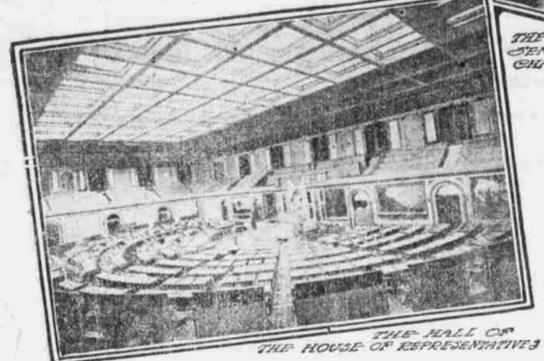


GOSSIP OF OUR LAW-MAKERS

by EDWARD B. CLARK

CHANGES which are certain to come in the membership of the United States Senate next March will involve much more than a mere disappearance of old faces and the appearance of new ones. It often has been said that the senate of the United States is a law unto itself in matters of procedure, and so it is. The senate does things as no other legislative body in the world does them. The senators pride themselves upon the dignity of their body and they take no little pride apparently in the uniqueness of the rules which govern them and in the accepted method of doing things without absolute governing regulation.



Over in the house members draw for seats. A man just elected is as likely to get a first-class seat as a man who has been in the service of the house for years. The leader of the majority and the leader of the minority and the oldest member in point of service in the hall are allowed to select their own seats. After they have made their choice all is a lottery. In the senate the thing is different. A newly elected member of the upper house takes such a seat as he can find vacant, and his first duty to himself is to "file" on the seat of some other member so that he may get it when the other member dies or retires.

At times there are five or six "filings" for the same seat. For instance, if some senator has a choice seat and he is aged and in the ordinary course of things may be expected to die soon, his seat is certain to be in request by several senators provided that those lower on the list of applicants think that those above them like the holder of the seat himself, are likely to die, or to be retired quickly from the service by their constituents.

Some of the old senators do not like the way in which the younger members file for their seats. Then there are some senators who are not old who do not like to feel that others think that their seats soon are to be vacated. When a senator in the prime of life finds that his seat has been "filed" on he takes it as an intimation that the senator who does the filing thinks that the seat's occupant is nearing the end of his term because his state has disapproved of his services, or that the political party opposing the one of which he is a member is likely soon to become in the ascendant.

Senator Dolliver, who died recently, had one of the best seats in the senate chamber, a commanding place from which he could always catch the eye of the presiding officer. The Iowa's successor in the senate will not get his predecessor's seat, for notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Dolliver was apparently in good health and was only fifty-two years old, there were three applications on file for his seat when he should vacate it. Of course it must be understood that the seats of the Republicans and those of the Democrats are separated and that no man of one party ever files an application for the seat of a man of the other party.

Senator Beveridge of Indiana was in the upper house for years before he succeeded in getting a seat to his liking. Early in his service he had filed an application for the seat occupied by Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, a vigorous man with apparently a long lease of earthly and senatorial life ahead of him. Unexpectedly Senator Spooner resigned, and Beveridge moved to what is perhaps the best seat in the house, one on the middle aisle midway between the front and rear of the chamber.

Elihu Root, who is accounted one of the foremost men in the upper house in point of ability, is obliged to sit in what is known as the "Cherokee Strip." There are so many Republicans in the present senate that they more than fill the seats allotted to the majority on the left side of the center aisle. There are not enough Democrats to fill the seats allotted to them. The vacants to fill the seats are away around near the wall to the extreme right of the vice-president, who has to turn his head to see the seats of the occupants. In this "Cherokee Strip" sits the "overflow" Republicans and one of them is Elihu Root.

Before the new senate office building was completed it was the effort of the senate to provide a separate room in the Capitol for each senator. All of these rooms were called committee

rooms, but in order to dignify them as such it was necessary to create several committees which really were nothing more than committees in name, for they seldom held meetings and it is said that in one or two cases no meetings ever have been held. The senators as they were assigned to rooms were made chairmen of the committees which were supposed to meet in the rooms.

