SENATORS AS SOIL TICKLERSS

Members of the Upper House of Congress Who Farm for Fun and Profit.

MILLIONS MADE BY SENATORS IN MINING

Stories of Our House of Lords Legislators, How They Made their Money and Where They Put it-A Senator on Business Methods in Base Ball,

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jan. 6 .- [Special Correspondence of The Ben.] - There has been more talk about gold mines than politics at the capitol this week. The recent discoveries near Darango in Colorado have excited our leading statesmen who have made or lost money in mines and you hear more gossip about fortunes in gold and silver than about the monetary conference or the new schemes for equalizing the ratio. Nearly every senator has at some time or other been engaged in mining and quite a number of the members of both houses are interested in gold mines in the south. The late Senator Hearst had mineral fields in the Carolinas and John C. Spooner used to keep a quart cup of gold nuggets on his library table which had been taken out of these diggings. Senator Sawyer made the only bad speculation of his whole life in his gold mine near Washington and I learned the other night that he has put \$60,000 into the red clay and white quartz lands along Rock creek. There is a sprinkling of gold all over the South Atlantic states and the veins run up through Virginia and crop out here and there about the national capital. Just above the city very good indications have been found, and a year ago Senator Sawyer bought about 400 acres of this gold land and set experts to mining it. A stamping mill was put up and shafts were sunken, and I understand today that the output is between \$30,000 and \$75,000 behind the expense account. In fact, the irreverent people about the senate who have been out to look at the land facetiously say that "the only things you can raise on it are hell and Christmas trees." Its sole value consists in the gold under it, and this seems to be like the Irishman's flea-"when you put your finger on it you find it is not there.' Senator Wolcott's Big Mining Speculation.

I called upon Senator Henry M. Teller last night and chatted with him about Colorado's new mineral regions. He said he supposed the report was to a large extent sensational, but that the mineral regions of the west were as yet practically unprospected and no one could prophecy as to the "finds" of the future. "We know," said he, "more about mining than we did in the past and some of the ground which has been gone over again and again has been lately found to contain mines which are turning out for-tunes and the Creede and Cripple Creek regions are still doing well. Colorado has a vast amount of mineral wealth and you can never know what will be the discoveries of the next few weeks."
"How about Senator Wolcott's mine?" "Senator Welcott is interested in a num

ber of mines," replied Senator Teller, "and he has made a great deal of money in mining. He is a shrewd investor and he has many mining friends. I am told that he has made \$125,000 during the past year out of his Creede mine, and the story of this mine illus-trates how easily and how quickly a man may make a fortune in precious metals. The mine was brought to Wolcott's attention by a friend of his named Saunders, a man who has made several fortunes in mining. Saunders had been offered the mine for \$100,000, of which \$30,000 was to be paid in cash and the remaining \$70,000 was to be delivered within six months after the taking of the mine. Saunders said that he had examined the mine and that it promised well and he advised Wolcott to take a tenth interest. This Wolcott did and handed over \$3,000, his share of the cash payment. Wolcott's brother took another tenth and the deal was consummated a year ago. I don't think the stockholders paid anything except this first \$30,000. The mine turned out well from the start. During its first three months they took out enough ore to pay the \$70,000 which they owed and within a year from the time they bought it they had reimbursed themselves the \$30,000 they had put in and had taken out a million and a quarter dollars' worth of ore, which is all clear profit. There seems to be no end to the lead and they are doing better than ever. Senator Wolcott's share of this amount, as I have said, would be \$125,000 and he is a lucky speculator."

Senators Who Raise Fish. "Is Senator Wolcott much of a money

"Is Senator Wolcott much of a money spender?" I asked.
"Yes," was the reply. "He believes in living well. He is a very generous man and one of his recent investments, which is eating up a good deal, is his farm. He has one of some hundreds of acres not far from Denver upon which he has spent, I venture, more than \$100,000 and where as is the case on than \$100,000, and where, as is the case on the farm of William Walter Phelps, the but-termilk and the champagne cost just about the same. Welcott is fond of fishing and he has dredged a big fish pond out of the flat soil and he is trying to raise game fish in it." "By the way, senator, how about that big farm of yours in southern Colorado? I have heard it said that you have more land than any other senator?

