

POLITICAL LEADERS

The Men Who Dominate in the Senate and House.

REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS

Personal Characteristics of Congressman Williams and Senators Aldrich and Gorman—How They Rule Their Parties.

Washington.—John Sharpe Williams the most efficient leader of the democrats in the house have had since the days of Crisp...

Williams and Speaker Cannon have become decidedly chummy. Williams appreciates the courtesy shown him when Cannon permitted him to pick out the democratic members of the committees...

Both Williams and Cannon have an abounding sense of humor. Each they are together they call the other "John" and "Joe" and they crack jokes and tell stories with as much gusto as if they had never had a political difference in their lives...

One of Williams' predecessors, a democratic leader who was a national figure when Williams was a boy, died only the other day. William M. Springer during the past ten years had not figured in politics; but prior to that time he was regarded as one of the democratic reliabilities in the house for almost a generation...



The Late William M. Springer

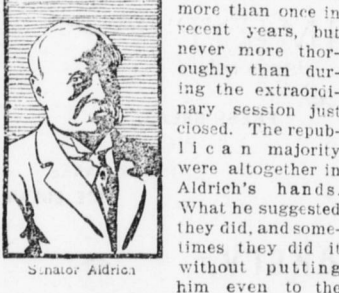
After he left congress for a time a judge in the Indian territory. Of late years he has been a lawyer here in Washington, scarcely more than a memory of the robust congressman who contested the nomination for the speakership with Crisp and Miles, and who afterwards stirred the economies with his famous series of pop-gun tariff bills carrying out the democratic scheme to revise the tariff one item at a time.

Personally, Springer was a lovable man, without even a remote sense of humor. Probably it was the latter failing that made him one of Tom Reed's pet aversions when the great speaker was the leader of the republicans in the house.

Two of Reed's most famous shafts were thrown at Springer. One was in a debate while Reed was still holding a secondary rank in the house. Springer, who was a rather pious speaker, had made the remark that he would rather be made than president. Reed, standing in the middle aisle, drawled back: "The gentleman need not be alarmed. He will never be either."

Leadership of the Senate.

The leadership of Senator Aldrich in the senate has been pretty completely demonstrated more than once in recent years, but never more thoroughly than during the extraordinary session just closed.



Senator Aldrich

The republicans were altogether in Aldrich's hands. What he suggested they did, and sometimes they did it without paying him even to the trouble of suggesting it.

He was one who made the arrangement with the democratic minority by which the business of the extraordinary session was brought to a close and an agreement made by unanimous consent

to vote on the Cuban reciprocity bill on the 16th of December. In fact, he was the only man on the republican side who understood exactly what the terms of the arrangement were, a circumstance which led to a somewhat embarrassing incident one afternoon in executive session. Senator Lodge tried to bring up a matter which was of no particular consequence, but which as it happened did not relate to the Cuban situation. Senator Gorman promptly objected. He said it was contrary to the agreement between the two sides of the chamber. The republicans who were present protested. They had never heard of any such agreement which would put it out of their power to do business of any kind. But Gorman was insistent. And when they pressed him for an explanation, he gave one. He said Senator Aldrich had promised him that if the democrats would consent to the vote on the 16th of December, nothing whatever would be done in the meantime during the extraordinary session except to discuss Cuban reciprocity. Aldrich had left the city without telling anybody on his own side of the chamber about what he had done, but they accepted Gorman's statement, and that was the end of it.

Gorman as a leader. Gorman, on the democratic side, occupies just about the same kind of position that Aldrich occupies on the republican side of the chamber. It may be that he hasn't quite the same degree of control of the machinery; but whatever he says goes, despite rumors to the contrary. He is the man to do business with, and when he makes a promise as to what the democrats will do, they feel morally bound to do it.

That is what Uncle Joe Cannon calls legislation by unanimous consent, and, of course, it is a very reprehensible way of doing business. But it is likely to continue just as long as the present senate rules live, which, according to present appearances, will be to the end of time.

Gorman and Aldrich are very much the same type of men. They are first of all business men. They understand the currents of trade and appreciate the effect of legislation on commercial interests. They are organizers and det hatters of men. They can read character and they can keep their own counsel. They understand weaknesses in others to which they can appeal. They are always in the game.

