The Speaker of the House of Representatives

NO. III. SOME REASONS WHY "UNCLE JOE" CANNON THE PRESENT SPEAKER, IS SO POPULAR

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

"AND I may be excused, Mr. Chairman, if I say that no man in my short career—or middle-aged career, because it is ceasing to be short now—has reminded me as much of that couplet as the Speaker of this House. He reminds me frequently of coined gold. The gold would be valuable without the stamp that is put upon it, but the stamp gives it ready currency, and gives it a better opportunity to do the work of the people. Joseph G. Cannon would have been valuable as Joseph G. Cannon if he had never been a Justice of the Peace even; but without the stamp of the people's approval, giving him official rank, he would not have had the ready currency that he has had to and through all our hearts, nor the opportunity that he has so effectively exercised—to do the people's work as he thought it should be done."

This is from the speech of Representative John Sharp Williams, Democratic leader, in the last hour of the Fifty-eighth Congress, when the House united in a "joint caucus" to express its unanimous good will toward the retiring Speaker, and search the records of Congress from the beginning, and there is not another such tribute from the minority leader to the fairness and worth of the Speaker, who is the majority leader.

Forced Respect for Speaker.

More than a hundred years ago the Continental Congress adopted a rule that "when the House shall adjourn every member shall stand in his place until the President shall pass him." That enforced universal respect for the presiding officer by parliamentary rule. The last House of Representatives, in the closing hour, laid aside all rules and regulations or parliamentary practice, and, in good fellowship, held what they pleased to call a joint caucus of all members of all political parties to express their affection as men for the man they had for two years addressed as "Mr. Speaker."

This unprecedented and unparliamentary demonstration, with the tribute paid by Mr. Williams, the Democratic leader, is the best testimonial to the manner in which the last Speaker exercised the great authority that had been placed in his hands by a political majority. Nothing more need be said about Mr. Cannon as Speaker, and yet that would not constitute a sketch, nor would it convey the reasons for the confidence of the House in its Speaker.

There have been more brilliant men in the Speaker's chair, and Mr. Cannon would not desire to be compared with Clay and Blaine, nor Carlisle and Reed, as brilliant and forcible party leaders of the House. And yet he handled questions as difficult and delicate as they did in a way to keep partisan and factional friction from developing into open hostility and partisan riot. He organized the House on political lines, as had all his predecessors, and at times cracked the party whip over his followers, perhaps, but whatever he did was done in such a way as to leave few heartburns and no bitterness to mar the universal esteem of all when he was about to declare the Fifty-eighth Congress adjourned without day.

Common Sense and Good Humor.

Mr. Cannon had no other secret than that of common sense, common fairness as between man and man, old-fashioned fellowship and good humor. Where the rules and the power of the office protected most of his predecessors in the Speaker's chair, his reputation for honesty and fairness and his good nature protected him and enabled him to do things in an easier, if less dignified, way than they did. Where the dignity of the office has prevented members from assailing other Speakers, universal affection prevented them from saying anything disrespectful to the Speaker of the Fifty-eighth Congress.

The Democratic leader, Mr. Williams, felicitously expressed this unique condition at the close of the second session of the Fifty-eighth Congress in the resolution of thanks which he there offered and which was adopted, as follows:

"Mr Williams, of Mississippi: Resolved, That the House of Representatives return its thanks to its Speaker, the Hon. J. G. Cannon, of Illinois, for the fair, impartial, and able manner in which he has presided over its deliberations, and for the sturdy common sense and genial good humor which have been displayed by him and which have induced the members of the House itself at this session in a degree almost unprecedented, in imitation of him, to display the same sterling American characteristics in their deliberations and mutual dealings."

