

Lobbying Season in Washington Now in Full Force

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FOR gain and the glory of self—this is the platform of the "third house." "Third house" is the name given in the days of Hayes to the assemblage of lobbyists which annually meets in Washington simultaneously with the opening of congress and remains there until the national legislative bodies adjourn.

The fifty-seventh "third house" has as much work before it as both branches of congress. At its present session the "third house" has not only a quorum, but the largest attendance in its history. Its manner of conducting business differs from that followed by the United States senate and the congressmen in the hall at the other end of the capitol building, only in that instead of concerted action, each member acts for himself, and only the fittest survives. The "third house" has no use for the machinery called parliamentary rules. It works and accomplishes its ends with such tools as woman's beauty, her wiles or tears; with men's threats or cajolery and a "jolly" or "two; with favors and presents and with promises of influence in future elections, and with the golden sweetmeats of corporations.

Beautiful but Not Astute.

Here is a bill of particulars:

On the day congress convened the house of representatives was invaded by a woman whose beauty was as perfect as that of any heroine in a yellow novel. Her presence permeated the great hall like a cheap perfume. There was elastic in the necks of congressmen and the eyes of the thousand and one spectators in the galleries were focused upon her. For she was on the very floor, going about among the members. She hesitated not even at the rostrum, where the august clerks were clearing their throats for roll call. It should be added that any respectable person is allowed the freedom of the floor of the house on opening day up to noon, when the gavel falls. The woman was as dark and as tall and as graceful as Theodora Duse. And her aquiline features told us that, like Duse, she was of Italy. As she moved among the members on the republican side of the house the whole democratic side, as one man, followed her with hypnotized eyes. She presented a letter here, a card there, smiled dazlingly and transfixed statesmen with her eyelids. So much for the house.

Next day she laid siege to the senate, establishing her headquarters in the reception room. She enslaved the sergeant-at-arms, his deputy, the senate doorkeeper and all the pages, who carried her cards to this and that senator. These great men abandoned the nation's affairs and came out to give their ears to the woman of Italy. Next day she again appeared in the senate reception room, and the next, until now for the brutal truth—the sergeant-at-arms became guilty of insubordination. He refused to send even one more of the woman's cards into the senate chamber.

That woman of Italy was a member of the "third house," and as such, a failure. Her Italian way could never capture an American congress. The Italian way is the wrong way. Incidentally it should be mentioned that it had been bruited about that one of the first tasks before congress was to pass a bill placing further restrictions upon immigration, and that the principal immigrant carrying ships hail from ports of Italy.

As Another Woman Worked.

In contrast, here is an example of the right way, the only way by which a member of the "third house" can achieve success. A furnished mansion was rented by a woman. She was older than the one who was Duse-like. She was western, not pretty,

no eyelids worth mentioning, but all business. First, she gave a tea. Notice that in fighting the battle she engaged the women first. Then she gave a ball. Then she held a reception, everybody invited. By this time she had learned exactly which geese could hatch a golden egg. Now she has cards out for a dinner, at which covers are to be laid only for the necessary geese. Her campaign, therefore, is nearly over.

This is the only way, not because of the mansion nor the entertainments. The Italian woman might have tried the same trick, and still she would have failed. It's all in the way. Lobbying is like immorality. It is usually entirely surrounded by night. A statesman likes not the daylight that reveals him to his honored peers in the roll of a catspaw. Neither do the honored peers, in their turn, relish playing the role of the horror-stricken. "Play the game as you will, brother, but don't tell us. We will do the same."

The cause for which the mistress of the mansion is battling is the sweetest in the world. It is sugar. Cuba wants the tariff on sugar reduced. American sugar growers want that tariff let alone. Arrayed against her, the western woman has the president, his cabinet, a Cuban delegation, General Wood and an unknown number of senators and congressmen. The mission of the sugar lobbyist—why not lobbyist?—is to discover the unknown congressmen and pluck them from the hands of the Cubans.

Other Lobbies in Plenty.

