

Payne, or rather of the ways and means committee, and made it over into a changeling of his own, is not by any means the truculent type of boss that you would expect to see, having been acquainted long and earnestly with Pat McCarren and others. No, not at all.

Aldrich is a boss who is a gentleman. Not too much of a gentleman, you understand; but still, when you consider that from George B. Cox clear eastward to Izzy Durham, the boss is a plug that you wouldn't admit into your house or allow to talk to your wife, it's something to find a boss who can pronounce his words; who doesn't say "pronunciation" for "pronunciation," nor say, "I'm pleased to meet you," nor "Was your lady friend with you at the park today?"

Certainly George B. Cox couldn't stand that acid test. As for some bosses further eastward—well, I understand you have a movement on over there for harmony in the democratic party, and perhaps I had better say no more.

But Aldrich, when you come to consider it seriously, is the most astonishing boss of whom history makes mention. Of course C. J. Caesar is the crack example in that line; and yet even C. J. never did succeed in beating the senate to its knees, though he thought he did, and Aldrich has, and has kept it up for years.

Once, being much moved of curiosity, I asked a senator of the Aldrich clique what it was that moved him and those like him to this Aldrich subservency. He was frank about it. He did not deny that he sat at the feet of Aldrich.

"But," he said, "I've tried to break away from him, and I can't. He is a hypnotist. He finds your weak spot, and comes and coaxes you. He is as lovable a man as ever you saw, and in the first place, nobody wants to antagonize him. Then, if they did, there is that hypnotic piano-playing of his. No, you can't beat him."

"Piano-playing on what kind of a weak spot?" I asked.

"Oh, I see what you mean," said the senator. "No, there is not even the suggestion of crooked influence on Aldrich's part, nor even the suspicion of greasing the wheels in other ways than money. No, it is all his personal magnetism and his wonderful capacity for hitting on the weak spot in each man's make-up; the knowing of the exact thing needed to make him an Aldrich janizary. I've fallen in line with him, and so will all the rest."

Now I think this senator person was telling me the exact truth, so far as he knew it; and I know, too, that nothing so vulgar as cash ever enters into the calculations of the men high up in the senate. It is true that J. B. Foraker's dealings with the Standard Oil company, and Joseph Weldon Bailey's reputed dealings likewise and therewith, may seem to discount this statement of mine; nevertheless, I insist that vulgar, sordid spondulicks does not enter into the calculations of the average senator in dealing with such a matter as a tariff bill.

But personal advancement does. But success in the party does. But success back at home in your own little state—sometimes a state of less population than a Brooklyn ward—does.

And of these things Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich takes full advantage. And thus it is that he has a senate of slaves at his heels.

Anybody who thinks the senate can be bossed, in the sense in which the Third ward republican club can be bossed, is plumb ignorant of the nature of the senate. The senate is composed, in the main, of high-class gentlemen, and if Aldrich, or any-

body else, came among them wearing the coarse front of the local Brooklyn boss and telling them how to vote, he would find an exit by the window. All that Aldrich ever does is to suggest, and never that except in the deffest and most delicate manner.

It answers the purpose, though. A suggestion is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

Personally this man whose name is to go down to history as the author of one of the dozen tariff bills of the republic's history—though in fact no tariff bill ever has an author, and all are composites—is a tall, handsome man, utterly unlike the usual type of boss. His eyes are dark and keen—somewhat of the eagle type—more so, in fact, than the eyes of any other man I have ever seen. His nose is firm and prominent, and handsome, too. Under it rises a big white mustache. His color is ruddy and high. His figure is clean-cut, straight and high; his manner active as that of a panther. Altogether the author—so far as it can have an author—of the next famous tariff bill is, physically and mentally, a high-class man.

As to his political morals, I decline to be interviewed.

ONLY SURVIVOR OF HOUSTON'S VICTORY

An Austin, Texas dispatch to the New York Herald says:

The celebration of the seventy-third anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto, which took place all over Texas last month, was an event of special significance to Alphonse Steel, of Mexia, this state, who is the sole survivor of the little army of Texans who, commanded by General Sam Houston, met and crushed completely the overwhelming force of Mexican soldiers upon that battlefield.

