

T. T. GEER IN WASHINGTON.

**An Interesting Letter About our Congress.**

Washington, Feb. 2.—(Special Correspondence.)—For more than twenty years I have had a strong desire to visit this city, provided I might be permitted to do so as a private citizen, of course. The opportunity finally came my way, and I have just finished one week of asking questions and sight-seeing.

Living 3,000 miles away, very few of the people of Oregon are ever so fortunate as to find themselves in the capital city of their country, and it occurs to me that a letter or two descriptive of some of the objects of interest here, that I find are usually overlooked by most correspondents, would be of interest to them.

Of course, when congress is in session, as it is now, the capitol building is sure to be the first place visited, and the first experience of a stranger upon entering it is to find himself as completely lost among the endless corridors, as though he were turned loose among the underground dungeons of the Middle Ages, so vividly described in Scott's novels, and these corridors are not merely endless in length, but in numbers. The entire length of the capitol building is 757 feet; width, 350 feet, and covers 3 1/2 acres.

The first person I met upon entering the building was Henry Gilfray, a schoolmate of mine, at the Willamette university in 1863-64, and who for nearly 20 years has been one of the senate clerks. At my request I was presented to vice-President Stevenson, to whom I gave the vote of Oregon, took my receipt, and was thus relieved of a package that had given me considerable worry for more than a week. It was on Monday, the last day of grace allowed messengers by law, and I was the last messenger to deliver his vote, except Mr. Fenton, of Washington, who, by reason of a snow blockade, in Dakota, was detained two days.

Under the rules of the senate, messengers are allowed the privileges of the senate floor for one day, and, of course, I made the most of the opportunity. It happened to be the day set apart for pronouncing eulogies on the life of ex-Speaker Crisp, and the occasion afforded me the opportunity of hearing some exhibitions of eloquence by the best speakers of the senate. With the exception of Senators Daniel, of Virginia, and Carter, of Montana, the eulogies were all delivered from manuscript. Senator Gordon's especially, being a model of eloquence, pathos and affection for his deceased Georgia friend.

But a great deal of this work seemed to be very mechanical, merely from the surface out. At times there were not a dozen senators present; in fact, only those who had been engaged to take part in the exercises.

But the sessions of the house are farcical, ludicrous and confusing in the extreme. Nobody ever pretends to listen to anybody else, because the effort would be absolutely profitless, if he should make it. At regular intervals of about five minutes Speaker Reed rises and says in his drawing style of articulation: "Gentlemen, there must be order on this floor," and with each word he comes down with the gavel, in a way that would strike terror to the heart of even Lark Bilyeu. It is not simply a polite tap, but a sledge-hammer blow, whose resounding echoes are enough to raise the dead; but it requires a score of them to restore anything like order. One day, I saw the speaker maul away with the gavel for several minutes, and finally, succeeding in obtaining a

degree of stillness, told the clerk to proceed, and in less than two minutes there was such an uproar that from the galleries I could not see the speaker across the hall.

Whether it will pay Mr. Tongue to defend a contest to get into such a show as that is a question about which I have very grave doubts.

There is not a ray of light reaches either the senate or house, except through the glass ceiling overhead. The hall of representatives is a parallelogram, about 140 feet by 100, and it is not more than 15 feet from the floor to the galleries. It is, of course, of magnificent finish, but with its low walls surrounded entirely with galleries, it has an appearance of a stockade for the confinement of the unruly and irresponsible. This impression, is, of course, always more or less confirmed when congress is in session.

I have spent several afternoons in the house galleries because it has been too cold to go about much, and then it is the only show in town that is free. One afternoon a member made a two hours' speech about somebody out in Kansas, who had been deprived of his pension, and there were not ten men who heard a word he said, or pretended to. Indeed, a member who sat in the seat immediately next to him, read the Sunday (New York) World of 60 pages, through while the speech was being delivered, and then went to sleep. I took a careful survey of the scene and noted that one-fourth of the members were reading, one-fourth were writing, one-fourth were gathered in groups, talking, laughing and telling stories, and the others were either asleep or absent. Speaker Reed became tired pretty soon and called the only member seemed to be listening to the speaker to the chair, and he retired to his room.

I have been present several times at the opening of the house session, and the roll is never called; indeed, it is rarely called on any occasion, not even on the passage of important bills. I have seen several bills passed when the speaker would simply call for the ayes and naes, and there was not a single vote cast either way, but he would say, "the ayes seem to have it; the ayes have it, and the bill has passed." He never varies from this exact form of declaring the result of a vote.