I don't think that statement is correct,' replied Senator Teller. "Senator Stanford has tens of thousands of acres, and you could drop Washington City down into Senator Sawyer's big Texas farm and wander for days among the vast fields composing it without knowing it was there. Many of the other senators have larger farms than I have. My lands, however, are not for fancy farming. We are gradually improving them by irrigation, and the water we put on them by irrigation, and the water we put on them is for the raising of crops and not for the raising of fish. The fish pends I own are in connection with the fishing club of Denver. We have a number of fishing lakes in the mountains which are stocked with trout, and we can offer fine sport to our friends. The trout of the Rocky mountains are the sweet-est in the world, and when you fill your lungs with the air of that region you seem to be breathing champagne.

Senator Palmer and the Hogs of the Sea. "By the way," Senator Teller went on,
"did you ever hear of Tom Palmer's fish
pond? Senator Palmer has, you know, a
place of about 400 acres right on the edge of
Detroit. He is worth several million dollars,
and this land is increasing so fast in value,
that it materially adds to his fortune. He is
very proud of it, for it belonged to his father
and was, I think, entered by him. A street
railroad runs to the edge of it and Palmer can
go to his country home on electric cars. He railroad runs to the edge of it and Palmer can go to his country home on electric cars. He does all sorts of fancy farming on it and he has, I have been told, a log cabin there which cost him \$12,000 to build, and it was right in front of this that he set a gang of men to work to make a lake. They dredged out the ground and made a winding depression, with elevations here and there to be used as islands, when it was found that there was no water for the lakes or the fish. was no water for the lakes or the fish. Palmer was for a time in the condition of Simple Simon, whose fishing tour you may have read in Mother Goose. You must re-

have read in Mother Goose. You must remember it.

"Simple Simon went a fishing
For to catch a whale,
But all the water he could find
Was in his mother's pail.

"There is nothing simple about Tom
Palmer, however, and he at once laid pipes
to a spring near his lake and put up a steam
engine, which continually kept pumping
water into it. He soon had one of the prettiest little pieces of spring water in the water into it. He soon had one of the prettiest little pieces of spring water in the country. It was clear as crystal and its waves sparkled like diamonds under the sun. Palmer had some fancy boats on it and he was enjoying it when one day he concluded to add some choice fish to it. As I have heard the story, he didn't know anything about fish, but he was told that the German carp were splendid breeders and he concluded to start out with them. He sent to the fish commission and they gave him plenty of spawn. He planted this and awaited results. Within a few months his waters were swarming with fish and he was surprised to find that with their advent his lakes had lost their beauty. They had become as muddy as a mortar bed, and though he kept his engine running night and day he could not make them clear. He then learned what

every one finds out as soon as he begins to breed carp, and that is that they are a mud fish rather than a water fish. They are the hogs of the sea, and they wallow in the dirt at the bottom of the water and keep it always muddy. Palmer did the best he could to get rid of them, but they would have the made of the world did the best he could to get rid of them, but they would bury themselves in the und when he let out the water, and as soon as he turned it on again they would commence wagging their tails and come up to the sur-face only to make his beautiful lakes yel-lower than ever. I don't know how he set-tled the question, but I would advise you to be diplomatic in your expression if you ever mention the subject of carp to him,"

New Stories by Uncle Jerry Rusk. New Stories by Uncle Jerry Rusk.

I spent an evening this week with Secretary Rusk at his home near Thomas Circle. He lives very nicely at Washington and has a big house in the most fashionable part of the city. He is not, however, very fond of Washington society and he prefers a quiet chat in his parler to dancing attendance on the Washington round of receptions. He is very philosophic as to the results of the election and his only hope is that a live man will be chosen as secretary of agriculture and that the great farming interests of the country will be cared for. There is no better story teller at the capital than Uncle Jerry Rusk. He is packed full of interesting anedotes about the public men he knows, and he dotes about the public men he knows, and he can tell a story almost as well as Joe Jeffer-son. During my talk with him the subject of the campaign in Wisconsin came up, and I asked him what ex-Senator Spooner was doing since his defeat as candidate for gov-