Mr. Steele is ninety-four years old, but is still full of strength and vigor.

He spent several weeks in Austin during the past winter and was the recipient of signal honors at the hands of the legislature. He accepted invitations and delivered an interesting address before the house and senate, which met in joint session to hear him. He was voted a handsome gold medal by the state, and this insignia of his faithful military service was presented to him with most impressive ceremony by a committee of legislators.

A large painting of Mr. Steele was also purchased by act of the legislature and will be hung in the Texas "hall of fame" in the state capitol. One other man, Captain Zuber, of Austin, who was in General Houston's army, is still alive, but he was not an actual participant in the battle of San Jacinto. It was this battle that won for Texas her independence from Mexico and marked the overthrow of General Santa Ana as a military despot.

Mr. Steele has in his possession the original muster roll of General Houston's army. He has used this roll on several occasions to disprove claims of persons that they were in the famous battle.

When only seventeen years old Steele left Hardin county, Ky., where he was born, and went down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers in a boat to Lake Providence, La., where he worked until November, 1835, when he joined a company of volunteers commanded by Captain Daggett and marched to Old Washington, this state.

It was found on reaching that place that Texas had not yet declared her independence, and the company of soldiers disbanded. Steele remained in Washington until the declaration of independence was signed whereupon he immediately started for San Antonio to join Travis and

aid in defending the Alamo. While on his way he learned that the Alamo had fallen.

In company with other patriots he then proceeded down the Colorado river and joined the army which General Houston was gathering about him. As General Houston and his gathering force of patriots and adventurers moved onward toward the Buffalo bayou and the San Jacinto river, General Santa Ana and his army followed closely, hoping to get the Texans in a close position and make an attack.

The Texas army found itself in a cornered position on April 21, 1836, and in order that it might be a fight to the death the only bridge leading across the water course over which retreat might be made was destroyed by order of General Houston. Mr. Steele gives an interesting description of the battle of San Jacinto, which took place on that day. He says:

"After dinner on April 21 Santa Ana, who was close upon us, received about five hundred additional troops under command of General Cos. We received orders to prepare for battle. We advanced upon the Mexicans in the following order: Houston, with the artillery, in the center; the cavalry on the right and Colonel Sherman with his troops on our left. The Mexicans had thrown up breastworks out of their baggage about a hundred yards south of a belt of timber, where they had stationed their artillery.

"Santa Ana's right was placed in a thick grove of timber. When we got up pretty close General Houston sent word to Colonel Sherman to attack this position. We were ordered to move forward and hold our fire until orders were given. When we got within sixty or seventy yards we were ordered to fire.

"Then all discipline so far as Sherman's troops were concerned was at an end. We were all firing as rapidly as we could and as soon as we fired every man reloaded as quickly as possible and the man who first got his gun reloaded moved on, not waiting for orders. I rushed into the timber and fired again. When the second volley was poured into them in that timber they broke and ran.

"I was running on a little in front of our men when I was shot down. 'Dave' Rusk was standing by me when I was shot. He told some of the men to stay with me, but I told him, 'No, take them on.'

"One of our men in passing asked me if he could take my pistol, but by this time I was bleeding at the nose and mouth so I couldn't speak; so he just stooped down and got it and went on. After lying there a little while I managed to arise to a sitting posture and drink some water which I had in a gourd. This stopped the blood from coming into my nose and mouth. While I was sitting there one of our men who had been lying down behind me came up and asked me if I was wounded. I told him I was, and he offered to stay with me, which offer I accepted."

Mr. Steele has lived in Mexia for many years. He has 170 descendants.

DOMESTIC SCHEME

Mrs. H.—"Why are you so very fond of Oriental rugs?"

Mrs. R.—"I'll tell you a secret. The dirtier they get, the more genuine they look. You've no idea how much sweeping that saves."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MUST BE

"Why do the folks call a good-for-nothing fellow a bad egg?"

"I suppose it is because every egg has a yellow streak in it."—Baltimore American.

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