

# Tariff Bill Conferences, Past and Present

**T**HE sessions of the tariff bill conference in the luxurious apartment at the national capitol assigned to the use of the senate finance committee will make that room historic. The circumstances naturally recall the conferences over the Dingley law, which was enacted just twelve years ago. That measure became law on July 24, 1887. When congress met in special session last March to revise this law it was freely predicted that the work of revision would be completed by the middle of May. The political wisecracks were far astray on their guesses that time. Twelve years ago party lines were drawn with regularity and precision in the revision of the tariff. The country expected an upward revision and got what it expected. This time the same party which passed the Dingley law had assembled its representatives to revise it, and by reason of the party platform and the utterances of the



PART OF SENATE FINANCE COMMITTEE'S ROOM, SCENE OF CONFERENCES ON TARIFF BILL.

party candidate the country looked for a downward revision. The principal differences arising in either house during the consideration of the bill have been between members of the majority party, divided on the question of how low or how high rates of duty should be, rather than between the members of the opposing parties, this being especially true in the senate, where party lines became at times almost obliterated. Herein lay the principal contrast between the revision of 1887 and that of 1909.

During the consideration of the tariff bill in the senate the members of the house of representatives had little to do, and many scattered to their homes and seashore and mountain resorts instead of remaining within the warm and enervating confines of the District of Columbia. As soon as there were signs that the senate was getting to the end of its work on the bill Representative Dwight, the Republican whip, began sending out telegrams to members of the majority bidding them to be on hand to discharge any legislative duties that might fall upon them and intimating that Speaker Cannon was desirous no time should be lost in sending the tariff bill to conference.

A similar duty regarding Democratic members fell to Congressman Champ Clark of Missouri, who is filling in so able and energetic a manner the post of minority leader. In the senate the Democrats were remarkably quiet during the discussion over tariff schedules. This was not true as to the Democrats of the house while the bill was under consideration by that body, and this fact was due in no small measure to Mr. Clark. Nor is he the kind of man to sit still and say nothing during the consideration of the bill in conference.

The minority leader is a nifty fighter who is very quick to see any opening to get at his opponent and to seize the opportunity for a well directed blow. Legislative duties have interfered with Leader Clark's plans for his summer vacation this year. Many statesmen employ this time in adding to the income they derive from Uncle Sam by going on lecture tours. This has been Congressman Clark's habit. He had agreed to start out on the Chautauqua circuit this summer on June 25. He was compelled to notify the Chautauqua people that unless about two-thirds of the senators should be suddenly stricken with tongue paralysis—a very improbable event—he would be kept in Washington until too late to fill some, at least, of his appointments. The outcome was as he suspected. No legislator of the upper house was prevented from talking on the tariff by the paralysis of his vocal apparatus. Some of the Washington statesmen have lost money at the rate of \$200 a day by reason of the prolongation of the tariff debate. They may not have liked the situation, but most of them have taken their medicine nobly.

In the closing hours of the debate on the tariff bill in the senate Mr. Bailey championed the tobacco user. "Ten is an article that not one man in ten uses, and he is abundantly able to pay the tax," declared Mr. Bailey. "Tobacco is the comfort of nine persons out of ten, and they are the very poor."

**A Liberal on the Original.**  
"Why is Maude so angry with the photograph?"  
"She found a label on the back of her picture saying, 'The original of this photograph is carefully preserved.'"  
—Boston Transcript.

**A Pessimist.**  
Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a pessimist?  
Pa—A pessimist, my son, is a man who derives most of his pleasure from his effort to spoil the pleasure of others.  
—Chicago News.

# MISS CLEM.

## The Doubting Lover and His Uncle's Affianced Wife.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.  
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Major Stewart lighted another cigar and pushed the box toward his nephew. Oliver was staring out of the window with a set white face. Suddenly he turned toward the older man.

"Do you really mean, uncle, that you are going to marry Clementina Miles?" he asked in a low tone.

The major brushed his good looking face to the very roots of his white hair.

"I am, sir! I may be sixty, but I am still capable of loving a true, good woman—such as I know Clem Miles to be. I love her, and she says she loves me! Isn't that enough, sir?" He fixed piercing black eyes upon the young man.

Oliver winced. "Yes, indeed, Uncle Dick; I hope you will forgive me. I was surprised. I hope you will be very happy, and here's my hand on it!"

The major grasped it warmly. "That is the way to talk, my boy. If you'd been home looking after your old uncle instead of gallivanting around the world you might have seen which way the wind was blowing, eh?"

The young man smiled ruefully. "That's so, sir. When is—when is it to be?" he asked hesitatingly.

