

ITS WHEELS IN MOTION.

CONGRESS HAS BEGUN ITS WORK OF MAKING OUR LAWS.

Mr. Wellman Thinks the Men Who Compose the Legislative Body More Interesting Than Their Official Doings—Personal Gossip About Congressmen and Others.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The congressional wheels are again in motion, but nothing in the whole legislative machine is so interesting as the men who make it go and who are a part of it. As one sits in the gallery and looks down upon the 400 men who are here to make the nation's laws he discerns so many interesting figures, so many great careers, so many individuals about whom gossip and story cluster, that he hardly knows where to choose his subjects. I see one bright young man, with a face like that of a god and a smile that would win the heart of a child or woman, in whom I take a good deal of interest. His name is Bryan, and he comes from Nebraska, where he is a lawyer, who has been sent to congress for his first term. I want to watch Mr. Bryan as a type. He has been in Washington more than a week, and took an active part in the speaker's contest. In that struggle he learned what seemed to be a revelation to him—that congressional politics is largely made up of lying, duplicity, insincerity, two facedness, treachery.

Mr. Bryan is an honest young man, fresh from the boundless prairies of the west, and this discovery amazed and appalled him. "If this is national politics," he said, "I think I will go back home and stay there. I don't think I want to engage in politics of this kind." "Oh," said an old member, "you will get accustomed to it after a time, and I venture to predict that when the next speaker's contest comes on you will be as smart and adroit as any of them." "If I thought I would be brought down to the sort of duplicity that I have seen here," said Mr. Bryan, "I would this day go and resign my seat in the house and take the first train out of Washington." Now, I liked that reply, and this young man is worth watching. Which do you think is the better prophet, the old member who knows something of the influences exerted by public life at the national capital, or the young man from the prairies?

Another interesting young man is the much talked of Sherman Hoar, of Massachusetts. Everybody expects to find this scion of a rich and aristocratic family somewhat aristocratic himself. But he isn't. He has already established himself as one of the popular men of congress. He mixes with the wild westerners, the Tammany chaps from the metropolis, the lusty fellows from the great northwest as readily as with the college bred men from his own section. He has a hearty handshake and a good story for every one. He looks like a young farmer as much as anything else, and now that his congressional district has been enlarged to take in several rural counties I imagine he is trying to become a confirmed and accepted agriculturist. In this connection a clever story is told by Mr. Hoar himself. He was out in the fields one day driving the hay wagon for the laborers on his father's farm. He was attired in a flannel shirt and an old straw hat which he had picked up somewhere, and looked for all the world like a farmer himself. The men sent him with a light wagon after some tools, and while on this errand he was accosted by one of the professors of the divinity school near by.

"My good man," said the teacher of divinity, "can't you drive me up to the railway station? I have to catch a train, and my carriage has not come. Please do, now; that's a good fellow." The young congressman told him to jump in. On the way to the station the minister prated of the beauties of rural life. "Oh, the lovely flowers," he exclaimed: "how I love flowers. My good man, I suppose you are so accustomed to the beautiful flowers of the field, as you pass them in your daily toil, that you do not take any notice of them whatever." "Oh, yes; I notice them once in awhile," said young Hoar, with difficulty suppressing his merriment. A little farther on Mr. Hoar's sister was met in the road, driving a dog cart. Of course she bowed and smiled to her brother and Mr. Hoar lifted his hat to her. The teacher of divinity went into ecstasies. "Oh, how lovely! how beautiful!" he exclaimed; "what charming simplicity, what a commentary on the freedom of social institutions in America, when the lady of the town bows to the rustic of the field." This was too much for young Mr. Hoar, and as a result of the laughter which he was unable longer to suppress, it was necessary for him to reveal his identity. "If I can get this story in circulation among the farmers of my district," says Mr. Hoar, "I shall have no difficulty in winning a re-election."

Speaking of this aristocratic New England family reminds me that I saw in the senate corridor the other day a pair of fine lads from New England, walking arm in arm to look for their fathers. Each of these boys is the son of a senator and the grandson of a senator. The father of one is Senator Hale, of Maine, and of the other Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire. The grandfather of young Hale was Senator Zack Chandler, of Michigan, and the grandfather of young Chandler was the famous Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire. The name of one lad is Chandler Hale, and the name of the other Hale Chandler. About a quarter of a century hence I expect to see both of them members of the body of which their fathers and grandfathers were members before them.

