



CONGRESSMAN JAMES R. MANN

WHEN THE GALLERY SEES FUN



CONGRESSMAN HENRY T. RAINEY

By EDWARD B. CLARK



THE 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 flunkeyism" 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's 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 well 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



HENRY S. BOUTELL



THOMAS JEFFERSON

an ownership cable of kind connecting them with one of the over-the-sea powers.

As Mr. Boutell put it: "It seems possible that, having purchased his coat of arms, Jefferson feared that on the declaration of independence and the establishment of a republican form of government it would not be an available asset, and so he hoped that dependence would continue."

The memory of this speech dwells in congress. It was intentionally light, but it drove home the lesson that fratricide of a certain kind are not confined to members of any political party.

When in the future an American citizen dies as the result of eating adulterated food that has been an article entering into interstate commerce, a coroner's jury will be justified in bringing in a verdict of suicide. In order not to be too hard on the deceased, the jury may give the cause as carelessness, but whichever of the twain the verdict be, the "recently died" will be held responsible.

The pure-food bill which passed Congress is a strong measure. Prior to its passage it was the cause of more misunderstandings, more suspicions and of more abuse of men and measures than was any other which congress thought it worth while to consider.

Representative James R. Mann of Chicago piloted the bill through the house. He was expounder and exhorter, and during the greater part of four days he held the interest of the seasoned members as a school teacher holds the interest of wide-open-eyed children to whom tales of a hitherto unknown are told—and it was tales of the hitherto unknown that Mr. Mann told to the Washington-gathered children of a larger growth.

For amazement and curiosity, for interest and indignation there was no scene of the winter in the big hall of congress like unto that enacted while the Hyde Park representative set forth his wares in bottle and in box and gave his colleagues full knowledge of the indigestible and poisonous stuff that the stomach of the American had been taking to its own all the years under the sacred names of food and medicine.

The house has upon most occasions the saving grace of taking things in part humorously. A joke saves many a situation, assuages anger and disarms the man whose tongue under stress of temper becomes a sharp weapon.

There were few jokes during the discussion of the pure-food bill. The subject was as deadly serious as were some of the "food" products displayed on the Chicago representative's desk. Once in a while the gravity was relieved by a quip, but as a matter of fact the joke of the thing was of the past—a huge joke, if a grim one, cracked by food preparers and medicine manufacturers at the expense of the stomachs and the livers of the American people.

Mr. Mann told of an American firm that had been importing rotten—yes, rotten—eggs, which, after treatment with boric acid, were sold to candy-makers and cake-bakers. Mr. Gaines of Tennessee expressed gratitude that the imports did not get into egg-nogs. The laugh was faint. Every member was thinking of the candy and the cake and stomachs of the child multitude.

The half has never been told in the public prints of the food frauds which Representative Mann disclosed in the time—often extended—alotted to him to press this bill to a passage. Some of his exhibits were ground "coffee" made of roasted beans, oats, pilot bread, charcoal, red slate, bark and date stones; cinnamon made of

sawdust; whole pepper made of taptoca and lamp black; cocoa 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 cheek, 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 scornful, 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.

JOSIAH'S DEVOTION TO GOD

Sunday School Lesson for July 23, 1911

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—II Chronicles 34:1-13. MEMORY VERSES—1, 2. GOLDEN TEXT—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Ecc. 12:1.

TIME—Josiah began to reign B. C. 638, in the 34th year of Judah as a separate kingdom. He reigned 31 years, till B. C. 608. PLACE—Judah and Jerusalem. But his reforms extended over a considerable part of the territory of the Northern Kingdom which had become extinct in 722-718, 80 years before Josiah came to the throne.

Josiah was the grandson of Manasseh, whose career we studied in our last lesson. He was born at Jerusalem, B. C. 646. His father was Amon, who followed the example of his father's earlier years. He reigned but two years, when he was murdered by his courtiers in his own palace. The people rose against the conspirators and made his eight-year-old son king in his place. Josiah's mother was Jedidah, the daughter of Adaiab. They belonged in Roseath, a town near Lachish in southwestern Judah, in the plains toward the Mediterranean sea. While King Amon was an idolater, and his court was corrupt, it is possible that Josiah's mother kept the true faith.

He began to reign when he was eight years old. Like his grandfather Manasseh, he must for several years have been guided, and his kingdom controlled by his mother or by prime ministers. The worshippers of Jehovah must have been in control at the palace, the wise and religious teachers of the true God and the true religion. So that for the first sixteen years of his life the young Josiah must have been under good influences, while he also would know of his father's tragic death, and his grandfather's sins, sufferings, and repentance. And his ancestor, David, was ever before him as his ideal, his hero, his saint.