"In the fall—bless her sweet heart!" beamed the major as he got up from his chair. "And now, Oliver, suppose you ride over to the Magnolias and take a bunch of roses to Clem with my compliments? You know all the family, of course?"

Oliver nodded. "You know I almost lived there ever since I was born," he said quietly.

"That's so—that's so. We'll saddle Piety and renew old acquaintances

and tell the ladies the latest fashion news from Paris. I'll cut some roses for Clem." The older man bustled away, while the younger with miserable eyes and reluctant feet made his way to the stables.



ARE YOU PLEASED BECAUSE YOU ARE TO HAVE AN AUNT, OLIVER?

Fifteen minutes later Oliver was riding away from the pillared portico where the major waved a brisk farewell.

A great sheaf of yellow roses rested on the pommel of the saddle, and their delicious fragrance assailed Oliver's nostrils with haunting memories of the last days before he had sailed for Europe.

He had walked with Clem Miles, his old playfellow, in the rose garden the very night before his departure, and Clem had promised to wait for his return, and now she was engaged to an old man—his uncle!

Oliver's thoughts were chaotic as he entered the familiar gates. His blue eyes were dazed with pain, and his kindly heart was filled with bitterness. He was torn with pity and contempt.

A white gown fluttered down a shady walk bordered with tall box.

In an instant Oliver had tied his horse to a tree and was after her with a stern, relentless face.

She turned at his quick step on the path, and a rare smile curved her beautiful lips.

"I am glad to see you," she said simply. "We have been expecting you. The major said you must come today."

Oliver did not smile. He took her outstretched hand in his own for one brief instant in the contrast of creamy skin and blue black hair, the velvet dark eyes and rose leaf mouth.

"My uncle sent these roses with his compliments," he said, with sudden awkwardness. "He has told me of his engagement to you, and I have come to tender my best wishes."

Clementina buried her face in the roses. "Thank you, Oliver," she said at last, lifting her blushing face to his.

Oliver frowned. "My uncle is very happy," he said deliberately. "His home has always lacked a mistress, and I am sure that no other could fill that position more charmingly than you."

Clementina sat down on a rustic bench and absently pulled the yellow roses to pieces. Her eyes watched the falling petals as they fluttered to the turf.

"Are you pleased because you are to have an aunt, Oliver?" she asked suddenly.

"An aunt!" Oliver stared at her. "Of course—I had forgotten the relationship—what a monkey!" he said thickly. He dropped down on the bench beside her. "How could you, Clem, after what you said that night?"

Clementina did not reply. The roses dropped to the ground with a rustle as she flung down the box bordered path and disappeared.

Oliver sat in miserable silence while the shadows lengthened. At last a light step sounded on the path, and

# PASSING OF CUSHMAN

## Quaint Sayings of the Representative From Washington.

WITTIEST OF CONGRESSMEN.

Francis W. Cushman, representative in congress from Tacoma, Wash., who recently died in New York, attained two distinctions while in congress. One he claimed as his right by nature, that he was the homeliest man there, and the second he was accorded unanimously, that he was the wittiest.

There had long been the claim that Frank Marion Eddy of Minnesota was the homeliest man in the hall. Walking down the aisle one day, Cushman claimed the speaker's attention and after a spread eagle speech that night had prefaced any subject he turned toward Eddy and said: "Look us over—compare this face with that (pointing to Eddy) and tell me am I not the homeliest?"

Having succeeded to the seat made vacant by James Hamilton Lewis, the members were anxious to see what "Jim Ham's" successor was like. They saw six feet of dangling, slim manhood, a sober, gloomy exterior, with clothing hanging limp and ill fitting.

They gazed at him for a moment and then, bursting into a laugh, some one said, "Great heavens, do they break anything but freaks in Washington?" To which Cushman replied drawlingly, "Well, we try to keep pace with the rest of this great country, sir."

When the river and harbor bill was being discussed and most of the members had hidden themselves in the cloakrooms Cushman arose to speak. No one paid much attention for a while. Suddenly some listener awoke the house with a roar of laughter. Five minutes later the seats were filled with listeners to one of the wittiest speeches ever delivered there.

J. Adam Bede, who had a reputation for humor, was once followed in one of his wittiest speeches by Cushman, who said:

"After listening to Mr. Bede's speech I am forced to the conclusion that my folks subscribed to the same almanac as his did."

After Secretary Hitchcock resigned from the interior department Cushman made a speech in which he said, "When the news of Mr. Hitchcock's retirement was sent out there was not a dry throat west of the Mississippi."

