

EDITORIAL SECTION

LITERATURE

SCIENCE

ART

DRAMA

THOMAS B. REED (AND SOME GOSSIP ABOUT) BY J. J. INGALLS.

The Occultation of Reed.

There is no luxury so expensive as a caustic tongue. A steam yacht and a private car are economical by comparison.

Half an hour of irony cost Blaine the Presidency. A wound to self-love never heals. A sneer is never forgotten nor forgiven by its victim.

No cynic nor scoffer has ever sat at the head of the Cabinet table—nor ever will. It is the soft answer which turns away the wrath of the populace. McKinley probably never disparaged an adversary, or spoke slightly or contemptuously of a rival.

The Speaker's smile is always sardonic. He is at no pains to conceal his resentments. He damns with faint praise, if he praises at all, and if he assents, it is with a civil leer.

His remarkable powers as a parliamentarian and presiding officer have kept down insurrection so far, but there are indications of revolt.

He has stretched the prerogatives of the Chair to extreme tension in the promotion or suppression of measures approved or condemned by his personal judgment, without regard to the wish of majorities. As Louis XIV. was the State, Reed has been the House.

Perhaps from conviction, possibly from disappointment at the result of the St. Louis Convention, he has set himself in open or covert hostility to the policy of the Administration in the emergency which it is compelled to meet in consequence of the war which Mr. Reed did everything in his power to prevent till coerced by his associates.

It was noted that his valedictory, in which he ranked his station as next the Presidency, received most demonstration from the opposition. Republicans were lukewarm. Too many of them had felt the iron hand.

The Speaker would do well to recall the Spanish proverb: "What have I done that mine enemies should praise me!"

The Scandal of Public Funerals.

When great men die, statues and columns and trophies rise as naturally over their ashes as blades of grass above a peasant's bones. Eulogy and epy attend their obsequies, and the pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Honor and respect to the dead are instinctive, and the higher the civilization the more impressive the observance. No humane spirit begrudges the expense or the trouble of the ceremony.

Sensations and Representatives in Congress are not necessarily, nor always, great men, but they have great functions. They are mortal, and when they die are entitled to be properly interred. How far the cost should be defrayed from the public treasury was at one time an open question, but custom has fixed the precedents, and now there is no

charge upon the estate of the deceased except the burial lot and the gravestone.

Gradually the homeward journey has increased in extravagance until it has taken on the characteristics of a holiday excursion.

To transport the remains and the relatives of Mr. Dingley, with the committees and their attendants, required a special train of four cars, at an expense of \$3,340. The contingent outlay brings the total up to \$4,500.

The deceased was a total abstainer, and an

order was issued excluding all intoxicants from the funeral train, but an eminent statesman in the escort ordered a large purchase of whiskey at Portsmouth, just before crossing the boundary into Maine, which is a prohibition State. The same mourner also insisted upon champagne, and it was furnished, and the bills for both were paid from the United States Treasury.

To bear the dust of Representative Cranford to Texas only one car was required, but to alleviate the grief of the committees

the Government was obliged to furnish four hundred ten-cent cigars among other solid and fluid consolations.

Garfield's funeral was one of the orgies of the century. The revelry began before the train was out of the Pennsylvania yards, and kept up all the way to Cleveland, the next noon. Cards, champagne and cigars were abundant, and wild hilarity grew wilder as night came on.

The train slowed toward midnight at a railway platform, at a country station, where

the veterans of a Grand Army post were kneeling around their flag, illuminated by torches, in reverence for the dead President, their comrade, and from the open windows of the car reserved for the bacchanals came shouts of laughter, the clink of glasses and the din of the saloon and the gambling hell.

One renowned legislator, now no more, reached Cleveland in such a state that it became necessary to imprison him in a state-room and apply the ice pack to reduce him to such a condition that he could be hurried to a

retreat and prepared for the ceremonies of the following day.

Change of Inauguration Day.

The Senate passed, and the House failed to adopt, a joint resolution for an amendment to the Constitution changing the day of inauguration from March 4 to May 4, with a corresponding adjustment of the Presidential and Congressional terms and sessions.

The propriety, convenience and advantage of this arrangement are so obvious that it seems quite incredible that we should have stumbled and blundered through more than a century with the peril of life, the loss of time, and the general awkwardness and confusion resulting from the selection of the worst part of the most sullen and execrable month for our most impressive political function and the ending and beginning of our political years.

But as the human mind delights in anniversaries, it seems strange that while they were about it, instead of May 4, which has no associations, the committee did not select April 30, the day on which Washington was inaugurated and the Government set in motion.

