

THE NEW CONGRESS

WHO WILL BE AT HELM IN HOUSE and SENATE

North East and West Must Be Beholden to Leaders From Old Confederate States—Aldrich's Old Place as Chief Engineer of Tariff Goes to "Protection" Democrat—Complete Shift of Power in the Senate.

IT WILL BE RULED BY THE SOUTH



Senator Simmons (R.C.)

to accept it Mr. Burnett will have to give up his chairmanship of the less important immigration committee.

A Self-Made Leader.
Mr. Burnett had a picturesque struggle in reaching leadership in the House. His father having died during the Civil War when he was an infant of four, his mother had to teach school to earn his support until he was able to work.

Becoming a farm laborer, he attended school between crops. He also toiled for awhile in the mines while working his way into Vanderbilt University, which turned him out a full-fledged lawyer. Like most Southern members, he worked his way through his state Legislature before coming to the House. He has been in that body for 15 years. If he decides to retain his chairmanship of the immigration committee Frank Clark, of Florida, will be next in line to head the committee on public buildings and grounds.

Next "President Pro Tem."
Although it will hang on a very attenuated thread, the Democrats will now have a majority of the Senate for the first time in 17 years. They will turn out all of the long catalogue of Republican chairmen and Republican officers of our upper House and will be able to do what the divided Republicans have been unable to do within the past year—elect a president pro tempore, an official who will preside over them whenever Vice-President Marshall is absent. The last president pro tempore was William P. Frye, the little Republican giant from Maine, who died a year ago. The "insurgents" who have since held a balance of power in the Senate have refused to permit the election of the Republican caucus nominee for this honor, Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, and the Republicans have refused to elect the Democratic nominee, Senator Augustus Oelrichs Bacon, of Georgia. But it is now expected that Mr. Bacon will again be his party's choice, and that he will now have enough votes from his own party to elect him.

Falling heir to the magic of the name of that Roman emperor who was the great Caesar's nephew and successor, this scholarly gentleman was born in the personage of his roving father, in Bryan County, Georgia, 73 years ago. After earning his sheepskin at the University of Georgia, he fought for the Confederacy as Adjutant and Captain. Then, the war clouds having blown away, he settled down at Macon to the practice of law. Entering his State Legislature he became Speaker of the House.

Thirty years ago he came within one vote of the nomination for Governor of his state, which would have been equivalent to an election. For 18 years he has been a member of the Senate, where he has steadily mounted to the leadership of his party. As he is now the ranking Democratic member of the committee on rules, foreign relations and the judiciary, he would have his choice of the chairmanship of any of these powerful bodies of Senators.

Two New Powers.
Although he will be the titular head of his party's membership in the Senate, (Continued on Page 7.)

BY JOHN ELPRETH WATKINS.
B y its new leaders rather than by its new rank and file shall you know our Congress-elect.
As far as great National issues are concerned, its 200 new members will attend their party caucus, votes for such measures as receive its sanction and otherwise obey the commands of the party leaders. The price of this obedience, paid by the leaders, will be the granting of local legislation of personal interest to the new members' constituents.

Congress has ever governed through committees. Under the new order of events committees of the House are no longer appointed by the Speaker, but nominated by the powerful committee on ways and means and confirmed by the whole House. Through this system has been re-established the scheme of promotion according to seniority of service. Thus the Democrat who has served longest on a committee becomes its chairman, all other things being equal. This process has always obtained in the Senate. So, in both houses of Congress experience gives power.

Rule by Southern Men.
By virtue of this process the North, East and West are now to be ruled by the South. Of the committee chairmen of any importance in the next House, 35 will come from the old Confederate block of states and only four from without that belt.

In the next Senate this preponderance of Southern chairmen will be about the same or thirty-three to four. And Southerners will have almost the whole say as to legislation, not because there will be more Southerners than Northerners, Easterners and Westerners in

the dominant party, but because all of the most experienced Democrats of both houses are from below Mason and Dixon's line. In recent years Democratic members from non-Southern states have been rare and short lived, politically speaking, whereas the Southern states have kept their tried men in office, thereby enabling them by seniority to climb to the high places.

One of the few House chairmanships now held by a Northerner must be handed to a Southerner within the present month. It is that of the committee on foreign affairs, held by William Sulzer, just elected Governor of New York.

