

# Will be in the Public Eye

Men Who will Play a Prominent Part in the Coming Session of Congress.

By GEORGE ROBERT AGNEW.

and the beginning of sundry he session of Congress that opens in the last month of 1906 marks the end of many careers, others, which promise great things. While the approaching session will be short, and probably unmarked by momentous debates, it really stands as a turning point in many particulars. The day of radicalism is at full dawn. The old days of conservatism are passing. The people have spoken for change, and Congress will respond. For nowhere is popular feeling so quickly felt and expressed as in Congress, particularly in the House of Representatives. Men whose political lives depend upon executing the will of their constituents will not be mealy-mouthed.

In the Senate it is different, since a Senator's term outlasts the ordinary outburst of popular will. The issues of yesterday are not the issues of tomorrow. A Senator who defies his spits upon the instructions of his State, as some of them have, may be a hero by the time he comes up for reelection. Some Senators are so fortunate as to have a constituency which elects them, whatever they do and how ever they may vote. It is these Senators, making the job a lifelong study, who control affairs in Congress. The new voices may be loud, but the grip of the old-timers is strong.

Among the newcomers who is attracting much attention and who promises to become still more prominent in the coming session is Robert Marlon La Follette, Senator from Wisconsin. Is he a blatant demagogue, as his enemies assert, or is he John the Baptist in advance of the millennium, calling upon the people to make their paths straight?

**La Follette Has Made Enemies.**  
Senator La Follette has aroused intense enemies since he entered the Senate. He has made strong friends also. He does nothing by halves. When he fights he runs amuck, and burns his ships behind him. Either he believes in the reform he advocates with his whole soul, and is ready to burn at the stake for them, or he is a consummate actor, who delights in fooling everybody, including himself.

La Follette is a small man stockily built. He wears a long frock coat. He is always highly scented—too highly scented to be agreeable to some of his colleagues. His hair—ah, his hair! What a tale of truculence that starting upright hair tells! It sticks straight up, as stiff as a broom. It is brown, with a tint of red. It gives the Wisconsin statesman a terrible aspect as he shakes his head and bellows. He does not shout; he bellows. Of a sudden his bellow shrinks to a soft, cooling whisper. He caresses his hearers with that sinuous voice. It even whines as he squirms his shoulders and looks up sidewise from under bushy brows. Then he bursts out again, his arms shoot forward and upward, his horrid hair rears as if to strike, and from that undersized body issues a bellow that would stir up envy in an Andalusian bull. Oh, it is fine! And it takes the groundlings by storm.

What is the effect upon the Senate? Well, that is different. These old Senators are not totally ignorant of the art or oratory, although most of them are sorry specimens when they try to ply the art themselves. Most of them do not listen to La Follette at all. They read, or tell stories, or go out for a smoke. La Follette keeps his eye on the empty seats around him, but his soul is in the galleries. He knows the American people are listening to him. He speaks to them.

**Has Accomplished Good.**  
This man has done some good during his brief term in the Senate. Grant that he is an actor—that his voice and its accompaniments are exerted solely for the use of the galleries. He has, notwithstanding, forced honest treatment of the Indians. He has forced an investigation of the grain elevator trust. He has forced consideration of the bill limiting the hours of railroad employees. This bill is now the unfinished business of the Senate, thanks to La Follette's persistence. It comes up at once, and so long as he is there it cannot be squelched. He pours out facts, figures, argument, logic, in an inexhaustible stream. It overwhelms the Senate. Purely to get rid of him and his tireless stream, the Senate is likely to pass the bill.

At first the Senate tried to squelch La Follette. It would not work. It sent him down in the sub-basement, in the Committee on Improvement of the Potomac River Front—a dead and mummified committee, which never meets, and which could not do any good if it did meet. La Follette bobbed up serenely, "batted in" all along the line, trampled on a few sacred Senatorial precedents, got himself disliked here

and there, and won applause from the plain people throughout the whole country.

