WHEN THE GALLERY SEES FUN

CONGRESSMAN JAMES R. MANN

CONGRESSMAN HENRY T. RAINEY

By EDWARD B. CLARK

THE return to America of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth after their honeymoon trip abroad gave to Representative Henry S. Boutell, Republican, of Chicago, an opportunity to have considerable fun at the expense of the Democrats. It is known of course that one great political party looks to Thomas Jefferson as the apostle and prophet of the simple democratic life, and knowing this, Mr. Boutell, who apparently had been reading some ancient records, tried his best to undermine the "simple life" pedestal upon which Thomas Jefferson stands.

There were some people apparently who thought that Mrs. Longworth, who is ex-President Roosevelt's daughter, might return from her honeymoon trip abroad, where she was treated in a measure like a royal personage, in a frame of mind in which pride was dominant and that she might have lost some of her American simplicity. Representative Boutell made a speech which of course did not have Mrs. Longworth for its central subject, but he introduced matters by saying that she would return to America, "hot Princess Alice, but the same modest, unassuming daughter of the president that it was her wont to be."

CONGRESSMAN AND MRS. LONGWORTH

Mrs. Longworth came into Mr. Boutell's speech only as an incident of discourse, the Republican representative's main intention being apparently to attempt to refute the statement made by Representative Wheeler of Kentucky that the Republican party under present administration was introducing "truculent sycophancy and flunkeyism" into our intercourse with representatives of foreign powers.

HENRY S. BOUTELL

THOMAS JEFFERSON

The Chicago Republican looked at the Democracy's Mississippi chieftain (now a United States senator), then turned his eyes to the then subchieftain, Champ Clark of Missouri, and said: "I wish to read a few words of Thomas Jefferson." The chieftain looked more than a bit startled. "I read from the 'Complete Writings of Jefferson,' by Ford," went on Mr. Boutell slowly. "It appears from this letter that Adams was just about to go as a business agent of Jefferson to London, and after giving him several commissions, he writes:

"'One further favor and I am done; to search the Herald office for the arms of my family. I have what I have been told were the family arms, but on what authority I know not. It is possible there may be none. If so, I will with your assistance become a purchaser, having Stearne's word for it that a coat of arms may be purchased as cheap as any other coat.'

"So here we have the founder of the Democratic party just dabbling, as it were, in sycophancy—not very truculent as yet."

There was no quick recovery on the part of the Democratic members from this blow, which, while directed fair at their idol, hit them hard in glancing. Finally, Mr. Sulzer, the East side statesman, recovered sufficiently to ask in what year it was that Jefferson had commissioned a man to buy the coat of arms. On learning that it was in the year 1771, Mr. Sulzer said, with an intonation that showed he had found a grain of comfort in the thought, "That was five years before the revolution."

The New York representative's consolation morsel apparently was not big enough to go round among his neighbors with an appreciable share of each. It was a bit hard to learn after many years that the man who wrote the immortal document beginning with ringing words about equality had been trying to buy something which would go to show that he was a trifle "more equal" than his neighbors; and the blow was like unto that of a bludgeon, because it was shown that the supposedly impeccable one had more than intimated that a counterfeit coat was as good as a genuine one if only it were nobly emblazoned.

The Republicans had a rare time of it over the Democratic discomfiture. When it comes to fun the galleries are gloriously nonpartisan. The humor of the thing was to the people aloft well worth the knocking of a prop from the third president's pinnacle. Things might not have been so altogether bad for the cause of Mr. Jefferson and his house disciples if Mr. Boutell had been content to stop, for everybody recognizes the weakness that all human nature—even that sternly simple type—has for crests and other family gewgaws.

"Yes," said the Chicago man, "it was five years before the revolution. Now, just before the revolution, on August 25, 1775, the great founder of the Democratic party, the introducer of 'truculent sycophancy' into our national administration, wrote to John Randolph from Monticello urging a reconciliation with Great Britain, and in that letter he uses this expression:

"'I am sincerely one of those who would rather be in dependence on Great Britain, properly limited, than any other nation on earth, or than on no nation.'"