From the Surrender Ground.
The next man in line for promotion is Henry Delawar Flood, who was born both at the place of and in the year of Lee's surrender at Appomattox, Va., in 1865. He is a bachelor, a lawyer and a graduate of Thomas Jefferson's own institution of learning, the University of Virginia. After serving an apprenticeship of 14 years spent in both houses of the Legislature of the state of Presidents, he came to Congress a dozen years ago.

At the beginning of the present Congress he was in line for promotion to this chairmanship as well as to that of the less important committee on territories, but selected the latter. With a fellow Virginian in the White House, it is believed that he will now prefer the more responsible berth. The chairmen of the foreign affairs committees of the two houses are frequently called



Representative Flood (Va.)

upon to counsel the President and Secretary of State in times of controversy with our neighbors. Thus Chairman Sulzer has been taken into the administration's confidence in regard to the Mexican tangle, and his successor will probably be called for counsel in regard to Great Britain's protest against Panama Canal tolls. If Mr. Flood does not accept this chairmanship, seniority would give it to John Nance Garner, of Uvalde, Texas, whose career before entering the House was, like Mr. Flood's, that of country lawyer and state legislator.

The only other great committee which will change chairmen is that on



Senator Bacon (Ga.)

out of which each member seeks to get a public building for his constituents. The chairman of this committee probably has more of an opportunity to gain influence in return for favors than that of any except ways and means. The promotion of Morris Sheppard, of Texas, to succeed Joseph W. Bailey in the Senate, will leave John L. Burnett, of Alabama, in line for the place. But

THE NIGHT IT RAINED

A Love Story of the Unusual
by Louise Rice.

JASON had been walking home through the park, enjoying the pungent tang that arose from the moist earth, and feeling generally very dry until a certain clamminess about his ankles reminded him that dress trousers are not for purposes of pedestrianism.

He stopped his long stride and put his foot up on a bench which he could just make out beneath a dripping tree and carefully turned up one trouser leg, and it was only as he put up the other foot that he saw her, though he was directly beside her.

Instincts are the same in heroes and cowards; the only difference is in the way with which men deal with them. Jason was no coward, but it is undeniably startling to look up on a dark, misty evening and find yourself facing a quiet little dead woman.

A coward would have obeyed the impulse which started Jason's feet to moving away swiftly, but he being not a coward, corrected that impulse after an appreciable second and returned to investigate.

He touched her cheek gingerly and then hurriedly put his hand in his pocket. No mistaking that feeling. He walked away for a few steps, peering doubtfully through the wet haze cast by an occasional very occasional light. No friendly, bulky, helmeted figure loomed in the distance; no football came helpfully toward him.

Well, there was a station on a side street near by—he could leap the low wall that bounded the park and give information. Yet still he hesitated, drawn by an inexpressible longing to turn back, to take one long look at the strange young face so strangely met.

She was young and she sat there as though she might be asleep, her head thrown back against the trunk of a tree, which leaned confidentially over the bench. Jason could not see how she was dressed, but an air of poverty, of shivering, pinched coldness pervaded her shapeless black garments and the small hat she wore. He stood close beside her, looking down into the still, upturned face, and he wondered, with a dull pain at his heart, how it happened that she had died out there alone; through what privations and unimaginable losses she had staggered to her death.

Her hands, lightly folded in her lap, looked small and pathetic and patient. He could never tell afterward how long he stood looking at those listless hands, nor how it happened that he was on his knees beside her, holding their coldness to his lips, nor did he know at first that it was his own voice which said:

"Poor little hands! Oh, poor, poor little hands!"

They were soft to the touch; not work-hardened, but terribly thin. Jason, choking his voice, turned them about and about in his own, conscious of feeling puzzled and uncomfortable and very unhappy. There were drops on his cheek which were not of rain.

He got awkwardly to his feet and walked away a few steps, ashamed of his melodramatic impulse. Still it was said. So young, so frail—to go out from the world in the cold and damp, untended by any hand. She must have been afraid, poor child, unless death were merciful and took her while she slept.

His feet were returning him to her, despite the fact that he still continued to look along the path, hoping to see a policeman's helmet.

The desire to take her hands again was almost overpowering—would have overpowered him if he had not begun

to feel frightened by this obsession which drove him back to the side of a dead woman. He remembered some gruesome Japanese stories about fair dead women who had lured men to some sinister and absurd, childish tales which he would have forgotten if it had not been for the wizardry of Lafcadio Hearn's words—but still he returned and again stood looking intently down at her upturned face. And while he looked the eyelids trembled and opened.