Gorman is more of a public speaker than Aldrich. He is not an orator in any way, but he has a faculty of aggressiveness in debate which Aldrich has never shown. Aldrich when he talks uses a conversational tone, and goes about it as if he were explaining something before the board of directors of a railroad. Gorman is never exactly conversational. There is always some little touch of mystery in everything he says, and his face is jesuitical in its inscrutability. Aldrich, on the other hand, is seemingly the most frank and confiding of men. One wonders how it can be that this smiling, easy-going, companionable fellow can have so many tricks up his sleeve.

New Railroad Station.

The ways are cleared already for the great Union station, which is to be completed for the 4th of March, 1905, and which will be when completed the finest thing of its kind in the world.

By contrast with the present wretched avenues of approach to Washington it will be almost inconceivably splendid.

The new station, which will be only a stone's throw from the capitol, will be built of white granite—a peculiarly white and dazzling stone, quarried at Bethel, Vt., which will surpass marble in architectural effect.

The station will face directly toward the dome of the capitol, and the entire facade will be clearly visible from the capitol steps at the end of the broad avenue. The architectural effects have been drawn from the triumphal arches of Rome. Sloping gently away from the building will be a plaza 500 feet wide and 3,000 feet long, adorned with balustrades and fountains, while there will be a terrace 100 feet wide surrounding the structure.

The station itself will be 620 feet long and from 65 to 120 feet in height. The three entrance arches, each 50 feet in height, will be on a scale far surpassing anything in Roman architecture. The waiting-rooms will be dreams of luxury compared with anything that has ever before been suggested for a railway station, and the dining-room will be equal to anything that can be found in a first-class hotel. There will be all sorts of unusual conveniences. One of these is an invalid's room, easily accessible from the street.

Another is a special entrance for the president of the United States. Besides there will be dressing rooms with baths and a Turkish bath and swimming pool. The entire cost of the station with approach will be \$14,000,000, of which the government pays \$3,000,000.

LOUIS A. COOLIDGE.

On Graves of Maidens. The grave of an unmarried woman in Turkey is often indicated by a rose carved in stone.

GERMANS CHALLENGE

They Are Invading South American Countries in Large Numbers.

Emperor William Approves of Their Going, and May in Time Dispute the Monroe Doctrine with Us—Interesting Figures.

The tide of German emigration to South America flows steadily, increasing, and the kaiser warmly encourages his people in this movement. Apropos of which, a careful student of international politics declares that the German emperor is building up his navy for the very purpose of some day trying issue with the United States as to that well-known Monroe doctrine of ours.

The same writer says it is our talk in official circles that the emperor fully realizes the richest and most easily accessible field for German energy and emigration lies in this vast and little exploited region. Germany needs markets and she proceeds to make them where she can; and South America is one of the richest countries in the world; a country not already preempted by some enterprising one of the great nations, and its wonderful waterways make the interior accessible. The Amazon for 4,000 miles, the Orinoco for 1,000 miles, and lesser streams are navigable for considerable distances. That this great, marvellously rich land has lain so long undeveloped is attributable to two causes; the unstable nature of South American governments; and that shadowy but persistent Monroe doctrine which warns "hands off." But the bold kaiser says: "Who's afraid?" and enters in.

It would look as though the United States were thoroughly alive to the fact that the Germans are invading this long jealously-guarded tropical America, for some time ago all the American consuls were requested to furnish fullest information in regard to German colonization in South America. And when one glances at a map of the different districts where the German has obtained a strong foothold, one does not wonder our government is somewhat concerned with this feature of German expansion.

In Brazil alone there are said to be more than 400,000 German residents. In the province of Rio Grande there are over a quarter of a million Germans—almost 30 per cent. of the population; in Santa Catherina over 60,000—practically 10 per cent.; in the two towns Germans form 80 per cent. of the population; then there are six German settlements where the



MAP SHOWING DENSITY OF POPULATION IN SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES

number of Germans range from 95 to 80 per cent. of the whole number of inhabitants. In the Argentine Republic many Germans have found homes in its isolated, and quite a number in Chile.

It is estimated that more than \$150,000,000 of German capital is already invested in Brazil. In Central as well as South America Germany has large commercial interests, and as some of the Central American states are now offering special inducements to desirable immigrants, probably the Germans ere long will endeavor to make for themselves homes there. But it will take Latin-America some time to rival our country in the number of its German-Americans, recent statistics showing that nearly 90 per cent. of the German emigrants still go to the United States, and less than five per cent. to Brazil, Argentina and the other American countries.