Why it is that the state of Maine always manages to make herself felt so strongly in the two houses of congress is a mystery to me. Perhaps it is because a man who gets to the front in that state is permitted to remain there long enough to accomplish something. These good old Yankees of Maine have a way of building a man up instead of tearing him down. Look at the names that far away

state has contributed to history: Blaine, Morrill, Fessenden, Hamlin, Reed and many more in the earlier days. The present senators from that state came into the senate on the same day, and in all likelihood will stay there till they die. Maine is the only state in the Union that sends back to this congress all of her representatives in the last congress, not taking into account states which have but one congressman. The Maine delegation is, without question, the strongest on the Republican side of this house.

Maine's most famous statesman, who is still larger in the public eye and more conspicuous in the public gossip than any other man in the country, lives a rather peculiar life in Washington. He is really living a life of retirement. At his house or his office he is much less accessible than most public men. He rarely is seen in public, except driving or walking on the street. He takes no part in social activities, and the members of his family take very little. Mr. Blaine is, however, becoming a great pedestrian. Every day he may be seen taking a stroll through Lafayette park and along the streets near by. Sometimes he walks as far as a mile or a mile and a half before returning home, and I am sure this habit of daily exercise is proving of great benefit to his health. He looks 50 per cent, stronger and brighter than he did when he came from Bar Harbor two months ago.

One of Mr. Blaine's favorite walks is to the magnificent new house which his friend, Senator Hale, has just occupied, but a few blocks from Mr. Blaine's own residence. Another walk which Mr. Blaine often takes is to the house of John R. McLean, three squares from the Red House, as the home of the secretary of state is popularly called in Washington. Now that Congressman Hitt is back in Washington, a third house has been added to Mr. Blaine's list, and as often as not he takes in all three of them in one stroll. So far as I can ascertain, these three are about the only families in town with which he keeps up any continued and familiar intercourse.

Senator Palmer, of Illinois, is one of the most interesting of all the new men in congress. He has already become a prime favorite with everybody about the Capitol. He is a good deal such a man as Mr. Thurman was—plain, kindly, approachable and as full of good humor as his old skin can stick. He has one remarkable characteristic, and that is a love for locality. Having become attached to one particular seat in the senate chamber, I suppose if General Palmer were to live fifty years, and remain in the senate all that time, nothing could induce him to give up this seat. When he gets in the habit of hanging his coat on a particular peg that peg takes such hold of him that if the peg were to be removed he would think a bright page had been torn out of his life's history. He likes the old things, the things which he knows. He always eats at the same table in the senate restaurant, and always the same thing. When he goes out for a little bitters to ward off the malaria of this Washington climate, as most of the senators do, he always stands in one particular place and adheres strictly to one brand of medicine. At home he has one chair dedicated to his own use, and when it is occupied by some one he stands.

Here is old Senator Morrill with us again. The senate chamber would not look natural without this fine old head and those studiously bent shoulders. Mr. Morrill is now the oldest man in congress, being nearly eighty-two. An interesting meeting took place in the senate chamber yesterday. Senator Coke took over to the aristocratic end of the Capitol tall, lusty, western looking Mr. Bailey, a new member from the Lone Star State and introduced him to Senator Morrill. Extremes met in this instance, for Morrill is the oldest and Bailey the youngest man in congress. The difference between their ages is more than half a century, or fifty-three years.

The question much mooted in Washington, Can a congressman ride a bicycle and preserve his dignity? has been settled in the affirmative. Two of the brightest and most promising of the new members of the house—Johnson of Cleveland, and Owen Scott of Bloomington, Ill.—brought their wheels with them when they came to Washington, and may be seen any fine day rolling up and down the avenue on their way to and from the Capitol. Other congressmen are talking of indulging in the same luxury, and the day may come when, if we speak of the wheels of legislation, it will be necessary to pause and explain whether wheels within wheels or wheels tandem and rubber tired are meant.

The Taylors we always have with us. It is becoming one of the standing jokes at the national capital that a house of representatives without five or six Taylors in it would be an indication that the universal cataclysm was approaching. In the last congress there were four Taylors—one from Tennessee, one from Illinois and two from Ohio. Now we have five, all that were in the last house, with one more from Ohio. An odd thing about it is that the three Ohio Taylors—Ezra B., John D. and Vincent A.—come from adjoining districts, are all Republicans, and no two of them are of the same family. WALTER WELLMAN.

The Inventor of the New Cooking.
BROOKLINE, Mass., Dec. 10.—The noted author of numerous books and pamphlets on political economy, banking and general science, Edward Atkinson, is now in his sixty-fifth year and apparently has laid aside his pen, though he still adds to his wonderful collection of books and manuscripts in the library of his magnificent mansion in this Boston suburb, his birthplace and always his home.

