

Another feature of this kitchen is the grill. It is a gridiron so large that you could lay the largest snep upon it and broil it. This rests over a bed of red-hot charcoal, and the fire is, such that the steak or chop can be well done in five minutes. This grill is kept going about six hours a day, and the juicy meat which comes from it has made most of the gray matter which you will find in the alleged brains of the Congressional Record. The chief cook presides over the ranges. He gets \$100 a month as wages, and his cooking stoves are large enough for a Long Branch hotel. The main range is six feet wide and twelve feet long, and a curious thing about it to me is the holes in the top and the stove lids. These last are made of rings of metal, one inside of the other, so that you can make the opening over the coals as big around as a saucer or as large as a dishpan. Over the stove there is a great iron awning, above which is a ventilator, so that the smell of the cooking is drawn off into the open air, and in this vast kitchen where there are dozens of turkeys and all sorts of vegetables over the fire there is not as much smell as you will find in the rooms of a young married couple who are doing light housekeeping. Right under the range there are hot caverns for roasting, and one range is devoted entirely to the roasting of turkey and game. The bakery of the establishment is a great iron safe, as large as the vault of an ordinary bank. This is presided over by a baker, and every roll and loaf eaten in the Senate restaurant is baked in this safe. In the center of the room there are tables of zinc kept hot by steam, and upon these lie great dishes of roasts and stews ready to be cut up or dished out and sent to the eating rooms. Another room, almost as large as this kitchen, is devoted to keeping things hot, and there are more steam tables in this filled with hot tin boxes, in which are all sorts of viands.

I took a look at the refrigerators. One was filled with turkeys and game. The halves of beeves and sheep hung upon the walls, and the room was so large that I went inside of it and found it lighted with electricity and as cold as an ice house. In another room I was shown where the supplies of the establishment are kept. This was about fifteen feet square, and it was walled with shelves upon which was a stock large enough for a good-sized grocery store. There were wines, canned goods and eatables of all sorts. Bags of potatoes lay upon the floor. Barrels of apples stood here and there. There were crackers by the box, oranges by the crate and bottles by the dozens. In case of a siege Congress could be fed for a month on the supplies of this store house, and everything that a man can possibly order is here. In one of the rooms there is a butcher's block, upon which the meat is cut up, and another vault is devoted to oyster shucking and fresh oysters, and here the terrapins are kept. One great copper box in the kitchen is devoted to the steaming of oysters, and there are special dishes for the getting up of terrapin stews. The dishes used would stock a big queensware store, and it keeps one or two men continually washing at the dishes. The plates which are used for sending up food are kept warm in a

patent dish warmer, which is heated by steam, and the ceilings of these rooms are filled with great hooks like those of a smoke house, on which the brightest of copper and tin pans and kettles are hung. A dumb waiter runs from the kitchen to the restaurants of the Senate, and about the only cold things served to the statesmen are the ice water and champagne.

The dining rooms of these Senators are worth looking at. Their walls and ceilings are frescoed. They sit around the finest of damask cloths on chairs of oak, cushioned with green leather. Their dishes are china and their forks are of silver. The most of them prefer steel knives, and silver is only used for the cutting of fruit. The common dining room is apart from that used by the Senators, and there is a pie and oyster counter presided over by waiters. At these the statesmen now and then take a snack, but the most of them are good liver, and they take a full meal at noon every day of the year.

It is funny to watch them eat and to see "Upon what meat these our Cæsars feed that they may grow so great." Take Don Cameron. He looks like a dyspeptic, and as he sits in the Senate he chews his red mustache as if he were hungry. He is as lean as a rail, and you would never suppose that he was one of the biggest eaters of the capitol. He likes rich food, and he washes his lunch down every day with a pint of champagne. One of his favorite dishes is calves liver and bacon, and he smacks his lips three times a week over a chafing dish stew. Senator Stewart of Nevada is another man who is fond of a chafing dish stew, and there are a baker's dozen of Senators who think that oysters served in this way form a dish for the gods. Senator Stewart cooks his oysters himself. He calls for a dozen of the finest selects and these are brought to him at the table and a chafing dish is set before him. There is no water used. The oysters are stewed in their own liquor in a large glass of the best sherry wine, and in addition he puts in a big lump of butter and the yolks of two eggs, and then salts and peppers to taste. It is one of the richest dishes known to public men and is very productive of gout. Senator Stewart drinks no wine with his meals, but he now and then has a bottle of beer. He is not very particular about his surroundings, but he likes to do his own cooking.

