

were Turkish rugs on the floor, easy chairs and luxurious divans pushed back among the pillars. In one corner sat a venerable gentleman to whom the women handed their cards with whispered instructions. "Take this to Representative So-and-So," the white haired keeper said to one of the pages in attendance. Away darted the messenger, and presently out came the member. Often genuine ladies made use of the reception room. Occasionally wives of new members who had not yet learned better, sent in for their husbands; and women in distress, who had lost their places in government employ, used the only means they knew to beg the congressmen from their home district to get them reinstated. But as a rule, the place was used and held for the purpose of the female lobby. To the latter, it offered great inducements, with its dim nooks and recesses, and its readiness of access from the outside, and the possibilities of its extent for confidential communications. Respectable women seeking positions and hoping to enlist congressional influence came here perforce; the sad faced women with long pending claims came to urge for action of the committee, because the wolf was at the door and the children hungry. But these would never be mistaken for the unblushing corruptionists we have read about. The woman of the lobby who believes she is a victim of governmental hardship and comes to seek redress, is generally poorly clad, nervous, wistful, and like Cassius, "with a lean and hungry look." The dashing beauties, with swishing skirts and powdered faces get so decidedly the reverse of "a glad hand" nowadays that they seldom come twice. The congressman dodges her in the corridors, has important business at the other end of capitol the instant he gets sight of her from afar, and is too busy to come out if she sends in her card. One of the first things Speaker Reed did was to abolish the "ladies' reception room." Without a word of warning, he ordered the doors closed. For a few days the corridors were full of dazed and bewildered women, the unfortunate and respectable, urged by stern necessity, sent in their cards and waited around the doorway; the scarlet class, seeing the impossibility of pursuing their game under the glare of electric lights, in the midst of the moving throng, departed, uttering maledictions on the head of the Speaker, and came no more. The eviction was worthy of the czar. Enormous pressure was subsequently brought to bear to have the reception room restored; but the only concessions the Speaker made was this: said he, "if it is absolutely necessary that your female constituents have a place from which they may send cards to you, take the rugs and chairs and sofas out, into a corner of the Statuary Hall." This was done. A big card labelled, "Exclusively for ladies," hangs on one side of the American Pantheon, at the entrance to a long, narrow place between the wall and a row of statues. The large south window lets in a flood of light and crowds are constantly passing to and fro. There, right under the marble coat tails of Ethan Allen and at the heels of the martyred Garfield, the women wait who have business with congressmen. The poor, patient office-seeker and claimant accepts the situation because she must; but the other class flaunt by like birds of passage. There was one woman lobbyist who held out longer than most of the profession. She came here with her husband, and during no less than three administrations, claimed to have the ear of the President. This pair opened a house and entertained largely through the social season. The firm was Mrs. Blank and husband. She did the planning and he helped in the execution.

The two had a claim of their own, and they got it through so easily that they went into the lobbying business. The woman had a great deal of tact. She took up and made much of the wives and daughters of new members. Ladies who had been in Washington society a season or two learned to shun her. Every year, however, brings to Washington a new crowd. This woman had no trouble in getting acceptance to her invitations. Her teas and receptions were duly noticed in the social columns along with the other functions of the day. The pair were in the lobbying for money, and they made a great deal, perhaps enough to retire on. About the time all Washington began to talk of the social lobbyist and the woman and her husband left the city. There was no development which cast reflection on her virtue, but in time people generally came to know that every act of hospitality in her house was inspired by the desire to bring influence to bear for or against some pending legislation. Some women lobbyists trade their charms of person. This woman was good enough so far as chastity was concerned, but she traded on her social position and capacity to entertain. All went well with the scheme until it became a matter of common notoriety that the mercenary motive was behind all of the hospitality. The woman went to the White House receptions, and when she moved down the line she appeared to be on most intimate terms with fine people. That, however, only required nerve, and she had a deal of it. Her claims to personal influence with three Presidents was never believed. It weakened her negotiating power with those who wanted lobbying done. The individual or corporation which has a job to put through it very credulous about lobbying influence and will take a great deal on faith, but the boast of this woman that she had three Presidents in her power was too much.

