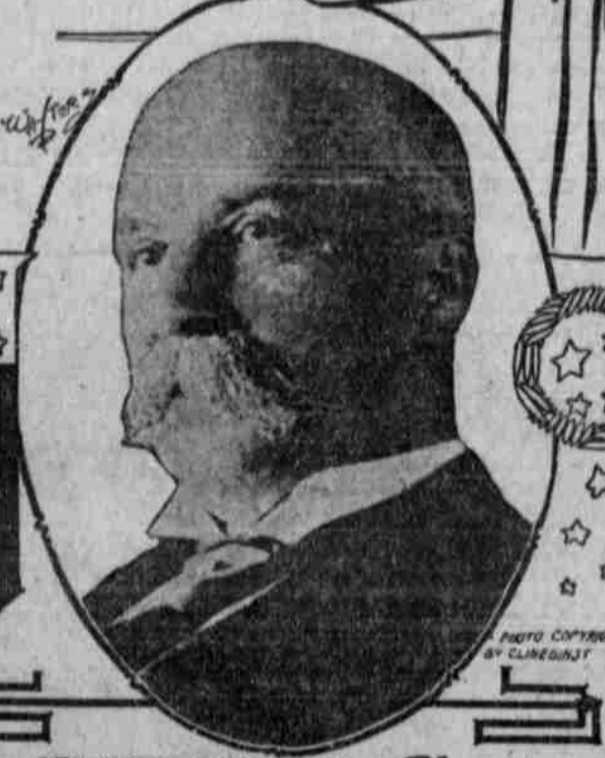




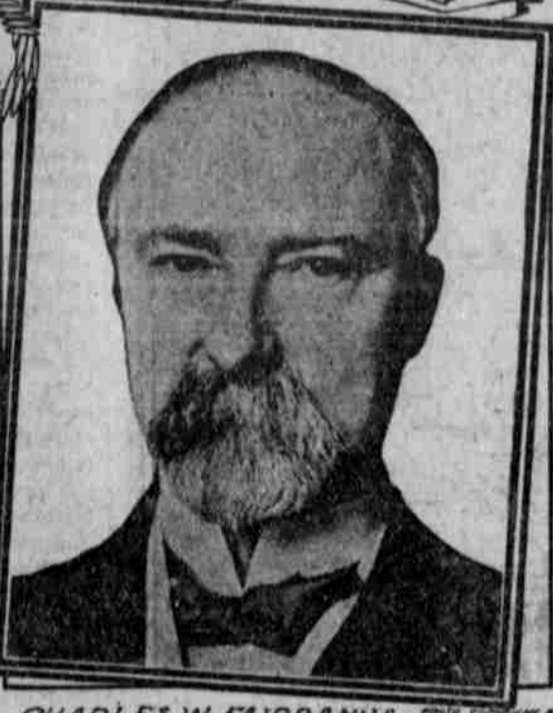
SENATOR SHELBY M. CULLOM

FRAILTY of VANITY in STATESMEN

By EDWARD B. CLARK



SENATOR GALLINGER



CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS

BEFORE Charles W. Fairbanks was elected vice-president of the United States he held a seat as senator, representing the state of Indiana. When he became vice-president, Mr. Fairbanks' utterances necessarily were limited to such expressions as "calendar," repeated sixty times a day, and "Does the senator from South Carolina yield to the senator from Wisconsin?"

When he was senator Mr. Fairbanks spoke more than semi-occasionally and had the same trials in attempting to get the floor that beset all the other senators. From one of Senator Fairbanks' experiences it was thought that when he became vice-president, and as a necessary consequence the pre-



SENATOR KNUTE NELSON

siding officer of the senate he might from sheer sympathy try to deliver some of those words which he guards from the fate which once befell him.

One of the speeches of length which Mr. Fairbanks made as a senator was on the question of Panama. The speech was delivered not long after the recognition of the independence of the republic of Panama by the United States and at a time when party feeling ran high. It was a long speech and the senator gained much of the fruit of glory, though he had to wait a long time for it to ripen, and this was the way of it.

Senator Cullom had charge of the Panama matter on the floor of the senate. The Indiana senator went to Mr. Cullom and expressed his wish to speak at a certain hour. Senator Cullom said "All right," and apparently the thing was fixed.