During the past summer, Senator La Follette has been employing his time criticizing his colleagues in the Senate. The last session had hardly closed before he was on the Chautauqua platform, pouring hot shot into the Senators, who are popularly supposed to represent railroads, Standard Oil, mining swindlers, land frauds, meat trusts, and everything but the people. La Follette hit out in all directions. He gave "Steve" Elkins a dig. He struck Aldrich. He took time to strike a vicious blow at Foraker. Tom Carter came in for a swipe. He did not forget Henry Cabot Lodge. He intimated that his colleague, Spooner, was an enemy of the republic. At Salt Lake Senators Smoot and Sutherland of Utah introduced him to an audience of Gentiles and Mormons. La Follette then launched into a strong "roast" of Smoot and Sutherland. That helped some. Finally, La Follette jumped upon Senator Fulton of Oregon. When Fulton was asked what he had to say in reply, he remarked, with Senatorial blandness, "It's a waste of lather to shave an ass."

**Senator Loves a Fight.**  
So La Follette comes to Washington with a fine assortment of enemies, who will do their best to make his term in the Senate interesting. As he loves to fight he will be in clover during the whole session.

Some people think that they would like to see a combat between Senator Tillman and Senator La Follette. They think it should be interesting. It would not. La Follette is not a dangerous man in debate, as debate is conducted in the Senate. Tillman would make mincemeat of him. Tillman's style of repartee, his astonishing mental agility, his savage aggressiveness, and his willingness to go to any length, including a fist fight, make him a dangerous adversary. Of course, much of his savagery is gallery play. That satanic scowl of his is not nearly as amiable as it appears. He does not contemplate drawing a knife and disemboweling his opponent as the gallery fears. Yet the gallery knows, and every Senator knows, that Tillman would if goaded to it, snatch an inkstand or draw a knife and go at his tormentor without regard to consequences. So his scowl is always interesting as a hint of what might be.

Senator Tillman is one of the readiest debaters who ever sat in the Senate. He is not a smooth talker—anything but that. But he speaks with such startling frankness that the Senate cocks its ear to listen. It never knows what is coming next. He seems always, when angry, to be on the verge of an outburst of violence and profanity. When not angry but merely disgusted, his tongue drops distilled scorn. It is like the whip of scorpions. It literally lashes the subject of his contempt.

The Senate has seen Tillman in action so often that it is never satisfied with him unless he is on the rampage. Yet Tillman is a hard student, and has managed to dig up a lot of rascality which he has mercilessly exposed. It is said he has discovered a lot during the past summer, especially in relation to the coal-carrying railroads. He is sure to be one of the most prominent figures in the Senate this winter.

**Bailey a Queer Mixture.**  
Next to Tillman sits "Joe" Bailey, of Texas. Bailey and Tillman had a row during the closing days of the last session. Tillman made one of his stirring remarks about lawyers—he is only a farmer himself, he says—and Bailey resented it. Bailey prides himself upon being a lawyer. He proceeded to dress Tillman down to the Queen's taste. Tillman made a bluff at replying, but he had nothing handy to use except verbal bombs, and he likes Bailey too well to call him names or hurt his feelings. So he took his medicine. If the medicine had been administered by any one else the patient might have made a scene.

"Joe" Bailey's make-up is peculiar. He is young but ponderous. He is slow of speech, but quick as lightning in thought. He is destitute of humor, but often he displays a sharp wit. His manner is modest, but his egotism is enormous. He is scrupulously polite, but quick to take offense. He has great reverence for the dignity of the Senate, but has done much to violate its dignity. He is a profound student but does not hesitate to use sharp and shallow tricks in debate. He is alternately broad-minded, sectional, patriotic, partisan, visionary, practical, conciliatory, vindictive, and otherwise contradictory. But Bailey is never stupid never prosy, and never ignorant of his subject. His discrimination in keeping out of debates which would reveal

his ignorance is muck keener than that of many of his colleagues on both sides of the chamber.