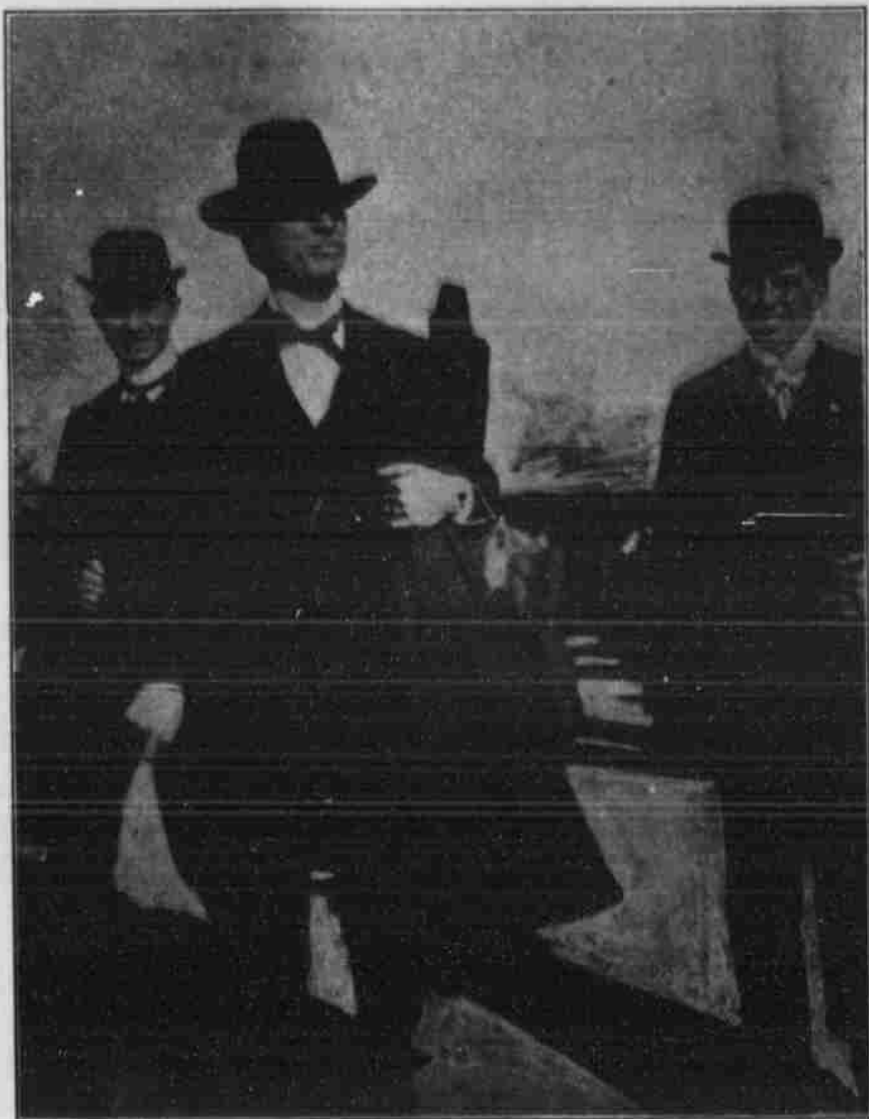
Other causes having representatives at the present session of the "third house" are: Trusts who wish to fight publicity measures; ship subsidy, represented by lobbyists who seek to have ship owners

subsidized; a large navy, represented by lobbyists paid to secure contracts for ship builders; government aid in irrigation, represented by westerners who wish the thing pushed along; Chinese exclusion, opposed by Minister Wu and Pacific coast steamship companies, who do not want the Chinese exclusion law re-enacted; Oklahoma and Indian territories, represented by men whose business will benefit by the admission of said territories to statehood; isthmian canal, represented by Nicaraguans on the one side and the Panama Canal company and the republic of Colombia on the other. These are simply the greatest lobbies. There are a hundred others.

Perhaps the most open, the most rampant, is the one conducted by the canal folks. The Panama Canal company is desperate. It wants to sell out to the United States. As for Colombia—a legation in Washington is a new toy for Colombia, and the diplomatic headquarters on Q street, with a former president of Colombia there domiciled, is in the midst of the homes of the very men who will choose the lady or the tiger so far as a canal route is concerned.

But there are many kinds of lobbies besides those for legislation. There are lobbies for claims, for appointments, for contracts, for favors. So not all lobbies have designs upon congress. There are lobbies with commissions, with committees, with bureaus, with departments, with various officials in power, and with persons known to have the ear of those occupying the seats of the mighty.

From which it is apparent that not all lobbies are conducted in the corridors, or lobby—hence the term—of the capitol building. Your experienced lobbyist now shuns



REPRESENTATIVE DICK OF OHIO (HOLDING COAT) TRYING TO EVADE LOBBYISTS.

the private secretary of an official high in power, "and I will fix you."

It is one of the duties of private secretaries to discover the identity and mission of lobbyists. They are ever keen on the scent and hence often save their employers from being hoodwinked.