Jason felt every nerve in his body give a tremendous leap as the white curtains swept back, but he did not move at once. In another second he had sat down beside her and had drawn her into the circle of his arms, wrapping his overcoat closely about her and holding her cold hands tight in one of his warm ones. It seemed to him that she would never open her eyes again, but it could have been only a moment until she did; only a very few minutes until she found her hand less deathly.

"Feel better?" he queried softly. She stirred and turned wearily within his arms.

"That's right," he assured her cheerily, "just be as comfortable as you can. You'll feel all right in a minute. Don't be afraid. I'm a sort of doctor, you know."

He thought she had fainted again, but finally it came, the throbbing contrast that his ears had foreknown.

"T-h-a-n-k-y-o-u, doc-tor."

"Now, don't you try to talk," he admonished. "Just you lie still. As soon as you feel stronger you're going with me to be taken care of."

"I'm—not—sick now."

"I suppose you've been overworking yourself, or something like that?"

"No, oh, no!" A long, weary sigh floated up to him. "It's not—that. You see—I've been—sick—and I don't think I've had enough to eat—oh, in ever so long!"

The plaintiveness of that cry was that it was tearful and uncomplainingly sweet. Jason felt something large and inconspicuous suddenly obtrude itself upon his windpipe. He held her tightly and said no word until his vocal cords gave him assurance of being again in working order. Then he said, just as if quite a little time had not elapsed since she had spoken:

"Well, see here, now that you are better—you do feel better, don't you?"

"Yes, much better." The soft fingers tightened upon his.

"Well, now, we'll just walk to the next gate—it's only a block away—and then we'll take a cab and go and have something warm and nice to eat. I'm cold and hungry myself—it's no wonder you fainted."

Mingled with the horror at starvation and the eager longing to help her and the knowledge that she must have sustenance soon there was a queer reluctance to let go of her, to change a position which had set his heart to thumping in a wholly unrecognizable way. He saw that she accepted him without question, as a child would have, and he knew that she moved him oddly, but it was not until he had guided her to the avenue and had hailed a passing cab that he really knew what had befallen him.

He got in beside her and put his arms firmly around her again and looked out abstractedly upon the glistening pavements. So that was the way it happened, what it was, then, really, truth in the incredible stories which novelists were always telling. First, you were just a man, and then you were a woman, too, and the woman part of you throbbled through your veins and tingled with your nerves, and you

knew her as you knew your own hand! The arm about the girl tightened and drew little frightened breaths from her. "Oh, please," she implored, "you are hurting me!"

He relaxed his tense muscles, smiled down upon her and drew a long breath. Yes, it really happened—it had happened to him, this mysterious thing over which the world alternately wept and sneered. The triumph and the wonder and the awe in his eyes were things to see, and the girl, looking up, trembled a little, but did not look away. Any very, very still, trying to understand, until the cab drew up at a quiet restaurant on a side street.

"Wait," said Jason to the caddy. He ordered helped her. She grew able to control the trembling of her hands and a little color flushed up into her cheeks. Her eyes, frightened with beauty which is found only by looking on sad sights, were deep and dark, but otherwise she was without distinction, save for the proud poise of her head and the beauty of her frail hands.

Jason took a cup of strong coffee himself, for his nerves were roaring through his system like a blast furnace.

The girl ate and drank in silence, until she felt restored, and then she lifted her eyes and leaned toward her rescuer.

"It's no use saying 'Thank you,'" she told him. "You saved my life and of course you know it."

"You are alone?" It was hardly a question.

"Yes. There is no one in all the world."

"Don't—don't cry, dear. You mustn't." "No, no, I won't. But you see—you've been so very, very kind—and so understanding—and I've really suffered—so much—"

"Then there is no one that I can take you to?"

"No, not one. My father died only this year, and he was all—"

She looked steadily down at her clasped hands and resolutely conquered her tears. "He was a bookkeeper and I was a stenographer—but a very poor one—and we were both employed by Carlton & Wells. When they failed—you remember?—we were both thrown out of work. We had some money saved, but father worried—he couldn't get another place, and he fell ill and was sick a long time, and the insurance was just enough to—to—"

"Yes," Jason breathed. He put out his brown hand and laid it possessively over her. "I like to have you tell me, but if it distresses you—"

"Oh, it makes me feel better to tell somebody. Ever since that time I've been alone—all alone—"

The waiter had withdrawn to a discreet distance. The seventh sense which all good servants possess told him that the man in evening dress and the shabby young woman, who seemed so ill, wanted to be quite confidential, so he made a screen for them with his broad back, and never even looked around until he heard them begin to put on their wraps.