When enough States had ratified the Constitution to make it certain that the machinery would start, the Congress of the Confederation designated New York as the place and March 4, 1789, as the time for the organization of the new government.

Travel was so difficult and indifference so great that a quorum of Congress to count the votes for President and Vice-President was not obtained till April 6, and it was not till the 30th of that month that Washington kissed the Bible and took the oath of office.

In 1793 they went back to the original date, March 4, which has been retained to the present time.

So long as the ceremonies were conducted under cover, it was well enough, but with the commencement of the outdoor performance trouble began.

The first fatal catastrophe occurred at the inauguration of Harrison in 1841, a veteran of 69, who delivered his address and rode up the avenue, bareheaded, in a heavy snowstorm, and died from the exposure in thirty days.

Grant delivered his second inaugural March 4, 1873, on the portico of the rotunda, in a northern gale, that froze the breath as it floated from his lips. It was a Klondike day. The sufferings of the spectators were excruciating. The West Point Cadets, in their light gray uniforms, nearly perished. A huge temporary board structure was built in Judiciary square for the evening festivities, with no arrangements for heating, and the ball degenerated into a struggle for life.

Humor originally meant moisture, and in this sense Benjamin Harrison's inauguration was humorous in the extreme. He read his speech under a dripping umbrella, with his hat and overcoat on, and the collar turned up to his ears, to an audience that had been drenched for hours.

Of course, there is no assurance that the weather would be fair April 30 or May 4, but the chances are equal and the discomforts would be less.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

MR. DOOLEY IS NO LONGER A "PATHRITE."

BY PETER DUNNE.

"T'IS strange how I've calmed down since th' war," said Mr. Dooley. "Whin I think iv th' gaby I made iv meself dancin' ar-round this here bar an' huroolin' whiniver I heerd iv Rosenfelt's charge again Sandago, me blood r-runs cold with shame. I look ar-round me now, an' all there is to cheer me is Miles' gallant charge again th' embammed beef an' Alger's gallant charge again Miles an' th' gas company chargin' us all, th' pure an' th' impure alike."

"I hear iv th' fightin' in th' Ph'lippeens, an' it don't in-



"We get only sivtteen fifty an' no beltin'."

threst me no more than if I was an' Carl Schurz, an' I aint. I'm an' Dooley, an' that's diff'rent. I don't give a r-rush whil'er th' Cubians get their hardy earned money or not. An' whin I see th' Ar-rmy Board thrampin' ar-round th' stock yards thryin' to find out now what th' Ar-rmy board was las' Summer, I'm willin' to take Phil Ar-rmour's wurud fr' it that th' portherhouse steak an' musharooms th' sojers et disagreed with thim because they was used to rye bread an' herrin'. Did ye ever get up late at night an' come down in th' mornin' feelin' a taste in ye'er mouth like a closed shrest car on a r-rainy day? That's th' way I feel. Was I dhrunk durin' th' war?"

"Ye need a pill," said Mr. Hennessy. "What ails ye?"

"I've had a letter fr'm me nevver Terry. A good lad is Terry, an' th' way I've threated him since th' war is scand-

lous. He was a gin-ral when I he'erd fr'm him before. Thim as things quieted down I rayjuiced him to colonel. He was a Sergeant whin th' treaty iv pace was signed, an' now he's in th' ranks again—a private, full iv canned beef, actin' pollsmen, an' I've no more inthrest in what he says thim if he was down be Cologne shrest wurrudin' in a wather pipe extinsion gang.

"Here's th' letter:

"Dear Uncle, he says; 'whin las' I wrote ye,' he says, 'I was sarvin' me country be lyin' in th' trenches,' he says, 'beure Sandago,' he says, 'with me heart throbbin' with eagerness,' he says, 'fr' to march into that shtronghold iv th' hated Castles where I c'u'd get something fit to eat,' he says. 'I got in afther awhile,' he says, 'an' thim I got out, lavin' th' Prsident iv th' Board of Thrade an' th' principal bankers clanin' th' shrests in chain be command iv th' Major-Gin'rl commandin', he says. 'I'm here now,' he says, 'in Havana,' he says, 'undher th' walls iv Morrath Castle,' he says, 'an' what d'ye think I'm doin'? Ye wudn't believe it. I'm thrav'lin' beat,' he says. 'I'm a pollsmen, an' 'tis no aisy job. 'Tis nawthin' like bein' wan at home, where all ye have to do is to belt some wan over th' head an' dhray ye'er eighty-three thirty-three a month. We get on'y sivtteen fifty an' no beltin'."

