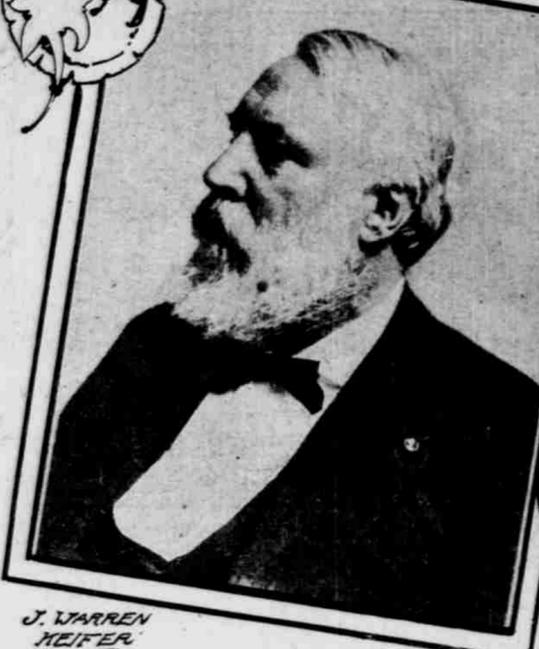


# REMEMBER

EX-SPEAKER KEIFER, J. SLOAT  
FASSETT, BOB LA FOLLETTE AND  
ROCKWOOD HOAR.



J. WARREN KEIFER



J. SLOAT FASSETT



BY PAUL DANBY.

**PROBABLY** the most striking personal figure on the floor of the House of Representatives during the coming session will be General J. Warren Keifer, of Springfield, O.

Tall, but now somewhat stooped under the burden of years, rather on the order of the late President Garfield in build, with ruddy complexion, snow-white hair and full beard, many would turn to gaze after him, on first meeting Keifer, even were there nothing about him so strikingly to call for special attention.

But there is, most decidedly, for, at all hours of the day, and every day, no matter where he is seen, at least in public, he wears a full evening suit of broadcloth, low waistcoat—exposing a "vast expanse" of shirt bosom—swallowtail coat and all.

Crowning his milk-white poll in the Summer time, he wears a golden yellow straw hat, in the cool weather, generally a derby; the entire combination being something for men, if not for the gods, to stop, look, listen and wonder at.

Only the other day he put in an appearance on Wall street, in New York, where men gazed at him as he had never been seen in the daytime for a couple of generations and where he naturally attracted all sorts of attention.

### Cannon Served With Keifer 20 Years Ago or More.

**ALTHOUGH** Representative Keifer will be a new figure to the majority in Washington, both in the House and out of it, these are oldtimers who will remember the days when he was the biggest figure of all in the House. Uncle Joe Cannon is one of these. As standing behind the Speaker's desk, he declares the session begun, and, looking over the Republican side of the House, copies Keifer's snowy head above his Representative's desk. Uncle Joe's mind must surely revert to the days, more than 20 years ago, when Keifer occupied the Speaker's desk and he, Cannon, was a comparatively young member, though a veteran even then.

Mr. Keifer is a veteran of the Civil War, serving with credit in campaigns fought out in West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, with such credit that when the war closed, he was promoted to the rank of Colonel. He was brevetted a Brigadier-General. He began his active career in politics in 1874, and passed through the Ohio State Senate to the 46th Congress as a member of the House in 1879. He was in Congress eight years, being Speaker in the middle '80s.

His troubles with Speaker Cannon were as pretty nearly everybody, were as strenuous as to fill many columns in the newspapers. This was partly because some of his troubles were the most bitter paper correspondents. Even the oldtimers in the House gallery have forgotten many of the details, but it is remembered that at one time he wanted to close the gallery because of the things that were printed about him and also that he made serious charges against a certain correspondent, now dead, which were so made that the situation more strained than ever.

### How Sloat Fassett Was Hoodooed by His Lack of a Coat.

**IT IS** not of record that General Keifer was ever hoodooed by his swallowtail coat, but J. Sloat Fassett, from New York, who will appear on the floor of the House as a member for the first time during the coming session, surely was hoodooed

by the lack of one, when running for election of New York on the Republican ticket in 1891.

He was making his campaign on the anti-Tammany basis, and was striving for election with all the energy he possessed. He was especially anxious to win a big vote on the East Side in the city of New York, and he made the mistake of not dressing for the part when delivering an address in that part of town.

He went further. It was a hot night and, apparently that he might seem "free and easy" before an audience of workmen, he pulled off his coat and spoke in his shirt sleeves. The effect was exactly contrary to what he expected. Those in the audience were displeased by what they thought discourtesy in them and the opposition set up a great cry that he had been extremely impolite to a lot of honest workmen. They thought they were plenty good enough to be treated to an exhibition of the best manners the speaker had in stock.