Telling of his going to congress he said, "I crept noiselessly into the hall, oppressed by the vast gods of statesmanship I knew were to be found on every hand—conscious of my own worthlessness except as to the matter of deportment, where I knew I was superior."

Now and then Cushman essayed to lay the methods of the house. On one occasion he said, "A man who introduces a bill here puts his manhood in his pocket and goes trotting down the aisle to the speaker's room—or the bill clerk's."

Serenio Payne, who, then as now, was chairman of the committee on ways and means, came in for a special drubbing at Cushman's hands in that speech, as did General Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio and John Dalzell, the speaker's Republican colleagues on the committee on rules. It was in that speech that Mr. Cushman gave his famous explanation of why he was so thin.

"I have behind me an honest but infuriated constituency," he said, "half a million worthy, honest, patriotic people, who are demanding, and rightfully, that I secure certain needed legislation for them. That is the pressure on me from the rear. Then, in this house, whenever I try to secure consideration of the matters in which my people are interested I run up against the stone wall that surrounds the speaker and the committee on rules. That is the pressure in front. And I tell you frankly that between the two I have become thinner than a canceled postage stamp. That is what is the matter with me!"

One of Cushman's first speeches made a hit in the house. In lamenting the panic of 1893 he said that his constituents were so impoverished by the hard times that they had to live or claus washed ashore until their stomachs rose and fell with the tide.

Here are a few of Cushman's epigrams:

"A great many of our citizens seem to be possessed of the desire to live on the installment plan—too many live swiftly, too few properly."

"There are too many of us Americans who would rather ride in a mortgaged automobile, run with borrowed gasoline, than walk in the path of honorable obscurity."

The career of Cushman was typically American and as typically western. He was born in Iowa in 1837, got a village schooling, and with all his early possessions in a small sized handkerchief, he tied the corners loosely across the top and made for the boundless west. He landed in Washington and became a water boy for a railroad. Next he was a section hand, then a laborer, later a cowboy in Wyoming, a cook in a lumber camp, a lumberman, a sawmill hand and later a farmer.

For five years, when times were hardest and fees fewest and smallest, he was a lawyer in Tacoma.

**Troubles Due to Legacy.**  
We have never known any good to come of a legacy. Henry got \$500 in the mail one day, and his troubles began on the spot. He bought a horse. The horse kicked one of the children and ran away, breaking up an eighty dollar buggy. Henry sold the animal for half what he had paid for it and bought him an amber stemmed pipe and a gasoline route with the remains of his fortune. The first day out he bit the stem of his pipe in two, the falling sparks set the gasoline afire, and the wagon was entirely consumed. To comfort himself Henry got drunk, and that night he fell off the bridge into the creek, ruining his best suit of clothes. When the legacy got through with him he was \$33 in the hole.  
—Newark News.

# People Who Are Seen In Print.

## THE LAST ACT.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.  
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"You must give it a happy ending," said Miss Atherton.

"Carruthers looked at her gloomily. "Not unless you say 'Yes.'"

"As if that had anything to do with it," said Miss Atherton scornfully.

"It has everything to do with it," said Carruthers. "When I write a play I write as I feel. If I am sad the play will be sad, and if I am happy the ending will be happy. And I can't be happy as long as you persist in refusing me; hence I shall have to give my play a sad ending."

"Oh, well, then," Miss Atherton tossed her head, "end it any old way. But I won't play it if it doesn't suit me."

A week later he called her up. "It is finished," he said, "and you can read it at your leisure."

"Read it to me," she said and set the next afternoon.

Carruthers found her alone and very beautiful in a violet crape house gown, with her dark hair banded with a gold ribbon.

"I want you to dress like that in the last act of my play," he said, "and carry violets. It will give the proper note of mourning."

"Then you have made it sad?" she demanded.

"Yes. The heroine is a naughty princess who spurns her lover all through the play, and in the end he finds another woman more gentle, more kind, and the princess is left alone in her loneliness. That is why I want you to wear a purple gown."

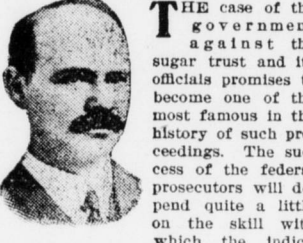
"Oh!" said Miss Atherton somewhat faintly.

When he came to the last act he saw that Miss Atherton was intensely interested. "But I don't think I am at all like that," she said indignantly as he finished.

"Who said you were?" he demanded.

"I am writing of a princess in Egypt." The color flamed into her face. "Of course, I had thought you had me in mind."

