

The paper dealer mused a moment and then said:

"I'll let you have it at 6½ cents."

"Can't you do better than that?" asked McLean.

"Not for that quantity," replied the dealer.

"Well, then," said McLean, "what will you charge me for a million pounds?"

"A million pounds," exclaimed the dealer; "you don't want a million pounds?"

"Yes, I do," replied McLean. "You can make it, can't you?"

"Of course I can," replied the man.

"Well, let me see." He thereupon figured a while, and then answered:

"If you will take a million, I will give it to you for 6 cents."

"On what time?"

"Oh," said the dealer, "I will let you have two or three months."

"No, I can't buy on three months, in these hard times," said McLean. "The banks are suspending everywhere. You know how tight money is. No; I must have six months or we can't deal."

"But, Mr. McLean," said the paper man, "six months is awful. It is half a year."

"I know that," was the answer, "but I didn't make the times. I am willing to buy your paper, but I must have the time I ask. If you will give me that the order is yours."

The dealer did not reply for a moment. Finally, he said:

"Mr. McLean, you are driving a very hard bargain, but business is business, and I will give you the time you ask for. There's no money in it, but I do it merely to secure your trade."

In a few minutes the contract was signed. The signatures had hardly been blotted before, McLean turned and asked:

"What discount will you allow me for cash on delivery?"

"What's that?" said the paper man.

"I want to know what discount you will make if I pay you cash as you deliver the paper?"

The dealer had to figure again, and the result was that McLean finally got his paper for 5½ cents a pound for cash, while his competitors were paying fully a cent more for the same article.

Returning to famous houses of Washington, I called the other night on Postmaster General Gary. He is now living in Senator Sawyer's \$100,000 house on Connecticut avenue. The house is magnificently furnished, some of its walls are papered with the finest satin, and its decorations, which were all made by hand, are among the most beautiful of the houses of Washington. Mr. Sawyer went into debt when he was a young man to buy his time of his father, and he was over thirty before he was \$2,000 ahead. He is now a number of times a millionaire, and it was during his term in the Senate that he built his house, in order that his daughter might have a suitable place for her entertainments in connection with Washington society. Since he left the Senate I understand he has offered the house for sale, but it is such a valuable property that a purchaser has not yet appeared. This house is even finer than that of Secretary Sherman, and the wealth of the postmaster general will enable him to entertain magnificently in it.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 11, 1898.—The romances which are abroad in the land concerning the lobby are like most other romances—a few grains of truth going a long way and doing great service in substantiating the fabric of fiction. These highly-colored tales have done much to prejudice persons who never saw a Congress in session and give them exaggerated ideas of cor-

ruption that prevails beneath the dome of the national capitol. The truth is, the lobby or "Third House," as it is sometimes called, is not altogether an evil. There are ministers of the Gospel among the lobbyists, and political influence and church influence often go hand in hand. These clergymen are not necessarily corrupt lobbyists, who would purchase votes, but their services may be paid for by the churches or schools that are seeking appropriations, and they employ the same means that other members of the Third House employ, viz.: they argue, plead the cause of the church and morality, use personal influence, and ask for votes on the ground of personal friendship, if they cannot make it appear that the bill should be passed on grounds of justice or party lines. In short, they are there to win, and will be paid for winning—though they have to encourage "log rolling," which is held up by theoretical moralists as one of the evils of modern legislation. That is, they will ask their friends to pool issues with others who are not active friends and help along another bill in which they have no interest, providing this will help their bill. A case in point is that of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, whose book agents have a big war claim. When Buell's army entered Nashville in 1862, the great publishing house of the church was seized. The property was libeled for confiscation, and the army made use of the plant while the question of confiscation was before the court. The paper designed for tracts was used to print quartermaster's blanks, and the bindery turned out regimental rolls instead of Bibles. The church wanted \$300,000 for the damage done, and presented evidence to show that it was loyal during the war. Several war claim committees of Congress have favored the claim,—but it never has been paid, because Congress has so far failed to make the appropriation. Every session brings rectors and clergymen, bishops and other church officials to work in the lobby for the appropriation. And there are many similar claims which bring clerical lobbyists to Congress, to mingle and be classed with the others who are appealing to Uncle Sam for the redress of wrongs on the enactment of laws that will help something or somebody.

