

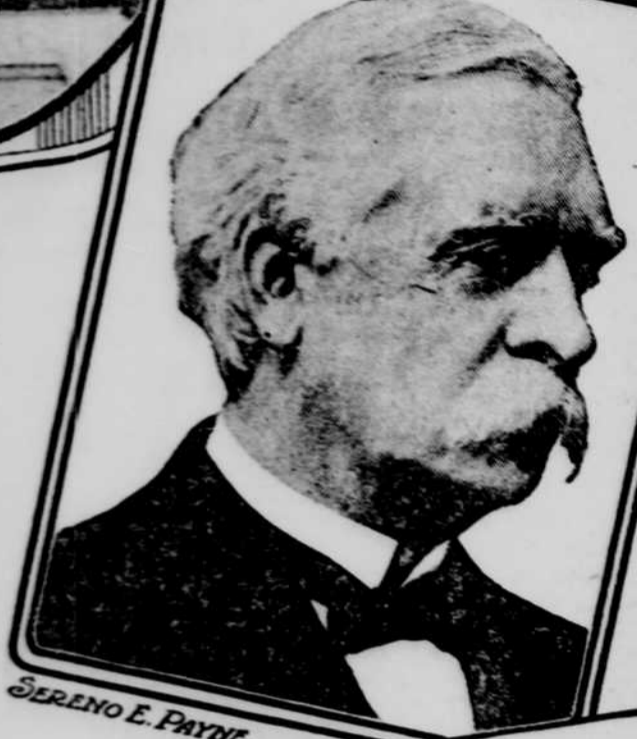


STAKER  
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# When LAWMAKERS Become PEEVISH

By EDWARD B. CLARK

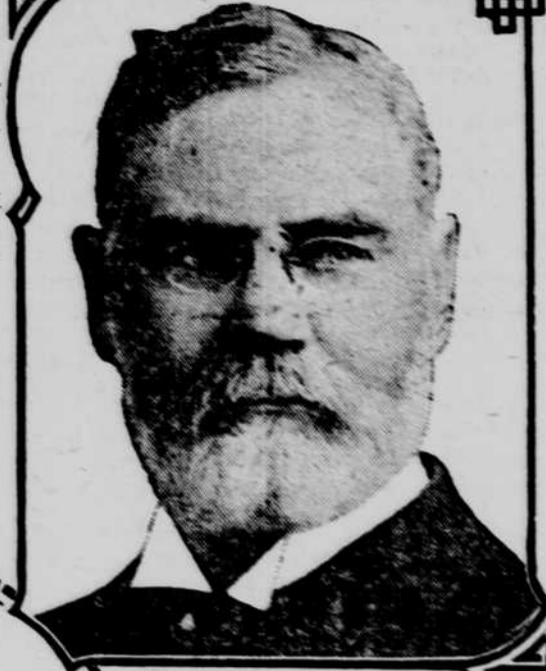
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SERENO E. PAYNE



CHAMP CLARK



JAMES R. MANN

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 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 tempestuous 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, near 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 blithely willingness to enter on a scuffle.

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 saw through the speech, and when it was ended arose in his own place. The New Yorker contended 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

the New Yorker's demand for an investigation, and the whole matter went by default with the speeches of both men standing in the Congressional Record as evidence of a warm day in congress.

In a debate on the tariff last year, the dry subject of lumber came near causing a physical encounter between Representative Joseph W. Fordney of Michigan, and Representative Adam M. Byrd of Mississippi. The Mississippi member had said that the Michigan member was interested personally in lumber matters and intimated that he was particularly interested in a section of a lumber trust. The Michigan man said something in retort which was a little stronger than a mere statement that the Mississippi member did not know what he was talking about. At any rate, Representative Byrd stripped off his coat and started down the aisle toward the Republican side, and toward Mr. Fordney, who stood perfectly still, awaiting the attack. Not many years ago Fordney had worked in the capacity of what is known as a "lumber jack," and he is as hard as any nail that was ever driven into a board. Before the Mississippi member could reach the scene of intended action, however, he was seized by several members, and his coat was slipped on to his back once more. Later, the two representatives made up their differences.

In seven years these are the only instances which can be recalled at this time of troubles between members that did, or seemed likely to culminate in serious encounters. The truth is that the house is seldom a "bear garden," and the best test of the tempers of the members was made during the time which pre-

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 an airing 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-soles. 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 attendant a small fee for making the trip to the branch postoffice during the hour at which mail is distributed every Sunday.

A very common source of revenue for hall boys is the care of baby buggies. Very few apartments offer room for such vehicles and it is not always safe to leave them in the basement. A bright hall boy will take care of the carriage, keeping it cleaned and repaired, locking it with a chain or padlock to some clean, safe place in the basement and having

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 does get 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 scolding of 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 excoriated 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.

## DIAZ' CLOSE CALLS

Mexico's President Has Had Many Thrilling Escapes.

Near Death on Battlefield Many Times—Swims Through Shark-Infested Water to Safety on American Steamer.