The two principal means by which a lobbyist hopes to achieve his end are money and influence. Money is commonly supposed to be the most unerring weapon. It is not. It is the experience of members of the "third house" that greater things have been achieved through influence than through bribery—for this latter word is what is meant by money. Money has been paid, money has been accepted, to be sure; but that same money has often failed where influence has been successful.

Money Helps Some.

Suppose a democrat, for instance, wishes to be elected to the senate from his state. He needs a certain amount of money to get the nomination. He hasn't it. He comes to Washington—and, for the good of the party, the money is raised here and sent to the proper persons in his state. And the democrat is sent to the senate. Now that senator saw not one penny of that contribution, but he is now under obligations to the contributors. So one of those who raised the money now seeks the senator's help in the passage of a certain act. The senator, perforce, becomes the champion of that act, and secures the votes of his colleagues. That is lobbying by influence.

Still, gold is one of the elements the lobbyist must reckon with. Not long ago the sum of \$1,000,000 was placed on deposit in a certain hotel, the proprietor acting as banker. The money was gradually withdrawn, \$100,000 at a time. Need you ask why that money was not put in a regular bank? Or, what became of that \$1,000,000?

How to get money into the hands of the lawmakers without leaving any trace of the transaction—this is often a problem for lobbyists. Stories are told of hair-raising poker games, in which legislators won steadily for four hours. This is one method of money transference.

Again a railway desired legislation against ticket scalpers. Huge bunches of tickets to all parts of the country were lodged with the sergeant-at-arms at the capitol, and for weeks anybody who wished could travel without a cent of expense.

But if this story had for its subject a demonstration of how national legislation can be bought it would fail. As a matter of fact, despite the popular understanding to the contrary, bribes have seldom succeeded in obtaining unjust unfair or unwise legislation. There may be some black sheep in Washington, but the white wool is on the majority side. Not the wealth of the world can get something wrong through both houses of congress and secure a president's signature as well. In the end, the right usually wins in Washington. "What's in it?" is asked only by the minority.

So the object of this story is to show, not how the lobbyist succeeds, but how he tries. He may coddle and flatter greenbacks, she may weep and wheedle and look pretty—but at the end of the session, when the "third house" adjourns, most of the members find that they have only been trying.

A Lesson in Life Saving

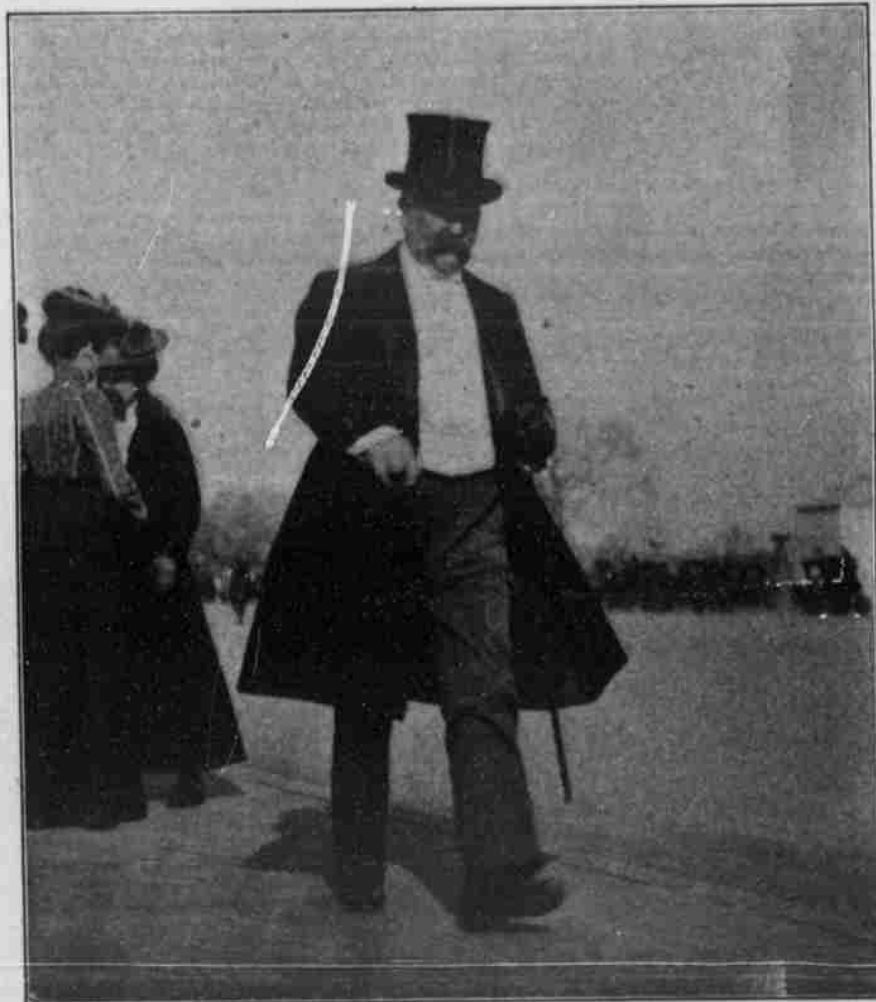
A 7-year-old boy saved his elder brother's life when out skating in Baltimore the other day, and the way it was done furnishes a very practical lesson in life-saving. This is the skating season, says the Springfield Republican, and occasionally accidents occur at places where the ice is thin. One boy breaks through and is instantly struggling for his life. The other boys may wish to help him, but may not know how to act effectively.