There are always claims before Congress, and claimants waiting for them to be acted upon, bills that need promotion lobbyists to assist the promoting; but you will look in vain about the capitol for the lobbyist of the stage and the story, who carries a check-book with him, or has rolls of greenbacks bulging from his pockets with which to influence Congressmen. There may have been a time when money played an important part in some affairs of state, and it may be more or less potent today, but if so, the transaction will not be carried on under the public eye in the capitol. Neither will you find there the beautiful woman of the romances, or the mysterious veiled widow, who capture legislators with their sad, sweet smiles, or hypnotize them to vote for wicked measures. For if these creatures ever did exist, they are all dead and gone now and the lobby is made up of very different people. It is as difficult to classify the profession of lobbying as any other profession. The vulgar purchaser of votes we read about does not in the least resemble the stately and dignified ex-senator, who walks past the door-keeper and takes a seat on one of the sofas in the rear of the Senate chamber; yet the latter is the real lobbyist. No man, however popular, who is not a senator, or representative, or member of the Supreme court, may enter the sacred precincts of the Senate chamber when the Senate is in session. But once a U.

S. senator, free admission is always accorded to the Senate chamber—the most exclusive place in the whole United States. Retaining that right to the end of time and carrying it with him into private life, the senator, whenever he comes to Washington, walks past the door-keeper into the holy of holies, just as he did when a member of the Senate; and it gives him an immense advantage over other lobbyists. There are a great many ex-senators of the United States and the majority of them do more or less lobbying. In their hands, however, it is as honorable and dignified a profession as that of the law. They are engaged to promote certain proposed legislation, as counsel is employed for corporations or individuals; they represent special interests and are paid to show up the needs and demands of their clients. The tariff bill, for example, always brings out whole droves and beves of them; and nobody criticises them for their lobbying, providing the bill represents some popular demand. I suppose the principle is the same whether the bill is popular or not. Some of the most successful lobbyists are men who once occupied seats in one chamber or the other of Congress; they receive big pay for their labor and nobody charges them with dishonesty or corruption.

There are claims and claims, worthy and fictitious; and it is just as hard to get the former through as the latter. The story of lives ruined, fortunes dissipated and families wrecked in the prosecution of claims before Congress would fill volumes, and make most romantic as well as pathetic reading. Many are for the poor Indians; for the descendants of patriots who gave their all to the country, and for manifold wrongs inflicted by Uncle Sam. Unpaid victims haunt the lobby day after day, through session after session, dunning the government, which appears to be a sorry sort of paymaster. One trouble is that in these days Uncle Samuel has use for many millions more than he possesses, and the "watchdogs of the treasury," upright and honorable though they be, are much like ordinary debtors in leaving old debts unpaid, rather than "rob Peter to pay Paul," or in other words, contract new debts in order to satisfy claimants. Perhaps the claim has borne the closest investigation of the committees to which they have been referred, but though "favorably reported," they fail in the House or Senate, nobody knows why. Each new Congress goes over them in the same way—making investigations, printing favorable reports but making no provision for paying them. Year after year, the claimants wait and watch and lobby with senators and members; they engage claim agents to help them and many of them have lost fortunes in dunning Uncle Samuel for just debts—all to no purpose. These bring the saddest faces that are seen in the lobby.

As to the fascinating female lobbyist, she too is large a creature of the imagination. There are no Cleopatras here now, with numerous Antonys being led to ruin in their train; if they ever did exist, they are as dead as the original queen of the Nile and their day has long gone by. There are women in the lobby, however, and there were a good many more of them before Speaker Reed's iron regime. Just across the corridor from the House is a spacious marble-floored room, with numerous pillars and cozy corners and a subdued light. It can be entered from the eastern front of the capitol, or from the corridor, and is within ten feet of one of the main doors of the hall of representatives. In this convenient and comfortable place, where the statesmen could hardly escape them as they passed to and fro, the female lobbyist had their headquarters. There