"He is doing nothing yet," was the reply "He is doing nothing yet." was the reply.
"but he is going back to his law practice, and will devote himself from now on to making money. Spooner is one of the finest lawyers in the United States, and he can make \$25,000 a year at his practice. He lost a great deal by coming to Washington, and he is, I venture, worth less now than he was when he was first elected to the senate. He has not made much money since he left the senate. He got a taste of public life and he hungered after its flesh pots to such an extent that he didn't care to do anything else as long as he saw a chance of getting back to them. It was for this reason that he wanted to be governor of Wisconsin, and he hoped, it to be governor of Wisconsin, and he hoped, it is said, to come back to the United States senate.

How Spooner Was Nominated. "How did Spooner get the nomination?" I asked. "I have understood that one of the other candidates had the lead up to the time of the convention."

"It was largely through Senator Saw-yer," was the reply. "Philetus Sawyer is a great friend of John Spooner. He has helped him in the past and he wanted to see him governor. Senator Sawyer is the best friend a man can have, and he is the only man who could have given Spooner the nom-ination. A very influential candidate [I think Secretary Rusk said his name was Upham] had the winning cards in his hand. but Senator Sawyer went to him and asked him to support Spooner.
"But, said Upham, I want the place myself; I am so fixed now that I can take

the governorship very nicely and I would like the position it would give me.' "'I think,' said Senator Sawyer, 'that your time has not yet come and I wish you would let John Spooner have the place this time.
You are a good man and you know I like you,
but we think we can elect Spooner easier
this year than we can you and I am anxious
to see him nominated.
"Well, if you say so, senator, I will, of
course, not run, was the reply "But I have

course, not run,' was the reply. 'But I have the delegates who would elect me and I could have the nomination if I tried. However, if you say no I will cast my votes for Spooner.'
"I really think you had better let Spooner have it this time,' replied Sawyer, and with that Upham gave up his ambition and stepped aside for Spooner."

How Senator Sawyer Saved His Friend "Upham must be a great friend of Senator Sawyer's," said I, "to do a thing of that

"Yes, he is," said General Rusk. "He is a type of the kind of friends that Sawyer has in Wisconsin, and he is under such obliga-tions to Sawyer that he would be the soul of ingcatitude if he did not oblige him. Sawyer made two fortunes for Upham. In the first place he started him in business, and when Upham had grown wealthy through Sawyer's start a spark from a railroad engine started a from his lumber yards, and in the space of two hours he lost all. His mills and lumber were worth \$200,000, and he lost and lumber were worth \$390,000, and he lost just \$190,000 an hour at this time. As he saw the smoldering ruins he concluded to try and get damages from the railroad. The railroad was, I think, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, one of the rich railroad corporations of the United States. Upham threatened suit against them, but they laughed at him. They knew that he was poor and that he could not possibly stand the expense of a protracted suit. They at last offered him \$75,000 as a loan with which to rebuild his rolling mill and start business again. saw no other chance of recuperating his for-tune, and he was about to take it when he concluded to present the matter first to Senator Sawyer. He went to Sawyer and told him how he was situated and said that he thought he had better take the loan. Saw-yer slapped the keys with which he was playing down hard upon the table and said:
"'Don't you do it. Don't you take a cent
nor hear to any sort of a compromise. I will deposit \$100,000 in the bank for you and with that you can begin your new mill, and if you will do exactly as I tell you I think we can bring the railroad to terms. But you must do exactly as I tell you. In the first place, do exactly as I tell you. In the first place, you must start your workmen on the mill, then send to your fawyer in New York and instruct him to bring his suit. Have him say to the railroad that you will not accept their \$75,000 as a loan and that you propose to fight the case to the end. You must have him say that Sawyer has loaned you enough money to complete building a new mill and that he will have you in your suit for all he that he will back you in your suit for all he

is worth .
"Upham did this, and the result was that before a week had passed the railroad com-pany came to him and offered him \$150,000 cash to settle. He took this offer to Senator Sawyer and Sawyer said: 'How much is the total amount of your loss!'