But in this Baltimore case the trick was done with only a 7-year-old lad, whose nerve happened to be equal to the occasion. The younger tells the story in a realistic way that could not be improved upon:

"When we got to the creek Charlie Kemp asked Harry to skate over to the other side and see how the ice was. He didn't want to at first, but he asked him again, and he went, after he'd thrown a brick on the ice to see if it was safe. He got out in the middle and broke through. I saw him break in, and I yelled, and Harry yelled for Charlie to come and help him. He didn't mean me, he meant Charlie Kemp. Charlie Kemp wouldn't go, and nobody else wouldn't go, and I went. And when I got out where Harry was, he was trying to haul himself out on the ice, and couldn't, 'cause the ice would break, and I laid down on the ice and held my hand out to Harry. He said, 'No, that ain't the right way. I'll pull you in. Turn around and stick your feet out, so I can reach 'em.' An' I turned 'round and lay on the ice and stuck my feet out. He caught hold, and I slid backward and I hauled him up on the ice. An' then we went to the shore and the men took us to their house and gave us some dry clothes and took us home. It was awful cold, and when we got home I was 'fraid my mother would lick me fer runnin' away and gettin' my clothes wet."

It was clever work by both boys. The one in the water showed presence of mind in telling the younger to turn around the other way and thus extend his feet instead of his hands toward the hole in the ice. And the little fellow was not only courageous to go to the rescue; he also showed presence of mind in doing what the elder brother told him to do. It should be observed that the younger's final position consisted in lying flat on his face and stomach. As soon as the boy in the water had hold of his feet he began to crawl slowly away. A stone frozen in the ice, luckily placed, helped him to get a grip.

The performance was so successful that its special merit deserves to be pointed out. It is evident that the position finally taken by the younger boy was superior to the first one, since it placed the larger part of the weight of the body as far as possible from the edge of the hole and thus minimized the danger of the rescuer breaking in also. Furthermore, by lying on his face in that position a rescuer can do something to haul out the one in the water. A stone imbedded in the ice and furnishing a grip would not always be handy, under such circumstances, but most boys carry jackknives—or they ought to—and by sticking his jackknife into the ice ahead of him a boy could get up some locomotion and, at the same time, have something to hold to while the boy in the water is crawling out.



FAMILIAR FIGURE IN WASHINGTON—WELL KNOWN TO GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

the capitol, is never seen there. He invades the very homes of officials, for the purpose of furthering his schemes, under the guise of paying his respects socially. He cools his heels in the outer rooms of the White House, because he has to. The best of the genus may be seen at the Hotel Richmond. This is the quietest of family hotels in Washington, conveniently near the White House, and here live many of the most potent human factors in national legislation. Naturally, these powerful statesmen attract not only other lawmakers, but a great number of persons who seek the benefits of their influence. So here are many dinners served behind closed doors and here the mighty hold many a momentous pow-wow. Hence it is that the walls of the quiet Hotel Richmond hold as many hopes of members of the "third house" as the executive mansion, or the capitol itself.

Unofficial Persons Sought.

The unofficial person in Washington who has a large acquaintance among those in office is buttonholed by lobbyists quite as persistently as is any senator or representative. A certain former governor of one of the southern states, who now lives here, could have made a small fortune within the last few weeks. A prominent southern lawyer called upon him recently and said: "Governor, you know So-and-So," naming the chairman of a claims commission. "Get my claim before him and there's \$10,000 in it for you."

The private secretaries of government dignitaries, too, are constantly approached by "ax-to-grind" men. A certain manufacturer wanted English chalk to come in classified as precipitated chalk for medicinal use. "You fix this matter," said he to



CELEBRATED LOBBYIST TALKING (WITH HAND EXTENDED)—SENATOR BURROWS IN CENTER.