"I perceive," Carruthers replied, "that you and the princess have cer-



O. E. PAGAN.

THE case of the government against the sugar trust and its officials promises to become one of the most famous in the history of such proceedings. The success of the federal prosecutors will depend quite a little on the skill with which the indictment against the trust and its accused officers has been drawn. This task was entrusted to O. E. Pagan, a member of the department of justice who has had a long and valuable experience in such work. He gave very thorough consideration to the questions involved in the drawing of the fourteen counts of the indictment. The courts have found few flaws in papers of this kind that have come from his hands. Attorney General Wickersham spent two days in examining the various counts of the indictment and the briefs regarding them.

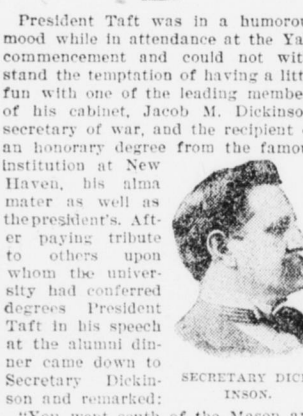
Directors and officers of the American Sugar Refining company have had plenty of warning of the storm which broke about their heads and deluged them in a fourteen count indictment.

The first evidence that the big combine was in difficulties came with conviction in the debating cases several months ago and the discovery that the trust by means of fraudulent weighing methods had defrauded the government out of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. The government collected several million dollars from the corporation. The company confessed its guilt, and subsequently seven of its weighers on the sugar docks in Brooklyn were indicted for defrauding the government.

On top of all this came the suit of the Pennsylvania Sugar Refining company to recover \$30,000,000 for damages sustained through being compelled by the trust to close its refinery.

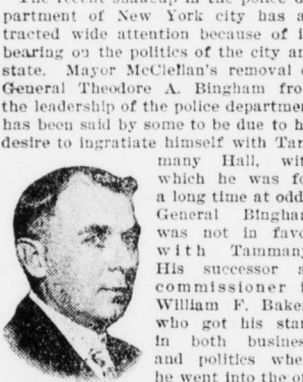
President Taft was in a humorous mood while in attendance at the Yale commencement and could not withstand the temptation of having a little fun with one of the leading members of his cabinet, Jacob M. Dickinson, secretary of war, and the recipient of an honorary degree from the famous institution at New Haven, his alma mater as well as the president's. After paying tribute to others upon whom the university had conferred degrees President Taft in his speech at the alumni dinner came down to Secretary Dickinson and remarked:

"You went south of the Mason and Dixon line to get a secretary of war to give a degree to. Well, it is well that you did, because he is going to build the Panama canal, and other universities will follow where you get in early. One of the difficulties that have confronted Brother Dickinson out in Chicago, where he has a temporary residence, was a discussion as to what constituted an orthodox Democrat and whether really he ought to be counted as a Democrat if he allowed himself to go into a Republican cabinet. Well, when you come to discuss what is a Democrat these days you are presented with very much the same difficulty that I have before me now in giving certain rules for the construction of the pure food law as to what whisky is. They say there is 'straight' whisky, and then there is 'imitation' whisky. Now, I speak with a good deal of hesitation in saying whether my friend Dickinson is a 'straight' Democrat or a 'rectified' Democrat. I would not dare to say in his presence that he was an 'imitation' Democrat."



SECRETARY DICKINSON.

The recent shakeup in the police department of New York city has attracted wide attention because of its bearing on the politics of the city and state. Mayor McClellan's removal of General Theodore A. Bingham from the leadership of the police department has been said by some to be due to his desire to ingratiate himself with Tammany Hall, with which he was for a long time at odds. General Bingham was not in favor with Tammany. His successor is William F. Baker, who got his start in both business and politics when he went into the office of W. N. Coler and Co. as a clerk. At that time the junior member of the firm, Bird S. Coler, now president of the borough of Brooklyn, was comptroller of the city of New York. In the year 1902 he ran for governor, and the present police commissioner was one of the managers of his boom. Baker served for a time as a member of the New York city civil service commission and at the time of his appointment as police commissioner was deputy commissioner in charge of the force in the borough of Brooklyn.



WILLIAM F. BAKER, CO. AS A CLERK.

Always There.  
Mrs. Binks (reading)—John, I read where a scientific expedition explored an extinct crater 2,000 feet deep and at the bottom they found the bones of a prehistoric woman. How do you account for it? Mr. Binks—Oh, that's easily accounted for, Martha. You know a woman is at the bottom of everything.—New York Globe.

Don't waste any time looking back at your mistakes. There is more fun in looking up the mistakes of other people.—Chicago News.

