



OMAHA'S NEW CITY TREASURER—AUGUST H. HENNINGS.



OMAHA'S CITY COMPTROLLER—JOHN N. WESTBERG.



OMAHA'S NEW TAX COMMISSIONER—WILLIAM FLEMING.



OMAHA'S NEW CITY CLERK—W. H. EL-BOURN—Photo by Heyn.

## Fish Stories from the National Capital

As the trout and bass season draws near there is talk of fish around the capitol loobies and in the cloak rooms. It will not be long now before every week will bring its quota of congressional fish lies. During the long sessions of congress, when the national legislature sits through the spring and far into the summer, fishing trips are much resorted to by the solons as means of recreation, pending the time when they can get away upon their vacations.

There are more game fish within a few hours' ride of Washington, probably, than any other large city in the east. Two hours' run in a parlor car brings one to the home of the vicious, courageous, small mouth black bass of the Shenandoah and the Potomac. Where the blue waters of the famous Virginia stream force their way around the mountain's base and mingle with the Potomac is the beginning of twice a hundred miles of noble fishing. There are deep pools and shallows, smiling stretches of still water and tumbling acres of eddy and whirlpool, beset with boulders and all teeming with bass. The bass of the Potomac and the Shenandoah are as crafty, as lively and as gamey fish as a man could wish to toy with. A pound and a half bass in these waters at the end of 100 yards of silk line on a wisp of a split bamboo will make you think you are fighting a wildcat.

Or, one can leave Washington after luncheon and alight at supper time at some little Virginia station contiguous to magnificent trout streams, seldom whipped by any one except the casual farmer's boy of the neighborhood. Also many choice Pennsylvania streams are within easy traveling distance of the capital.

### Four Eminent Fishermen.

The "Big Four" among congressional fishermen are Senator Frye of Maine, the president pro tempore of the senate; Senator Davis of Minnesota, Senator Gear of Iowa and Senator Quay of Pennsylvania. What they don't know about fishing is not worth learning and what they have not told about fishing is not worth hearing. Of course, each one thinks his particular kind of fishing is superior to all others and is loyal to his native streams, but all will go far afield in search of sport.

Senator Frye is probably the most consistent sportsman of the quartet. He goes into camp in the Maine woods every summer, wears a flannel shirt, eats bacon and is glad to get it and lives the life of a woodsman. Of course, he comes back to Washington all the better for it. He can cast a fly with the best of them and he has the requisite quality of patience to sit beside a pool as long as is necessary in order to lure a six-pound bass to make a strike at a silver side minnow in still fishing. He often slips up the river during the sessions of congress and takes a try for some of the dainty small-mouth bass before mentioned. Presiding over the senate of the United States he is the soul of dignity. Seated in the stern of a big batteau, rod in hand, an old straw hat on his head and contentment on his face, he looks another man and then he is doubtless happiest.

Senator Cushman K. Davis of Minnesota is an ardent angler. Let anybody suggest a fishing trip and he will drop his cares as a schoolboy drops his books to go a-swimming. Treaties and conventions are forgotten by the honored head of the committee on foreign relations, for the time, and he is all impatience to wet a line. Senator Davis is as skillful as he is earnest when fishing. He has had great experience in the lakes of Minnesota, which abound in game fish. Whether it is the agile trout which rises to a fly or the big pickerel that takes a lure bait on a troll, it is all one to him and every famous fishing water in his state abounds with legends of his skill. He is not especially approachable in his official capacity, but he is another being in camp and the old boatmen address him with impunity as "Cush." A man is a fool who wears a robe of dignity when he goes fishing. He will trip up in it, sure.

Senator Quay of Pennsylvania is addicted to deep sea fishing. The habit of angling

of the fishing brigade is Representative Heatwole of Minnesota. He is a natural born fisherman. He will sit in a boat for half a day with never a "strike" and yet be happy, and, after all, that is the supreme test of the fisherman. But let there come a clicking of the reel; the line begins to pay out slowly; Mr. Bass has struck the minnow and is taking him away a yard or two before he turns and swallows him; then as he feels the hook and starts off the reels in earnest and the erstwhile somnolent and dignified congressman is all attention for the battle royal which is to rage for the next ten minutes. Mr. Heatwole has fished for every kind of game fish that swarms sea, lake or river, and if any one should suggest a heaven without a bass stream, it would be no paradise for him.

Representative Babcock of Wisconsin, chairman of the republican congressional campaign committee, will be too busy fishing for votes this summer and fall to make his usual tour of the Wisconsin lakes. The records of his catches are scattered through every notable club book in Wisconsin. The muskalonge is his favorite. This denizen of the clear, cool lakes of the northwest seems to combine all the fighting qualities of every game fish that swims. You troll for him in a boat and when he strikes the hook he makes a bee line for the boat. The game is to reel in so fast that he does not get any slack line, for the moment he does he's gone.