A good deal of historic interest centers in some of the committee rooms of the senate. The present senate wing of the Capitol was not completed until the year 1859, but there are several committee rooms still located in the old part of the great building. Even in the new section there are two or three rooms which have witnessed stirring scenes. In the room of the committee on territories for instance, a body of which Senator Beveridge of Indiana is the chairman, there were held the hearings on the Kansas-Nebraska bill and on other "free or slave soil" matters. In the room of the committee on privileges and elections, of which Senator Burrows of Michigan is the chairman, many senators have had what might be called grand jury hearings on the question of their right to their seats. The Utah cases have been heard here, and it was here that Senator W. A. Clark of Montana appeared through his counsel to try to prove that he did not use wrongful means to secure his seat in the senate.

In the room of the committee on military affairs hundreds upon hundreds of problems were worked out during the days of the civil war. Since the United States has become a world power Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, chairman of the committee on the Philippines, has had many puzzling questions on his hands, and the hearings which have been held in this room at times have attracted crowds and nearly always have been of deep interest. In the Philippines room the "anti-imperialists" have argued on behalf of independence for the Philippine, and there have been met in debate by men who have maintained that the day of liberty for the "little brown brother" must be postponed until he is qualified for its privileges.

Memories of men pass quickly. While the United States government as a government is only

Some remarkable details relating to the mad King Otto of Bavaria are published from a diplomatic source by the Giornale d'Italia, the London Chronicle says. Though absent for forty years in castles on his estate at Furstenberg, and though sixty-two years of age, Otto is still a fine, handsome figure, with a magnificent beard and flowing gray locks.

The stories about his periodical fits of fury are quite untrue. His court is presided over by Marshal Baron Redwitz and consists of a few trusty gentry belonging to the most ancient families of the Bavarian aristocracy.

King Otto suffers terribly from insomnia and often sits up in bed half the night staring toward the door, as if expecting somebody to enter. He, however, rises punctually every morning at 8 and mutely allows himself to be dressed by his valet. He has a holy horror of soap and water, and of having his hair and nails cut, so that servants have to await patiently a favorable day for these operations, when the poor patient is in a state of complete apathy.

Who is going to succeed Nelson W. Aldrich as chairman of the most powerful committee in the senate of the United States? Nobody knows. Senator Julius C. Burrows of Michigan ranks next to Mr. Aldrich on the finance committee and in the natural order of things he would succeed

to Mr. Aldrich's place as finance chairman. The difficulty is that Mr. Burrows has been defeated in the primaries for re-election to the senate and like Mr. Aldrich he is to retire in March. Botes Penrose of Pennsylvania comes next on this all powerful body, but it is more than whispered that chairmanship preferment is not to be given to Mr. Penrose. Next in order comes Eugene Hale of Maine, who is to retire in March, and thus is out of consideration. Then comes Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois, who will not accept the chairmanship under any circumstances, for his age precludes his undertaking the hard work connected with it. No one knows yet who will succeed the powerful Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island as the chief of the finance committee, the Republican leadership of the senate of the United States.

Curari, the vegetable poison which the Indians of the upper Amazon tip their hunting arrows, remains a mystery in its composition after a hundred years of investigation by scientists. The Indians will sell it for its weight in silver, but will not reveal the plants from which it is derived. No long ago a professor in a German university was sent to the Amazon wilderness for the express purpose of discovering the secret, for curari, or urari, as it is otherwise called, is now thought to be of great value in medicine. The professor lived two years in Indian villages, and while he was permitted to witness the boiling of the "witches' broth," which lasted several days, he could not tell what plants went into the brew. Returning from his baffled quest down the Amazon with a quantity of the poison, the professor was met by another traveler, Dr. Wesley Martin Cobb, who had got possession of a native blowgun. The latter tells in the National Geographic Magazine how he put some of the professor's curari on some of his blowgun arrows, which are like toothpicks feathered with cotton, and tried it on a buck deer in the forest.

"After a deliberate aim our hunter fired," says Mr. Cobb, "if I may use such a word for the little puff, scarcely heard by us, and entirely inaudible above the rustling corn leaves at the distance of the deer. The animal gave a slight start as it felt the prick of the arrow on its flank and turned partly around, smiling the air for a scent, and looking about as if searching for the insect that had bitten or stung it. Detecting nothing, it stood still and unalarmed. At the end of a minute, or a minute and a half at most, its head dropped a little, as if it was sleepy.