# THE LAST ACT.

## Arriving at a Decision About Changing Its Ending.

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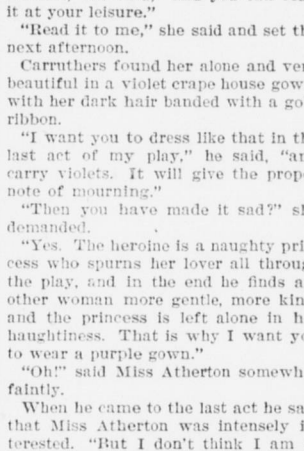
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MISS ATHERTON'S EYES SNAPPED.

tain characteristics in common, and that is why you would fit the part of the part would fit us. But the question now to decide is, 'Who shall take the part of the other woman?' Miss Atherton said faintly.

"I believe you have spent more time on her than on the other woman," Miss Atherton said faintly.

Carruthers looked at her out of the corner of his eye. "I had thought of Miss Muir as your opposite. She would fit in, I think."

Miss Atherton's eyes snapped. "She isn't half as gentle as you might imagine."

"Dear lady," Carruthers remonstrated, "perhaps you are not a judge of gentleness."

"Oh, well"—Miss Atherton laughed a little—"my temper isn't in good shape this morning. You'll have to forgive me if I criticize everything and everybody."

"What's wrong?" Carruthers asked solicitously.

"Everything," succinctly. "I've got to give up my apartment for one thing. Aunt Sarah has to go back to Pine Point, and I can't live alone."

"Of course not," Carruthers agreed promptly, "and you couldn't find a better time to marry me."

"Marry?" she came back at him. "An actress hasn't any right to marry."

"It depends upon the point of view," Carruthers stated. "Of course if you loved me."

"Please don't talk of love," exclaimed Miss Atherton. "I have enough of it in my plays."

"To return to our mutton," said Carruthers calmly, "I shall give Miss Muir the part of the helpless heroine who so works on the sympathies of the scorned lover that he turns from the princess to her."

"You have made the ending happy for the other girl, then?"

"Yes; you can't pile sadness on too deeply."

"And the princess sits in the purple twilight, in a purple gown, with violets clutched in her two white hands, and moans. My lost love, alas! or words to that effect. I can't see myself doing it," remonstrated Miss Atherton. "You've simply got to change that ending."

"But how?" questioned Carruthers.

"Have another lover in the background for the gentle maiden and let the princess relent at the last minute. You can still keep her in the purple twilight and the purple gown, but you can have her lover at her feet, with the golden moon flooding them with light."

"But the princess wouldn't relent—not the kind of princess in the play."

"She might," Miss Atherton hesitated. "You know you can never tell just what a woman will do."

"Would you," Carruthers demanded eagerly—"would you relent?"

"I am not talking of myself," Miss

# SOMETHING NEW!

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**The Black Postage Stamp.**  
The first penny postage stamp of 1840, the first stamp ever issued, was distinctly unpopular and gave place to a red one after a year's existence. Great Britain was the first country in the world to use postage stamps, and the English schoolboy of the period seems to have regarded them as a nuisance rather than a national benefit. "Have you tried the stamps yet?" wrote one of them to his sister in the year 1840. "I think they are very absurd and troublesome. I don't fancy making my month a glib plot, although to be sure you have the satisfaction of kissing the back of her gracious majesty the queen. This is, however, I should say, the greatest insult the present ministry could have offered the queen."—London T. P.'s Weekly.

**Fields and Orchards of France.**  
From Avignon to Lyons the railroad runs through a rich country, the fruit trees covered with blossoms and the forests assuming their robes of green, altogether making a picture beautiful to look upon. From Lyons to Paris the orchards, the vineyards and the growing grain delight the eye of the traveler from oriental deserts and remind him of Macaulay's poem: Now let them be the merry sound of music and of dance Through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, oh, pleasant land of France! For truly it is a pleasant land.—Paris Letter to Denver Post.

**Consideration.**  
"You say you once had a home?"  
"Dat's what I had," answered Pledging Pete.  
"Why didn't you do something to make your folks comfortable and happy?"  
"I did. I left."—Washington Star.

**Memorial to a Noted Friend of Animals.**  
As a memorial to George B. Angell, the long time friend of animals, who died in Boston last spring, the directors of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and of the American Humane Education society are planning to erect a "humane building." In their appeal to the public for funds for the structure the committees in charge say, "Mr. Angell always hoped for the erection of a building in Boston in which should be housed both our humane societies, and it is earnestly hoped that the interest and sympathy of the public will warrant such a building as other cities possess for similar organizations and one which shall be suited to the growing needs of humanitarian work." About \$29,000 has already been contributed.