A senate officer told me yesterday that this form is followed in the senate also. He said not long ago the vice-president put the question on the passage of a bill and just one senator voted for it, and one against, when the vice-president said: "The vote is a tie. In such cases the constitution gives the vice-president the casting vote. He votes in the affirmative, and the bill has passed."

But perfect order is always preserved in the senate. A senator may have some difficulty in retaining his audience, but those who want to hear him can always easily do so.

There is no place where a visitor can get even a glimpse of either house, when in session, except from the galleries overhead. If you have any business with a member of either house, you can only reach him by sending in your card, and in the senate there is so much red tape attached to this mysterious procedure that the quickest way to see your senator is to go home and wait for his term to expire.

Every word spoken in either house is taken down by official stenographers, and printed next day. There are two in the senate and five in the house. Of course, only one works at a time. In the senate he sits at a desk, and can always easily hear the debate; but in the house you will see him

walking the floor, changing from one speaker to another, in order to catch their words. How he ever does it is a mystery. Today, while sitting in the gallery, I made a remark to the man next to me, and he could not make out a word I had said, although I had spoken in the same tone I use at home when calling hogs.

Each of these house reporters has a "take" of 1,000 words, and then the next one relieves him, and he goes and talks his 1,000 words into a graphophone, which is a sort of improved phonograph, and returns to his place in the house. A typewriter then sits down to the graphophone, puts a rubber tube in each ear, sets the machine going, and puts the 1,000 words in typewritten form, the machine delivering the words exactly as they were spoken into it, except that the rapidity of delivery is regulated to suit the typewriter. In 30 minutes it is all back in the house, ready to be corrected by the speakers, if necessary.

Some people are always complaining that our national legislature is so bad, but I am sure if such persons could be here a week and see how it is done, their criticism would assume another form—they would be utterly astonished that it is half as good as it is. —From the Oregonian.

**For Sale.**

Since McKinley is elected I have several fine places for sale cheap. Some well improved farms. Some good sheep or goat ranches. If you want good bargains come and see M. J. ALPHIN, Eddyville, Ore.

Buy your strawberry-boxes at home. Peter Tellefson will sell them to you at Portland prices. You save the express charges on them.

**Notice for Publication.**

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, January 6, 1897.  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Lincoln County, at Toledo, Oregon, on February 23, 1897, viz: MARTIN LUTHER GLASS, H. E. No. 9,517, for the north 1/2 of southeast 1/4, southwest 1/4 of northeast 1/4, and northeast 1/4 of southwest 1/4 of section 12, town 12, south, range 9, west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Irvin Magee, Marion Hunt, William F. Hyde, of Eddyville, Oregon, and George Kehl, of Harlan, Oregon.  
ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

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ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

**Notice of Sheriff's Sale of Real Property under Execution.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT UNDER an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lincoln, under the seal of said court and bearing date the 28th day of January, 1897, upon a judgment duly rendered by said court in an action wherein C. G. Copeland was plaintiff and Anne E. Parker was defendant on the 25th day of January, 1897, in favor of said plaintiff and against the said defendant Anne E. Parker for the sum of One Hundred and Fifty-six and 92/100 Dollars in U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon in like gold coin at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the 28th day of January 1897, and the further sum of Forty and 35/100 Dollars costs and disbursements, and for the sale of the real property hereinafter described, attached in said action, and which said judgment was duly docketed in the judgment docket of the said court on the 28th day of January 1897, and which said execution issued thereon is to me directed and commands me to satisfy the said sums of money due thereon by the sale of the real property herein after described, the same having been duly attached by me in the said action, to wit: Commencing at a point on the right bank of Yaquina Bay between sections 18 and 19, in township 11, south, range 10, west of the Willamette meridian, County of Lincoln, State of Oregon, thence west 2 chains to the 1/4 section corner between sections 18 and 19, township 11, south, range 10, west; thence south 20 chains; thence east to the meandered line on the right bank of Yaquina Bay, containing ten acres and forty rods, being fractional lot 6 in section 19, township 11, south, range 10, west, less O. P. R. R. right-of-way, also less five acres off south end of said lot six leaving four acres, more or less, all situated in Lincoln County, Oregon.  
Now, therefore, in compliance with said execution and order of sale, I will on  
Saturday, the 6th day of March, 1897,  
at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court house door in the City of Toledo, Lincoln County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell at to the highest bidder for cash in hand the above described real property, and all of the right, title, interest and estate the said defendant Anne E. Parker of, in, and to the same to satisfy the amount due on the judgment and said execution, and costs and accruing costs.  
Dated this 28th day of January, 1897.  
GEORGE A. LANDIS,  
Sheriff of Lincoln County, Oregon.

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