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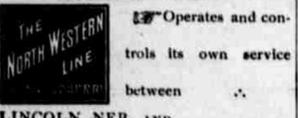
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WHO WILL BE SPEAKER?

REED, M'KINLEY, CANNON, BURROWS OR HENDERSON?

The Personal Peculiarities of the Ready Tongued Reed, McKinley and Henderson Described in Readable Fashion—Exemplary Habits of the Men.

(Special Correspondence.) WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—Two men are walking through the Capitol grounds and toward the city, touching elbows in friendly fashion. They are men who attract considerable attention. It would not be easy to get two men side by side who would afford greater contrast. Reed and McKinley are not at all alike. Reed is big, round bellied, loose jointed, awkward.



ward. He wears his derby hat pretty well back on his head. Both hands are buried in his overcoat pockets. His coat is not a snug or tidy fit. He has a peculiar gait, swinging his legs in a semicircle at every step. His shoe is at least a No. 10. He holds his head well up and appears to be oblivious of his surroundings. But watch him closely and you will perceive that out of his small, twinkling eyes alertness shines. There is nothing slow or stolid about the man, despite his avoirdupois. Physically he is active, fond of exercise, given to long walks. Mentally he is full of adaptability, analysis, readiness. He is a little careless in his dress, but not slovenly. His small, light mustache gives his round face a boyish look. As he walks along he covers a good deal of ground, both with his feet and his body. If there should be a dog fight in his way you would expect him to stop and look at it. If he should come upon three or four men abusing one man, or a man maltreating a child or a dumb brute, you would expect him to interfere. You would not be disappointed.

Reed's companion is of a different type. Shorter than Reed by half a head, not so large of girth, carefully, but not ostentatiously, dressed, McKinley's figure is quite as striking. The observer would say Reed was a merchant, or a farmer, or a lumberman. McKinley does not look like a statesman. McKinley does. You can tell he is a public man as far as you can see him. His trim figure, his shining silk hat (of which he is more than ever fond since he became a candidate for speaker), his smooth, round face with "fineness" in it, all denote the man of dignity and importance. Neither Reed nor McKinley goes in society. Both spend their time in the house and their rooms. Both are students and hard workers. Neither has time for dinners or receptions. They are fast friends. For many a year have they worked side by side on the ways and means committee. Each is a sincere admirer of the other, and though now rivals for a great office, still preserve their friendly relationship to a marked degree. As they walk down the avenue people turn their heads and you frequently hear the remark: "There goes the next speaker of the house."

McKinley and Reed have entirely different methods on the floor. Reed is nearly always in his seat. He is usually one of the first men to reach the house in the morning. He rarely sits still. You can see him at almost all times moving about, not nervously, but with an obvious unrest born of his great energies. He likes always to be doing something. McKinley, on the other hand, is not much seen on the floor. He is generally in his committee room. When on the floor he is at his desk busy with some report, or in close conversation with friends. Reed speaks often, McKinley rarely. Reed loves nothing better than a debate, a cross fire, a hand to hand struggle. Unlike almost all the other men who speak often, he is always listened to. When his piercing, penetrating drawl is heard members come in from the cloak room, put aside their newspapers, stop conversation. Press men rush in from their waiting room. Everybody is eager to hear Reed. Nobody knows this better than Reed himself.



JULIUS CAESAR BURROWS. Reed's tongue is a steel trap, or a piece of forked lightning. His repartee is electric, his sarcasm vitriolic. He has been called the bumble bee of the house, because he hums so much, has so many stings. If he is taking the lead in debate he stands in the aisle near his seat, erect and belligerent, gripping a desk with either hand. If a debate or cross fire is going on between others, he saunters up and down, leans easily upon a desk, resting his chin in his hand, and

watches things like a lynx. Whenever opportunity offers he interjects remarks which cut to the quick. His first word fills the hall, commands attention, and then, this gained, he speaks with such a measured drawl that he has time to turn his sentences and choose his words. Often he sends in his shots when least expected. Sometimes he is sitting at his desk, apparently occupied with a newspaper or book. Nobody suspects he is paying any attention to what is going on. Like a flash he turns his head and with a dozen words hurls an irritating inquiry or a scorching bit of sarcasm at the man who is making a speech. He has a habit of making these interjections without going through the form of addressing the speaker. He is a sharpshooter, always lurking near the enemy, ever ready for a crack at any available target.

Reed is a genuine "down easter." His pronunciation is that of Joshua Whitcomb. He makes two syllables of such words as "door" and "floor." "Level" he calls "lev-vel," with a peculiar sort of twist which no letters can characterize and no man not New England born can imitate. It is somewhat like "le-v-e-il."

McKinley never joins in running discussions. He has no liking for cross fire. Usually when he speaks it is a "set" speech carefully prepared. He attracts universal attention. His voice is thin and wiry, like Reed's, but not so strong or full of inflections. He has no difficulty in filling the hall, however, and though not an orator is a man who commands respect for his earnestness and sincerity, for what he says rather than his manner of saying it. His sentences are compact, strong, plain. He likes to use short, common words. He rarely speaks on any other subject than the tariff, and his tariff speeches have, probably, had more widespread circulation than those of any other man on the Republican side.