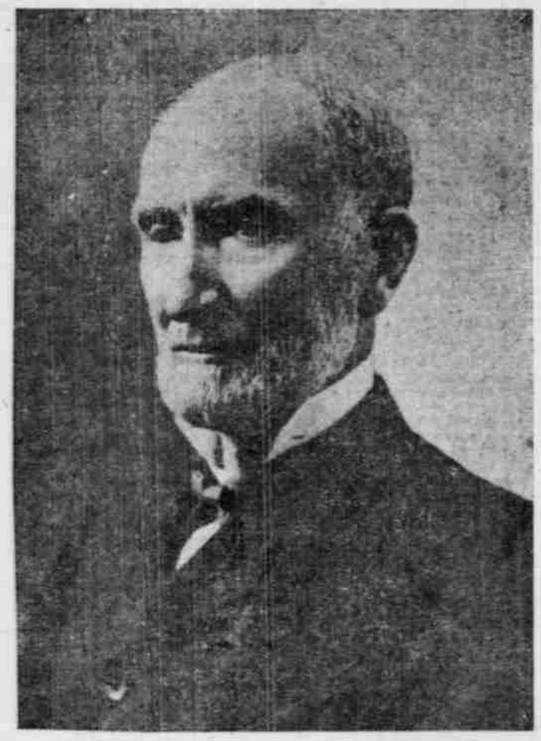
The above resolution was unanimously agreed to by a rising vote.

Joseph G. Cannon owed his election as Speaker to his long, intelligent and patriotic service in the House. He had been 36 years a member, had long been a member of the committee on appropriations, and through five Congresses the chairman of that committee, controlling the great appropriation bills, and keeping strict watch that these bills were clean of jobbery, and as free from extravagance as the chairman of a committee can by fearless discussion on the floor of the House. He had won the sobriquet of "watch-dog" of the Treasury, and a reputation for honesty, patriotism and experience. He had twice been defeated for Speaker and had continued his loyal support of the man who triumphed over him, in good nature. He had been a member of the committee on rules with Speaker Reed and Major McKinley in the Fifty-first Congress, and had shared in the work of piloting the McKinley bill through the House. More than all else he had been a fearless fighter on the floor, giving and receiving hard knocks, without remembering these after the battle. He had won admiration for his fighting qualities, and also for the way he took punishment. Those who followed him, and those who opposed him, all liked the man, and he was the friend of every one on both sides of the House.

Cannon the Only Choice.

When Speaker Henderson retired from Congress, withdrawing from the contest in his district in the midst of the campaign, the Republicans instinctively turned to Mr. Cannon, pledging him their support, though at the time neither he nor they were more than candidates for election to the House. His selection as the candidate for Speaker was agreed upon long before the Fifty-eighth Congress met. There was no contest.

In organizing the House, Mr. Cannon was frank and considerate with the minority. He called the minority leader, Mr. Williams, into the Speaker's room and said: "Now, John, I propose to be as fair to the minority as the political exigencies will permit. This is a Republican Congress, and the Republicans will do the work and accept the responsibility, but I do not propose to break your lines. I want a well-organized minority, and I propose to leave to you the selection of the minority representation on the standing committees. You will handle your own men, in your own way, and select them for committee places. I will not interfere with your selection except where you cross geographical lines and embarrass my own selection by making too many from one state on the same committee. I have no more fear that you will make improper selections than that I would myself.



JOSEPH G. CANNON, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

With this understanding Mr. Williams selected the minority representation on the committees, and only in a few instances were these changed, and reasons satisfactorily to him given in each case. In organizing the majority of the committees, the Speaker was entirely frank with his own followers. He followed the old precedents where he could. He had no friends to reward and no enemies to punish. He had no secrets about what he intended to do. He reorganized the committee on postoffices and postroads, because of the postoffice scandals, and selected for members of that committee men who could not be embarrassed by past recommendations in their investigations of the scandal. He reorganized the committee on labor to make it a strong working committee, to deal seriously and fearlessly with legislation referred to that committee. He had to disappoint some of his best friends in their ambition, but he did this openly and without apology. He made up his committees not with a view to personal friendship, or personal ambition, but for the purpose of strengthening the organization of the House as best he could, according to his judgment. There were some heart-burnings, but no reason for complaint, and the men who were most disappointed remained the Speaker's most loyal and enthusiastic supporters in every contest before the House.

Acted for the Majority.

In dealing with members under the rules of the House, the Speaker claimed no unusual prerogative. He acted for the majority at all times, and consulted the majority in the Republican caucus. He believed implicitly in majority rule, as the majority is made up of the party responsible for the organization of the House, and for legislation. He did not, therefore, consider it his duty to bow to a majority when made up from both sides of the House, unless it acted under the rules and beyond his power. He, therefore, did not heed the demand for a rule to consider the statehood bill until the question was submitted to a Republican caucus to determine where the responsible party majority stood. He took the same action regarding other proposed measures that were to come before the House.

