

gauntlet of all the above mentioned, and many more, to do it. Then the legislative mill begins its slow and tedious grinding. In order to vote intelligently, he must pay close attention to all that is going on, and understand thoroughly every subject under discussion. But he finds it most difficult to remain in his seat five consecutive minutes, so many cards come in with urgent calls from people outside. If tired nature demands a luncheon and he goes to the Congressional restaurant to get it, he is seized upon en route, like a disabled crab, and figuratively devoured by his hungry fellows. Those with most pressing cases insist upon lunching with him—at his expense, sometimes; and if claims or appointments are pending, upon which action must be taken at once, they catch a cable car after a hasty meal and hie to the treasury or some other department—where perhaps they wait an hour or more before the secretary can be seen, and then return no wiser than they went. And at every step, even in the department corridors, men and women spring up everywhere to beseege the devoted member. The minute he sets foot in the Capitol, his troubles are augmented a thousand fold, and to get away from the button-holders looks like a physical impossibility. Like a pebble dropped in a brook, he finds himself the center of an ever-widening circle—and all with axes of some sort to grind. Suddenly there comes relief. A page of the House scampers through the corridor shouting "Yeas and nays." The cabalistic call is imperative and the Congressman breaks away. But his harassed and bewildered brain has only a vague idea of what is going on in the legislative chamber; so he looks to the leaders of his party to see how they are going to vote and adds his voice to theirs. The same scenes are re-enacted outside when Congress adjourns; yet, however worried, he must preserve the semblance of good humor—even polite cordiality toward those who have no earthly claim upon him but persist in making him the grindstone upon which to sharpen their individual axes. At last he reaches his private apartment and seats himself to go over another accumulation of mail, to study Congressional records and coming legislation, or maybe to prepare the coming speech which is to make, or break, him, politically, for life. His secretary attends him, if he can afford the luxury, and they go through a lot of business in the course of two or three hours. At eight or nine o'clock he gets into his claw-hammer coat and goes to dine; and then come social duties—which must by no means be ignored if he has ambitions of his own. His engagements are usually several deep of an evening, and if he sees bed by two a. m. he is a lucky man. Even then the "sweet restorer" is hard to woo. Too many cares and worries have settled on his mind—to say nothing of late coffee and maybe something stronger on his stomach;—and that speech, like Macbeth's conscience, "doth murder sleep."

This is only a faint portrayal of the daily walk and conversation of the envied member of Congress. Senator Dawes once said: "The pressure upon Senators and Representatives for assistance in securing public offices imposed a work that is never finished and involves them in a warfare from which there is no discharge. Their time is consumed and their vitality is exhausted in the service of place-hunters."

FANNIE BRIGHAM.

THEATRICAL PENCILINGS.

Mr. Clement Scott, the famous English critic, by attacking the morals of stage has not only stirred but has upset the nests of an entire colony of

hornets, and has made himself the center and target of denunciation and anathemas of entire stagemodom. In an interview with a London editor, among other things he said that it was impossible for women to remain pure who adopt the stage—that the freedom of the life, speech and gesture behind the curtain renders it impossible for a woman to preserve that simplicity of manner which is her greatest charm, and adding that a woman who endeavors to keep her purity is almost as a necessity foredoomed to failure in her career. Then later on he contradicts himself by saying that many actresses lead noble lives and the children of actors who are forewarned of the dangers seldom go astray. The astute Clement has a happy facility of blowing hot and cold and he must bring this talent into use in extricating himself from out of his present predicament.

It is a beautiful Latin proverb which says, "If it be a rose it will bloom," and it was poor Ada Isaacs Menkin who said that it was impossible to smother the fire of genius—that it must assert itself. This has been so at least with the march king, John Phillip Sousa. When he was 18 years of age he played second violin in the orchestra at the opera house at Washington, D. C. Milton Nobles of "Phoenix" fame was then struggling for recognition. His attention was attracted to the studious-looking and unassuming youth and he immediately engaged him for musical director. From this he rose step by step to the topmost pinnacle of fame where he stands alone in his chosen profession.