"When the hunter saw this he arose and stepped out in plain sight. The deer turned his head and looked at him, and moved forward, not away from him, a few steps, and stopped. It showed no fear, but simply curiosity. After another minute the professor and I arose, and all three walked quietly to within reach of it. It made no movement to run away, but watched intently, and shifted its position a little. Its movements seemed perfectly easy and natural. Absence of fear was the only observable change, until at the end of three minutes more; then it lay down, not falling, but as naturally as a cow or sheep when ready for sleep.

"We all approached its side, and the hunter laid a hand on its shoulder. It looked up at him, but showed no resentment or fear. Even its breathing seemed easy and natural, which surprised me, as I had heard that death resulted from paralysis of the lungs when caused by urari."

MAD KING OTTO'S LIFE

Writing on the original of Gaunt House in Thackeray's first novel, "Vanity Fair," C. Van Noorden concludes that this was Harcourt House, Cavendish Square, and not as most commentators incline to believe, either Hertford House, Manchester Square, or Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square. Harcourt House, says Mr. Van Noorden, corresponds almost exactly with the novelist's description in "Vanity Fair."

"The vast hall, the great gateway, etc., all are here, while the equestrian statue resolves itself into that of the Duke of Cumberland, the 'Butcher of Culloden,' which was removed in 1858, ostensibly to be recast, but has never reappeared. This figure appears in Thackeray's own illustration of the Gaunt House, affording another proof of the correctness of his localization. Harcourt House has now given way to a block of residential flats."—London Graphic.

He began preaching everywhere the stern necessity of concluding peace with France at any price. Soon after intercepted letters were brought to the Emperor William which the Bavarian prince had sent secretly to the enemy. It was then that the old Kaiser sadly sent for the demented prince, decorated him with the order of the Iron Cross for service rendered in the campaign and packed him off under a medical escort for a pleasure trip in Spain and Italy.

other. "The wind was against us, and the little chap didn't hear. Anyway, this is what happened. Jenks was going so fast—you know there is a ten-mile limit on Auburn road—that he couldn't stop in time. The little beast never moved. We shot straight over it, and prepared to stop our noses. But imagine our surprise! When we got by we looked back, and saw that little chap just concluding its scratching operations. We stopped, and the squeak of the brakes was up to stern reality. It stopped

about 121 years old, few men can be found today to identify without looking at the names, the pictures and the busts of men high in official government position or of great fame in their time in contemporary history. In the senate chamber placed in niches about the gallery walls are busts of the vice-presidents of the United States. Only the guides of the Capitol who have their lesson letters proof, can tell the names of these men without reference to the printed lists or the printed inscriptions.

When the house cleaning days were over only a season ago two pictures were replaced on the walls of the corridor of the senate. One of them was a picture of Patrick Henry and the other was that of Thomas Jefferson. For weeks the fact that Jefferson's picture has been labeled Patrick Henry and Patrick Henry's had been labeled Thomas Jefferson noticed the error, called attention to it and had the change made.

Perhaps the most striking picture in the senate corridors is that which shows Commodore Perry standing in the row boat to which he went from his sinking flag ship Lawrence to the ship Niagara at the battle of Lake Erie. Perry is pictured erect in the boat while a small boy evidently a "midship-mite," also standing trying to pull the Commodore down to a seat so that he will be less exposed to the furious rain of the shot of the enemy. The boy who is trying to "budge" the Commodore to take the necessary precaution to save his life was a nephew of the great sailor, and it was he who later opened the ports of Japan to the commerce of the world. So it is that in the painting are the portraits of two Perrys, both of whom are famous in the naval annals of the United States.

Curari a Queer Poison

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Home Town Helps

BOOMING THE HOME TOWN

Citizens Must Work Unceasingly and Persistently to Build up Their City.

The reason why some towns grow is because there are men of push and energy in it who are not afraid to spend their time and money to boom their town. They erect substantial buildings, organize stock companies and establish factories, secure railroads, work for public improvements, and use every means in their power to locate people in their city. Wherever they are, they tell of the advantages of their city; they write about them in every letter, they send circulars and newspapers to all they think they can get to visit the city, and when anyone visits them, treat him so kindly that he falls in love with them and their city at once. It is enterprise and everyone pulling together that makes a progressive town, and don't let the fact escape your memory.