Germany needs new fields not only because of her demand for markets, but because she has a population that is increasing beyond all capacity of the home land to maintain it. At present she is sending out more colonists than any other country in the world save Great Britain. According to Mr. Poultney Sigelow, the notable feature of this movement is that the German as a colonist prefers almost any flag to his own. If this be true, then the Germans may be willing to abide by the governments that obtain in the various South American districts in which they have settled, and our old friend, the Monroe doctrine, may consider itself unassailed.

But a noted English weekly, the Saturday Review, asserts that England need feel no anxiety whatever over the navy-building going on over in Germany, declaring that the readiest cause for naval conflicts will be found in the struggle between Germany and the United States for the partition or exploitation of the great South American continent. And doubtless a little easier at the thought that the energetic William is looking our way instead of his.

KATHERINE POPE.

Thoroughly Incompetent. Hewitt—Gruet has no business ability. Jewett—No; he couldn't make money if he ran a drug store in a no-license town.—N. Y. Times.

THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

Typical '49 mining camp in "Mining Gulch." Approximate cost of the exposition, \$50,000,000. Rose garden, six acres in area, 50,000 rose trees. Fair opens April 30, 1904; closes December 1, 1904. Size of grounds, 1,240 acres, nearly two square miles. Art pottery manufactory in operation showing processes.

Floral clock, dial 100 feet in diameter, hands 50 feet long. Melon day—500,000 melons served to visitors without cost. Automobile chairs, carrying two persons, thirty-five miles. Thirty-five miles of asphalt and gravel roadways in grounds. Gen. Grant's cabin in St. Louis county erected at exposition.

Model strawberry farm, with 400 varieties growing thereon. Map of United States in growing crops covers area of five acres.

Wireless telegraph station among great electrical exhibits. Main picture comprises ten great palaces, arranged fan shape.

Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home, for Virginia state building. The Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's Tennessee home, reproduced.

The pike, a mile long, concessions costing more than \$5,000,000. Great Britain to reproduce the orangery of Kensington palace.

Three great cascades, largest waterfalls ever constructed by man. Washington's headquarters at Morristown for New Jersey Building.

Robert Burns' cottage at Ayrshire to be reproduced on grounds.—N. Y. World.

MEN OF MEANS.

John D. Rockefeller proposes to plant three carloads of young maple trees on his estate at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Isadore Newman, of New Orleans, recently gave \$50,000 to charity to mark the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival in the United States.

Adrian Iselin, a member of one of New York's wealthy families, is building a church for poor Italian Catholics at New Rochelle.

J. Pierpont Morgan's latest gift is a house to his daughter. It is said to be one of the finest residences in New York, and is located at Park avenue and Thirty-seventh street.

Moses G. Cobb, a wealthy attorney of San Francisco, died recently, leaving his entire estate to Mrs. Rose Barry, a widow who during the last three years of his life looked after him. Cobb's widow, son and five grandchildren are cut off without a cent. A legal contest is in progress. The executor is asked to see that Cobb's body is cremated and "the ashes scattered to the waters of the Pacific ocean."

John D. Sprengle, Jr., son of the California millionaire, is selling tickets in the office of the Oceanic Steamship company offices, San Francisco. His father is president of the company and the young man has determined to master the business. He is on duty every morning at nine o'clock and works until five in the afternoon. His salary, which he has to earn, being shown no favors, is about \$100 per month. Later he means to check freight on the dock in order to familiarize himself with that department.

FOREIGN FACTS AND FANCIES.

There is an ice plant in Jerusalem. The permit government has decided to Mexican immigration.

Charles T. Yerkes is the authority for the statement that the London underground system is now half completed, and that it will be entirely finished in about five years.

The gambling receipts at Monte Carlo exceed those of last year by over \$600,000. It is the custom of the banks to give those who have lost their all free tickets that will take them home.

The completion of the world's longest tunnel, Simplon, is to be celebrated in 1905 at Milan, the nearest important Italian city, by an international exposition, for which preparations are now being made. A fund of \$600,000 has been raised, and the king of Italy has promised to aid the undertaking in every possible way.

The International Oil company of Japan, which is a branch of the Standard Oil company, has a large refinery at Navetsu, besides owning important wells in the western provinces. Sixty-eight combine companies have been forced to combine, so that there are now two competing companies, neither of which has one-fourth the capital of the International company.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It isn't an easy matter to see happiness through another man's eyes. We can all find reasons why other people shouldn't make mistakes.

Knowledge of a good many men consists of things that aren't so. Most writers who drop into poetry manage to drop clear through.

All women were born to love and be loved, and they fight it out that line. Contentment comes to those only who want but little and are satisfied with less.