Mr. Cannon did not give the Speaker's recognition on the theory that it was a favor, but as a right. The old practice of keeping a record of recognitions on private bills was abandoned. He never reminded a member that he had already been recognized once or twice by unanimous consent. In every case he examined the bill for which unanimous consent was requested, and if it appeared all right, he gave the recognition as a matter of course. He drew the line that no bill should be so considered which involved a charge against the Treasury, and he would not change that ruling at the request of any one, not even the President of the United States. He held that a bill passed by unanimous consent meant a bill passed by the Speaker, and he insisted that such bills should be mere matters of form, giving the necessary consent of Congress without changing existing law, or involving an obligation on the Treasury. There are hundreds of such bills passed every Congress, and Mr. Cannon, when satisfied they were within the rule, gave prompt recognition to the members proposing them, without keeping any account or treating these recognitions as favors from the Chair. This appears only just and right, but it had so long been treated as a favor to grant such recognitions that the change stamped Speaker Cannon as one who would not exaggerate the importance of his office by the use of petty prerogative, and it added to that universal confidence which was voiced by the minority leader in the closing hour of the 58th Congress.

Accepted the Responsibility.

"A man's a man for a' that," has been Mr. Cannon's motto throughout his public life, and he observed that rule while Speaker more punctiliously than ever before. He was Speaker, for the time being clothed with great authority, but he was also a member of the House, and all were his equals in everything except the responsibility for the action of the majority. That responsibility was his, and he held it as binding on himself to guard against abuse of it. He had good fellowship for all, but he could say "no" as promptly, as good-naturedly, and to party leader and political opponent, with equal grace and as easily as he could say "yes."

He was the same in his dealings with the public. The Speaker's room was not a holy of holies, and the door did not swing at a given signal, recognizing political or social influence. The latch-string was out to all. No man or woman was denied admission to his presence because of lack of influence. The only bar to an audience with the Speaker was a previous engagement, a conference already in progress, or the urgent business of the House. The Speaker knew of only one way to decide the delicate question as to who had real business with him, and that was to hear what his caller had to say. He then determined whether it was a matter for his attention or not.

That policy was sometimes embarrassing and sacrificed much of the Speaker's time to those who had no right to it, but it was Mr. Cannon's way, and no one could protect him at all times from imposition. He patiently listened to poor women who desired him to pass special pension laws for them, to men who had great schemes for Government aid, and to those who wished him to have the President appoint them to office. None of these people had any business to present to the Speaker, and after he had heard them he could promptly say "No." But he would not say that word to any man or woman until he had heard enough to be certain that he was right in his denial. Many people abused this privilege of appealing to the Speaker, but he would not change the rule of an open door because of the abuses. He preferred that he should err in sacrificing his time rather than deny a hearing which was entitled to be heard.

Ousted an Insolent Visitor.

In only one instance did the Speaker turn away an impostor with harshness. That was an alleged labor representative, who used threats as to what labor would do if his petition were not granted. That threat brought the Speaker from his chair with an indignant motion to the door and an order that that man should never enter his presence again to disgrace honest labor or any labor organization by such methods. And labor organizations all repudiated that man and thanked the Speaker for the tribute he paid to honest labor in expelling the man from his room.

Speaker Cannon's leadership has been, as one happily expressed it, by the golden cords of affection, as well as by the iron chains of conviction. His associates on both sides of the House had a sincere affection for the man, and this was manifest long before he became Speaker. They also had an absolute confidence in him as a leader of great legislative experience, and this made it easier for him to lead them by conviction. His first term as Speaker was therefore unique, and in some ways unprecedented. His leadership was, like that of Blaine and Reed, for his party rather than for himself. He had little pride in his own personal opinion, and had absolutely no desire for personal triumph. His responsibility as Speaker was the responsibility of the majority party, which clothed him with great authority, and, while holding to his opinions as to how that responsibility should be met, he sought to convince his followers by plain matter-of-fact argument rather than by ironclad rule of procedure, or by the assumption of any prerogative of his office. When the majority was divided as to policy, he went as one of them into the caucus, to there settle the line of action, and in the caucus he was only one of the majority.

Welcomed at White House.