"They're two parties down here, an' they're divided like they are in your country be th' money question. Both is fr' naytional honor an' sound money, but wan wants more honor an' less money, an' th' other wants more money an' less honor. Th' Naytional Assmblly w'u'd be satisfied if they was enough honor to keep th' wolf away fr'm th' dure, an' me ol' frind Gomez, he wants iv'r'ybody in his ar-rmy to have a lot iv honor an' jus' enough money fr' to use it properly. I'm iv th' Naytional Assmblly. They're honor enough in this country to take care iv th' lar-gest an' mos' prosp'rous naytion in th' wuruld. It's piled up iv'rywhere. Ye can't go out iv th' dures without thrippin' over naytional honor. It's a dhrug on th' market. If ye know anny wan that thinks iv shippin' anny to this country tell him not to do it. Cuba c'u'd supply th' wuruld with honor fr' twinty years an' have enough left to r-run a Rayppublican campaign. What they need is not honor, but what that Hogan boy used to call coin iv th' rillum—th' large an' dented Amurrican dollar or buck. An' that's what th' Naytional Assmblly is afther, th' climate bein' unhealty."

"Ye can see be this letter, which is bein' wote fr'm be me friend, Lazarus Moses, that used to live in th' Sivinth Ward, that I am inthrested in the money question, an' I'd like to ask ye c'u'd ye send me down twinty dollars fr' th' blinif iv th' Polisman's Binivlent Association. If I don't get some money pretty soon I'll have to j'in th' Cuban ar-rmy. I think I'll go it annyhow. Ivery bright young man

down here is j'inin'. Me frind Moses is a Colonel, an' he's been fightin' an' bleedin' fr' his country iver since th' Commissioners come over here.

"Anny number iv men have give up thrade an' left their wives an' child're an' marched to th' fr-ront to be r-ready fr' th' paymaster. Th' pathrite business is th' on'y payin' business on th' island. If a man'd had a little money put by two years ago, an' gone into it, he'd be r-rich to-day. Ivery common sojer will get wan hundherd thousan' dollars. Gin'rails is quoted steady at th' advance. Th' Naytional As-



"Wan wants more honor an' less money an' th' other wants more money an' less honor."

sibly is bullin' th' market hard. All ye have to do is to go up to th' threasurer an' cash in ye'er certificates iv paythritism. I think I wint into th' wr-rong ar-rmy. Yours truly, Terence."

"It don't sound like Terence," said Mr. Hennessy. "Te was a quiet la-ad."

"Sure," said Mr. Dooley, "if he's associatin' with th' r-rul-in' race he may've picked up thricks. I answered him: 'Dear Terence,' says I, 'I can't lend ye annythin'! I says, 'bein' no hero meself, I says, 'but, I says, 'ye ought to have patience,' I says. 'If ye'er on th' polis force ye'll get it away fr'm thim if ye on'y wait,' I says."

"Faith," said Mr. Hennessy, "tis a good answer."

"An' a thrue wan," said Mr. Dooley.—Copyright, 1899, by the Chicago Journal.

Roosevelt Skiffully Dodges Questions.

ENTERED the anteroom, which is divided at one end by a railing, thus marking off the visitors into classes. The general public, Cook's tourists, brides and grooms, camera fiends and bill collectors remain outside this railing. The inner space is reserved for Rough Riders,



"HE STARTED FOR THE NORTH."

reporters, Assemblymen and the two dozen or so of doorkeepers, messengers, private secretaries and others who are paid by the State to stay there. Armed with a card stating that I had an appointment with the Governor, I boldly passed the railing and was then ushered into the ten-acre room where the Executive earns his salary from 10 a. m. until 5 p. m. It is a very large and bare looking apartment.

The Governor was engaged in adroitly parrying the questions fired at him by a battery of reporters at the moment of my entrance, and a nice-looking boy, wearing a colonel's uniform, with real colonel's shoulder straps and a somewhat haughty, Cheung County air, touched me on the shoulder and said: "Please walk this way." I walked my own natural gait, quite a nice long walk, to the other end of the room, and I stood there studying Governor Roosevelt and making neat little sketches of his attitudes. He was evidently nervous and ill at ease, although he goes through this ordeal every

day at 11 and 4:45 o'clock, and he kept his hands in his pockets very carefully all the time the newspaper men were there. I observed carefully the particular feature which has been such a boon to caricaturists, his habit of showing his teeth.