There is more of this employment of social methods for lobbying purposes now than ever before. It is a feature of the business that has grown. It is the refinement, the elevation of the profession. Every winter houses are opened and entertainments are given solely with a view to the accomplishment of something in legislation. It used to be that the male lobbyist dined and wine men who had votes to give. Now the lobbyist brings his wife and daughters, takes one of the furnished houses of which Washington has hundreds, of various sizes and rentals, always ready, and proceeds to entertain not only the members he wishes to reach, but their families. To the dinner have been added the theater party, the tea, the reception and the cotillion as means of influencing legislation.

FANNIE BRIGHAM.

ALMY, WYOMING.

Alma, Wyoming.

February 15, 1898.

The miners hereabout are working about half time at present, although the C. P. mines have worked day and night of late. Their orders were cut off so that now they are working on short time, and many of the late comers are being discharged for lack of orders.

The Latter-day Saints of the ward are contemplating the purchase of the Temple of Honor Hall, which is for sale. The ward is badly in need of such a building in which to hold their various amusements, as at the present we are compelled to some extent to mix with all shades of characters, and as a result the consequences are not always such as we can be proud of.

The Bishopric of Almy are doing their utmost to get the Saints interested in the matter, and it is certainly a worthy undertaking, and should be pushed to a successful issue, so that

we as a ward may have something to say as to the kind of company our sons and daughters mingle with. From present indications I consider the prospects good for making said purchase.

The social event of our ward was the celebration of the twentieth year of Bishop James Bown's presiding over the ward. It is not often a person holds such an office for so many consecutive years, and to show our appreciation for the brother who has grown old in our service, a grand social gathering was instituted in the Temple of Honor hall on Saturday evening, February 12th. Brother John Crawford presided. A program was tastefully rendered, after which Brother Bown was presented with a splendid bookcase as a slight token of the regard and esteem the Saints of Almy have for him. Sister Bown was presented with a neat and suitable center-table at the same time. In acknowledging the presentation Brother Bown said he prized very greatly this token of esteem for the humble services he had rendered the ward from his ordination to the Bishopric on February 10, 1878, to the present time. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with persons who had gathered to honor one to whom honor was due. May he live long to preside over us, and may his declining years be years of general satisfaction to himself as he looks backward on his useful life and ardent labors. JOS. E. BELL.

GREAT ALASKAN GLACIER.

Here is the famous Muir glacier, and the passengers are landed in small boats and allowed to climb about the ice-cliffs or wander over the moraine and gather the dainty wild flowers that grow in profusion almost to the very brink of the glacier.

The front of this glacier, shaped into forms of beauty by the Omnipotent Architect, towers into the air over three hundred feet and extends below the water seven hundred feet, while still a third portion is beneath the moraine, thus making, were the rocky detritus cleared away, a perpendicular wall of ice over a thousand feet high. The width of the glacier is about three miles, the central berg-producing portion being about half as broad.

This ice-cliff, stupendous in its proportions and carved by sun and rain and wind into majestic towers and delicate pinnacles, lifts its glittering front across the amphitheater of the bay, presenting an awe-inspiring spectacle. Architectural forms first suggest themselves to the beholder, but of such transcendent magnificence that their parallel is not found among the works of man.

Imagine a vast cathedral with foundations of turquoise and superstructure of sapphire, the buttresses overlaid with a fairy fretwork of white coral, the clustered spires and swelling domes of rock-crystal reflecting the radiance of the sun in a thousand luminous shafts, and a faint idea of the glory of the glacier may be realized. But the facade is constantly changing its outlines, although retaining its general form. From it are discharged, almost momentarily, great masses that plunge into the sea.

The top of the glacier presents an irregular billowy surface far as the eye can reach, broken here and there by deep clefts or crevasses that "look as if broken by bolts of thunder riven and driven by turbulent time." One glance into these terrible chasms, and the thought of the horrible fate attending an unwary step stills the heart and tightens the grasp on the alpenstock as one moves on over the slippery surface. But no accident has been authentically recorded.—From "Our Distant Colony," in Godey's Magazine for January.