Speaker Cannon has held his office in as high esteem as any of his predecessors, and while not accepting direction from any other source than the responsible majority of the House, he had held the most cordial relations with the Executive. He has recognized the President as the party leader and one official authorized to recommend legislation, and he has freely conferred with the President as to the best way to meet his recommendations or to give his reasons why such recommendations could not be followed. No President and Speaker ever held more cordial, confidential relations than President Roosevelt and Speaker Cannon. They have a mutual respect for the personal qualities of leadership in each other, as well as a mutual respect for the powers and responsibilities of the offices they hold.

The President often called the Speaker into conference before making public recommendations, and on several occasions he withheld recommendations after these conferences, presumably convinced by the Speaker that they were ill-timed and could not be realized in legislation. There were at times reports current of disagreement between the President and the Speaker, but these were never more than the frank and manly expressed difference of opinion of the two men as to the wisdom of suggestions for recommendations from the one, for legislative action by the other. It was by such frank and open confidence that the President and the Speaker maintained a healthy state of harmony between the executive and legislative departments of the Government at a time when open disagreement and rupture seemed imminent.

Got Along With Senate.

The same spirit was shown toward the Senate. Mr. Cannon, as a member, had said harsh things regarding the methods of the Senate in dealing with the House. But as Speaker he invited the most cordial confidence and co-operation with the Senate leaders, and as a result they worked together more harmoniously than for many years in the past.

Mr. Cannon looked upon the Speakership as an official station second only to that of the Presidency, and no argument or persuasion could induce him to accept the nomination of his party for Vice-President. He felt that his life work had been in the House, and that he so understood that work that he could with credit to himself and the country continue to administer the office of Speaker. He refused absolutely to be considered as a possible candidate for Vice-President and stopped the movement for his nomination by the public announcement that he would decline.

Mr. Cannon's democratic relations with all classes of people was not changed in the least by his elevation to the Speakership. Out of the Speaker's chair he was plain Mr. Cannon from Illinois. He exacted no social recognitions of his office from the public at large, but he held the House of Representatives in such respect that he expected other officials to recognize the office he held in all official functions. There have been reports of sensitiveness on his part, and refusal to attend official functions because of the place assigned him. These reports were without warrant, in fact, for while he was Speaker of the Fifty-eighth Congress, neither President nor Cabinet official, nor Senators ever failed to give the Speaker the recognition due to the office as second in the United States. In official etiquette his rank was next to that of the Vice-President, and when there was no Vice-President, next to that of the President himself. And that rank was universally recognized.—Copyright, 1905, by S. S. Cline.

Three Minutes' Musings

Cincinnatus and Modern Men Who Try to Imitate Him.—By Marcus W. Robbins.

CINCINNATUS was a square-deal politician who lived at the time when the enterprising real estate men were selling corner lots in Romulus' First Addition to the City of Rome and informing each and every purchaser that the Appian Way was sure to go by his lot, emphasizing this truth by the fact that there was a party of surveyors camped on the banks of the Tiber a few miles below town, and that grade stakes would be set and the dirt begin to fly before olives were ripe.

It was during this time that everyone lived the simple life and did not know it, which naturally must have taken away half the pleasure of it, as the human animal is such a perverse creature. They had the consolation, however, of not having to pay a dollar and a half apiece for their ignorance.

There were no Paris gowns to be paid for then, and if the Ladies' Home Journal could have been handed back to some of the matrons, they would not have recognized their modern sisters or comprehended the advertisements of woman's apparel.

Cincinnatus likewise would have been badly rattled if he had been turned loose in an up-to-date twentieth century nominating convention for Governor and been asked to fix the delegates from the back districts.

They did it differently in his time. All the politicians were farmers and got out and grubbed stumps and pruned trees with the best of them. Pray do not confuse these ancient politicians with those of modern times, say for instance of the Waldo Hills. They did not have any Irrigation Congresses or Good Roads Conventions in those days, and farming had not been adulterated by a lot of outside mixtures.

It was on his farm that Cincinnatus got his first call. He was out in the field busily engaged in preparing it for his Spring crop of wheat, and with his oxen, probably called Tom and Jerry, was turning up the rich loam, when a select committee from the city called on him and requested that he come to town and take charge of the government.

