

THE COMING CABINET

INTERESTING GOSSIP ABOUT THE NEXT ADMINISTRATION.

Fairchild the Only Member of the Old Cabinet Who May Be Reappointed. Why Whitney Will Not Accept Office. Isaac Pusey Gray's Prospects.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—It is difficult to realize that we are within three months and less of a new administration. In a few weeks the newspapers will be filled day after day with gossip concerning the formation of the new president's cabinet. Let us anticipate our friends of the daily dispatches a little and see if we can throw any light upon the important and interesting topic of what Mr. Cleveland is likely to do and not to do.

I think I can say without fear of contradiction that Mr. Cleveland is going to be a very large part of the new administration himself. He always was accustomed to having his way about things, and as he grows older and meets with new successes it is very natural that this habit should become more noticeable. One hears about twenty times a day in Washington the prediction that in less than six months Mr. Cleveland will be the most cordially hated and luridly cursed man in the Democratic party—that is to say, his own party friends will be cursing him. This may be true, but if it is I imagine that Mr. Cleveland isn't losing any sleep about it. There are numerous and unmistakable indications that when he comes to the White House for the second time Mr. Cleveland will take up the reins of his great office with the supreme satisfaction of feeling that he is going to do what he pleases and bother the consequences.

It is an odd thing, but a president of the United States, the most powerful official of this continent and one of the greatest rulers of the world, is under ordinary circumstances a man who soon becomes noted for not having his own way. A president who wants to be re-elected—and nearly all presidents do, sooner or later—must bow the knee to a horde of politicians great and small or bid farewell to any hope of succeeding himself.

If he stands up and fights and has his own way about things, he will become unpopular, will be cursed from Maine to Texas and will not be re-nominated or re-elected. If he succumbs to the influence of the politicians and submits to their domination, he will advertise himself to the country as a man too pliant and weak to be trusted with the great responsibilities of the office. In seeking a happy mean between the two extremes a president of the United States is one of the most miserable, most harassed and most unhappy mortals on the face of the earth.

This brings me to a point which I have often made before in these letters. It is that we are surely coming to a change in our constitution which will forbid the re-election of a president. Men of all parties are now agreed that it is unwise to choose a man as his own successor in the presidential chair. The politicians are agreed that it is only under exceptional circumstances, such as war or danger of war, that a president can be re-elected, even if it is then desirable. Cleveland tried it and failed; Harrison tried it and failed. The trouble is that during his first term a president necessarily makes so many enemies that when the campaign for his re-election comes on he is inevitably weaker than his party.

Still more serious is the influence which a renomination has upon the politicians and local leaders throughout the country. They say: "Oh, what difference does it make to us whether this man is elected again or not? He didn't give us an office during the present term, and if we turn to and help him to a second term we are simply working to keep in office the fellows who are already there." But if a new man is put up the men who already hold good jobs turn in and work in hope of keeping them, and the chaps who are on the outside pull off their coats in hope of getting in.

Besides there is some peculiar quality in the public mind which welcomes change. The people become tired of the very name of a president. They become tired of gossip about him and stories which illustrate his character and me- mories. They would like to see a new sun rise in the horizon. They have an instinctive, even if unconscious, craving for novelty. In four years about all the sentiment there is in the personality of a president is dissipated in the popular mind.

Four years ago the people were a little weary of Grover, whose strong character and certain mental peculiarities had at first strangely attracted them. Last month they gave evidence that the sentiment which "Little Ben" had roused in them was no longer a force. When you come to think about it, sentiment is after all the biggest thing in the world. It beats money and brains all to pieces. Andrew Jackson obtained his marvelous hold upon the people of our earlier republic because his rude character and uncouth manners were just suited to fill and satisfy the imagination of the times. He was a heroic figure, and his clay pipe and "By the Eternal!" did more to maintain him in power than all his craft and wisdom.

It was the same with Lincoln, the next president after Jackson who appealed to the popular imagination. Of course Lincoln was a great, a wonderful man, as we see him now, but when he was proposed for a second term there were plenty of people who did not take the view of him which history takes. Yet the sentiment which attached to "Old Abe," and the rail splitting, and the stories and the anecdotes about his tenderness of heart and homeliness of speech made him invincible in the face of powerful opposition. Of course General Grant obtained a second term almost without a struggle. A great military hero like Grant could never be over-

turned in a popular election in this country in the generation of the struggle in which he had distinguished himself.

Mr. Cleveland will come in with the advantage of four years' experience and four years more of observation from the outside. If he can't make a good president this time, there is no virtue in opportunity.