Away in the cab again, Jason and a trembling, flushing, protesting, wholly adorable girl—away across the city, rattling through a sunken street which bisected the park, banging over the cobblestones of a ferry slip, swaying on a boat, inquiring the way of this and that one—then a halt.

The mild Lutheran parson whom Jason routed out of his snore before a little grate fire did not show any surprise at the ill assortment of the pair which stood up before him. He was

used to matrimonial alarms and excursions, since Hoboken is the Gretna Green of all New York's eloping couples. He read the necessary ritual with clarity and dispatch, pocketed the generous fee and promptly returned to his fireside, having tied William Jason and Margaret Grace Schuyler in the holy bonds of matrimony quite as tightly as though the job had been less expeditiously performed.

All the way back, along the road they had come, he held her on his arm, for she was still weak and much shaken, and he said little, but looked and looked, and wondered at the miracle which could unite two human beings so as to make them unconscious of their separate entities.

She was very tired by the time that they reached her apartments, and he carried her easily up the familiar stairs. "Sido," he said, to the impeccable beauty in a white suit who opened the door, "I want a bath prepared for madam at once, and lay out some of my sister's things, but first bring a bottle of champagne to the library."

The flickering of a log fire danced on the book-lined room to which Jason carried his wife, and ruddled the deep leather chair in which he deposited her. Sido, the velvet-footed, followed with a laden tray, but there were only two glasses on it, and when Jason saw that he sent the Japanese back for a third and filled them all to the brim.

"To madam," he said, presenting the servant with a glass and raising his own.

"To madam," murmured Sido, and vanished with the tray.

"Now, Mrs. Jason," her husband said, as he knelt beside her, "don't you think it's time that you gave me a kiss?"

They looked at each other for a long minute after that kiss, a moment of wide-eyed absorption in each other, and then a slow, encircling grin spread over Jason's face.

"Will!" protested his wife, "don't you dare to laugh—" but her own lips were twitching, and after a second's futile struggle she leaned forward into Jason's arms and yielded to the contagion of his rumbling chest.

"Why do we do it?" she wailed, between laughter and tears. "Pastor Rittenhaus must think that we are crazy, and I know that that waiter remembers us, and Sido—"

Jason laughed out as he caught a fleeting glimpse of a white figure diplomatically retreating from too exposed a position behind the curtained doorway. "Sido is the only one who understands, dearest. He enjoys it as much as we do."

"You began it, anyway."

"Fibber! How was I to know that the anniversary of our meeting would be wet and cold, just like it was—"

"Well, and how did it happen that you were coming home by that particular path that night?"

"How did it happen that you were sitting there? Fact is, I had actually forgotten what day—"

"Fibber! Then why did you stop at that bench to turn up your trousers?"

"Accident, my dear girl—but, of course, when I saw you sitting there—and in those poor little clothes and with your eyes shut, just the way—oh, my dear, it wasn't really playing; I felt again what I did when I found you first, so cold—"

The head of his shoulder buried itself deeper and two soft lips kissed the hard angle of his cheek. "You took an awful chance, boy. I might have been any old kind of a horrid person."

"No, you might not. You were you, and I knew it."



"HE LOOKED STEADILY DOWN AT HER."

"Sentimental old goose—you didn't know anything of the kind. You just took the chance, good old sport that you are."

"Mrs. Jason, I want you to distinctly understand that my judgment—"

"Never mind, we won't quarrel, because we aren't going to do it again. We've said that every year."

"We've always said that, too."

"Well, this time we mean it."

"We've always—"

"Will you hush, you—you parrot? I say we're not going to play the silly game any more. Four times is enough for sensible people like us to make fools of ourselves. Why, it's getting to be a real monomania. First thing you know, people will find it out and have us locked up. I'm not going to play it again, that's final."

"Mrs. Jason, long experience tells me that there is a reason, not yet disclosed, back of this attack of rampant sanity. What's the real cause of your

sudden dislike to our yearly little game?"

"Mrs. Jason looked up into her husband's laughing eyes, and looked down and carefully picked an imaginary hair from his sleeve and then looked up again, and Jason saw that her eyes were dim, though she was smiling."

"I'm not going to play our little game any more," she told him, "because—well, because it's not a game that three can play at!"

(Copyright 1912.)