Just try to imagine a scene like that at the present time. Suppose some prominent United States Senator was out in his hopfield spraying a decoction of quassia chips and whale-oil soap and he should see two or three strangers making for him across the field, nine cases out of ten he would make a break for the tall timber on the theory that some United States grand jury had found a true bill against him, and these men were United States Marshals with a warrant to serve.

The people do not call Governors at the present time. The way it goes is something like this: Some leading citizen of the state decides that he would like to prefix "Governor" to his name, so he prepares to call the attention of the people to himself.

If there is a teacher's institute within reach of his pass, he attends and takes half an hour or so to explain to the young ladies how the bad boy should be controlled by moral suasion rather than the shingle.

A miners' association meeting at the adjoining county seat will find him there, and the way he can dilate on the "hanging wall," "country rock," "pay chute," "dioryte" and "doleryte" would make a forty-niner green with envy.

But on the Fourth of July he reaches the pinnacle of his hopes, and while the words stream forth about "our flag" and "our country," he takes pains to insinuate that the policy of the opposition is leading the country to the demnition bow wows; also that he will be their rock of hope.

After a judicious campaign along these lines and a few hints thrown out, our leading citizen begins to be "mentioned" by the country press for Governor. There are always three or four others who are being "mentioned" at the same time. This results in the people being badgered from one end of the state to the other by rival factions and at the same time having very little to say as to the choice.

It might be well to get back to the primitive method and let the people do the calling, rather than be called.

Just because a politician is a farmer or raises alfalfa is no sign that he is a Cincinnatus.

MARCUS W. ROBBINS.
Grant's Pass, Or.

Some Railroad Accidents Without a Para

Several Men Who Have Traveled Tell a Reporter How Strange Things Happened to Trains in Various Parts of the United States

HALF a dozen railroad men were talking about odd accidents, hair-breadth escapes and other queer happenings on the rail. All agreed that many of the incidents that had come into their experience as railroad veterans were strange past belief on the part of anyone not in the business.

"First queer railroad accident I ever heard of," said the oldest member of the party, "happened when I was a boy. It was on what was then the New London and Northern Railroad. A family living in a little house almost opposite the beginning of the college boat race course was eating breakfast as quietly as you please one morning. The head of the house had just remarked that the 8 o'clock up train was late that morning.

"'There she is now, though,' he added, as the train came around a curve into his view. The next minute there was a frightful crashing and smashing; he and all the other members of his family, though unhurt, were terribly frightened and all had jumped from their seats. It took them several minutes to realize that they had been victims of a most remarkable railroad accident.

"The engine hauling the up train had jumped the track just in front of the house, had crashed through the fence and into the house, knocking down a part of the front wall; the cowcatcher had been smashed, but the bogey truck had made its way clear into the house and the old-fashioned, flaring smoke-stack, then in use, almost filled the hole that had been made in the front wall. The newspapers of those days gave a lot of prominence to that accident, and I remember that one of the illustrated weeklies had a picture of it entitled 'A Locomotive at Breakfast.'"

The demolition of buildings by derailed trains is not a frequent occurrence, but there have been several other accidents of the sort besides the one mentioned by the veteran railroad man. In 1893 a westbound Big Four train, at Lafayette, Indiana, left a sharp curve and came in collision with the train shed and station. The two structures were instantly transformed into brick piles, with here and there a splintered timber sticking out. Fortunately, the accident happened in the small hours of the morning; there were few people about the station at the time and none of them was seriously hurt. Seven people were killed on the train, including the engine driver, so that it was not possible to learn the cause of the accident with any degree of certainty.

Some years prior to that a similar accident occurred at Rochester on the New York Central, but with much less damage and no loss of life. If I remember correctly, this accident took place at about 10 o'clock in the morning when the train shed was crowded with passengers leaving the incoming and about to climb on board the outgoing trains. The frightened people fled like sheep before the big black monster machine, and had the train been moving at full speed the loss of life must have been frightful. It was moving slowly, however, and it was due to the same reason that the only damage done to the station building was the knocking of a hole in the side of the waiting-room wall.

Luck of Two Men Who Jumped.

"The only man hurt in one of the most curious accidents of the present year," said one of the half-dozen storytellers, "was the engineer, who jumped. He is not the only man who jumped and was killed when he would have been unhurt had he remained at his post. On the Shore Line, near New Haven, a few years ago, a train was pulling slowly into the city over a long trestle, when something happened to the rear car and it toppled over and fell off the trestle. The coupling held, pulled the next car off, it in turn derailed the next, and so on, till all the cars in the train except the baggage-car were in the marsh. Then the coupling broke, the baggage-car and the engine remaining on the rails.