"'It figures up just \$200,000," replied Upham, 'but in that I include my old stock of lumber, which I had to sell, and my mill you know was an old one and pretty well worn. With this \$150,000 I could rebuild my mill and start on a better footing than I had when I was loaded down with old lumber and an old mill before the fire.'
"Then,' replied Senator Sawyer, 'I think

you had better take it." 'And take it he did," concluded Secretary Rusk, "and he is now a richer man than ever. It was no wonder that he withdrew at the request of Sawyer, and the senator has scores of just such friends, scattered all over the state. He is one of the kindest men we have in the northwest, and one of the honestest. He does favors because he likes to do them, and shough he lives with no view to the future, a great deal of his bread is like that cast upon the waters-it returns after many days."

Senator Sawyer's Base Ball Game. "By the way," said General Rusk," have ou ever heard of Senator Sawyer's base ball game? The story is current all over Wisconsin and it illustrates how Senator Sawyer believes in putting money into things to make them succeed. He lives, you know, at Oshkosh. When this base ball craze went over the country the Oshkosh boys wanted to establish a club. Edgar Sawyer, the sen-ator's son, and who, by the way, looks almost as old as the senator himself, was anxious to see the club succeed and he gave them \$2,500 to organize it and get good men

them \$2,500 to organize it and get good men as players. Somehow or other the nine was not a successful one. It was beaten again and again, and at last the Minneapolis club came down to play it. The Minneapolis nine was a celebrated one in the northwest and their coming to Oshkosh was quite an event. Edgar Sawyer took his father out along with him to see it and the two sat side by side on the grand stand. The Minneapolis club whitewashed the Oshkosh boys from the start. The strikers would send a bail out into right field away out of reach of the fielder, and the man would get in a home run without trouble. The next man would send a bail away over The next man would send a ball away over into the left field, and he would make another home run. This went ou for several innings, until at last the senator could stand it no longer, and left. As he went out he said to a friend:

said to a friend:

"This is my boy Edgar's nine out there, and he put \$2.500 into it to make it go. If I were playing ball I would run my ball just as I do my business. I would not skimp it, and I would sock enough money into it to make it a success. Why, he ain't got half enough men there. If I was him I would have two extra men in that right and left field if they cost me \$25 a day per man to ketch them. cost me \$25 a day per man to ketch them balls," and with this the old senator went off disgusted, shaking his keys with an angry shake and wondering why under heavens Edgar had not twenty men in his base ball club instead of nine."

THE SMART GIRL IN A CLOAK

She is Quaint, Picturesque and Very Heavily

Befurred.

Mantles of Bright and Daring Colors Adorn Fair Creatures-Revival of the Chignon in All Sizes and Degrees of Peculiarity.

New York, Jan. 6 .- [Correspondence of THE BEE.]-The streets are full and the stores, for the holiday lull is over and Broadway is packed almost solid with horses. wheels, women and men, moving up, down, threading across, living the hurried, bustling life of the busiest street of the world's busi-

Crossing Madison square this morning passed a girl in a long red cloak that stood out warm and bright against the snow, and was as good to look at as her pink-tinted cheeks and heavy masses of rippling yellow hair. It was a cloak of new and original pattern, and this, with the smile on her fresh lips and the snowberries in her button



TWO NOVEL BODICES.

hole, is my warrant for talking at some length about it-and her. It came to her knees just and it was not fitted to her figure either in front or behind. Its looseness was made more conspicuous by slashed seams running up above the waist toward the back on either side. A double row of huge carved pearl buttons fastened it in front and the big triangular revers that turned back from the bosom were faced with a darker crimson velvet that burned and glowed. A deep band of red and gold embroidery ran about the garment's skirts, which would have been almost too grand for comfort had not a little child tugged and pulled them.