The last five words of this Jeffersonian pronouncement it would seem, if language means anything, point to a desire on the part of the Virginian Democrat that the colonies should have an ownership cable of kind connecting them with one of the over-the-sea powers.

As Mr. Boutell put it: "It seems possible that, having purchased his coat of arms, Jefferson feared that on the declaration of independence and the establishment of a republican form of government it would not be an available asset, and so he hoped that dependence would continue."

The memory of this speech dwells in congress. It was intentionally light, but it drove home the lesson that frailties of a certain kind are not confined to members of any political party.

When in the future an American citizen dies as the result of eating adulterated food that has been an article entering into interstate commerce, a coroner's jury will be justified in bringing in a verdict of suicide. In order not to be too hard on the deceased, the jury may give the cause as carelessness, but whichever of the twain the verdict be, the "recently died" will be held responsible.

The pure-food bill which passed Congress is a strong measure. Prior to its passage it was the cause of more misunderstandings, more suspicions and of more abuse of men and measures than was any other which congress thought it worth while to consider.

Representative James R. Mann of Chicago piloted the bill through the house. He was expounder and exhorter, and during the greater part of four days he held the interest of the seasoned members as a school teacher holds the interest of wide-open-eyed children to whom tales of a hitherto unknown are told—and it was tales of the hitherto unknown that Mr. Mann told to the Washington-gathered children of a larger growth. For amazement and curiosity, for interest and indignation there was no scene of the winter in the big hall of congress like unto that enacted while the Hyde Park representative set forth his wares in bottle and in box and gave his colleagues full knowledge of the indigestible and poisonous stuff that the stomach of the American had been taking to its own all the years under the sacred names of food and medicine.

The house has upon most occasions the saving grace of taking things in part humorously. A joke saves many a situation, assuages anger and disarms the man whose tongue under stress of temper becomes a sharp weapon.

There were few jokes during the discussion of the pure-food bill. The subject was as deadly serious as were some of the "food" products displayed on the Chicago representative's desk. Once in a while the gravity was relieved by a quip, but as a matter of fact the joke of the thing was of the past—a huge joke, if a grim one, cracked by food preparers and medicine manufacturers at the expense of the stomachs and the livers of the American people.

Mr. Mann told of an American firm that had been importing rotten—yes, rotten—eggs, which, after treatment with boric acid, were sold to candy-makers and cake-bakers. Mr. Gaines of Tennessee expressed gratitude that the imports did not get into eggnogs. The laugh was faint. Every member was thinking of the candy and the cake and stomachs of the child multitude.

The hall has never been told in the public prints of the food frauds which Representative Mann disclosed in the time—often extended—alloted to him to press this bill to a passage. Some of his exhibits were ground "coffee" made of roasted beans, oats, pilot bread, charcoal, red slate, bark and date stones; cinnamon made of sawdust; whole pepper made of tapioca and lamp black; cocoa made of walnut shells and oxide, and a thousand and one other foods adulterated in a thousand and one ways.

The drinks were worse. From the exposition made in the house—and in this subject an interest deeper than any draught that he had ever taken was shown by every member—it would seem that the man who leads a friend to the bar and asks what he will have gives his friend no choice, for the bartender will set out what the spirit moves, and it seldom will move a pure spirit.

The members of congress learned by formulas presented, bearing the name and address of dealers, that skim milk masquerading as cream is a deception of babe-like innocence compared with the "pure domestic" and "fine imported" whiskies and cordials which are set forth for the damnation of a drinker's stomach if not for the damnation of his soul. The hope may be expressed, possibly without incuring the charge of vindictiveness, that in this case the cure returns to roost behind the bar.

To Representative Henry T. Rainey is due largely the fact that the bones of John Paul Jones rest in the land for which he fought. It was the Illinois Democrat who first took up the matter of the search for the commodore's remains and who started the investigation which later made General Porter's work possible. Mr. Rainey never has been given credit in full for his share of the labor, for modesty has held him silent.