His whole energies at present are devoted to the promotion of a knowledge of the merits of his invention, an improved stove oven, called the "Aladdin cooker." He often lectures upon the excellences of this domestic appliance, furnishing practical illustration by cooking upon it various delectable dishes, which he distributes to his auditors.

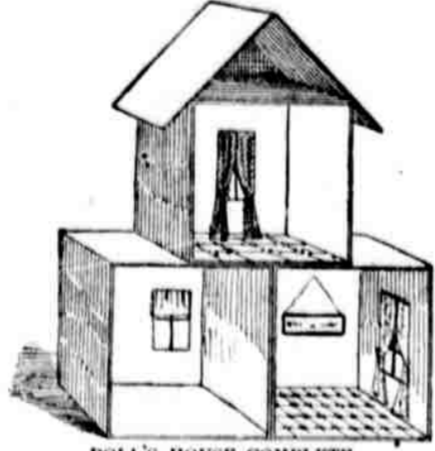
A HOUSE FOR THE DOLL.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT THAT MAY BE MADE FOR THE LITTLE DAUGHTER.

All You Need is Some Boxes, Some Card-board, Some Wall Paper, Figured Chints and Plenty of Taste, Ingenuity and Perseverance.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—Teachers are complaining of the want of imagination in children, and lessons are being given to develop that faculty, which seems to lie dormant. The cause is partly traceable to the completeness of toys now for sale at prices which almost every purse can afford. They are bewitching, but they leave nothing to that divine faculty which is almost creative.



DOLL'S HOUSE COMPLETE.

Better than all the French roofed, glass fronted, modern built doll houses for sale at high prices is one made of three or four wooden boxes, whose rooms open full to the touch, and which leaves the whole front of the mansion to the little owner's imagination. To make a satisfactory one, and now is a good time to do this, for Christmas is at hand, procure three boxes of uniform size, a foot and a half long and wide, and about a foot deep, or any dimensions that will make them resemble miniature rooms when set on their sides. The outside may be painted some plain color, and the inside may be covered, all but the part that forms the floor, with plain paper, or scraps left from small patterned wall papers. The floors can have bits of ingrain carpet, or stair oil-cloth, or any pieces of dark, heavy cloth tacked neatly down.

For windows cut oblongs of white paper, ruling the sashes and panes with heavy ink lines. Over these curtains are to be draped dotted Swiss edged with narrow lace for the parlor and bedroom and muslin half curtains for the kitchen. If these materials are not at hand, use anything—old pieces of wide lace or embroidery, or scraps of bright or pale colored wood goods—whatever can be found in the piece bag. It is the purpose of this description to tell how the toys may be made almost entirely with things found about the house. For the parlor walls there should be a few pictures, constructed perhaps out of advertising cards framed with a flat oblong of Bristol board or stiff paper gilded. The picture can be pasted behind the opening and a pin will hold it all on the wall. If one can paint or draw, a few strokes of brush or pen will make a simple picture to delight the child owner.

An easel may be cut out of Bristol board (see diagram), the center leg to be bent back after being strengthened by a piece of stout muslin pasted over the angle comes. A picture can be pasted half way up the easel, which is colored with dark water color paint or gilded. The parlor furniture is made entirely of pasteboard, covered with any bits of silk, wool or velvet that will do. Assorted colors will make the tiny room more gay. Each piece given in the diagram must be covered on one side, or both, with goods, which is held firmly by long stitches of thread connecting opposite sides. The pieces are then overcast together, and silk to match the goods is used, and the stitches are fine. This can be done on the outside. The seat is made by cutting a piece to fit the opening and padding it slightly, then covering one side to match the chair.



DIAGRAMS SHOWING HOW FURNITURE MAY BE MADE.

The lounge is made by cutting one piece as in diagram, an oblong piece like the lower half of back, and two ends to fit. These last three pieces and the seat are to be covered on one side only. When all is put together, make a tiny roll of cotton or rags, cover it to match the lounge and sew it at the end where the back is highest, attaching it to the back. This makes the lounge pillow.

The bedroom furnishings may be covered with cretonne, and if this is used curtain the window with a piece of the same. Cretonne may be pasted smoothly over the outside of a good sized spool box, to form the bedstead. Spools saved in half and glued to the corners of the box will make legs, which can be concealed by a valance. If the lid be placed over one end of the lower half of the box, so as to stand at right angles to it, a foundation for a canopy of cretonne or lace will be made.

The bedstead ought to have a little

cotton mattress and pillows and all the usual furnishings. Shams and a counterpane can be made of dotted Swiss, laid over plain colored cambric and edged with narrow lace. A very cunning bureau is made of three pen boxes, which open by sliding the box part in and out of the other part. They are pasted over one another, and handles to the boxes or drawers are made of shoe buttons. Chairs, covered with cretonne, may be constructed after the pattern of those in the parlor.