The senate's business session was over and the hands of the clock showed a quarter to one. Senator Fairbanks buttoned his coat and started to rise from his seat. Mr. Fairbanks is a long man and the process of his rising is likewise long. He was up finally, however, only to find the aged Morgan was claiming President Pro Tem Frye's attention.

A look of something like despair came into the Indiana senator's face, for when Morgan of Alabama got started on a speech neither gods nor men knew when he would come to the end. Senator Morgan, however, drove away the look of despair from Senator Fairbanks' face by saying: "I wish to make a few remarks only."

Mr. Fairbanks sank back in his seat and Mr. Morgan with only two pages of notes on his desk began to talk. He kept at it for twenty minutes, caring to what the senator thought was his climax and then apparently started to resume his seat. The Indiana senator had straightened up again and half opened his mouth to begin, but the southern senator had straightened up again and had on his desk two new pages of notes, which he had drawn from a shelf underneath.

The Indianan sat down once more and the Alabamian went on with his renewed determination. He spoke until half past one, came to another seeming climax and then made a movement which made every one think he was going to sit down, and this movement was a signal for the Hoosier senator to rise again. But Mr. Morgan had two fresh pages of notes and at it he started anew. Mr. Fairbanks sighed and sat.

The other senators who had been held to their seats by the belief that Mr. Fairbanks was to speak looked at the aged but tireless Alabamian and one after another left for the senate restaurant for the luncheon hour was full come. Fairbanks, Morgan and Frye were left alone on the floor of the senate, but the galleries had a goodly throng, waiting to hear from the middle west on the matter of Panama.

Senator Morgan talked in twenty-minute relays with two pages of notes for each twenty minutes and talked until the fifth hour. Then Senator Fairbanks, who until that time had held the fort, saw the people departing and the minute of adjournment nigh. He walked over to Senator Morgan, held out his hand, and with the grace for which he is famous he congratulated his southern colleague on the strength of his speech, if not on its length and then walked out and had luncheon and dinner at one sitting.

Senator Fairbanks found another occasion to make his lathman address. Until the hour came for its delivery he had an eye single for Senator Morgan. The Alabamian, however, for once in his life when his pet subject was up for discussion was content to sit still and say nothing. In the press galleries it was whispered that Mr. Morgan, wasn't feeling very well that day.

In the particular case of the Panama matter Senator Cullom, being the chairman on the committee on foreign relations, had charge of the legislation on the floor of the senate. The trials of Senator Cullom on that occasion were the trials of the plot on every measure of magnitude that is launched for a passage through either house or senate.

Nearly every senator and representative wishes to make a speech on the big things that are before congress. Of course all of them cannot speak, but the trials of the man in charge begin when the members ask that their speaking may be postponed for a day or two. The intending speakers have their frailty of vanity. They want to speak when the galleries are not crowded, and if the galleries are not crowded they ask that they may speak on another day.

When the Panama matter was up Senator Cullom finally became angry and tired with the senators who asked that yet another day be set for the making of their speeches. The Illinois senator did not wish Senator Morgan to have all the time to himself, and Morgan could be counted on to take every minute that was dropped to him to talk about the glories of the Nicaraguan route for a canal, about the imbecility of using the Panama route and about the Republican sin of the recognition of the republic on the isthmus.

The Panama matter is only an instance in point. Many a speech on the railroad rate bill was put off because the attendance was not what it should have been from the viewpoint of the man who was to speak. Congressmen have their human weaknesses.

The last great duty which Senator Platt of Connecticut performed for his country was his work as presiding officer of the senate court during the trial of Judge Charles Swayne. Unquestionably the strain of that trial shortened Senator Platt's life. He presided with dignity and with the rarest impartiality. The hours of the court's session were long, and yet the aged Connecticut senator refused to leave his seat even for the getting of necessary food until the session of each day was ended.

Prior to the opening of the trial Senator Platt stood in the vice-president's place and told his colleagues that it was their duty not to lose a word of the testimony lest they bring in an unjust verdict. The result of this was that with one or two exceptions the senators sat in their seats and heard important and unimportant testimony, listening to every argument of counsel, and lest anything should escape them they made insistent demand that every witness should speak so that all men in the chamber might hear.

It is probable that before one-quarter of the trial proceedings of the case against Charles Swayne was ended every senator had made up his mind as to the guilt or the innocence of the accused, but the belief of guilt or innocence formed early did not prevent the attendance of any member of that high court during the entire time of the trial. Judge Swayne was acquitted. His acquittal was not made a party matter, as many feared it was to be. On some of the counts against him he was acquitted unanimously. On others where there was a minority which believed him guilty both Democrats and Republicans formed a part of that minority.