Later in the same campaign a speaker, through a slip of the tongue, alluded to him as "Joe Sloat" Fassett. Instead of J. Sloat Fassett, and the opposition newspapers, which had often alluded to him as "Joe Sloat" Fassett, had plenty of fun over the mistake. It seems strange that such things should make or mar a candidate's future, but he is a member of the House of Representatives.

He was a member of the New York Legislature before this, and made a mark for himself in this capacity. When he was Governor he was known as "young Mr. Fassett"; he is now "well along in middle life—45—and looks his years. He has a clean-cut face, with a massive brow, is a highly effective speaker, and may be heard from.

It may be said for him that he is a good sport in politics. His defeat in 1888 for the Governorship was a crushing blow, and in 1894 he got a still greater setback, in being defeated for the gubernatorial nomination after a desperate contest for it, but he is not backward in doing all he could for his party.

Mr. Fassett will be one of the richest members. He married Miss Jennie Crocker, a niece of the millionaire railroad-builder, herself a millionaire. If they choose the Fassetts are quite able to give eagerly in Capitalistic suits this winter.

### Some Personal Characteristics of La Follette, of Wisconsin.

**ROBERT MARION LA FOLLETTE**, the new Senator from Wisconsin, though never before a member of the Upper House, was a Representative for three terms, beginning in 1884 and ending in 1898, with the Democratic landslide of 1898, but a famous invective discourse when the McKinley bill was drawn and his career as Governor of Wisconsin, from which post he retired to make the Senate; is still fresh in the mind of the public.

To his friends in the Basger state, La Follette is plain "Bob." When they wish to be more formal, they call him "Little Bob," and now and then some admirer looks at the man with a high, broad forehead, a square jaw, a pair of keen brown eyes, and an aggressive, wavy pompadour. He has a ready smile and a handshake that makes the other fellow remember the day his fingers got caught in a door.

Like Blaine, they say he never forgets a face or the name that goes with it, but for them his father died and the boy had to run the farm and get what education he could at district schools.

His strong bent was in the line of declamation, and from early boyhood he was in demand at spelling schools and church societies. "Spartacus and the gladiators" and "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight" were favorites in those days, and young La Follette could recite them better than any boy in the country. In 1875 the family moved to Madison, and three years later he entered the University of Wisconsin. He worked his way through college, and at the same time assisted his mother in supporting the family. One winter he earned money by teaching a country school 18 miles from Madison. Part of the time he edited the university paper, Shakespeare was his favorite author, and he devoted hours to the study of the characters of Iago and Hamlet. He took a prominent part in the literary and debating societies, and won the oratorical championship of the univer-

sity in 1875 with an oration on Iago. Using the same declamation, he next captured the championship of the state, and later the interstate championship, in which he was pitted against the premier college orators of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Ohio. When he returned to Madison the students of the university carried him on their shoulders from the train to the campus. It honored in his honor and hired a band to add to the impressiveness of the occasion.

They say La Follette would rather fight than eat, and his militant political career bears out the statement. But he has a sense of humor, too. His daughter, Miss Fola, who is an actress in Miss Rehan's company, tells this story about him:

During his Congressional career he lived in a boarding-house. One day at dinner he found a carpet tack in his dinner pike.

"What is it, sort?" he called, addressing the waitress.

"He held up the bit of misplaced hardware."

"If you'll bring me a hammer," he said gravely, "I'll nail down the lid of this pie!"

Shortly after returning to Wisconsin he began his long struggle against the Republican state organization. In 1894 he promised Nils Haugen, candidate for Governor, the delegates from Dane County. Haugen was not favored by the regular organization. The night the first primaries were held La Follette did not secure a single delegate.

"Boys," cried La Follette, "I'm going to carry every remaining primary in Dane County, if I have to crawl there on my hands and knees!" He carried them.

One remarkable thing about La Follette's success is the fact that during three of the most strenuous and crit-

ical years of his fight for the Governorship he was flat on his back in bed at least six months of each year. His malady was a peculiar stomach affection, and physicians seemed unable to help him. His enemies felt confident that he was going to die. Most men would have been discouraged, but La Follette pushed his campaign with tire-

less persistence, cured his stomach trouble by a regular daily routine of exercises, and won the coveted Governorship.

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ROCKWOOD HOAR, SON OF THE LATE SEN. HOAR

This Man Comes of a Family Long in Public Life.