To hear every person saying something pleasant about its people and its interests is the surest, quickest way to make a town attractive to a stranger. One of the best ways in which to make a town attractive with that sort of attraction that will draw other people to it is for every man and woman to have a pleasant word for the people and the town generally. Talk up your town if you would have it do well. Talk up your town if you would have others come to you. Talk up your town if you feel an interest in it, and would have its people feel an interest in it, and in you. There is no better way to do it. And many a time one little word of unpleasant reference to something that does not exactly suit you, and does not particularly concern you for that matter, will turn some good man's influence away from your town and ever drive him away. At your own fireside talk up your town. Among your neighbors talk up your town. The right kind of talk is the most potent agency ever set in motion for helping your town.—Wellington (Col.) Sun.

ALWAYS SOMETHING TO DO

Civic Improvement Must Not Be Allowed to Become Spasmodic.

Civic improvement, even in a small village or really rural community, should mean more than an annual arousal (we almost wrote "carousal") of civic life and pride. A live society should be ever on the alert, and accomplish something each month in the year. The meeting (the directors at least) once or twice a month throughout the years of their existence. Nothing worthy can be accomplished without well-directed, zealous co-operation and such civic spirit does not work by annual or semi-annual spasms of awakening; it must be kept alive and fostered by constant activity. Have a decided aim—a goal toward which you fight, step by step. Do not yield or else an inch but see to it that all that is gained is well preserved and protected before taking up a new task. Such a well-ordered or programmed society will be constantly adding to its numbers so that though the tasks multiply as you advance, the up-keep of territory conquered, will be easy through the accretion of a corresponding membership. Let each of our societies determine to accomplish more and better work during the coming year.

Trees of French Cities.

One of the chief beauties of the larger French cities, and second only in their edifices and monuments, are the trees. The almost interminable vistas of chestnuts and acacias stretching along the broad and well paved avenues as far as the eye can reach, their bending branches almost touching one another in an endless arch of verdure, form not only a delightful perspective for the eye, but serve to add beauty to cities already beautiful, and grace and symmetry to whatever might be harsh and forbidding. This, however, is not the result of nature's handiwork alone, for science and art have lent their aid. The planting, as well as the maintenance, of the trees in French cities is a item of no little importance in the annual budget prepared by the municipal council, which does not look upon the preservation as of less consequence than the repairing of the roadways or the lighting of the streets.

Novel Idea for Boosting City.

The suggestion has been made by Prof. Josiah Morse of Nashville, Tenn., that a clearing house of ideas for Nashville's advancement be established. The suggestion is somewhat novel in the way of boosting cities, and in meeting with comment and appreciation.

Mere Coincidence.

A farmer of Washington county, Maryland, who had had many chickens stolen, set a gun in the chicken coop that would be discharged the minute the door was opened. The other night the gun was discharged and the next day three men in Hagerstown were reported confined to their homes by "rheumatism."

Did I Not Know Him.

Wadsworth (who has just been asked for the price of a night's lodging)—I wish those beggars would leave me alone!

Healthy New England.

New Zealand has about the lowest death rate in the world.

Call for Gentleness.

The sick mind cannot bear anything harsh.—Ovid

PESSIMIST RAISES A WAIL

Incidentally Gives a Hard Jolt to Time-Honored Conception of New England Thanksgiving.

"Oh, yes; the New Englanders make a great time of Thanksgiving," said the insurance man as the subject was under discussion. "Yes, they are great on Thanksgiving."

"All the relatives gather for a big dinner, don't they?" was asked. "Yes, My Uncle Ben, up in Vermont, gathered thirty of us at his house last Thanksgiving."

"What a visit you must have had!"

"Oh, yes."

"And the banquet. I can picture it."

"Can you?"

"There was turkey, goose, duck, chicken, roast pig, and spareribs. There was mince pie, pumpkin pie and elder. There was a big cottage pudding and cranberry sauce. Ah, it must have been a royal feast."

"Yes, it was," dryly replied the insurance man. "My Uncle Ben killed off four old roosters, his wife made four or five apple pies, and stewed up a peck of prunes, and we sat down to the feast."

"But—but it was Thanksgiving."

"Sure, Mike. If it hadn't been we wouldn't have got the prunes."

"And—and that was all?"

"All except that after dinner my Uncle Ben took up a collection for the heathen, and we chipped in 50 cents apiece. My Uncle Ben was the heathen, you know. Oh, yes—New England Thanksgiving. I've been there."

Putting in the Time.