Mexico City.—The career of Sir Porfirio Diaz, who has just been re-elected president of Mexico, forms a veritable romance of adventure and thrilling escapes from death. Perhaps his narrowest escape from his enemies, however, was in 1875, after he had led a futile insurrection against the government. At that time Diaz was running for the presidency against Juarez. The people wanted Diaz, the politicians Juarez, and Diaz finally took the field with his supporters, determined to fight it out. He was defeated, driven from Mexico, and took refuge in New Orleans. He then communicated with his friends, and decided to return and continue the fight.

With this end in view he took passage secretly on the City of Havana under the name of "Dr. de la Doza." Unfortunately, when the vessel reached Tampico a large body of troops were taken on board. As it happened, the very man who had recently defeated Diaz and his men was among them. It is assumed that Diaz thought he was about to be captured. At all events, he slipped off his clothes, rushed from his stateroom and plunged overboard, beginning a plucky swim, through "bad, sharky water, for some American vessels lying in the distance. A boat was lowered, and the unfortunate general was rescued and brought back to the steamer.

He was a striking figure, and as he stepped on the gangway some of the



President Diaz.

men thought they recognized Diaz and shouted his name. But luckily a woman who was a friend of the general's saw the situation and, seizing a sheet from the stateroom, rushed down the gangway and threw the sheet over his head, so that he passed through the crowd and so reached his stateroom.

Capture seemed almost certain. The soldiers who had seen Diaz come aboard had reported to the colonel, who prompted looked into the matter and found that the supposed Diaz had come aboard as "Dr. de la Doza." He at once went to the captain and demanded the surrender of Diaz. The colonel could not speak English, and the captain could not speak Spanish, so Mr. Coney, the purser, was sent for.

Now, Mr. Coney, who, for the important part he played in this exciting episode, was afterward rewarded by the grateful Diaz with the post of consul general of Mexico at San Francisco, had seen Diaz in the stateroom, and, in response to a Masonic signal of distress which Diaz made, had decided to aid the fugitive to his utmost.—Coney himself being a Mason. Therefore, when, having translated the colonel's demand to the captain, the latter said he could not deliver up the supposed Diaz, but if the colonel liked he could place sentries at the door so that Diaz could not escape.

Then as the sentry went reeling to seaward, Coney suddenly opened the door of the stateroom, and Diaz walked swiftly forward and safely reached Coney's stateroom. Here he was at once put in a clothes press. Each night Coney took Diaz out of his wardrobe in order that he might exercise his cramped limbs, putting him in his own bed and locking him up in the wardrobe again early in the morning. Thus did Diaz elude the suspicious colonel and he was still in the clothes press when the vessel reached Vera Cruz. Here Coney communicated with General Enriquez, and Diaz, with his face besmeared with coal dust and disguised as a laborer, was smuggled ashore.

Diaz was obliged to skulk through the forests from Vera Cruz until he had rallied his forces, which he did with such success that the next battle placed him in the Mexican "white house."

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## Statistics Go Lame.

"Pears t' me thar's somethin' wrong with statistics," remarked the oldest inhabitant as he dropped into his usual place on the loafers' bench. "What's wrong with 'em?" queried the village grocer. "Wall, ercordin' tew 'em," continued the o. l., "we order hev had a death in town ev'ry six weeks fer th' past tew years." "Is that so?" said the grocer. "Yaas," answered the other, "an' by ginger, we ain't had 'em!"

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## He Had Been Observing.

"Why don't you call your invention the 'Bachelor's Button'?" I asked my friend, who was about to put on the market a button that a man could attach without needle or thread. "I fear that the appellation would imply too much restrictiveness," he answered. "You see," he went on, giving me one of his knowing smiles, "I expect to do just as much business with the married men as with the bachelors."

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## Woman's Splendid Work

Mrs. Nannie Geffroy is the head of St. Paul's school, which is in a community of fisherfolk near Beaufort, N. C. The work was begun by her mother, who dying pledged her eight-year-old daughter to take her place. Mrs. Geffroy took up the work when she was fifteen by hiring a room and engaging a teacher at five dollars a month. At first everything had to be

supplied, even the clothes for the children to wear at school. One fisherman's son was put in training for the ministry and to take charge of the school after two years, and a friend contributed \$500, with which a small schoolhouse was built. At the end of two years, when the young minister returned to take charge, the school had outgrown the schoolhouse, and it

was again necessary to rent quarters and more teachers. After ten years the school has property worth \$10,000 and besides Mrs. Geffroy and a secretary there are 12 teachers. The school has a self-supporting printing plant and carpenter shops, sewing and cooking schools and a kindergarten. The last term there were in the neighborhood of 300 pupils. Among its graduates there are four clergymen in mission fields. There are also two lawyers, ten bookkeepers, four printers and many women school teachers.

Showing Evils of Child Labor. Illustrations of the work of children in sweatshops and tenement factories are being exhibited in the Church of the Messiah at New York. The exhibit is under the direction of the Consumers League of New York, and it is for the purpose of showing the evils of child labor. The Church of the Messiah is said to have been selected because of its proximity to the shopping district, where many of the articles made by these children are sold for five and sometimes ten times as much as the wages paid the workers. In the exhibit is a bunch of pink artificial rosebuds; by making 12 bunches, 144 rosebuds, a child earned one cent.

The Quoter. "You never quote poetry in your speeches?" "No," replied Senator Sorghum; "quoting poetry is too often like sending an anonymous letter. A man resorts to it when he wants to say something and shift the responsibility of authorship."