There is one thing that I do not think Mr. Cleveland will do, and that is to appoint any member of his old cabinet to a place in the new ministry. If there is any exception to this rule, it will probably be found in the case of Mr. Fairchild, who was secretary of the treasury after the death of Manning. Mr. Fairchild is not only a warm personal friend of the new president, but he is an able and experienced financier. I hear from very good sources that if Mr. Fairchild will make the sacrifice of income necessary to enable him to come to Washington and work four years for Uncle Sam for a salary that will keep his horses and pay his house rent and leave his other expenses to come out of his private purse he may be asked to take his old post at the head of the treasury department.

The most famous member of Mr. Cleveland's former cabinet, W. C. Whitney, will not come to Washington with Mr. Cleveland this time. Shall I bluntly tell you why? Because Mr. Whitney does not wish to incur the risk of quarreling with his friend, the president elect, which service in his cabinet would involve. This sounds like a queer statement, but it is true nevertheless. If any man in the world knows Mr. Cleveland, it is W. C. Whitney. He knows how great and strong Cleveland is, and also how stubborn and unreasonable he is when the spirit moves him. They managed to get through one administration together and the recent campaign, but in both of these trials there was often more or less danger of rupture.

From what I have heard I think it safe to say Whitney is the only man who could have "managed" Cleveland without a row through the last six months. If there hadn't been so much at stake for themselves and their party the far would have been flying in the surrounding atmosphere more than once. But the election is over, and Mr. Cleveland's future is fixed. He will serve as president four years and after that will retire to a well earned rest. He knows this as well as any one, and he knows better than any of us how much fun he is going to have during the next four years in the solid way of doing what he likes, irrespective of Tom, Dick or Harry.

He and Whitney are now good friends, and Mr. Whitney is wise enough to avoid putting any unnecessary strains upon their relations. There is an idea abroad in the land that Whitney is to be the heir of the Cleveland political estate, and he doesn't want to have any row with the testator.

Mr. Bayard won't be in the new cabinet for a good many reasons. Mr. Bayard has lost his grip as a public man and always was somewhat overrated. Besides he is not financially able to indulge the luxury of a cabinet office.

Don Dickson wants to make some money, too, and doesn't hanker for the job of running the postoffice department. Mr. Dickinson told me the other day that the postoffice department is the most difficult branch of the entire government to manage. It appears to be well organized, and is in most ways, but the duties of the postmaster general are just what they were when the government was started. Technically he is supposed to do the whole business, and while this is physically impossible the law requires him to do so much, to attend to so many matters in person, to sign such an enormous number of letters and documents that a P. M. G. must work harder than any slave of mine or mill.

I shouldn't be surprised if General Pat Collins, of Boston, were in the new cabinet. Cleveland is fond of him, and Collins isn't a bit afraid of Cleveland. There is a strong probability that Governor Gray, of Indiana, will be a member. There is a little history about this which perhaps I shouldn't mention. It is to the effect that during the recent campaign things didn't look well for Democracy in Indiana. The Gray men were holding back. They had lost the vice presidency at the Chicago convention and weren't happy.

Governor Gray was invited to go and see Mr. Cleveland. He went. In order to get Gray into good humor Mr. Cleveland said just a little more than he had expected to say, and now the governor counts on being called to a seat at the council board. The truth is, Mr. Cleveland doesn't want him and yet cannot just see how he is to get out of it honorably. So even the self-willed and do-as-you-please Mr. Cleveland cannot always live on Easy street.

I should be very much surprised if Mr. Carlisle were to be secretary of the treasury. He is talked of, but he doesn't want the honor and isn't fitted for the work. He is too great a man to be secretary of the treasury. He is a student, a thinker and an orator—not a man of business, not a desk slave, not a trained executive. In such a place he would be a conspicuous failure, just as in the senate he is an adornment to American public life and intellectuality.

For the same reason I should not think Mr. Cleveland would take Colonel Morrison, of Illinois, into his cabinet. Colonel Morrison knows a good deal about the tariff question and is one of the most admirable characters our public service has ever produced, but he has few qualifications for the secretaryship of the treasury.

Where will Mr. Cleveland find a secretary of state? It is a queer thing, but all our list of present statesmen there is not one that fills the bill for this honor. Mr. Carlisle would be better for that than for finance, but he is too poor. Senator Gray, of Delaware, comes well toward the ideal, but I make my guess as to the man who will get it—James C. Carter, the leader of the New York bar, a great lawyer, a wealthy man, an entirely respectable figure and a warm friend of Mr. Cleveland's.

WALTER WELLMAN.

CHIPPER CHESTNUTS.

It is never necessary to tell the money lender to take a little more interest in his business.—New Orleans Picayune.

Many unkind things are said of the telephone, but one of its redeeming features is that you can't lend money through it.—Philadelphia Record.

"Is Jack here tonight?" "Yes, but you can't see him. He's behind the chrysanthemum in his buttonhole."—Boston Gazette.

The London museum contains the first envelope ever made. It was probably found in some man's pocket addressed in his wife's hand.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Heiress—How can you ask me to be your wife, Mr. Symposone, when you are dependent on your father for an income? Symposone—But, gal, I won't be if I marry you.—Funny Folks.

