, but on what authority I know not. It is possible there may be none. If so, I will with your assistance become a purchaser, having Stearns' word for it that a coat of arms may be purchased as cheap as any other coat."

"So here we have the founder of the Democratic party just dabbling, as it were, in sycophancy—not very truculent as yet."

There was no quick recovery on the part of the Democratic members from this blow, which, while directed fair at their idol, hit them hard in glancing. Finally, Mr. Sulzer, the East side statesman, recovered sufficiently to ask in what year it was that Jefferson had commissioned a man to buy the coat of arms. On learning that it was in the year 1771, Mr. Sulzer said, with an intonation that showed he had found a grain of comfort in the thought, "That was five years before the revolution."

The New York representative's consolation morsel apparently was not big enough to go round among his neighbors with an appreciable share of each. It was a bit hard to learn after many years that the man who wrote the immortal document beginning with ringing words about equality had been trying to buy something which would go to show that he was a trifle "more equal" than his neighbors; and the blow was like unto that of a bludgeon, because it was shown that the supposedly impeccable one had more than intimated that a counterfeit coat was as good as a genuine one if only it were nobly emblazoned.

The Republicans had a rare time of it: over the Democratic discomfiture. When it comes to fun the galleries are gloriously nonpartisan. The humor of the thing was to the people aloft worth the knocking of a prop from the third president's pinnacle. Things might not have been so altogether bad for the cause of Mr. Jefferson and his house disciples if Mr. Boutell had been content to stop, for everybody recognizes the weakness that all human nature—even that sternly simple type—has for crests and other family gewgaws.

"Yes," said the Chicago man, "it was five years before the revolution. Now, just before the revolution, on August 25, 1775, the great founder of the Democratic party, the introducer of truculent sycophancy into our national administration, wrote to John Randolph from Monticello urging a reconciliation with Great Britain, and in that letter he uses this expression:

"I am sincerely one of those who would rather be in dependence on Great Britain, properly limited, than any other nation on earth, or than on no nation."

The last five words of this Jeffersonian pronouncement it would seem, if language means anything, point to a desire on the part of the Virginian Democrat that the colonies should have



CONGRESSMAN AND MRS. LONGWORTH

sawdust: whole pepper made of tapoca and lamp black; cocon made of walnut shells and oxide, and a thousand and one other foods adulterated in a thousand and one ways.

The drinks were worse. From the exposition made in the house—and in this subject an interest deeper than any draught that he had ever taken was shown by every member—it would seem that the man who leads a friend to the bar and asks what he will have gives his friend no choice, for the bartender will set out what the spirit moves, and it seldom will move a pure spirit.

The members of congress learned by formulas presented, bearing the name and address of dealers, that skim milk masquerading as cream is a deception of babe-like innocence compared with the "pure domestic" and "fine imported" whiskies and cordials which are set forth for the damnation of a drinker's stomach if not for the damnation of his soul. The hope may be expressed, possibly without incurring the charge of vindictiveness, that in this case the curse returns to roost behind the bar.

To Representative Henry T. Rainey is due largely the fact that the bones of John Paul Jones rest in the land for which he fought. It was the Illinois Democrat who first took up the matter of the search for the commodore's remains and who started the investigation which later made General

Porter's work possible. Mr. Rainey never has been given credit in full for his share of the labor, for modesty has held him silent.

Congress at the outset did enough to discourage ten men of ordinary energy from carrying on the quest for anybody's bones. Mr. Rainey refused to be glibed out of his purpose, and although he could not induce his colleagues to take him altogether seriously, he followed the bent of his belief in other directions and now John Paul Jones rests at Annapolis.

The Illinois member introduced a resolution providing for the finding and for the removal to America of the Scotch sailor's remains. The resolution called for an appropriation of \$10,000 to pay the expenses. Then the fun began. The mockers in the house declared that the commodore was buried deep in a cemetery under million-dollar business structures on the Rue Grande Aux Belles or on the Rue des Ecluses Saint Martin or on several other rues which they could not pronounce.

Congress in its humor had the aid and jocose correspondents, who saw the rare jest in the bones search and made the most of it. And here recollection brings a blush of contrition to the cheeks of one who followed in the train. Members said and correspondents wrote that the French doubtless gladly would allow their business palaces to be undermined and toppled to ruin on the payment of \$10,000 of Yankee cash.

If Yankee check, the representatives said, aided by French politeness, could accomplish the purpose of building demolition, there would be small chance of separating Jones' bones with any certainty of identity from those of the French sleepers in the old cemetery. One scoffer suggested with fine irony that there might be a bit of the original Scotch skull left, and that Sidney Smith's rule might be applied to make positive the identification.

Mr. Rainey was undisturbed. He was not even moved to surrender when suggestion was made that if the \$10,000 were sent over to some French grave digger he would find the old sea dog's bones and prove their genuineness if he had to tattoo the sailor's autograph in the tibia of the left leg to do it.