It struck me afterward that it is only in moments of strain and anxiety that he does it, for in easy and natural conversation his mouth is respectful and natural. Any man with nine or ten reporters at him at once will be pardoned for a little nervousness, and when they left him I saw at once that he was a changed being.

When I was presented the Governor looked me straight in the face with his rather small but keen blue eyes, and told me he was glad to meet me. His expression is pleasant, not humorous, rather, I should say, that of good nature, slightly modified by a sort of stern look more or less real in the brows. He has not the full overhanging upper eyelid, the sure sign of the orator, but is a good talker, nevertheless.

I told him that I had illustrated some of his ranch stories long ago, and he recalled one of them as an instance of the general stupidity of certain people.

In the story he had stated that though he often

the writer informed him that he knew absolutely nothing about ranching, but very much desired to enter his employ in that particular line. I think the man was having fun with Mr. Roosevelt, but I didn't say so.

As he told me the story he walked toward the south end of the room, toward the door, in fact. I warped around in front of him, and said: "I wanted to ask you what you thought of the dispute between District-Attorney Gardiner and the Judges?"

He started toward the north. He was in fine condition, I noticed at once.

"Do you read Sienkiewicz?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," I replied.

"I'm just getting the hang of his names," he went on, increasing his stride to a thirty-two gait.

"For a good while I couldn't pronounce Skshetusk's name at all. I just sort o' sneezed and let it go at that."

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"Oh, I never tried it. I always call him 'Pan Yan,'" I said.

"Well, I do, too. 'Fire and Sword' is a great book."

We now reached the end of the room and turned.



"CORNERED."

"That description of the battle of Zbaraj is the most wonderful thing I've ever read."

"Yes, it is. Do you think," I interrupted, "that you will sign the Astoria Gas Grab bill?"

He was moving so fast that I had trouble in keeping up with him. I'm a little out of training until the bicycle season opens, and I was becoming overheated. Still, he only gained a couple of feet on me.

"And yet," he went on, "the character of the Lithuanian, Podpients, the Zervikaptur of Myshikishki, is to me an impossible one. Vishnevsky and Konyetspolski are natural people, and so is Skshetusk; but Podpients seems over-drawn."

I was now aware that he was trying to dodge the question, and as he got around the desk I headed him off smartly and inquired:

"What is your opinion of this embalmed beef business?"

He cleared the desk and sprinted for the east side of the room, remarking as he went:

"I think I admire, however, more than anything in Sienkiewicz's books his portrayal of Pan Volodyovsk, the incomparable swordsman and cavalryman. He is an ideal character. I can see him, with his bristling, quivering, waxed mustache, in my mind's eye."

Here he jumped over a chair and I lost two yards.

"The way he did up Bogun, Boguslav and everybody else is simply delightful!"

By sprinting hard I came neck and neck with him and gasped:

"How about the Amsterdam avenue matter? Are you in favor of four tracks on that much populated and travelled thoroughfare or not?"

"And Zagloba!" he exclaimed, putting on more steam and veering off diagonally in a northeast by east direction. "There's a wonder in delineation."

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The Amsterdam Avenue Grab vs. Sienkiewicz.

together! Isn't he?"

Here he stubbed his toe on the rug, and I panned him in the corner and asked him to tell me, honestly, if he was going to let Mrs. Place be electrocuted.

"Have you read Hallam's 'Middle Ages'?" he in-

quired, looking me in the left eye.

"Yes, I'm reading Hallam now," I panted.

"Well, do you remember what he says in chapter II, about Montesquieu and Malby holding that a Roman subject, or colonel, might live by the Sallie code and his equality with the Franks be recognized as an alodial landholder in the Field of March and his weregild be raised and he be exempt from taxation?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, Malby and Hallam also were pleased with an hypothesis that the Theodosian code, copied into the Breviarium Aniani was equal to the Justinian code, as the glossary of Ducange has it, or the Pandects of—"

I felt my legs slipping, and when I "came to" the young man in the colonel's uniform was putting water on my head and the Governor had gone to luncheon.

WALT M'DOUGALL.



"HE CLEARED THE DESK."

quired, looking me in the left eye.

"Yes, I'm reading Hallam now," I panted.

"Well, do you remember what he says in chapter II, about Montesquieu and Malby holding that a Roman subject, or colonel, might live by the Sallie code and his equality with the Franks be recognized as an alodial landholder in the Field of March and his weregild be raised and he be exempt from taxation?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, Malby and Hallam also were pleased with an hypothesis that the Theodosian code, copied into the Breviarium Aniani was equal to the Justinian code, as the glossary of Ducange has it, or the Pandects of—"

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