No pawnbroker will undertake to guard young men from reckless dissipation, but he'll keep watch for them.—Philadelphia Times.

"The great problem that I have to deal with," said the keeper of the Imbecile asylum, "is to find some occupation for the people under my charge." "Why not set them to inventing college yells?" asked the visitor.—Buffalo Express.

"I'll have to raise the rent," said the landlord. "All right," said the tenant. "It's more than I can do."—Washington Star.

Uncle Josh—I guess James must be doing first rate down in the city practice law. Aunt Mandy—Why? Uncle Josh—Well, I heard two fellows that come in while I was there say they wanted him to come up and try a new case that evenin.—Kate Field's Washington.

Mrs. Mulligan—And so you have no mother now? Motherless Boy—No, mum. Mrs. Mulligan—Well, my boy, whenever you feel the want of a good thrashing come to me, and I'll be a mother to you.—Tit Bits.

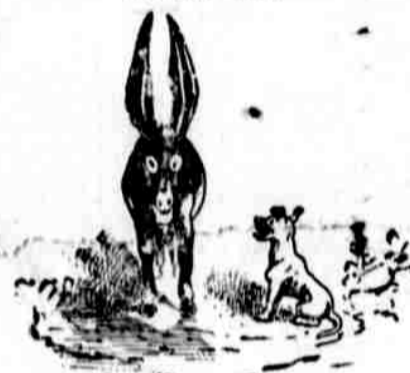
Author—But why do you charge me more for printing this time than usual? Publisher—Because the compositors were constantly falling asleep over your novel.—Fliegende Blatter.

Even a lightning calculator may fall to accurately estimate the speed of an electric car when he wants to cross the street ahead of it.—Binghamton Republican.

Consolation from the Bench.

A story of a kind hearted trial justice is told in central Maine. The sorrows of the offenders brought before him touched him deeply, but despite his efforts at condole- nce he was strict in doing his official duty. On one occasion an offender be- waived his fate when found guilty of a crime. "Have you ever been sentenced before?" asked Judge Q— kindly. "No-o-o!" blurted out the culprit, bursting into tears. "Well, well, don't feel so bad about it," said the judge sympathetically; "you're going to be now."—Lewiston Jour- nal.

Striking Ears.



Doggie—You have very striking ears.



Mule—Yes, I think so.—Truth.

Where They Went.

Miss Madison—Strange your recital was not a success. The papers said that the audience went wild. Paderewsky—That means they stamp- ped for the box office.—New York Trib- une.

Nursery Philosophy.

Mother—Now, children, you must be very good today, for your father has hurt his hand, and if you are naughty he cannot whip you.—Fliegende Blatter.

A Fowl.

Bill Smith thinks more of fancy fowls than anything beside. While in a garden nicely tilled Jack Perkins takes most pride. And best of neighbors they remained until one luckless day. Bill's coop got shaky and his fowls went stak- ing o'er the way.

They wandered round until they came to Perkins' garden patch. And here they all resolved to stop and have a jolly scratch. When Perkins knew this shameful fact his feelings you can guess. He went and told Bill that his fowls had made an awful mess.

Well, Bill thanked Perkins that he came and talked of it so plain. And said he'd never let his fowls go bothering him again. And Bill meant well, no doubt, but yet I am compelled to say Jack found the poultry in his patch 'most ev- ery other day.

One noon Bill went as usual to view his feath- ered neighbors. And found, with grief, one rooster gone—an eight-pound Plymouth Rock. And for that fowl, both far and near, he searched with anxious care. Then called and asked Jack if he'd seen his rooster anywhere.

"What's that?" said Jack. "Your rooster gone? Your biggest one? That's queer. Why, 'tain't so very long ago I saw it over here. I'd help you find it, only, Bill, we're going to have a treat.

For dinner, and I told my wife I'd be on hand to eat. "Say, Bill, you'd better take advice and go and fix your coop." For just between yourself and me your roost- er's—in the coop."

—B. T. Warner in Boston Globe.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

How the Comfort of the Public Will Be Provided for at the World's Fair.

CHICAGO, Dec. 15.—There is—or was once on a time—an old hymn very much in favor with that class of itinerant evangelists known as Primitive Metho- dists that dwelt in stanzas many inches long upon the good time coming, when there would be "Rest for the Weary."

That hymn ought to be very popular at Jackson park next year, for there will be many and many a weary one among the daily torrent of World's fair sight- seers—weary mothers and fathers and little ones, weary sweethearts and beaux, weary youth and old age that have tramped up and down many miles of avenues and threaded their way in and out a score or more of buildings of vaster dimensions than they have ever seen be- fore or even dreamed of, and explored the mysteries of numberless side shows, and skirted the lagoons on crowded launches until nature has revolted and soliloquizes with itself. "Where was I at?"