What a pity it is that people who worry over trifles haven't something worth while to trouble them!

A girl has it in her power to make any number of men happy for life—by declining to marry them.

Don't think because a man is an expert mathematician that he always counts with the fair sex. Every man expects to wake up some day and find himself famous. As a rule he does get as far as the waking-up part.—Chicago Daily News.

A PAIR OF FLICKERS

The Naturalist Watches Them Build a Home and Set Up Housekeeping.

How the Male Called His Lady Love and Began His Courtship—Interruption by a Jealous Rival—The Nest and Little Ones.

The flicker is known throughout almost the whole of North America, and wherever he is known he is loved by all right-minded members of the community. He is of good appearance, industrious in his habits, and mends his own business. He is a good citizen, and an example to the rest of us; many of us are proud of him and the others ought to be.

Last spring I saw a male flicker alight on the swelling trunk of a dead tree, and, after hitching sidewise two or three times, he stooped near a spot where the bark was loose, and began prying off bits of it with his strong curved bill, pausing now and then to devour the insects which he brought to light. Then, flying to a higher branch, he sent forth a long call, "Wicka-wicka-wicka-wicka," which penetrated to the very heart of the woods. Presently he flew to another tree, alighting close to a hard, dead branch. Then he threw his head back, and after a momentary pause, brought the tip of his bill to bear upon the dead branch, with marvelous force and rapidity. The effect was a loud, vibratory sound not unlike the rapid rolling of a small drum, and after a moment's silence, during which the woodpecker turned his head on one side as though listening, it was repeated, seemingly louder and again.

Again and before the sound rolled forth from the resonant branch, and then, with a little "pat," a second flicker alighted upon the tree. Then the drummer ceased his drumming, for he had something better to do. The lady love he had been calling for had arrived, and the delightful task of winning her affections was before him. He drew near and bowed to her, uttering notes which sounded like as though they might be pretty speeches; then pranced in front of her, spreading his tail and his wings, displaying the golden feather shafts and the white patch on his rump. How much further he would have gone with his courtship will never be known, for at this interesting point another male flicker arrived from somewhere, and the two rivals, uttering harsh notes, dashed off together, and were followed soon after by the cause of their jealousy.

Which, if either, of the two males was eventually successful, I don't know, but, at all events, I saw a pair of mated flickers at that corner of the woods a very few days later. At last a decision was reached, and on a dead chestnut tree work was commenced. For eight days they labored hard; then, because no more chips were thrown out, I presumed that the home was finished.

Some ten days later, I entered the entrance a little, that I could put my hand into the nest. Inside the nest-hole was much wider than one might have supposed from glancing at the door way, and opened out into a roomy cavity which extended downwards perhaps 18 inches, affording ample room for the mother, as she sat upon her eggs. Of the latter there were seven, transparent white, with pink veinings showing through the shell. The yolks, as in all fresh woodpecker's eggs which I have seen, were plainly visible, and floated lightly to the top, no matter which way up the eggs were held.

Next time I visited the nest, the young birds were hatched, for as I tapped on the tree-trunk there came from the hole a sound like that made by escaping steam or a singing kettle; the sound of very young flickers crying in chorus. I did not see the parent birds feed the young, but we know from the observations of Mr. William Brewster that young flickers are fed by regurgitation in much the same manner as young pigeons are given their nourishment. The parent flicker thrusts his bill down the throat of a little flicker, and with his wings, tail, and in fact his whole body, quivering with the effort, he literally pumps the half-digested food from his own stomach into that of his offspring.

Some time before they were ready to leave the nest, the fledglings would scramble up to the mouth of the nest-hole, and sometimes four or five inquisitive little heads might be seen peering out at once. On leaving the nest, they could fly well at once, making more than a hundred yards at the first attempt. Their plumage at this age was almost identical with that of the parents.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

Japanese Smugglers.

Japanese officials are driving the Russian smugglers by their persistent running of contraband goods into Siberia. The other day a Jap tailor was caught at Port Arthur with a large quantity of silk. It is likely to go hard with him, as the Russian law is stringent on this point.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

A Warning to Santa Claus. When the tree is in the parlor and the lights are on the tree And the strings of colored popcorn are a-dangling merrily, When the dripping of the tallow makes the drooping branches white And the children raise a chorus of unanimous delight, Oh, Santa Claus, be careful as you gayly skip about, For your whiskers'll catch fire If you don't watch out.