Senator Bailey is so constituted that he will always be prominent in the Senate as long as he stays there—and if the people of Texas are wise, they will keep him there for the rest of his life. It is the universal belief in Washington that "Joe" Bailey has in him the making of a statesman of the good old kind—a real statesman, not of a temporary makeshift or counterfeit. His faults are those of youth, such as hastiness of temper, surplus egotism, too intense partisanship and sectionalism, and undue regard for shifty expedients in the excitement of debate. When Senator Bailey can look upon his foe with unruffled temper, when his egotism has settled down into a just estimate of his powers and limitations; when he has broadened out into an American instead of being merely a Texan and a Southerner, and when he has learned to scorn transitory forensic triumphs gained at the expense of candor or scrupulous fair play, he will have become one of the great figures in the lengthening line of famous Senators.

**Thinks He Has Arrived.**  
It is a curious fact, proving Mr. Bailey's oversupply of egotism, that he resents all descriptions of himself which speak of what he will be. He thinks he is full-blown and complete, as he is. He does not like the idea that he has not reached his growth. But, although he is past forty, it is nevertheless true that he is still growing. He is an oak, and not a willow. It will be surprising if, in the session about to begin, Senator Bailey does not unconsciously rebalance since his last appearance in view that he has developed depth and balance since his last appearance in the Senate chamber.

Other men are likely to loom large at the coming session. One of them has loomed large at many previous sessions—Eugene Hale, of Maine. His grip has been strong for years, but it is tighter now than ever. As Senator Allison, crowned with years and honor, begins to take in sail, Senator Hale comes forward as the logical successor to the man from Iowa. He will become chairman of the Committee on Appropriations when Allison steps out. This may be very soon, as Mr. Allison is not in condition to stagger much longer under such a load.

Eugene Hale's chief characteristic is absolute independence. He is not tied to any man or set of men. He is rich and is assured of a seat in the Senate as long as he lives. He is as frank of speech as Tillman himself, while possessing greater ability and infinitely greater power. Senator Hale performs services of untold value to his country. He is an indefatigable worker, and the quality of his work is of the highest. He completely dominates the Committee on Naval Affairs, of which he is chairman. It is hardly too much to say that he dictates to Congress what it shall do in naval matters. The navy credits Hale with all that it gets, and blames him for all that it fails to get—and it is usually right. Senator Hale, however, does not confine his labors to naval affairs, but watches all the machinery of the Government, from the President down.

**Stirs Up the Animals.**  
Once or twice during a session the man from Maine says a few words in the Senate, apparently for the sake of seeing the fur fly. He takes a whack at the President, distributes a few well placed jabs at the Cabinet officers, and thumps minor officials unmercifully. His criticism of naval officers is sometimes painfully frank and to the point. He is equally frank in showing army officers where their weak spots are. Whenever Senator Hale begins one of these brief speeches the news is instantly telephoned down to the State, War, and Navy building, and the three big departments are on the tiptoe of excitement. They never know what Hale is likely to say. He is just as apt as not to blurt out a department secret. More than once he has thrown a javelin or two at the State Department and its conduct of foreign relations, with the result that he has had foreign officers in various European capitals by the ears.

Senator Hale's manner is not engaging to the stranger in the galleries. He has a haughty air as he rises and motionsless, awaiting recognition. After having been recognized, he stands silent until Senators are absolutely quiet. This slight mannerism has something about it which grates upon the stranger. He is provoked still further when Senator Hale begins, for the Senator's voice is inaudible. He speaks directly at the Vice-President, and seems to care nothing for the people above him. They can hear him or not—he doesn't care.

But after Senator Hale has spoken a moment or two he is easily heard. He speaks quietly always, although audibly after the first sentence is out. He indulges in no flourishes of any kind. His language is compact and bluntly to the point, but not devoid of imagination. Mr. Hale can use sarcasm when he likes with withering effect. His tongue is sharp and polished. He chooses his words with deliberation but without hesitation. Some of his phrases are epigrammatic. Occasionally he employs a word that is so pat as to pass immediately into current use. It is probable that during the coming session, which will be devoted largely to appropriation and expenditure, Senator Hale will be more popular on the floor than during the last

session when the railroad bill was up. He does not make speeches on such things. He is not seeking the bubble reputation, and he does not appear to care how the public regards him.