McKinley is a manly, approachable, sincere man. Between his work in the house, his toil at his desk in the Ebbett house, and his tender, almost touching, devotion to his invalid wife, McKinley has no time for society or pleasure. The square faced man with the solid, well knit figure, sitting in his seat in the midst of the Republicans with his feet on the desk before him and a newspaper in his hand, is another possible speaker. He is Julius Caesar Burrows. His tongue is almost as ready as Reed's, and his popularity as great as McKinley's. He likes debate, but is not so much given to promiscuous talking as his rival from Maine. He is one of the leaders of the house on the Republican side. In debate he is courteous and agreeable. His strong point is familiarity with the rules. He is a great parliamentarian. His eyes are as blue and mellow as a school girl's. His manners are hearty with his inti-



mities, dignified but courteous with strangers. Men whom he knows familiarly he slaps on the back or lays his arm on their shoulders. He is companionable and sincere. In his attire he is neat and modest, though he is said to be possessed of an idiosyncrasy in that he never has his shoes blacked. In his Prince Albert coat he wears the tricolor button of the Loyal Legion.

The two men we see standing in familiar converse out in the corridor are also possible speakers of the house. One is Joseph G. Cannon, the other David B. Henderson. Both wear slouch hats, both are Grand Army veterans. Cannon looks like a country deacon or justice of the peace, Henderson like a colonel in the regular army. Cannon is an ideal debater and one of the leaders of his side. He has unlimited good nature and can smile and shrug his shoulders while receiving a hard blow, and then smile and smile while giving a harder one in return. He likes to be in the thickest of the fighting, and gives and takes like a man. His hair is thin, and he is beginning to show a bald spot on the poll of his head. He has his hands in his pockets a good deal, and wears a turn down collar. Sometimes a little dust shows on his hat, which is a cross between a military slouch and a granger kady. Indeed, Cannon is sometimes mistaken for a granger by strangers, but he is one of the sharpest and brightest men in congress.

All of the speakership candidates are lawyers. All have served for a considerable time in the house. Reed has been here ten years, McKinley twelve, Burrows ten, Cannon sixteen and Henderson six. All but the last named were born in this country. Reed and McKinley are natives of the states which they now aid in representing. Cannon was born away down in North Carolina, where he was reared a Quaker. Burrows is a native of Pennsylvania, and Henderson of Scotland. Cannon is the oldest, being 53; Reed is 50; Burrows, 51; McKinley, 45, and Henderson, 48. All are men of exemplary habits. McKinley smokes and chews, but never drinks, not even at big dinners. Reed drinks but sparingly, and his chief amusement is playing billiards. Cannon likes to tell stories and dance old fashioned quadrilles. Henderson is fond of after dinner speaking, while Burrows would rather make a stump speech than sit. Not one of the five is rich. One of them will make a good speaker. WALTER WILLMAN.

TO A TRAMP.

No heavy weight of pocket book Disturbs your lofty soul; Each day you have a different cook; Each day a different bowl; You never have to be in style—Philosophy's your guide!



The blissful time away you while, Nor care for time or tide. With you ambition has no root, And worry has no foot— You never have a bill to foot— You foot the earth instead.

To the Comedian.



The ties which bind us to the earth, The test of time have stood; And yet with thee, O man of mirth, They're mostly made of wood.

To the Postman.



This day to you is but the birth Of loads on loads of lovers' lines. You are the only man on earth Who has no use for valentines.

Valentines' Day of Old.

In times gone by the girls and boys of old England and Scotland used to have a jolly time on St. Valentine's day. A learned traveler, named Mission, in the early part of the last century, thus described the custom: "An equal number of maids and bachelors got together, each writes their true or some feigned name on separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets and the men the maids', so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man that she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines, but the man sticks faster to the valentine that has fallen to him than the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love." They must have had lots of fun in those good old times.

To the Poet.



"The pen is mightier than the sword." In Huber's time was much believed by me. But now we say with one accord, The waste basket is mightier than the pen; Therefore to be a mighty poet work hard, To wicker work write verses by the yard.

Your First Valentine.

Can you remember, portly, solid man of business, the first valentine you ever sent? I'll warrant you can, with much more distinctness than you can your last. It was when you were an apple faced school boy and walked a mile every morning to the red school house under the hill. You were bashful in those far away, half forgotten days, and you did not often dare to speak to a girl. Blue eyed Mary, who sat just across the aisle from you, seemed just perfection to you then, and you saved up your pennies for some weeks before Valentine day to buy her a bit of lace paper inclosing a colored picture and bearing a gilt motto. I'll warrant you remember as plain as if it were but yesterday just what that motto was, and just how ashamed you felt when you put a stamp on the envelope containing it, and sent your first "drop letter." Perhaps in after years you came to know Mary better, perhaps she laughed at your valentine and perhaps she never knew who sent it. But it's your boy—not you who sends the valentine this year.

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