Oh, it's good to hear the shouting of the happy girls and boys As you reach up in the branches and untie the swaying tangle of the toys. He is hardly half a Christian who would stop such joy as this, And without the tree our Christmas would be robbed of half its bliss, But, Santa Claus, be careful, as you frolic and they shout, You'll be turned to pyrotechnics If you don't watch out.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Christmas Is Near. Two little curly heads, yellow and brown, Over their work bending busily down. Twenty wee fingers all stitching away, Nimble and deftly as ever they may. Four little lips whispering softly and low Sweet little secrets that no one must know. These are the signs by which it is clear That Yuletide is coming and Christmas is near!

Oh, for the mysteries no one can guess! Something for baby, and something for the babe, Presents for Jacky, and gifts for papa, Such a delightful surprise for mamma, All stowed away in the little work box Of wee Rosy Open, and sweet Goldlocks; No one shall open it, no one shall peer Into its treasures till Christmas is here.

Work away, dear little hands, work away, Swift and nimble as ever you may. Only a little longer, you know, You will have leisure to stitch and to sew. Every new morning and every new night Brings the day nearer, the day of delight. Brightest and merriest day of the year; Yuletide is coming and Christmas is near. —Periss Gardiner, in Youth's Companion.

Two Boys' Christmases.

THE RICH BOY. And now behold this sulking boy; His costly presents bring his joy; Harsh tones of anger fill his eye Though he has all that wealth can buy. What profits it that he employs His many gifts to make a noise? His playroom is so packed that he Can cause his folks no agony.

MORAL. Mere worldly wealth does not possess The power of giving happiness.

THE POOR BOY.

Observe, my child, this pretty scene, And note the air of misery keen. With which the widow's orphan boy Toots his tin horn, his only toy. What need has costly gift to thee? The widow has nowhere to flee, And ample noise his horn emits To drive the widow into fits.

MORAL. The philosophic mind can see The uses of adversity. —Ellis Parker Butler, in Leslie's Monthly.

A Merry Round.

There's a merry sound of music in the parlors on the shed, Like the angels was a-peetin' us with rhapsods overhead. An' the mistletoe is hangin' near the holly berries red, Hands round the frosty winter morning! Come in from the weather where the fire cracks an' glows, An' the blue smoke up the chimney in a windy frolic goes, An' Pleasure like a river with a sunny ripple flows— Hands round the frosty winter morning!

Oh, life is worth the living, though the year is gray and cold, The song is sweet in singin', an' the merry tale is told, An' take of joy full measure—all the arms of you can hold— Hands round the frosty winter morning! —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

St. Nicholas.

Not by glad Christmas bells alone, Not by the crowd, warm hearted tone; Not by the quip, the clasp, the feast— Scarce by the lone star in the east— Nor yet by gift nor deed of grace, Nor mistletoe, nor wreath of holly, Nor merry squeals, fond and deep, Nor any circumstance or show— Know we the Christmas day.

These are but symbols, hallowed dear— The cheery lighting of the year. But by the light in children's eyes; By their little shouts and happy sighs; By secret prouder, fond and deep; By glowing sympathy that starts; Melting the winter in our hearts; By quickened joy and holy pride, When to the Child all doors swing wide— Know we the Christmas day. —St. Nicholas.

Safe.

For those who keep this Christmas tide Beyond the reach of sin, Beyond the pain of ill or hurt Thy Heavenly courts attend, We thank Thee, Lord, though still our eyes Are dim with longing tears, And yearning arms can scarcely wait The slow march of the years.

For those who still with us abide Are anxious fears and cares, So many pitfalls lurk unseen, So many hidden snares, To those who in the home-land dwell, No harm can e'er befall; We thank Thee, Lord, for all our own Safe on the other side. —Gussie Packard Dubois, in Chicago Interior.

Christmas Is Coming.

What makes his wife so awfully nice, She gives her kisses in a trice, She's like a horse without a vice— Ha, Christmas' coming!

Her dinners, too, are simply splendid, With all the things he likes attended, I wonder why her ways she's mended? Ha, Christmas' coming!

She sees in visions bright or black, A seaskin muff or eke a sack, To shine respondent on her back— Ha, Christmas' coming!

She sees, maybe, a diamond ring, A pin or some such gaudy thing, No wonder she grows kind, by jing, Christmas' coming! —Louisville Post.

An Annual Sorrow.

That snow old fellow, Santa Claus, Once more is on his way, Well laden is his sleigh, And yet the family man will sing A song devoid of glee, For Santa Claus in sooth will bring His gifts at O. D. —Washington Star.