Another girl, who had almost no coat at all, instead of an enormous one, was an in teresting feature of the midwinter parade Slight and dark, she looked like a gypsy in her red and black plaid frock, with full basque skirts reaching to the hips and with the minutest Spanish jacket imaginable of green velvet cut off square below the arms, coming down below the shoulders in triple sleeve caps and edged about with a line of mink fur. You might have thought her cold in a garment so microscopic, but in a minute you would have known her too much a woman to feel the frost in a garment so

pretty Passing the Fifth Avenue hotel was a tall weman who looked like an actress but probably wasn't one, there being nothing in this world of uncertainties more certain than that actresses never look as per schedule they ought to look off the stage. The tall woman wore a heavy black velvet princess dress with a deep border of black fox fur about the bottom. Her cape was fox fur also, but had an odd, turned-down colured to the stage. lar of velvet very full and plaited in puffy folds. Inside this collar was another one of scarlet silk which stood up about the throat quaintly and almost touched a scarlet feather drooping from a black velvet hat topping an old-fashioned chignon.

You wouldn't have believed the chignon could have come back, would you? Yet it is here in all sizes and degrees of peculiarity.

Now, who shall defend us from the hosp skirt since its attacks are reinforced by those of its old-time ally? I saw a woman in a chignon at the theater the other eyeuing. She stood up in her box with her back to me. First I saw her trained evening cloak of "penitential violet," as it is the fashion to call it, though where penauce comes in in wearing such rich robes of any color it would take an expert to determine. The cloak was trained and its double border of marten fur lay in stately folds along the floor. From its shoulders drooped a cape that was really no cape, but two shoulder caps, big and ambitious, coming round to the back and meeting there. From the cape drooped a heavy plum and gold galon, Up about the throat was a fur ruff, high and spreading, and carrying the eye naturally to the big globe of hair, at which I looked and gasped and muttered, "the chignon!" is the first one I had seen and the boldness was the first one I had seen and the bounces of its reappearance astounded me. The woman had pretty hair, pale yellow it was and curly in front, and the chignon had a belold net spangled with beads over it, but it



AN EMPIRE STREET DRESS.

I've seen a good many since. There was a woman at a table d'hote restaurant yesterday. She was a blonde, too, curiously. Are biondes quicker at following a new lead, good or bad, than their darker sisters? She were a sealskin jacket with a shoulder cape in large, loose plaits and with full and high sleeves. She wore a mite of a bonnet with two feathers curling up from it, and she wore—this is the tragic part of it—the biggest chignon yet of the new regime, a flattish, oval one, that had camped out on the back of her head in the fashion that all of us know who are old enough to have had practice as ladies' maids, combing our mothers' tresses over the cushions under them. Well I remember how hard it used to be to get the I've seen a good many since. There was a I remember how hard it used to be to get the hair to cover, and yet my mother had thicker locks than nineteen women in any average twenty. Nice prospect isn't it, for the present generation of little fingers! The chignon with the empire dress is queer, but so are most fashions. The empire is adapted for the street now with a few of the

adapted for the street now with a few of the most necessary modifications. It is made of black when worn abroad, black satin or black cloth if you choose. The cut of the bodice is something it's almost impossible to tell you about intelligently. It fits tight behind without any seams. In front it is draped and puffed very full over the bust and at the top it often borrows the directory revers and turns them back as saucily as if they belonged to it and embroiders them with jet beads and gold. Sometimes it ventures upon red and white beads on the revers and then with all these details arranged to its satisfaction it goes and buries them under a mountain of a black satin mantle which hang, in full folds from neck to hem. This mantle it is the proper thing to face inside with pearl colored satin, but not every body adheres to the proprieties in every detail.

The modes of 1830 are a good deal talked about, but wise is the woman who knows

them when she sees them. These hints may help you a bit in groping toward recognition. The skiristof our grandmothers of that epoch were highered to the knee. The waists had full belts, sometimes crossing in front. Big puffed sleeves came down over arms that descended from sloping shoulders, and the sleeves in, their turn were overshadowed by capes, deep pointed and functful.

ful.