### How the Speaker Angles.

Speaker Henderson of the house of representatives is a fisherman—after a fashion. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. He has the instinct, but his wooden leg interferes, so he sits on the veranda of the club house all day, reading and smoking and taking in the glorious ozone of the mountains, chatting with the old guides and boatmen until "the boys," as he calls the others of the party, come back in the evening with their strings, and then he is as much interested as anyone. He wants to know how long this seven-pounder fought, where that big fellow was picked up, and, after supper, when the fish lies are in order, he always has some stunner of his own younger days to match the best one told. Speaker Henderson is a great favorite with the country people around the fishing grounds and they all know him and come to see him when they hear he is on hand.

In the house of representatives the chief "Uncle Joe" Cannon, the chairman of the

house committee on appropriations, is another "rain bar!" fisherman, as the guides call the statesmen who stick to the club house verandas on hot days and let others blister in the sun, luring the wily bass. He is very fond of a fishing excursion and starts off with great enthusiasm, but the next morning, when the boat parties are made up, will find "Uncle Joe" making for a hammock at the breezy end of the veranda with a handfull of cigars and a book.

Former Senator Wade Hampton of South Carolina, the noted confederate cavalry general, although he had only one leg, was one of the most inveterate of fishermen. He used the fly altogether and could sit down and cast with the expert who used both legs. He made the record of the upper Potomac for fly casting. He dropped a fly eighty feet away from the boat and picked up a bass that weighed six and one-quarter pounds. They say he could put a fly on a spot of water the size of a water bucket at fifty feet distance.

**Photographic Fisherman.** "Mark" Smith of Arizona was one of the most noted fishermen while he remained in congress. He disdained to use anything but a fly and has whipped every mile of the Potomac that is fishable from Harper's Ferry to Cumberland. Last congress he was left at home. He took a trip to California and went angling in the Pacific ocean for sea bass. He caught one weighing 375 pounds and had a photograph taken of himself and the fish, which he sent to Washington. The fish was several times larger than himself and was caught with a rod and reel. He sent word that he wanted to hear no more tales from the Congressional Fish Liars' association until some one could match his feat. They wrote back that he should have got the seiners to bring in a 700-pound sea bass to the photographer; it would be just as easy. That cruel fling broke his heart and they have never heard from Mark Smith since.

Of course, the king fisherman among statesmen of latter years was Grover Cleveland. When he was in the White House he went frequently to nearby fishing grounds after small mouth black bass. Mr. Cleveland's favorite bait was a frog.

"That fellow," says Old Man Pettyjohn, up at Edwards' Ferry, "could set on a rock and cast a frog furd'er'n any man I ever seen."

He tells the story on the former president that one day they were fishing in rocky

water and, not getting a strike for a long time, the president set about to investigate, when he found that his frog had calmly climbed on a rock and was sunning himself serenely, hook in mouth. The president's remarks upon that occasion were omitted.

## Favorites of Fortune

Rev. Mr. Charles O. Browning of New Cambria, Macon county, Mo., is said to have fallen heir to \$2,000,000 and to have received a large portion of his money, relates the Kansas City Journal. Many of the townspeople doubted it and Mr. Browning didn't enlighten them. But he bought several hundred acres of coal land, worth \$100 an acre, ordered \$5,000 worth of improved mining machinery and men are now digging shafts to develop it. Three shifts of men, eight hours to the shift, are constantly employed. There was some curiosity as to whether the men would get their money when pay day rolled around, but Rev. Mr. Browning met them, smiling, and squared the pay roll to the cent. The citizens then organized a commercial club and started a boom. Property values have nearly doubled and everybody in the village feels rich. Mr. Browning has fitted up a nice downtown office and is devoting a large part of his time to discussing business enterprises with members of the club and thrifty individuals who want to put him "next to a good thing." He is 42 years old and has an interesting family. He still fills his regular preaching appointments at Lingo and Bucklin. His money came to him through Jacob Ball, formerly a wealthy ship owner of Philadelphia.

The man who receives the biggest wages in America is A. J. Day of Pittsburg. Day rolls steel and iron. He rolls more in a day than any other man in the world, and that is why he receives the biggest salary. They have had a big row in Pittsburg, and Day's wages have been cut to \$21,000 a year. He used to make \$140 a day at the Oliver mills, but the labor war set him back a trifle. He began life as a boy helper in the mill and worked his way up until he became "roller," which meant from \$75 to \$140 a day. His school education is limited, but there does not exist a rolling mill proposition that he cannot immediately solve. Day went over to New York to show them how to make rods. He brought about a dozen of the most expert rollers in Pittsburg, and they will work for the New York Steel and Wire company of Astoria. The owners of that plant have said to Day: "If you turn out twenty tons of rods the first full day we will give you the value of half." That means that he will get the price of ten tons of rods, and I doubt if he will make a "full" day until the plant is in condition to turn out the twenty tons. Day's only rivals are a father and son, who receive jointly \$150 a day. The laborer is worthy of his hire.