A gentleman was engaging a general man and telling him what he wanted him to do. "You will have to clean the windows and the boots and the knives and go messages, chop wood, cut short grass, mind the horse and pony, look after the garden and keep the house supplied with vegetables and do any odd job that is required and if suitable you will get ten shillings a week."

"Is there any clay in the garden?" asked the man.

"What makes you ask that?" asked the gentleman.

"I was thinking I could make bricks in my spare time," said the man.

Old Pete's Little Joke.

Foolish questions and funny answers were under discussion in the Trenton avenue and Dauphin street police station the other day, and after listening for a while to some amusing instances, Sergeant McCay told the following:

"Old Pete Flood was the attendant in the Franklin cemetery some years ago, and it became the custom to ask him how business was, just to hear his reply. It came in a heavy bass voice:

"'Ain't buried a living soul today.'"

—Philadelphia Times.

Ancient City Modernized.

Tarsus, the ancient city in Asia Minor, where the apostle Paul was born, is now illuminated by electricity. The power is taken from the Ceyhan river. There are now in Tarsus 450 electric street lights and about 600 incandescent lights for private use.

The coldblooded are hotheaded when you hit their pride.

VERY DECEIVING.



The Preacher—We tried a phonograph choir.

The Sexton—What success?

The Preacher—Fine. Nobody knew the difference till a deacon went to the loft to take up the collection.

MIX THIS FOR RHEUMATISM

Easily Prepared and Inexpensive and Really Does the Work, Says Noted Authority.

Thousands of men and women who have felt the sting and torture of that dread disease, Rheumatism, which is no respecter of age, persons, sex, color or rank, will be interested to know that it is one of the easiest afflictions of the human body to conquer. Medical science has proven it not a distinct disease in itself, but a symptom caused by inactive kidneys. Rheumatism is uric acid in the blood and other waste products of the system which should be filtered and strained out in the form of urine. The function of the kidneys is to sift these poisons and acids out and keep the blood clean and pure. The kidneys however, are of sponge-like substance, the holes or pores of which will sometimes, either from overwork, cold or exposure become clogged, and failing in their function of eliminating these poisons from the blood, they remain in the veins, decompose and settling about the joints and muscles, cause the untold suffering and pain of rheumatism and backache, often producing complications of bladder and urinary disease, and general weakness.

The following simple prescription is said to "relieve the worst cases of rheumatism because of its direct action upon the blood and kidneys, relieving, too, the most severe forms of bladder and urinary troubles: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime. The ingredients can be had from any prescription pharmacy, and are absolutely harmless and safe to use at any time.

It Was An Unequal Match

A Story Which Proves That the Odor of Jenks' Car Was Stronger Than That of a Polecat.

"Polecats," said the suburbanite, "are animals which I do not at all mind, that is, when they keep their distance and I keep mine. In fact, I think there is something—er—suggestive and almost romantic in the far-off odor. Especially on moonlight

nights, toward autumn. I really mean it," he went on as his friend smiled incredulously, "but that isn't what we were speaking about. You said you could never surprise a polecat because he always got there first, so to speak. But just listen.

"This happened on an autumn night, too," said the advocate of the wood-puss. "I was riding with Jenks in his new automobile last fall—it's on

the junk-heap now. Jenks liked to ride at night, and as that was about the only time I could go, he used to take me and my wife a good deal.

"One night we were coming home down Aubon road, when all of a sudden, sitting in the middle of the highway right ahead of us, directly under the glare of the street light, we saw, scratching its left ear with its foot, a nice little polecat."

"O my," began his friend, "you don't really—"

"Absolutely true story," said the

other. "The wind was against us, and the little chap didn't hear. Anyway, this is what happened. Jenks was going so fast—you know there is a ten-mile limit on Auburn road—that he couldn't stop in time. The little beast never moved. We shot straight over it, and prepared to stop our noses. But imagine our surprise! When we got by we looked back, and saw that little chap just concluding its scratching operations. We stopped, and the squeak of the brakes was up to stern reality. It stopped

scratching and skipped into the bushes. Now, the fact that it harbored no—er—resentment toward us has always inclined me to—"

"Shucks!" exclaimed the other. "If you want to know the real reason why it skipped, I'll tell you. Jenks's was a gasoline car, wasn't it? Well, then—"

"You're quite right," said the story-teller, suddenly. "And as I said at the start, I never minded the odor as much as I do some other—er—smells."—Youth's Companion