MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

EX-RAY SHOTS AT CANDIDATES.

WASHINGTON, April 12th, 1896

HERE ARE SOME SNAP shots at the presidential candidates of the United States Senate.

I am taking them with a cathode ray camera from the press gallery. Vice President Adlai E. Stevenson sits just below me, the snowy expanse of his bald head shining like ivory and almost tempting me to shake the ink from the end of my pen down upon it. What a commotion it would create if I did so, and what a blot it would make on the pate of the leading Democratic presidential candidate of the Capitol!

But let me throw my X ray camera on Adlai!

What an immense man he is! He is more than six feet tall and he tips the beam at 200 pounds. You can almost hear the vice presidential chair groan with his weight as he sits upon it. Look at that right arm with which he wields the gavel in calling the Senate to order! It is bigger around than the thigh of Senator William E. Chandler, who is hopping about over there on the Republican side, trying to get the Vice President's attention. Vice President Stevenson has a big chest. He measures two feet across the shoulders, and his blonde head is so massive that you could hardly squeeze it into a peck measure. His face is as fair as that of a newly washed baby, and his eyes are of that clear blue which you find on old English china. Note the dome of his head! It looks much like Bismarck's, and those heavy brows remind you of Webster. How somber he looks! He is dressed in black, his long frock coat buttoned tightly over his big chest, and a standing collar framing his head until it makes you think of that of John the Baptist, when it was brought in to Herodias on a charger.

I wonder how the Vice President feels as he sits there, holding the second office of the Union! I wonder if he remembers how he worked on a farm in Kentucky, plowing corn on his father's plantation with a one eyed mule! I wonder if he reviews his career as a school teacher at $25 a month, and as a struggling young lawyer, when he was glad to get a $5 fee. Now he is receiving $8,000 a year, and has his eye on President Cleveland and his $50,000 job.

Let us move the camera!

See that fellow standing at the back of the Senate chamber under the clock! I mean that tall man with his hands in his pockets. He is dressed in black, and his long coat hangs from his square shoulders as though it were on a wire frame in front of a second-hand clothing store. His arms are long, and you can almost see knots at the elbows and shoulders. His thin, bony hands extend out below his cuffs. Now he puts his hands in his pockets, throwing back his coat and making himself look more gaunt and angular than ever. See how his face comes out on the ground glass of the camera! It is strong, but it has a rugged strength, and its features are almost as angular as those of the rest of his body. The cheek bones are as high as those of an Indian. He wears no mustache, and stiff, short black hair mixed with gray forms a bristly beard around his angular chin. His eyes are sunken. His forehead is high and full. His nose is large and strong. It is so prominent that he rests his gold eyeglasses on the bridge at least an inch below the point used by the spectacles of the ordinary man. As I look one of his fellow Senators comes up. The angular man greets him cordially and gives him a pump-handle shake of the hand. The two chat and laugh together, and it is evident that the tall, angular, rough-featured man is telling a story.

That man is Shelby M. Cullom, the United States Senator from Illinois, and the man whom that state will present to the St. Louis convention for the presidency.

Cullom is a typical son of Illinois. Born in Kentucky, hauled in a canvass-covered wagon through the woods and over the stumps to Illinois when he was still a baby just cutting his first teeth, he was raised in a log cabin and got his schooling at a country school. His early life was much like that of Lincoln—who, by the way, he strikingly resembles. Working on the farm, he shot up tall and slender—an angular boy, who later on developed into an angular man. His education was meager. He went to school at a little seminary, and by burning the midnight oil within a couple of years found himself on the edge of the grave. He had, I think, a hemorrhage or two, and for a time thought that a farmer's career was the only one that would keep him alive. He went back to his father and walked behind the plow in his bare feet until the life-breathing properties of the soil and the pure air gave him the muscle which enabled him to go back to his studies. After a hard struggle with his health, he succeeded at the law, got into politics, became governor of the state, was elected to Congress, then to the Senate, and is now one of the candidates for the nomination of the Republican party as president.

In front of Senator Cullom sits another presidential candidate. He is not as tall as Cullom, but he weighs, I venture, twice as much. He has a square shaped head, bright, twinkling brown eyes, a complexion as fair as that of a girl, and a collar as white as the marble statues in the rotunda of the Capitol. This collar is of the old-fashioned kind. It is the biggest collar worn in the United States Senate, and if you could turn it down you would find on its back written the name of its owner, W. B. Allison.

Senator Allison is so near Senator Cullom that Cullom could lean over and stick a wisp of straw into Allison's ear, whereupon Allison would jump, but would look about and laugh. He is a remarkably even tempered man. He never gets excited and never loses his head. Now he gets up and moves across the chamber. Notice how quietly he goes, and still there is an air about him that shows you he means to get there. Allison always does get there, and though he looks lazy and seems to take things very easily, he is one of the hardest workers in the Senate. He does not look to be sixty eight years of age, and his digestion is probably perfect.

Now he writes a letter. He holds his pen like that of a school boy, and he pens his words in true Spencerian style, making every curve of the proper shape. As he writes a long-bearded man, with a head not much bigger than a base ball, comes up and sits down beside Allison. He puts his hand on Allison's shoulder, and Allison turns around. He greets the long-bearded man cordially and chats with him, placing his hands on the man's knees, as though he loved him. Still, there is no love lost between these two men. That little man with the base ball head and long beard is Peffer, and I venture that away down in his soul Allison despises him; but Allison is a diplomat, and there is no need of showing it.

There are some curious things about Allison and Cullom. Both were born the same year, both worked on a farm, both got their schooling in log school houses and both were educated in second-class colleges. Allison was born in Wayne county, Ohio; Cullom was born in Wayne county, Ky. Allison was one of the best spellers of Wayne county. At sixteen he went to an academy at Wooster, Ohio, and worked on the farm during his vacations. Next he went to Allegheny College, at Meadville, then taught school and finished his college education at the little town of Hudson, near Cleveland. He then went to Ashland, Ohio, a town of about 3,000 people, and there studied law. He was deputy county clerk at the same time Judge Stewart, John Sherman's father-in-law, was judge.

But who is that old woman whose figure shows out through the lens between us and Allison? It is merely a silhouette on the ground glass and we need a new focus. As we turn the screw the old woman's figure changes into that of a man. We can see its bald head and we note that its eyes droop, as did those of Ben Butler. It is dressed in black, and its double-breasted frock coat is unbuttoned and hangs out somewhat like a skirt. Now the figure turns about face, and we see the form and features of one of the best known men of the great northwest, the great lawyer of St. Paul, and a man who can make, it is said, from $25,000 to $50,000 a year at his practice. His name is Cushman K. Davis, and though he has withdrawn from the presidential race his name may yet be mentioned among those which come up at St. Louis. Cush Davis is a curious-looking man. He is very tall. His shoulders are slightly bent, and his little semi-bald head is fastened to them by a short neck. He is one of the most studious men of the Senate, and one of the best read. He has one of the finest private libraries of the country. He is a great lover of books, and when he wants to rest from his studies he drops what he is at and takes up some work in a different literary line. When he is tired of thinking of politics he translates a lot of Virgil or Horace for a change, and when he finds—as he does sometimes, I venture, for he is a trifle lazy—his ambitions flagging, he bolsters himself up by reading the life of Alexander the Great or that of Julius Caesar. To