"The cars that fell into the marsh were only half overturned, and no one on board was hurt. But the conductor, who was in the baggage-car, and saw the rear cars go over in time to jump, promptly did so, and, landing on his head, broke his neck. He was quite dead when picked up.

"That was a piece of bad luck, the match of which befell a fellow at Croton Falls, N. Y., a few years ago, though his luck was good, not bad. He was driving home one dark night. Either he or his horse blundered; for when he reached the Croton River, instead of sticking to the highway and crossing the stream over the wagon bridge, he took to the railroad.

"The horse had taken only a few steps on the bridge when his legs went through the ties. The driver had hardly sensed where he was when he heard the rumble and whistle of an approaching train. The only thing he could do in the circumstances was to jump into the river, and, though he knew that the water was at least 70 feet below the bridge, he took the risk, 'landing' in the water, mighty well scared, but unhurt. He was rescued by some men who heard his cries for help. The engineer of the train saw the horse and wagon in time to slow up, and the train was not thrown off, but the horse was killed, and the passengers were badly shaken up."

Driving Wheels Running Amuck.

It was a Western man who spoke next.

"Oddest accident I ever knew anything about," he said, "was on the Rock Island, nearly 20 years ago. It isn't credited by many men to whom I tell it, but you are seasoned railroad men, and I'll venture to repeat it. It happened some 60 or 70 miles west of Chicago. An east-bound train was bowling along at a 50-mile clip, over a perfectly level, perfectly straight stretch of road, when all four drivers let loose at the same time and went rolling along the prairie.

"The engineer and fireman were mighty near going daffy over it. To lose one driver is bad enough and extremely unusual, and to lose four at once is absolutely incredible, but I assure you, gentlemen, that the thing actually happened just as I am telling it. No great damage was done; the bogey trucks, just back of the pilot, held, and the firebox settled and dragged along the track a little distance. But the settling was just enough to break the air connection; that set the brakes and the train soon came to a standstill."

The New York State engineer present looked admiringly at the Western man as he finished.

"Good story, partner," he said, "and for one I believe it. I believe your statement that the men on the engine were surprised, too. I never knew about all four of them breaking loose from the same engine simultaneously, but on the New York, New Haven & Hartford in September, 1903, the right front driver and the left rear driver of a Port Chester local parted company with their axles at the same time. Nobody was hurt, but the engineer put on the emergency brake so suddenly that the stop jarred the passengers a lot. One of the loose drivers grazed the side of a fast through train for Boston, ripping off some of the woodwork of some of the cars, and making a noise that frightened the passengers half out of their wits.

"The only other time I know anything about a driving wheel getting away was in Pennsylvania, nine miles west of Trenton, N. J., on the Philadelphia & Reading. There was only one lost wheel, but it rolled into the midst of a gang of track laborers, hit two or three of them and knocked them down, and scared the rest almost to death."

A Few Narrow Escapes.

"Once when I was running on the Memphis and Little Rock," said the Westerner, "we had a mighty close shave that might have killed half the passengers on the train.

"We were making pretty high speed for those days, going along about as fast as we dared, behind time, when the engine struck a rail with a flaw in it, broke it off and threw a three-foot piece of it clear out and over to the very edge of the right of way. I saw it go and was horror-stricken. I expected the whole train would be ditched before I could get the brakes on. As a matter of fact, I didn't put them on at all, I was so dazed, till after the entire train had crossed the damaged place in the track. Baggage car, smoker, day coaches and sleepers all left the rail, jolted along three feet on the ties and rose again on the end of the broken rail without doing the least damage.

"Yes, the passengers were shaken up some. I brought the train to a standstill and a man was sent back to look the ground over. The great wonder was that the rails didn't spread; if they had there'd have been trouble, sure."

"I'm not in the business," said the only man present not a railroad man, "but I believe that story all right. Once I was a passenger on the old Ohio and Big Sandy road. That was about the roughest road I ever rode on, but my experience wasn't half so bad as the experience of the only sleeping passenger on the train that night. With a friend I was riding in the smoker and we were talking to the conductor. Suddenly the door opened and a wild-looking chap in pajamas came staggering in. He was the sleeping-car passenger and he looked as if he had been through half a dozen wars.