"Simply because I have been fortunate enough to succeed is no reason why I should boast of my beginning," says Russell Sage, the great financier, in the New York World.

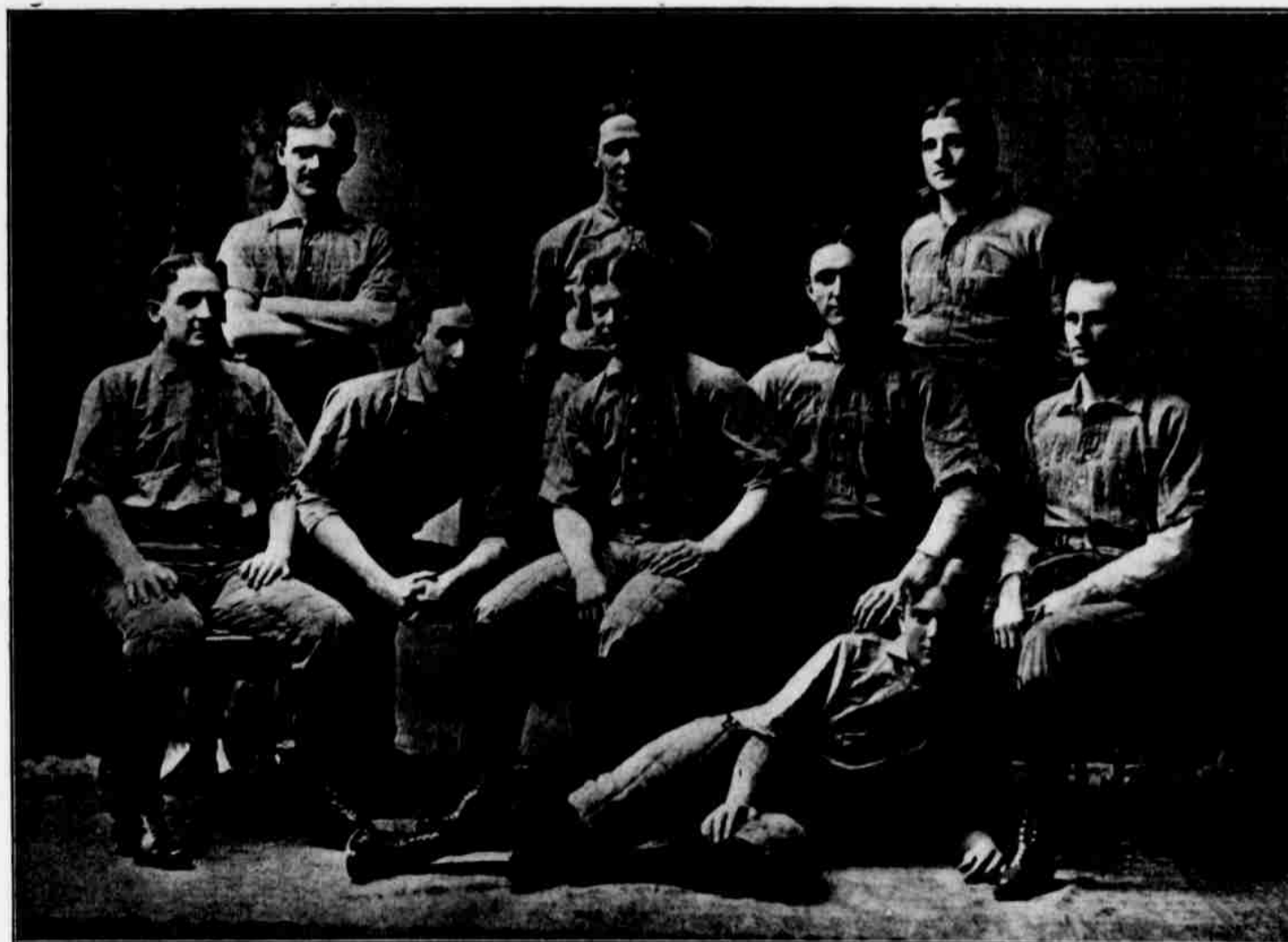
"What I have done others can do.

"The path to success is thorny, it is true, but any young man who makes up his mind to do so can acquire money.

"He must make cast-iron rules at the start, to practice self-denial, regularity and temperance, a love for work, a rigid regard for the minutest detail of business, and, above all, choose the loss of every dollar rather than perform a single act of dishonesty.

"Failure is most frequently caused by falling by the wayside. Young men become victims of immediate pleasure rather than a long and courageous struggle to permanent success.

"My mother taught me the rudiments—reading, writing and spelling. That was the only schooling I ever had. I was a simple farmer boy and worked on my father's place until I was 16 years old; then I received a job in a retail grocery store in Troy.



OMAHA Y. M. C. A. BASEBALL TEAM FOR 1900.