Congress at the outset did enough to discourage ten men of ordinary energy from carrying on the quest for anybody's bones. Mr. Rainey refused to be gibed out of his purpose, and although he could not induce his colleagues to take him altogether seriously, he followed the best of his belief in other directions and now John Paul Jones rests at Annapolis.

The Illinois member introduced a resolution providing for the finding and for the removal to America of the Scotch sailor's remains. The resolution called for an appropriation of $10,000 to pay the expenses. Then the fun began. The mockers in the house declared that the commodore was buried deep in a cemetery under million-dollar business structures on the Rue Grande Aux Belles or on the Rue des Ecluses Saint Martin or on several other rues which they could not pronounce.

Congress in its humor had the aid and jocose correspondents, who saw the rare jest in the bones search and made the most of it. And here recollection brings a blush of contrition to the cheeks of one who followed in the train. Members said and correspondents wrote that the French doubtless gradly would allow their business palaces to be undermined and toppled to ruin on the payment of $10,000 of Yankee cash.

If Yankee cheek, the representatives said, aided by French politeness, could accomplish the purpose of building demolition, there would be small chance of separating Jones' bones with any certainty of identity from those of the French sleepers in the old cemetery. One scoffer suggested with fine irony that there might be a bit of the original Scotch skull left, and that Sidney Smith's rule might be applied to make positive the identification.

Mr. Rainey was undisturbed. He was not even moved to surrender when suggestion was made that if the $10,000 were sent over to some French grave digger he would find the old sea dog's bones and prove their genuineness if he had to tattoo the sailor's autograph in the tibia of the left leg to do it.

It was two years on the way, but the last laugh came, and it was Mr. Rainey who had it. His colleagues made amend for their scoffing and their scorning, and now another jester of the past writes belated word of contrition.

THE COLDEST PLACE ON EARTH

What is said to be the coldest place on the globe is the region of Verkholensk, Siberia. Here is a convict station, but during most of the year no guards are needed to keep the prisoners from running away, for in the more severe portions of the winter no living creature can remain in the open, and during the three most severe months, when the temperature sometimes falls to 85 degrees below zero, no one dares to venture out for more than a few moments at a time.

Ordinary steel tools will snap like glass, and unseasoned wood becomes almost as hard as steel. When one breathes a powder like the very finest snow falls at one's feet. It is said that there are less forms of insect life here than elsewhere in the world, and some of those found are not found elsewhere, seemingly having been created especially to inhabit such a frigid region.

Some of the signal-service officials declare that most of the severe cold waves that sweep across the North American continent have their origin in Verkholensk. The wind blows a perfect gale almost all the time, and that discomfort, added to the low temperature, would certainly make this a very unpleasant place in which to spend the winter.

SURELY MAN OF MANY JOBS

British Postmaster General Can Not Be Said to Be an Idle Individual.

The British postmaster general is what Londoners call a universal provider, a regular department store of public functions.

He will insure your life, give you a little bank to hoard your pennies in, take care of your savings, sell you an annuity, a postal order or a foreign draft, invest your spare capital in a nice little government bond and pay a weekly pension to your aged mother or aunt.

He carries letters and other mail matter, transmits telegrams, cablegrams and wireless messages, maintains an enormous staff of messenger boys and conducts an express company business for every sort of parcel, from a halfpenny packet up to shipments of eggs, dressed poultry and fresh fish.

He collects all the worn copper coins for the British treasury. He has factories for making his supplies and an electric central station of his own in London for lighting his offices, bringing the current through his cable ducts.

At a dinner the other night the postmaster general confessed that he sometimes doubted whether he had any human personality at all. When he thought of his own functions, he said, he was appalled by them. In his official capacity he is responsible for more property than anybody else in the United Kingdom, employs far more people than any individual or corporation (212,364 at the last report), prosecutes more malefactors every day than the public prosecutor, and sends out every week more apologies for himself and explanations of his actions than all the rest of the British population combined.

SMILES

A CLASSIC NOTE.

"Archimedes," read the pupil, "leaped from his bath, shouting: 'Eureka! Eureka!'"

"One moment, James," the teacher says. "What is the meaning of 'Eureka?'"