It was two years on the way, but the last laugh came, and it was Mr. Rainey who had it. His colleagues made amend for their scoffing and their scorning, and now another jester of the past writes belated word of contrition.

THE COLDEST PLACE ON EARTH

What is said to be the coldest place on the globe is the region of Verkholsensk, Siberia. Here is a convict station, but during most of the year no guards are needed to keep the prisoners from running away, for in the more severe portions of the winter no living creature can remain in the open, and during the three most severe months, when the temperature sometimes falls to 85 degrees below zero, no one dares to venture out for more than a few moments at a time.

Ordinary steel tools will snap like glass, and unseasoned wood becomes almost as hard as steel. When one breathes a powder like the very finest snow falls at one's feet. It is said that there are less forms of insect life here than elsewhere in the world, and some of those found are not found elsewhere, seemingly having been created especially to inhabit such a frigid region.

Some of the signal-service officials declare that most of the severe cold waves that sweep across the North American continent have their origin in Verkholsensk. The wind blows a perfect gale almost all the time, and that discomfort, added to the low temperature, would certainly make this a very unpleasant place in which to spend the winter.

No Help.

A St. Louis traveling man, making his first trip through North Dakota, woke up one May morning to find the ground white with snow.

"For Heaven's sake," he asked the hotel clerk, disgustedly, "when do you have summer out in this country?"

"I don't know," replied the clerk. "I have only been here 11 months."—Success.

Carstairs' Friend

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD

"It's such a bully little retreat," Carstairs explained on the way up the valley from the station. "I haven't been here for several years, but I can taste the fish now from that lake."

"On your place?"

"Yep, all of it. Deer too, in season, otter, coon, fox all sorts of game. And the house is a regular lodge. Six rooms, huge rock fire places, woods growing clear up to the doorstep. All I have to do is shut the door, and put on a padlock, and it's there when I care to come back to it, just as I left it."

"Hire a caretaker?" Street asked, casually. "I suppose you have to."

"Ten a year to the first neighbor down the road. French Canadian chap, very decent and awfully obliging, too." Carstairs beamed out at the landscape with the air of a homecoming baron. He was still young enough to take himself very seriously, even his vacations. Street did not answer. He was on the back seat of the rickety carry-all, they had picked up at the station below, and a good, solid sense of contentment flooded his whole being as the hill ranges unfolded in overlapping vistas, and the sunlight suffused the green forest about in golden glory. It was simply great, he decided, great of good old Carstairs to think of him, and bring him up for the season. He was meditating lazily how he could make it up to Carstairs when the wagon turned a bend in the road, and a beautiful sweep of lake lay before them, with wooded shores rising steeply on every side.

"Here is where we will rest and loaf and invite our souls, Rolly boy." Carstairs stood up to get a better view, and took off his hat in salute to the beauty of it all. In the distance, smoke curled up from a white rock chimney among the trees. But words died on the owner's lips. Not 15 paces away from them, standing perilously out on a log in the water was a girl, and she was fishing.

Street never forgot the picture she made, in a linen skirt, ankle length, a faded, old rose silk kimono to her waist, open at the throat, and short sleeved, and on her head a peaked Mexican hat, somewhat attil. That was all they saw, except the long braid of heavy black hair that hung down her back.

"I thought you said the place—" Street stopped, for Carstairs was climbing out of the wagon, and deliberately making for the trespasser on his fish preserves.

"Can you direct us to the Carstairs place?" he asked, quite diplomatically, Street thought, considering. She merely raised one tanned, rounded arm, and pointed towards the chimney.

"They call that house something of the sort, I believe."

"Fishing good?"

Then she did look up at him, grudgingly, appraisingly, looked also at the waiting carry-all, and its ancient driver, and at Street—longest, at Street.

"Sometimes," she said, gravely. "Mostly pickered and perch. I get all I need, though."

"Do you indeed?" remarked Carstairs, and he eyed her speculatively through his eye glasses. "Er—who owns the place yonder?"

"I don't know. I have rented it from the caretaker for the season, three months."

"You—you have rented it for the season from the caretaker?" Carstairs dropped his eye glasses, and recovered them helplessly. She bowed her head, and looked over at Street.

"Rent paid in advance," she added firmly. "There are several of us summering there."

"Are there? How delightful! I'm so glad you like it, you know, so awfully glad." Carstairs was floundering desperately. "Because, you see, I'm Carstairs myself, I—I bought the place a couple of years back."

"Did you?" She turned with a quick smile. "Why, then you're our landlord, aren't you? I'm happy to meet you."

"Don't mention it," murmured Carstairs.

"Because, you know, we've been so inconvenienced. The roof leaks."

"It shall be repaired. My—er—yes, by Jove, my friend repairs roofs."