**NOTEWORTHY** in his own state of Massachusetts because of his own personality, and sure to be regarded with expectation the country over because of his antecedents, is General Rockwood Hoar, who will take his seat in the House of Representatives for the first time next week.

General Hoar is the son of the lamented Senator George Frisbie Hoar, and is descended from a long line of colonial strong men. There is something in his face that shows kinship with the Sherman family of Ohio, which gave the country two remarkable brothers, one of whom, William Tecumseh, was one of the greatest Generals in the Civil War, and the other, John, a contemporary statesman of the first rank.

Rockwood Hoar was named for his uncle, Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar. Ebenezer Rockwood and George Frisbie Hoar were sons of Samuel Hoar, a patriot of Revolutionary days and a member of the Massachusetts Legislature.

Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar held many offices, the most important, perhaps, being membership in the Joint High Commission that passed on the claims of the United States against Great Britain on account of the depredations of the Alabama during the Civil War. He was a member of the House 39 years ago.

If the present Rockwood Hoar lives up to his ancestry, he will be of some consequence in the House. (Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

## The Making of a Successful Husband No. XI

**MY DEAR JOHN:** Your letter reminds me of a German woman who lived in the little town in Missouri where I was raised. She was a cheerful individual of the Mrs. Wiggins type, and she had a laugh that would roll across the village like a peal of Spring thunder. Its reverberations were infectious, and no matter how worn and tired, no matter how troubled my fellow-citizens would be, they would echo a smile, and peace and contentment would settle down upon the whole community. Why, I've seen town meetings of the most violent character turned into love feasts by the influence of that laugh poured through the open windows of the "City Hall." But that isn't what I want to tell you about. Mrs. Schreider believed in the gospel of work. She was never idle. From sun up to sunset and after she was busy. Everything about her little house above like new silver from the repeated scrubbing and polishing she gave it. She assailed dirt with the thoroughness of an American and the thoroughness of a Teuton. Rest was a luxury she disdained, and yet she was always healthy and always happy.

"How is it, Mrs. Schreider," she was often asked, "that you are so happy all the time?"

"Ach, Gott!" she would exclaim, with that irresistible laugh, "I haf no time for anything's udder."

You say your wife "shall never quit if you can help it." That sounds quite heroic and looks very well on paper, but it's ridiculous if you don't mean it, and a serious mistake if you do. It isn't original with you; I have heard it a great many times in my life. Some of the men who said it did their best to live up to it, and some of them succeeded, to the sorrow of their wives, but there were several who afterward made their wives the victims of their own pride and ambition. Between the pampered and miserable household slave there is a happy medium, and it isn't hard to find it.

There is an old axiom that "there is no excellence without great labor," and it is equally true that there is no happiness without occupation. Work of some description is as necessary to our mental as to our physical well-being. We somehow cherish the delusion that well-financed idleness is the acme of earthly bliss, and yet when we get a two weeks' vacation, no matter how well filled our pockets, we begin to feel wretched at the end of the first week and are impatient to get back into the harness before our time is up. Some can stand it longer than others, but there are mighty few who can contentedly do nothing for any considerable period of time.

"Oh, but you're talking about men," I hear you say. "Women are different." That's just where you're wrong, my boy. Women, in this respect, are not different. They must have something to do, and the man who imposes a life of idleness upon his wife believing he is thereby contributing to her happiness is making a

blunder that he will pay well for in after years. I grant that his intentions are good, but they are of the same character as those used in certain quarters for paving material, and unless the wife is an invalid or is exceptionally gifted, each her object, prompted by love as it may be, will not be attained, because nature has implanted in every normal human mind a strong and overwhelming desire for action. The world must be kept moving, and it's up to us to turn the crank. The labor of woman is as necessary to progress as that of man, and it doesn't matter whether it is your wife or my wife who is doing it. Mind what you do, a definite duty to perform and will find her greatest happiness in its performance.

Now, don't go off half-cocked. I don't want to see your wife scrubbing the front steps—although in a case of necessity even that probably would do her no harm. But which she is physically able to do, and which she is willing to do now—wants to do. The fact that so many women are useless dolls is mainly due to foolish young husbands like yourself who force their wives to a life of idleness. If given their own way they would choose labor of some character, and ninety per cent of them, impelled by a divinely-given instinct, would say housekeeping.

Among my acquaintances is a young man who has that idea very deeply impressed. When he was married three or four years ago he took his beautiful wife to a boarding-house, and she kept her there ever since. She pleaded for a home, but he would not have her soil her hands. The inactivity of a boarding-house was to her unbearable. She has a very fine voice and rare dramatic talent. He reluctantly consented to allow her to give music lessons. Now her income is larger than his own, a brilliant future is open to her, and yet she continues to plead for a home; just a little flat where she could do all the work herself; where he and she would be all in all to each other. She just had to do something, but she would not do it unless she had a home, with its cares and its joys, to the triumphs of her profession.