"'Mr. Conductor,' he spluttered, 'your infernal old road is so rough that I can't sleep a little bit. Twice I've been pitched out of my berth to the floor in the last fifteen minutes. I never had such a time in my life. Maybe there's something the matter.'

"The conductor took his lantern and started back. My friend and myself stayed where we were for a while. Then we noticed that the bell cord was being jerked violently and that the engineer was whistling for brakes. Then the train came to a stop, and after about five minutes' waiting we, too, went back to see what was the the matter. It was as dark as tar and raining pitchforks, and the whole train crew was outside with lanterns.

"The sleeper was off the rails and had been for how far we never knew. It had been pumping over the ties all the time that poor passenger had been pitched about, and had the train gone 200 feet more before stopping there would have been a very serious accident, for the wheels were within six inches of the ends of the ties. If the wheels had left the ties the sleeper would have gone down a high and steep embankment, and as the coupling had been strong enough to haul the sleeper over the ties, it would undoubtedly have pulled the whe off the rails."

"Railroad accidents are alw rifying, even to railroad vetera in the Western man, "but the railroad crew I ever heard of w ning a freight on the Flint a Marquette a year or two bef consolidation that made it t Marquette system.

"It had been a warm, muggy day, and all hands were in a disagreeable frame of mind down. It seemed to them about the worst lot that could any human being was to bump mile after mile, running a slow It looked very much like a t storm, and by 8 o'clock, when to drizzle slowly, as it sometim at the close of a muggy Summ the deepest gloom had envelo whole crew.

"The train was climbing a heavy grade when the lightn gan to play. A bridge had ju crossed and the engineer was g in an ugly way at the fireman the rails were getting slippe the steam was running down

"Before the fireman could back a great white hole opened very zenith and a long, straig tical flash of lightning shot do ward the earth with a deafeni rifying explosion that fairly the hair of both engineer and f

"Half a second later there w other explosion, muffled son but more hair-raising than th Hardly had the white light great lightning flash faded out, a bright red glow began to sh from about the middle of the and at the same time the e could tell by the 'feel of the that part of it had broken away

"'Bill!' he called out to the f 'There was an oil car in the mi the train and the lightning nas it. Every man on the back end train has been killed!'

"'Guess you're right, Jim,' the fireman. 'I'll pull out to th station and wire in,' said the en as soon as he had pulled hima gether; and so he did. Meanwh conductor, who was alone in t hoose, the trainmen being sc along the train on the tops cars, had come to the conclusio he alone of the entire crew ha vived the lightning stroke, a lantern in hand, started back t any train that might be followi also to wire in to division hea ters about the accident.

"The engineer got his dispa first, of course. It read:

"'Train struck by lightnin rear cars destroyed. Conducto most of crew killed.'

"This caused a great stir in t per's office, of course, and a wr train was ordered made up. Be could be got ready, additional sion was caused by the dispatc the conductor, which read:

"'Lightning has destroyed fro of train and bridge. All kille me.'

"As a matter of fact, none crew was killed, the trainmen been near enough to the eng escape the force of the lightning were so scared that they wer able to reach the engine till aft engineer had sent his wire. Th ductor got the worst of it, for the lightning or the explosion k him flat on his back and he w conscious for some time before able to start back with his la The oil car and the bridge, over it was passing at the moment, completely destroyed.

PAUL DAN

Women in High Society Fond of Smoki

Custom Is Universal Among All Nationalities, Except American

MRS. HUGH FRASER, the authoress, sister of Marion Crawford, and niece of Julia Ward Howe, who lately sailed for Japan, in a talk about her life abroad, told of the universality of the custom of smoking among upper-class women of all nationalities.

"Strange as it may seem, though," she said, "among the Japanese women I have never seen one of the nobility smoke. No Japanese woman of nobility, in fact, has ever admitted to me that she smoked. I presume that they do in their own homes. They may not have spoken of it, feeling that a western woman would object and it would not be courteous to do so.