"Does he?" She smiled over at Street. "Does he repair wells also, and locks, and fireplaces that won't burn? We need help badly. I think it was so kind of you to come all the way up here to see if we were comfortable."

That was the final shot. Carstairs capitulated. After promising all the improvements desired, he climbed back into the carry-all, and ordered the driver to go to the house of the caretaker.

"You're not going to visit his sins on the girl in question, are you, Stacey?" Street asked. "She's a bully girl. I'll look after the roof and the well."

"Now, we'll divide up fairly at the start," Carstairs answered. "You take the roof, and I'll take the well. I'm not going to row with anybody over this godsend. We'll put up at the French Canadian house, and say nothing. Did you see her eyes, Rolly, great Scott, did you see her eyes, boy?"

That was the start. For two months through the long, hazy, lazy days of July and August they remained at the

French Canadian shack half a mile from the lodge. They repaired every possible thing on the place that could be repaired. And above all, they rode, fished, walked and loafed with the three Kenyon girls. Two were sisters, Madeline and Lois, but it was their cousin both Carstairs and Street loved, the girl under the peaked hat, Dolly Kenyon. And comradely, each waited for the other.

"You take first chance, Rolly," Carstairs would say. "You've got the right of way anyhow? Aren't you my guest? If circumstances were different, I could choke you and throw you to the fishes for bait, but, hang it all, I'm your host. Why don't you ask her, and get the agony over with?"

"You don't do that to a friend, Stacey," smiled back Street. "Go ahead, and let the best man win, say I. I'm willing to take the chance. It's just fate's pure cussedness anyhow. We always did have the same taste in life, old boy."

"I'd die for her," groaned Carstairs, dropping his eye glass out of sheer helpless nerve tension.

"I know. Street looked up at the clear night sky, and grinned. "I'd live for her."

It was the next week it happened. From the porch of the lodge the girls could look over the lake, and they saw the whole affair. The two had been out all the morning fishing in a light rowboat. Street was seated, Carstairs standing easily at the stern, when he seemed to lose his balance. At Lois' cry Dolly was on her feet instantly. She saw Carstairs fall backwards into the lake, and well did she know the depth, and treacherous undergrowth beneath the calm dark waters. Madeline started on a run down towards the Frenchman's for help.

Lois half slipped to the floor in a dead faint, and still the other girl stood motionless and shocked watching the boat, watching Street as he took the dive after his friend. Then she too ran, but not after Madeline. Down at the shore was her own boat, a stocky, well built one, and she sent it out towards the other that floated empty on the water. It seemed as though her heart were choking her, that length of time when she waited for them to rise again, wondering if they would ever rise, if they might not be entangled at some awful depth in that still, dark lake that told no secrets.

And she leaned out over the side of the boat and called, called the name that was in her thoughts always these days.

"Roland, Roland, I am here!"

It was the first thing Carstairs heard when he came up, clutching Street's shoulder, but he had nerve, this slim, English chap, and he helped to put Roland Street into the boat with her help, and got back himself.

"He's only a bit knocked out," he told her, when he could speak. "I went down all right, but a snag caught him on the head. Poor old boy, when he was trying to save me."

"Will he live, are you sure he'll live?"

Carstairs never forgot her tone or the look in her eyes, as she took Street's head on her lap and pushed back his wet curly hair. It was his answer.

"Sure as that I am alive myself," he said, fervently.

She smiled up at him, her eyes full of tears.

"I guess you know how—how very much I care," she faltered.

"I guess I do," answered Carstairs. "It's his winning. And he's a splendid old boy, Rolly is."

He paused, and attended to his oars. Street had opened his eyes, and they looked straight up into the girl's.

"Dolly," he began. "I tried to save him for you—"

"And he saved you for me," she broke in, gently. "How big, and splendid your friendship is, Roland."

The two men looked at each other. To Street there came the knowledge of what had happened, how when death threatened both, each had willingly risked his life to save the other, and even with the wonder and sweetness of this other love breaking over him, he knew the bond that had held Carstairs true blue to him.

"I think I'll run back to town tomorrow, old boy," Carstairs remarked later, after they had changed clothing, and rested back at the shack.

"When we both went under—or—she called you. You don't mind, do you?" Street put out his hand.

"Passing the love of woman—" he said, slowly. "No, I don't mind. I'll wait up here awhile, until I can bring her back with me. You understand?"

"I understand," said Carstairs.

Kills Canal Project.

The ameer of Afghanistan has been forced, apparently, to give up an ambitious canal project which he had in mind for the irrigation of the Jelalabad district. It was to be made by local labor, says the Pioneer, and, as the Afghans are experts in earthwork, the project, it was thought, would be easily completed. Irrigation by underground channels is mostly in vogue in the plains of eastern Afghanistan, so that a surface canal would be somewhat of a novelty. The headworks were badly damaged some time ago by heavy floods which came down the river, and the repairs seem to have been more than they could manage.