Senator Jacob H. Gallinger is known in congress as the chief of the humanitarians and as the father of many reforms.

Among the measures which the New Hampshire man has advocated in congress for the bettering of things on earth are measures intended to secure proper care for the insane, to prevent the docking of horses' tails, to prevent cruelty to all animals, to provide for delinquent and dependent children, to train women nurses for the navy and to condemn unsanitary buildings. Mr. Gallinger is a strong man with a soft heart.

It was said more than once that Senator Mathew Stanley Quay of Pennsylvania had a few drops of the Indians in his veins. If so, his blood told in one instance at any rate, for when Mr. Quay was ill almost unto death he roused himself from his body weariness and made a speech in behalf of the Delaware Indians which with its eloquence held the senate and the galleries chained for a too brief quarter of an hour.

No one knew that "Keystone Quay" could be so eloquent. In less than two months after the delivery of the speech he was dead, but before he died knowledge came to him that his eloquence had brought accomplishment, and that the Delaware Indians in whom he was interested had received from congress a sum of money which had been due them for years, but which they had made vain attempts to secure up to the time that a sick man's plea succeeded in righting a wrong.

There is some fun in the senate on occasion. Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota once said "Damn" openly. It slipped out before he was aware of it, and no sooner had it put in an appearance than the Minnesota senator put and passed a resolution of censure of himself by himself.

This little matter of a mild swear word from the lips of Mr. Nelson received a good deal of comment at the time that the word plumped out of his mouth, but almost simultaneously with its utterance there was a colloquy between Senators Daniel of Virginia and Gallinger of New Hampshire, which was a trifle more shocking, senatorially speaking, than several damns.

Senator Gallinger, the moral mainstay of the senate, was trying to get his colleagues to agree to change the name of Madison street in Washington to Church street. A part of Madison street was known as Samson street. Senator Daniel did not like the idea of dropping the Virginia president's name even for the pious name of "Church," so he objected. He asked his New Hampshire brother about the matter and learned that there was six other Madison streets in Washington, and finding from this that Virginia pride might be appeased in the nomenclature matter, Daniel asked why the whole street couldn't be called Samson.

"I don't know that I ought to tell the reason publicly," said Gallinger, "but Samson, for whom the street was named, was a fine man and a part of Samson street now has on it many low resorts."

"I take it," said Senator Daniel quickly, "that my colleague has this information at first hand." The Virginia senator only meant the thing as a gentle jest, but Jacob Gallinger, who is a very rock in the steadfastness of his morality, was rather upset. The senate changed the name of the street so quickly that the proceedings fairly outran the hands of the stenographers, the incident was closed and Gallinger's blush fled.

The WREATH by the RIVER

A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY

By T. C. HARBAUGH

THE great war had been over a few years and in soft gleaming of May the fairest wreaths that the bright fields yield fell annually upon hero graves. In the alleys of Virginia the marks of that terrible strife remained, for the scars of battle are hard to obliterate, and the roses of Peace, though they grow over the cannon runs, are now and then blown aside, showing the work of the crimson demon.

The home of the Morrrows was one of simplicity, though set among hills which had reverberated to the booming of the great guns, and the nearby river sang its song of peace as it sought the sea. By lucky accident the little home and its surroundings had escaped the ravages of war.

Hester Morrow stood upon the old vine-embowered porch and looked out

"You have a hero, then?"

"Yes, one who sleeps apart from his comrades."

"The Gray fought bravely, Miss—"

"But my lone hero is not of the Gray, though, as you see, I am southern and I honor the gray-clad braves. Would you like to see where my hero sleeps?"

"Only too well would I look upon the grave of your Bayard," was the reply. "I am here on what I fear is a hopeless mission. My father—"

"Was a soldier? We meet a good many people whose relatives were in the war. I had relatives who wore the Gray."

"No doubt of that, miss."

"Come with me," and Hester Morrow led the way across the grove to the historic stream.

The tall young man at her side stole glances of silent admiration at his companion as they paced along. She was as fresh and lovely as the flowers she had just gathered; her voice breathed song, and in her blue eyes was a light he had seldom seen.

At last the girl paused and turned toward her companion.