A pretty girl wore a clever adaptation of the 1830 dress at a New Year's dance the other night. It was a holly green in color with petunia pink broideries, shorter than the present mode, and fantastic enough to make her a mark for observation all the evening. An 1830 cloak was simpler, in a black and blue stripg and of an all-round cut, with a jetcovered cape and dark blue velvet sleeves. LATEST KINDS IN FASHIONS FOR JANUARY

Would you rather hear about simple day dresses of shaded stripes of brown and black with a little tartan set in in front for brightening and quickening, or shall I tell you about ball rooms, where the garden comes in and makes itself at home; where the shining floor seems havily touched by the ing floor seems havily touched by the dancers flying feet, and where in the medicy of the fin de siecle period beauties of the days of Lely and Van Dyck severely criticise their fair nineteenth century sisters? A costume prepared for one of the youngest

of the debutantes is of gobelin blue velvet with three shoulder capes edged with seal. The skirt is quite plain and the bodice is laced in front up to the throat and sashed with white satin ribbon. You wouldn't take that for a dancing frock, and it isn't, but

that for a dancing freek, and it isn't, but rather for an evening reception.

Another evening dress for a girl but little older is a bold pattern of black lace over white silk and looped with little bows of pale silver green ribbons. A pink silk empire gown was draped in front from bust to slippers with white ribbons. The feature of a white silk evening freek was a long Charles a white silk evening frock was a long Charles II. collar, with white satin leaves, white in silver thread, and spangles on a net founda-tion. Huge puffed sleeves were in keeping with this beginning.

Suppose we compromise a little and finish with a coarse red serge frock, very striking and effective. A slim dark girl wears it and she has it embroidered on bodice and skirt, wherever there is room to place them, with flying birds in black and gold. She doesn't suggest a bird herself, because red birds aren't so easily suggested to us sober-hued northerners, but the gown is quaint and striking. Ellen Osborne.

EVOLUTION OF FASHIONS.

The Germs May Be in a Paris Library or Woman's Brain.

And now that crinoline and hoopskirts, to the disgust and dismay of all sensible women, have been formally declared the fashion in Paris, a sudden curiosity asks: Whence and how arise these ever-varying, never-to-be-dis-obeyed dictums of that intangible power, fashion?

All women know that in Paris the conception and fulfillment of every mode first appears, as the cholera first shows its head in Asia. Then, as the cholera, the French-born fashion spreads like wild fire through the western world, and no quarantine can stay its course or prevent its voluntary adoption.

Whence came the trained skirt, the crownless bonnet, the rosette, and today the wretched crincline? From Paris. Why Paris? Because, in the French capital the propagation of fashion gorms, as one might call them, is a great and honorable profession, carried to its highest point of perfection, and more or less followed by every dressmaker.

This is how a fashion is made: In the summer months, when Paris is empty of carriage folk and the business day is dull, the libraries, where, in dusty file, rank the books of reference, and in the picture shops, the little dressmaker and the sartorial artist of wealth and fame eagerly con dusty illustrated tomes and the portraited elegantes of other centuries.

They are searching for an idea for something new, for a cut or color, a bow or ruffle that by reason of long disuse has revived its youth, and conventionalized and adapted to modern fabrics

will pass as a novelty. head of a great though he knows his public, enjoys a world-wide name for skill and high prices, and is an authority on all matters relating to his art, studies long and deeply, ponders carefully, and labors as siduously when he is about to introduce a new fashion.

A manager with his play, a publisher with his book, are not more wary and thoughtful of the public taste and preferences than the great dressmaker about to design his model costumes. His fabrics from the manufacturers must be ordered, their color, texture, etc., decided upon, a thousand ventures and expenses must be incurred and should his ideas, not find appreciation, the loss would be terrible. islocking to Paris for ideas that must be forthcoming.

At a moment an inspiration arrives, or, happier dispensation of Providence, a timid little woman, who at bare living prices has been making gowns for slowpaying ladies, comes trembling in to reveal to monsieur her conception, her design.

She details her scheme, or produces a drawing. He knows—experience has taught him—that among the dusty prints and in her own busy ambitious brain the little dressmaker has fallen on the design that will dominate the season. Happy fortune for the little dressmaker! monsieur's gratitude has a practical as well as spiritual side, and her narrow road in this world begins to wind up the mountain of success.



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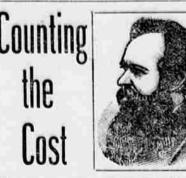
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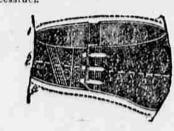
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