"'Eureka' means 'I have found it.'"

"Very well. What has Achimedes found?"

James hesitates a moment, then ventures hopefully:

"The soap, mum."—Christian Intelligencer.

Not a Statue.

Father and son were walking the streets and passed a large park in which were many statues. One of them—the largest of all—was a woman. "Father, what is that?" asked the son, pointing to this particular one, which was inscribed "Woman." "That is not a statue, my son," answered the father. "It is but a figure of speech."—Life.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

Miss Bilyuns—Am I the first one you ever loved?

Lord Getthecoyne—Yes; you're the first girl I ever knew who had all her money in her own name.

No Temptation.

"I don't indulge in games of chance," Said William Finn.
The reason why we'll now advance—
He couldn't win.

Dark Outlook.

"I see a North Dakota man has patented a hammer with a loop of metal under the face of the head in which a nail can be held for starting it into place without danger of smashing the user's fingers," said the joke writer's wife.

"The first thing you know," said the joke writer, with a long face, "they'll leave nothing for us fellows to write about."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Glad Relief.

"Thank heaven, those bills are got rid of," said Bilkins, fervently, as he tore up a bundle of statements of account, dated October 1.

"All paid, eh?" said Mrs. Bilkins.

"Oh, no," said Bilkins. "The duplicates dated November 1 have come in, and I didn't have to keep them any longer."—Harper's Wekly.

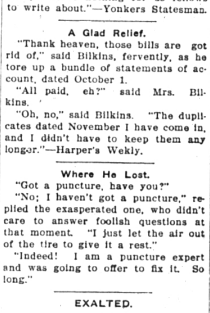
Where He Lost.

"Got a puncture, have you?"

"No; I haven't got a puncture," replied the exasperated one, who didn't care to answer foolish questions at that moment. "I just let the air out of the tire to give it a rest."

"Indeed! I am a puncture expert and was going to offer to fix it. So long."

EXALTED.



Bossman—I didn't know that your father was a Mason. Is he high up?

Terry Doolan—Sure. He's workin' on the steeple of the new church yonder.

Stung.

He's lost his faith in his fellow man
And the reason why is plain,
He ordered soup on the a la carte plan,
But it looked far more like rain.

Helping Dad.

Johnny—Papa, would you be glad if I saved a dollar for you

Papa—Certainly, my son.

Johnny—Well, I saved it for you, all right. You said if I brought a first class report from my teacher this week you would give me a dollar, and I didn't bring it.—Red Hen.

We Don't Believe It.

"He has invented a trouser skirt that is bound to be the rage."

"What is there peculiar about it?"

"The wearer can put it on over her head."—Judge.

Widely Separated.

Mrs. Highupp—The judge decreed that they should be separated, never to see each other again.

Mrs. Blase—Are they?

Mrs. Highupp—Yes. They are living next door to each other in a New York apartment house now.—Puck.

Consoling.

"He always comes back from a funeral looking refreshed."

"Why so, do you suppose?"

"He probably composes himself with the decea who can't come back."

THE LAZY MAN.

He tried so hard to stay awake—
His efforts were in vain;
A little nap he still would take
And soon would doze again.

His yawns enormous were to see,
His languor was intense,
That poor chap lacked the energy
To sit upon a fence.

His balance there he could not keep,
Without some effort made,
So stretched him where the grass was deep
And slumbered in the shade.

They Didn't See.

A trio of professional story tellers was off in a corner of the club, spinning yarns. Brown had just told a most unbelievable story, and the other two glanced at each other questioningly.

"Well, I assure you, gentlemen," said Brown, "if I hadn't seen it myself I shouldn't have believed it."

"Ha—h'm—well," said one of the two doubtful ones, "you must remember, old man, that we didn't see it."—Lippincott's Magazine.

For Instance.

"Every person should cultivate a spirit of optimism by hoping that things will soon take a turn for the better."

"No doubt. Still, there are times when a turn for the better seems impossible."

"What do you mean?"

"When a son of Italy is turning a wheezy hand-organ, every turn he makes seems to be a turn for the worse."