The home is the best place for the development and exercise of a woman's talents for numerous reasons, most of which are entirely obvious. Whether it is an original gift to the soul or the result of the training of thousands of years is immaterial. The fact remains that she shines with greatest brilliancy in the domestic atmosphere, and here she should be allowed to sparkle unshaded. The majority of women realize their duties and responsibilities, and know that they can best be fulfilled in the home, and if let alone they will derive the greatest amount of satisfaction and contentment from the performance of the tasks which home service brings to them. I don't believe that a woman should be a drudge. I don't believe that she should be required or allowed to do more than she wants to do. When her work ceases to be a pleasure, then it has passed the limit of expediency and defeats its most important object, where the line

should be drawn depends entirely upon her temperament and her physical strength. Some women can do joyfully and with benefit to themselves an amount of labor that would destroy others. And there are some women, like some men, whose excess energy carries them far beyond their physical powers. Too much work is as bad as idleness. There is a golden mean, and instead of trying to prevent Anna May from doing any work at all, you should exercise your authority or your influence, whichever you please to call it, to keep her from doing too much. I say this because I've got an idea that she's a hustler, and while hustlers are admirable people, as a rule, they need a little restraint exercised for their own good. However, there are not many women who need a check-rein in the matter of work. They are a good deal like us men in that respect. Most of us believe in temperance when it comes to labor, and some of us are total abstainers, and whether men or women, we are all better off if we perform a reasonable amount of good, honest work every day, and fortunately the ones of either sex who are content to do nothing are comparatively few.

Your wife must have something to do, and your silly pride should not stand in the way of the doing. Idleness provides more cases for the divorce courts than any other single agency. It doesn't usually appear in the evidence under that name, but it's responsible just the same. Most frequently it is disguised as incompatibility of temperament, which means that Mrs. Jones has sat in an easy chair and looked at the clock for hours, discontent invariably accompanies inaction and in its train are the other mental and physical ills which make life unbearable to herself and bring misery to her mate. Yet if that same woman were given something to do, something that she felt compelled to do, either by duty or from the sheer love of it, the mere occupation would remove the shadows from her mind, bring the blood coursing through her veins, redder her cheeks and brighten her eyes, substitute a smile for a frown, and give that seat to life and love which is the mainspring of happiness. No, my boy, let Anna May do whatever she wants to do within the bounds of her capacity. If she takes pleasure in housework, don't hinder her. There is nothing degrading about it. On the contrary, there is no more honorable employment for a wife, and there is none by which she can add so much to the peace and contentment of the home, and to the happiness of her husband, her children and herself. Talk as the "advanced woman" may about the enlargement of woman's sphere, she cannot get away from the fact that Nature's inexorable laws have given her a field peculiarly her own, a field in which she has no rival, in which she can and does do her greatest work for humanity, and that field is bounded by the four walls of the home. It is true that housework has its cares, its myriad annoyances that often bring tears of vexation or discouragement, but no method of life has been yet discovered that does not have a few kinks in it, and there never will be. It would be a degrading monotonous existence anyhow. It's the kinks in life that make existence really worth while, and

## Women Should Work: There Is No Happiness Without an Occupation.

It pains me to see the number growing larger all the time, who have a strong aversion to domestic labor. I don't believe Anna May is one of them, but if she is, let her follow her bent if it does not destroy your domestic relations. There is no more pitiable object on earth than a woman of energy and talent compelled to live a life of inaction, because her little tin god of a husband would consider himself disgraced if she were to do a little honorable work on her own account. Don't be that kind of a chump! It's pure and unadulterated selfishness. That's all there is to it. If you love your wife give her freedom; let her do the work that pleases her best, for therein lies her greatest happiness; but keep her at home, keep her at home. I draw the line there, if her ambition takes her beyond the portals for her labor, employ a housekeeper, but preserve the home. It is her haven and yours. There is no satisfactory substitute for it. It attains its highest glory when the wife is its head and directing force, when her life is mainly devoted to its welfare, but whether or no, it is home and nothing else will serve. Your affectionate dad, JOHN SNEED.

**Clear Enough.** Mrs. Subbubs—"Mrs. Backlot tells me that that Mrs. Newcomb, next door to her, is exceedingly cold and unsympathetic, and—"

Mr. Subbubs—"Ah, that simply means that she doesn't gossip."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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