About the time when Josiah was twenty years old, and in the twelfth year of his reign, when he had begun his reforms, there came an invading host from the far east like a cyclone, an overwhelming scourge. Jeremiah foretells them in vivid pictures. But Herodotus tells us who they were, the Scythians "from the regions over Caucasus, vast nameless hordes of men, who sweeping past Assyria, unchecked, poured upon Palestine. We can realize the event from our knowledge of the Mongol and Tartar invasions which in later centuries pursued the same path southwards. Living in the saddle, with no infantry nor chariots to delay them, these Centaurs swept on with a speed of invasion hitherto unknown. In 620 they had crossed the Caucasus, by 626 they were on the borders of Egypt.

The prophet, Jeremiah, describes in picturesque terms this invasion. "The lion is come up from his thicket;" "The destroyer of nations is on his way;" "Behold he cometh as clouds, and his chariot shall be as the whirlwind;" "Their quiver is an open sepulcher, they are all mighty men;" "They are cruel and have no mercy; their voice roareth like the sea; and they ride upon horses, set in array as men of war against thee."

It is easy to see how this terrible invader, coming so near, just as Josiah was beginning his reforms, must have interfered with his plans.

Josiah began his reformation in his twelfth year, but the invasion of the Scythians soon after this beginning interfered with the work. The savage and cruel host came close to Judah's borders. Scattered bands may have entered the kingdom. Terror reigned. Defenses must be strengthened. Outsiders rushed to Jerusalem and the fortified cities. How far the reformations had progressed we do not know. But the chronicler having recorded the beginning simply goes on with the story, as is frequently done by historians.

The restoration of the Temple was intrusted to a committee of three—Shapan, the secretary of state; and Manasseh, the governor of the city, the mayor of Jerusalem; and Joah the recorder, the keeper of the records, the historian. The temple built by Solomon, was completed 390 years before. It was repaired by Josiah 240 years before Josiah began his restoration. The ravages of time, with neglect and abuse during the sway of idolatry must have rendered it sadly in need of repair. It was during these repairs that the Book of Law was found.

The work interrupted by the Scythian hordes is now resumed with greatly increased intensity and enthusiasm, through the new consecration of king and people, due to the finding of the Book of the Law.

The first condition of salvation for individuals or nations is the putting away of sin at any cost. The second is the building up of the good. He that confesseth and forsaketh shall find mercy.

Ye Are the Temple of the Living God. What Repairs Does This Temple Need? Cleanse away the remains of selfishness, and cast out all "the works of the flesh." Set up the family altar, repair your study of God's word. Renew the love whose decline is expressed in the neglect of courtesies and services to man. Repair your application of the fruits of the spirit to business dealings and all departments of life. Repair your habits. Repair your temper. Cleanse your bodies from habits that lead to ill health, and make your bodies perfect instruments for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit

Doctors Said He Would Die

A Friend's Advice Saves Life

I wish to speak of the wonderful cure that I have received from your noted Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder cure. Last summer I was taken with severe pains in my back and sides. I could not breathe without difficulty and was nearly wild with the desire to urinate. Was compelled to do so every ten minutes with the passage of pure blood with the urine. I tried all the different doctors from far and near, but they said it was no use to doctor as I would die anyway. I was at the end of my rope and was so miserable with pain and the thought that I must die that words cannot tell how I felt. One day a friend told me of the wonderful help she had received from Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. She gave me one of your pamphlets which I read and determined to try Swamp-Root. After taking half a bottle I felt better. Have now taken ten bottles and am well as I ever was, thanks to Swamp-Root. I wish to tell all suffering people that have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is the best medicine on the market.

All persons doubting this statement can write to me and I will answer them directly. Yours very truly, CLYDE F. CAMERER, Rosalie, Wash.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23rd day of July, 1910. VERNE TOWNE, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Burglar Befriended Him. A burglar was arrested for robbing a house up the state some time since, and the next morning the victim rushed wildly into the magistrate's office. As soon as he could get his breath to working again he told the official that he had come to see about the prisoner.

"Glad you came down," was the affable response of the magistrate. "I suppose you want to appear against him."

"Well, I guess not," exclaimed the victim with a glad smile. "I want to kiss him on the brow and give him \$10. Among other things that he stole from the house was a package of love letters that I wrote to my wife before we were married."

Answering the Dean. The man who Thackeray calls "the greatest wit of all time"—Dean Swift of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin—was as ready to take as to make a retort.

"Why don't you doff your hat to me?" he asked a small boy who was coaxing along an obstreperous goat.

"I will," said the lad, "if your honor will hold the goat's horns!" an answer which delighted the dean.—Youth's Companion.

A Busy Place. "Where is that spot you call the 'lovers' lane?" diffidently asks the young man while the young lady waits on the hotel piazza. "Right down yonder," replies the clerk. "Just keep going until you see the porter from the barber shop. Lovers' lane is so crowded now that we have him stationed there to give the guests checks, so that each may have his turn."—Judge's Library.

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Just So. "Why do they call a bell boy in a hotel 'Buttons'?" "Because he's always off when you need him most, I guess."

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The Humorous Hat. "Has she any sense of humor?" "I don't think so. She can look at her hat without laughing."—Lippincott's.

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