Too Deep for Him.

Tommy (looking at the gas meter) —Paw, how does this thing tell how much gas you have to pay for every month?

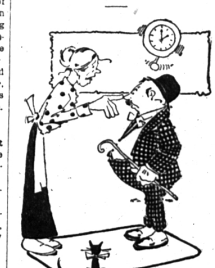
Mr. Tucker—Tommy, that is a great, inscrutable mystery. It is one of the things we have to accept on faith.

An Explanation.

"Gladys Maude seems to be greatly wrought up over the insurrection in Mexico."

"Yes. You see, a friend once sent her several souvenir postcards from the City of Mexico and that gives her a lively personal interest in what is going on down there."

JUST SUITED HIM.



Mrs. Stayhoime—If you stay out another night until 12 o'clock, I'm going to leave you.

Mr. Stayholme—I wish you'd put that on paper.

The Lone Fisherman.

He played the line with baited breath,
As the fish ran from the shore;
The fish got off—he seined the jug—
And with re-baited breath he swore.

Convenience.

"What did you jump into de river for?" asks Weary Waggles.

"To wash me shirt," responds Lassitudinous Lewis.

"Why didn't ye—"

"Because I'd 'a' had to take it off an' put it on again," answers Lassitudinous Lewis, anticipating the remainder of the query.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

A Manager.

"And what right have you to call yourself a manager?" asked the eminent and irate actress after a stormy rehearsal.

"I suppose," was the deferential reply, "it is because I have managed so long to escape with my life."

Speaking From Experience.

"It gives one a thrill to come unexpectedly upon two loving figures silhouetted against the moon," observed Mr. Wopson.

"Indeed it does," said Mr. Divorcon. "Particularly if one of the loving figures happens to be your wife."

Not She.

"Pardon me, madam," said the dame with the subscription book, "but are you a woman suffragist?"

"Not so you can notice it, ma'am," smiled the other; "I am a lady barber."

Old Joke, New Twist.

Mrs. Hussey—Henry, when I hung up my harem skirt last night there was exactly $2.89 in the right-hand pocket, and now I can find only $1.85. What do you know about that?—Puck.

Fairly Won.

"Who gave ye th' black eye, Jim?"

"Nobody give it t' me. I had t' fight fer it."—Life.

Should Be a Limit.

"I saw Peckham today," remarked Nagget, "and he was very drunk."

"Well, there's some excuse for him," remarked Mrs. Nagget. "He lost his wife last week."

"I know, but a man should be able to celebrate without making a hog of himself."—Catholic Standard and Times.

His Experience.

"Is it sharp to advertise?"

"I think so. I know it's dull if you don't."

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Sikeston, Mo. — "For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl." —Mrs. DEMA BERRYMAN, Sikeston, Mo.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. Why don't you try it?

No Wedding Day Bargain.

The Husband (during the quarrel) —You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't?

The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.

A Catastrophe.

A cat was being chased along the roof a New York building. It lost its balance and fell on a boy who was standing on a balcony on the second floor. The startled boy fell in his turn, landing on a baby carriage, fortunately empty, which another boy was wheeling in the street. The first boy dislocated his wrist; the cat was killed.

Settled Them.

"I've a sight o' sons—thirteen altogether," remarked a prosperous old farmer, "and all 'em's doin' well. The first boy dislocated his wrist; the cat was killed.

"What thereabouts sickened me, so I called the rest of 'em together and,

"'There's ten of you left, and if any of you 'ud like to follow t'other three I won't try to stop you. But, understand this, though there may be a few more prodigal sons, there'll be no more fatted calves. I've killed the last of 'em!'

"And," continued the old man, triumphantly, "I've had trouble wi' none of 'em since!"

CLOSE TO FINISH.

His—Is he a finished musician?

Dix—He came near being one last night. The neighbors chased him nearly ten blocks.

To The Last Mouthful

one enjoys a bowl of crisp, delightful

Post Toasties

with cream or stewed fruit—or both.

Some people make an entire breakfast out of this combination.

Try it!

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.