"But while the upper-class women are not seen smoking, the middle and lower-class women smoke constantly. On long railroad journeys you will always see the women smoking. They smoke the three whiffs of tobacco that the little pipe contains and then fill and light it again. They have told me that they smoke in this way because it is the first whiff of the tobacco which is agreeable. For my part, I think their tobacco is very bad. I believe it is home-grown and it is not at all agreeable.

Russians Gave Example.

"My little Japanese maids always smoked, though never in my presence. They used to sit on their steps and smoke, but that was in their own quarters. I once raised the wages of my personal maid, and the first thing she did was to engage a maid for herself, and the duties of this little girl were chiefly to prepare her tea and make ready her pipe.

"All upper-class women abroad smoke—English, French, German, Italians and Russians. In many circles in England it is expected that cigarettes shall be passed to the women after dinner, and they have a peculiar role there about smoking in public. At after-theater suppers one always smokes.

"All Russian women smoke, and smoke a great deal, and I presume that it is through them to a great extent that the women of other countries have taken up the practice. They have an excellent tobacco that they use and which is difficult to find, though it is to be had in London in some of the Russian shops.

Austrian Women Greatest Smokers.

"Turkish women, of course, smoke constantly, and they use a very good tobacco. French women I know less about than those of other nationalities, and they vary, some using tobacco and others objecting to it. Germans smoke, also the Italians. A woman of the upper class, a Roman, would be surprised not to be offered a cigarette after dinner.

"But in speaking of smoking, the women who smoke most of all are the Austrian women. They smoke cigars. I shall never forget a dinner that was given to the Prince of Wales by the British Embassy in Vienna. Sir Henry Elliot was the Ambassador, and my husband was secretary of the Embassy. The guests for this dinner had been selected with great care; they were distinguished people, and all the most beautiful women had been brought together. The Viennese women are charming and they wear exquisite gowns. The dinner party passed off as it should, and at its close Sir Henry rose to conduct the Prince to the smoking-room, when, to our surprise, every woman at that table rose and trooped after them. Those beautiful women, in their comely, low-cut gowns and covered with diamonds, disappeare the smoking-room to finish their d with cigars.

Cigarette Causes Death.

"Lady Elliot and I said that ther nothing for us to do but to sit dow have a little friendly chat togethe we could not possibly stand the smo that room.

"I have seen fine old white-haired in Vienna sitting tired out in a ball waiting to take home the daughters were chaperoning, each with a cigar in her mouth.

"An Austrian woman is never exp to smoke until she is married, tho suppose the young girls do it in thei apartments. There is one little Au Duchess, whose name I have forg who was burned to death while att ing to hide a cigarette in the pocke light frock when her governess cam expectedly into the room when she smoking.

"In America I have found that who have traveled often smoke, otherwise there has been very litt jection, and no one minds if I ope cigarette case after dinner where are not accustomed to using them. most rigid objections I have fou Maryland and Virginia. There peop horrified by the custom."

Their Bargain.

Mrs. Gunbusta came rushing int room breathlessly.

Throwing her fur coat carelessly divan and laying her grim goggles o aeolian, she gasped:

"Oh, Fred, I bought a handsome chine this morning for only $375."

"Bully for you!" shouted Gunbusta ously, laying down the Motor Mag he had been busily engaged in re when his wife entered.

"But," she stammered, "in my an to hurry home in it and tell you o wonderful bargain I was horribly ar ed several times for exceeding the limit, and it cost me $300 for fines, a

"Never mind that, dearest; it's even at those figures."

"And then I had to pay $200 to chants for goods of theirs that I ran and ruined, and—"

"What of it?" interrupted Gunb "Eight hundred and seventy-five do is cheap for a good ma—"

"And—er—and I gave $500 to peo had run down and who threatened suits, and all because I was desiro hurrying home to tell you of my wo ful barg—"

But before Mrs. Gunbusta had pleted the sentence her husband ru into the back yard and tried to run himself with his automobile.

The Actor Surprised.

The Yiddish tragedian, Jacob A tells a story illustrating how even soned actors will lose their lines or get that they are on the stage at ce times. He was playing Macbeth, the time had come for the First Murd to put in his appearance at the entr to the banquet hall. This worthy w young actor of considerable experienc minor parts, but of nervous temperam Macbeth walks up to him, and, poin sternly at him, remarks: "There's b upon thy face!" As Adler did so, young actor paled under his make-up, then, putting his hand to his cheek, plied:

"My God! Is there?"