The other evening in Waterbury, Conn., Richard Mansfield thrashed the electrician of the theater because of an error in turning on one of the lights. The manager called for light-blue, and the electrician unintentionally put on a deep bottle-green light. This so enraged Mansfield that he rushed off the stage and sought peace of mind by punishing the electrician, which he did in an effective manner. Mansfield is known as the most exacting and rigid disciplinarian before the American public, and woe to the person who unfortunately treads in front of him or brushes past him! Let any one on the stage be so indiscreet as to speak above a whisper, chew tobacco, or carelessly pick his teeth in his presence, and he pounces down on the victim like the eagle, and when he finishes the offending one has no more taste for tobacco or toothpicks ever after, and it is as much as he can do to contain himself whenever the name of Mansfield is mentioned.

In his younger days he was an artist and had a studio of his own; but his pastels brought no purchasers and he became so impoverished that he actually sang in the bleak and cold streets of London for pennies that the more generous-hearted would drop in his shivering hand. As he himself says, many the time he went to his lodgings cold and hungry and faint for the want of food. Then the promise of better things appeared as a tiny speck on the horizon of his future. He applied to W. S. Gilbert, now one of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan forces, who then was getting in preparation Pinafore. Through his influence Mansfield secured the part of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., at the princely salary of \$15 per week. He played the part for three years, then opportunity loomed up big and by diligent study and application he paved the way to his present greatness. Trial and suffering, the poet sings, softens the hearts of some while it congeals the soul of others.

Secret Service, that great war play

by William Gillette, returns to England in the near future, while the Heart of Maryland, with Mrs. Leslie Carter, crosses the blue Atlantic in April. Secret Service made an emphatic hit in London and it remains to be seen how the conservative Britons will take to Belasco's masterpiece. Mrs. Carter's swinging on the joker of the bell in the tower never fails to excite the greatest enthusiasm wherever seen.

Christmas week found Cincinnati's two leading houses dark, the Grand owing to the illness of Julia Marlowe, and the Pike on account of the opening of the stock company, which was deferred until Christmas day. Herebefore the Pike has been a vaudeville house, and the falling off of patronage caused Manager Hunt to change the policy of the house, by putting on the stock company. The first attraction, The Charity Ball, was taken favorably, and the management of the house have every reason to believe the change of policy will be welcomed by Cincinnati theater-goers.

A happy New Year to the profession and readers of the "Deseret Evening News."
ROBIN HOOD.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

The years, how they fly! The changes, how they come! More white on the head, more mellow, let us hope, in the heart, are the old; more grey in the heart and more generous in the heart, the young. Both are twelve months older, and both ought to be twelve months better.

Yet I sometimes think life, in the ordinary conception is wrong end up. The lower end of all life is more powerful, for good or ill, than the upper. Although in animal life the currents are horizontal, as a matter of fact, I believe, the human being was once a horizontal animal, and much of his beastliness cannot be satisfactorily accounted for on any other hypothesis. He became erect through the enlargement of the frontal vertebrae of his spine. He became a civilized being so much faster than the physiological changes followed that we have man with head in the skies of intellectual activity, while all below his waist is buried in the mud of animal passion. That is why civilization never conquers, but only rises to the height where wealth gives passion power to reign—and then comes a fall.

That has been the history of the world of man, and, judging from present indications, that history will repeat itself. The United States, the heir of all the ages and the latest born of time, is no exception to the rule. In poverty our people were godlike. In wealth they are pirates. The future reads that we are to become serfs to those who hold the money of the nation in their clutch. We are over the edge of that condition now. All talk of immediate "revolution" is the rant of men who are merely irritated cowards. They have the ballot in their hands and dare not use it. They will never use other weapons. Their children, born in serfdom and education, under hardest lines, may do so, but the present generation, never!

There is only one man now before the public who may change conditions. His name is Wolcott, and he is a Western man, belonging to the new civilization of the United States. Six months ago I sent a letter to a Boston paper saying that Wolcott would be the man who in 1900, would sweep down from the crest of the continent as the choice of the people for President, and it looks now as if my prediction would be fulfilled.

Ed. Wolcott has no longer any base