Senator Hawley knows what is good, but he usually takes a light lunch. His favorite dish is chicken soup, and after this he has a piece of apple pie and a glass of milk. If he has a friend with him he spreads himself out over the whole bill of fare, but when alone his lunch is a light one. Senator Sherman is another pie eater. His favorites are apple and custard, and he always takes a glass of milk with his lunch. Senator Frye lunches on apple pie and a cup of tea. Peffer of Kansas confines himself to a bowl of bread and milk or an oyster stew. Peffer never pays more than 25 cents for a meal, and he doesn't waste his change on waiters. Joe Blackburn and Arthur P. Gorman are both fond of good living. Blackburn likes a toddy made of old Pepper whisky to take with his meals, and Gorman eats his meats cold. He is fond of cold ham and turkey, and one of his side dishes is usu-

ally hashed brown potatoes served up with a poached egg upon them.

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts has the reputation of being a light feeder. He is, however, one of the riches gourmands of the Senate, and he is fond of filling his round stomach with a chafing dish of stew, and he dotes on sweet-breads served up in butter. There is nothing too good for Senator Wolcott. He wants his food highly seasoned and he is very fond of pheasants and other game. He likes a nice porterhouse steak served so rare that the blood runs down its sides. He eats a big meal every noon and the day is cold indeed when you find any wrinkles in his stomach. All of these western men live well. Hansbrough and Dubois want the best that the cooks can provide. Senator Perkins of California is a great feeder, and his colleague, Senator White, picks out half a dozen dishes and eats them all. These men seldom dine alone and the average statesman likes company at his meals. Henry Cabot Lodge usually brings a party in with him, and Tom Reed, Julius Caesar Burrows and Oliver of Iowa come to the Senate and eat their lunches together. Reed usually takes a course dinner at noon. He begins with blue points and likes to wash his meals down with champagne.

Senator Cush Davis is one of the big fish eaters of the Capitol. He likes anything that comes from the water, and he feeds his brain on black bass five times a week. He is fond of Mallard duck, and he washes his lunches down with a pot of hot coffee. He drinks a great deal of hot milk and takes a bowl of milk a nightcap before going to sleep. The New York Senators usually comes to lunch together, and they are both good feeders, though Hill merely nibbles at the dishes he orders, while Murphy eats all of the best and lots of it. Mitchell of Oregon makes his lunch off an oyster stew and a glass of sherry. Platt of Connecticut is fond of a bowl of custard or a chafing dish stew, and Senator Pettigrew likes lamb chops and cold roast beef. Power of Montana is a dyspeptic. He has no stomach to speak of, and he looks at his victuals with such a vinegar aspect that his milk has to be boiled before it is brought to him for fear it will sour. His regular lunch is a bowl of boiled milk and a plate of brown bread well toasted. He breaks the toast into the milk and dishes it up with a spoon.

Senator Squire of Washington is a good liver. He wants everything that is nice and he wants it served hot. He is fond of country sausage and corn cakes and he would eat these three times a day if they were set before him. He ends up his lunches with a small cup of coffee and a pony of brandy. He is a rich man and always has friends with him. He is very particular to have his account just right to the cent, and he would, I doubt not, fight with the waiter for the overcharge of a penny, and after he had gotten the matter settled his way would like as not give the negro a fee of a dollar. He is a queer man as regards money matters, and he believes in running everything, from his politics to his pancakes on a business basis. Another rich man is Senator Stockbridge of Michigan. He wants the best he can get, but he never drinks anything