For the kitchen a tin stove can be bought, with a tiny boiler, stewpan and teakettle for ten, fifteen or twenty-five cents. A wooden table and chairs are obtainable for a few cents each, though better ones can be made by any one who uses a jackknife deftly. A wash bench will help fill the room and a dresser may be manufactured by fastening an inch wide strip of board on one wall, half way up, and hanging it with a calico curtain. A row of tin plates, two or three for a cent, ranged along the top will finish it, and when the dolls are in their places and the bits of furniture arranged the builder of the toy palace of delight, be she mother, aunt or elder sister, will have forgotten what it means to be a child if she does not feel like getting down on the floor beside the happy owner and playing house once more.

ANNIE ISABEL WELLS.

"WASHEE! WASHEE!" AS A FIGHTER.

Facts Suggested by the Rumors of Disturbances in the Empire.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—Although the reports from China regarding the rebellion in the Celestial empire are so conflicting that it is difficult to get at the real truth of the matter, yet there is no doubt that the trouble is serious. It is indeed quite possible, if the killing of foreigners continues, that western nations may interfere. This contingency renders the Chinaman, considered as a fighter, an object of interest.

Most people in the United States are under the impression that "Washee! Washee!" is a harmless, good natured sort of fellow. This idea is absolutely erroneous. The Chinese are fighters, and good fighters at that. In foreign countries, where they are outnumbered, they seem meek and forbearing, but in their own country they are insolent, arrogant and treacherous. Having lived in China nearly two years and met numbers of Chinese sailors, soldiers and pirates in river encounters and on the battlefield, I have no hesitation in saying that an educated Chinaman, and especially one from the north, is just as brave as any American or European soldier. The lower classes are worse than savages. Many qualities such as may be found among the Indians are unknown to them, but in sheer bestial cruelty the subjects of his Celestial majesty surpass even cannibals.

A very strong trait in the character of a Chinaman is that he doesn't lose his head under any circumstances; in diplomacy, on the battlefield or wherever it be, he coolly counts the cost and provides for it. If the odds are in his favor he will fight; if not, he will run before a shot is fired. Superior numbers always inspire him with confidence, though during the Tonquin war the Chinese found out too often that mere numbers do not always count.

Chinese soldiers of the regular army are drilled and armed in the same manner as the regulars of any civilized nation, and while I cannot say that they are as skillful and efficient in the use of arms or as deft and tractable in maneuvering as Americans or European soldiers, they have qualities which must not be underrated. Infantry fire has little effect upon them, for if they die in that way it only shows that Buddha evidently wished them to live no longer. What John the soldier, however, hates above all things is shrapnel, and during the Tonquin war I often heard the remark, "Flenchen big gun killee too many." During the fights from Chu to the Chinese wall the position of the Chinese had invariably to be taken by assault, and even then the Celestial only ran when the enemy was almost near enough to grab his pigtail.

I have referred to the barbarous nature of the Mongol, and give the following instance to illustrate it: One day an infantry soldier was missing, and it was at once suspected that the man had been killed. After a diligent search he was found on the following day, his arms and legs outstretched and pinned to the ground with pointed bamboo sticks. One stake was driven through the palm of each hand, another through the breast and one through his feet, which were crossed. His face and other parts of his body were covered with unslaked lime, which had burned deep holes into the flesh. The most common way in China of killing an enemy is to sever the head from the trunk, which generally is done with a dull knife.

It is very seldom that a Chinaman will fight man to man, but he will attack his antagonist when the majority is on his side. During the battle of Dong-dong 12,000 Chinese soldiers attacked 900 Frenchmen and were only driven back by shrapnel. The assault was repeated five times, but it was not until the Mongols lost 5,000 men that they desisted. Americans and Europeans are apt to look upon the Chinese soldier as a little fellow as harmless and penny as the ordinary laundryman, but this is a great mistake. I have seen among the hills skirting the river Min, on the banks of Chinese men-of-war and in the junks, thousands of stalwart fellows, straight as palms, over six feet high, supple and quick in movement, with brawny arms, wide shoulders and deep, powerful chests.

F. DE THUMMEL-CLOTH.

GIRL LOVE.

She (greatly smitten by Lord Nabob) —Have you met Lord Nabob?
He (a smart young man) —Yes, and I think it's a shame the way girls poke fun at him.

She (suddenly reformed) —He-he! Isn't he a gentleman? New York weekly.

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