"This is my Mecca on Memorial day," she said, as she slipped the fragrant wreath from her arm. "Here sleeps the northern soldier guarding in death, as I tell my friends, the river he guarded so well in life."

At the feet of the couple so strangely met was the lone mound.

The young stranger approached the grave and stopped at its head as he once more looked at Hester.

"Something thrills me as I have not been thrilled for years," he whispered softly. "By the way, miss, you have not told me the name of the one who camps here. Or is he one of the unknown?"

"No, he is not unknown. His comrades carved his name on the head-board. You have but to part the grass to read the name and regiment of the sleeper."

The young man knelt reverently while Hester, stooping, placed her wreath on the mound.

Suddenly there came from the stranger's lips a cry that startled the young girl.

When she looked up she perceived that he had sprung erect and was pressing his hands to his forehead as if he would keep in leash his wildly throbbing temples.

"What is it?" cried Hester. "Did you know—"

"Found at last!" was the response. "For years I have sought this spot, going hither and thither throughout the south, always looking for a soldier's head-board that bore the name of John Dunham of the—th Massachusetts. At last my task is ended, and I can now go back to the old home and tell mother where father sleeps."

"Your father?" cried Hester Morrow. "Do you mean to tell me—"

"This soldier was my father. His comrades came home, but he did not.



Looked Out Upon a Scene of Exquisite Loveliness.

upon a scene of exquisite loveliness. Everywhere the last month of spring had garbed the landscape in matchless beauty. Of course she remembered, the war. While she stood there she recalled how one day a regiment of Union soldiers was hard pressed and how stubbornly they held their ground around the house; how the brave went down before the missiles of battle, and how in her young girlhood she had tried to staunch the lifeblood of a soldier wounded to his death.

In a little while the girl, who had turned back into the house, came forth modestly dressed and with a smile on her lips.

A few minutes later she might have been seen springing hither and thither with the sprightliness of young maidenhood gathering flowers of many hues which grew in profusion where she sought them.

Hester had often despoiled the woods of their treasures. Each Memorial day she had stolen forth to gather flowers where they never failed to bloom. These she formed into a rich wreath, and when she had finished it she repaired to a certain spot on the river's bank under the spreading boughs of a stately tree and placed her offering to valor on a lone grave there.

John Dunham—that was the name carved on the wooden head-board—was a soldier of the Union. He had marched to battle with high hopes, but fate had decreed that he should never return with his messmates. Of his family, if he had one, the girl knew nothing.

"Mother thinks," smiled Hester, as she worked at her wreath, "that I ought to marry Jack. But a girl should choose for herself, and while Jack is a clever fellow, I haven't seen enough of the world to 'settle down' as Aunt Mary says. I would like to know what sort of world lies beyond the river over yonder; the boys in blue came from that part of the country and, as yet, it is an unknown world to me."

She had scarcely finished her wreath when she looked up and beheld a young man coming through the grove toward the river.

"Jack!" cried Hester. "No, it is not Jack. He is a trifle too tall for him. Perhaps he is one of the strangers who have come to town to keep the day."

She had already been perceived; the stranger was coming toward her and, as half a dozen flowers fluttered to the ground at her feet, she caught his eye and bowed.

"You will pardon me, miss," said the young man, as he halted before the surprised girl, and cavalierly removed his hat. "This is my first visit to this part of the country. I concluded to take a little stroll before the services begin, and—"

"It is a beautiful morning and augurs well for a pretty day," gently interrupted Hester. "I, too, have strolled out here, but I do so every year after flowers for my hero."



Beheld a Young Man Coming Through the Grove.

And you for years have placed a wreath on his grave! You have gathered the treasures of wood and field and, loving this man, although he may have crossed swords with your people, you have crowned him beside the river that sings to the sea. Let me thank you, miss, not only for myself, but for my mother. She would more than thank you if she were here."

He held out his hands to Hester and she placed hers in them, and for a moment they stood over the wreath by the river, looking into each other's eyes and feeling in their natures a thrill they had never felt before.

At that moment there came from the village the clear notes of the chimes, mingled with the shrill, almost warlike call of the resonant bugle, and when Harold Dunham and Hester Morrow walked from that solitary grave they doubtless realized that the currents of their lives must mingle; and almost before the wreath by the river had lost its fragrance the memories of that one Memorial day had been strengthened at the altar.