Then a place of rest will be in the na- ture of a friend in need and a friend in- deed—a haven of refuge—where the worn- out sightseers, with minds bewil- dered and confused by explorations among the wonders that the nations of the earth have gathered together, may, to quote a popular and learned divine, "sit twirling their thumbs and gazing outwardly into vacancy or inwardly into vacancy, as the case may be."

And resting places there will be. The exposition authorities have sensibly de- creed that the two R's, Recreation and Rest, must needs be dependent one upon the other. And so we are to have a "Bureau of Public Comfort." What a world of memories the name will conjure up among old Centennial goers! Who among them is there that has for- gotten the picturesque structure just back of the main building in Fair- mount park over which a welcoming legend was emblazoned in letters a foot high.

How many women came here to bathe their throbbing brows; how many lost children were restored to anxious par- ents; how many missing articles found their rightful owners; how many home prepared lunches were devoured in the big rotunda; how many telegraph mes- sages telling of good times and good health winged their way over the con- tinent from the little pigeonhole in the corridor!

And here it was, too, that the Centen- nial news gatherers—how many of them have now passed into the great beyond!—women as well as men (for woman's share in journalism is not, as a good many people imagine, an incident of comparatively recent development), and who represented the leading publications and press associations of three conti- nents, came together with such recur- ring sunset to exchange gleanings, com- pare facts and elaborate fiction.

But all this is reminiscence. One bu- reau of public comfort was sufficient for the Centennial; a half dozen or more will be required to take care of Chicago's visitors next year. In 1876 the enter- prise was a private one, in the nature of a concession, but the coming fair will be so vast in scope that the directorate has made the comfort and convenience of its guests a part of its own business and proposes to conduct it under its own direction.

The success of the Centennial bureau in all its details was so phenomenal that the directory went to considerable trou- ble to locate the whereabouts of its origi- nator and manager. He was finally discovered away up in the mountains of Colorado prospecting for silver and finding sufficient, as he puts it, to keep the camp in rations. It needed some little persuasion to bring him to the Wundy C., but he is here, and so it happens that the same old grizzled vet- eran of Centennial recollections, Major Marsh W. Kasson, is for the second time chief of the public comfort department of an American World's fair.

As the result of his experience, com- bined with new ideas, an elaborate scheme has been devised. The enormous terminal building, through which every visitor reaching the grounds by steam car must enter, has been selected as the main bureau, and numerous others will be scattered over the ground, as well as located in the larger structures devoted to manufactures, mining and prob- ably fisheries.

In all of these there will be provision for what may be termed everyday nec- essities, big resting rooms with comfort- able easy chairs, ladies' parlors, writing rooms, lavatories, bootblack and news- paper stands, and commodious eating rooms, where those who bring their lunches in preference to patronizing the expensive menus of the restaurants may eat at their leisure and get a cup of coffee to wash down the solids. There will be registers upon which the visitors may inscribe their names, where they came from, where they are stopping, when they propose to return, so that their friends and neighbors may round them up, as it were, and have a reunion away from home.

Polite attendants will be on hand primed with information on about every subject under the sun. Telegraphic dis- patches will be received and sent, tick- ets reserved for places of amusement, sleeping accommodations secured for visitors homeward bound and hand bag- gage and parcels taken care of. And in relation to the latter convenience it is interesting to recall the fact that of nearly a quarter of a million articles handled by the Centennial bureau so perfect was Major Kasson's system that but a single piece, and that a lady's parasol, failed to reach its owner, and the latter, womanlike, very readily accepted a five dollar bill as an equivalent.

Last, but not least, the Columbian bureau has perfected a plan by which it expects to be able to provide a comfort- able sleeping place for every prospective visitor that may seek its good offices; that end, even if they were to swoop down upon it a half million strong. But that's another story.

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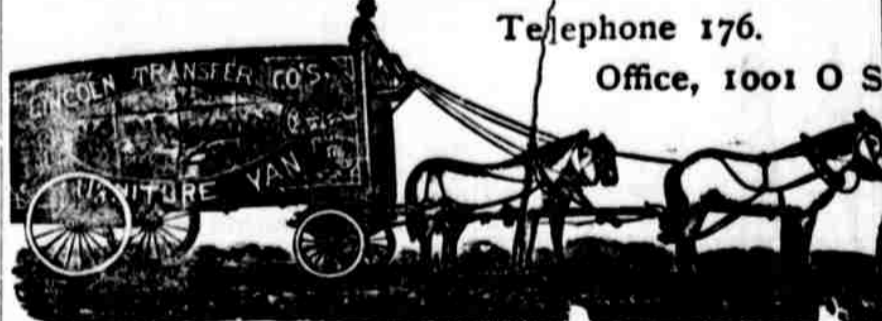
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