**Aldrich in Fine Fettle.**  
Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, is coming to Washington in fine shape this winter. He is in good health, and has just completed a palace near Providence that would put Newport to shame. People who say that Aldrich's grip on the Senate is loosening do not know the ways he keeps. He is stronger than ever, more resourceful, and more popular with his colleagues. As the tariff question seems to loom up senators of ordinary caliber run to Aldrich as little chickens run to the mother hen. He is master of the finances and tariff schedules—the only master there is.

Aldrich is finance minister of the government also—not in name, but in fact. Last spring, when San Francisco people came here to ask for a loan of \$10,000,000 of government money, they went to Secretary Shaw first—a funny blunder. Of course, he sent them to Senator Aldrich. Aldrich listened to them, told them how powerless he was, and what a small figure he cut in Congress, and advised them to drop the plan. They went back to Secretary Shaw. Shaw said: "I'll lend you the money if you will get a note from Aldrich saying it will be O. K." The committee trotted back to Aldrich, but they did not get the note. He merely shrugged his shoulders and told them he was only a Senator.

Senator Winthrop Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, also comes to Washington in fine shape for a winter's work. He is a bridegroom, having married one of the charming Boardman sisters of Washington. Senator Crane is another Aldrich, when diplomacy and mixing qualities are needed. He is becoming a power in the Senate. Yet he never made a speech in his life, and would faint if called upon to do so. His influence is entirely personal and based on the fact that he is not only the prince of good fellows, in a gentlemanly and quiet way, but an amazing business genius. He can unravel a tangled situation with the skill of a Houdini. His genius is purely modern and of the Yankee type. He neither looks or dresses like a statesman, and he would laugh if he were addressed as one.

**Senators Who Are Potent.**  
Among the potent ones in the Senate, during the coming business session, will be Morgan, of Alabama, who watches the Panama Canal with never closing eye; Lodge, of Massachusetts, who can turn his hand to anything and who does everything well; Foraker, who loves a scrimmage; Spooner, who can split a hair finer than any other lawyer in the Senate; Dooliver, who can make the rafters ring with the real old genuine Star-Spangled-Banner oratory; Knute Nelson, of Norway, who knows a thing or two in English; Beveridge, of Indiana, a brilliant fighter and debater; Perkins, the sailor, who stands behind Hale in naval affairs; Culberson, of Texas, who is regarded by many people as superior intellectually to his brilliant colleague; Daniel, of Virginia, a descendant of Pocahontas; John Rolfe, and a dozen others on both sides of the political fence.

In the House—well, Uncle Joe Cannon is still on deck, so everything is lovely in the House. Several oldsters will sing their swan-song in the House this winter. Chief among them is Gen. Grosvenor, of Ohio—"Old Flogger," the only man in the United States who knows in advance what the people will do on election day. He could not foresee his own victory, but that was not his fault. It wasn't there. He will be joined in the journey across Styx by "Jim" Wadsworth, of Genesee, N. Y., a man who owns a whole country and still was beaten. Another who crosses the ferry is Mc Cleary, of Minnesota and whose many tongued constituents did not stand pat, or he never would have joined the houseboat party on the Styx. Bigger than them all, among the singers of swan-songs, is Babcock, of Wisconsin, who defied the Speaker's lightning last session, and who was mortally hit in the heel by La Follette.

But the House will swing along, even with these great men gone. They will be here this winter, and by the time another session arrives the government will have become accustomed to the prospect. So long as Uncle Joe Cannon is on deck, a quorum is present, the House is ready to do business. He has been spending the past few days hunting quail with his old chum "Jim" Hemenway, now a Senator from eagle will gaze down the aisles of the House, looking for something bigger than quail. He is reported to be in fine physical condition, and mentally he is fit as a fiddle, aside from a dull, mysterious buzzing in his ears. But you can't keep these youngsters from trifling with the Presidential bee.

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