

Career
... of a **Lobbyist**

Flashily dressed in gaily colored clothing, a solidly built man of middle age was seated in the lobby of a capital city hotel not long ago, earnestly engaged in conversation with a prominent corporation attorney. His presence served as a stimulus to the reminiscences of a former legislator, who broke out with words of severe censure against the man with paste diamond and gold headed cane.

"Ten years ago that man there was one of the brightest of a graduating class in southern Nebraska," said the legislator pointing to the individual of gaudy apparel, "I handed him his diploma on that eventful night. Just previous to this I had let fall a few pearls of wisdom for the benefit of the incipient mind. And I thought that man there would be the last one to go astray."

"No, never mind his name. If you don't know it, you will never have any honest incentive to find out. He will be here at the next session of the legislature, the next and the next. Unless perhaps he gets caught in some particularly daring piece of work and has to seek some other field of operation."

"There is no term in the English language by which he may be called. Confidential agent, lobbyist, go-between, capper and political piker are some of the names more or less polite applied to his class. Boil them all into one concentrated epithet and you have him."

"How did it happen? Simple enough. Up under the dome a multitude of men have met their moral doom in the same manner that he did. After his graduation he worked for a short time honestly enough. Then a friend with exceedingly bad judgment got a place on a senate committee in the Nebraska legislature and brought the young fellow to Lincoln with him. Now never mind what year. You will be consulting the records or asking some of the other members and finding out who this is. There was a year you remember, when a gang of fellows wanted railroads to lower freight rates and some other people didn't want it done. Well, the bill was up to the Nebraska senate and had just one vote more than enough to ensure its passage. To be exact there were seventeen in favor of the bill and sixteen against it."

"One night there was a shady deal on. A member was hired to leave the state in order to defeat the bill. Our friend over there was loafing in an oil room and heard a chance remark which put him on to the game. He watched the conspirators and kept mum until the member in question had mysteriously disappeared."

"In a burst of confidence he told one of the champion cappers what he knew. Now this man was not averse to making a little money so he put a flea in the ear of the callow youth."

"He instructed the lounge, who was supposed to be studying shorthand, to go to the man who had paid over the money and demand \$200 as the price of silence and when the money was paid bring it to the capper. He found an apt pupil and inside of two days the money was in the clutches of the go-between."

"Of course Mr. Capper demanded half the money which the man who had been instrumental in the hold up readily paid over. When the fellows discerned that the senate hanger-on was familiar with the rules of the game he got a little lobbying to do in order to keep him quiet. Before the end of that eventful session he had passed the amateur stage and yearned for a professional standing."

"He soon learned the ropes and did a good business. In the third session, for he stuck right with the business, he was the shrewdest of the lot. He comes around between sessions, though. He finds larger fees out west in Senator Clarke's country."

"At rare intervals he comes back. He

possesses some information under his hat which is especially valuable to certain interests. And you may bank upon it, he gets his price, too.

"Rich? Lord, no! He lives from hand to mouth. He has formed the habit of living with swell people, drinking the best liquors and staying at the highest priced hotels. He gambles between legislative sessions and is not as successful at that game as he is in impressing his individuality on the statute books."

"The capper who helped him in his first hold up is dead. Too much whisky, good and bad. He was delirious in his last moments, told the story of leading the kid astray and his last breath was spent in trying to articulate the name of the man who accomplished the undoing of the man who ran away."

And the veteran legislator stopped short. The lobbyist was marching proudly out of the hotel.

"Going to take the 11 o'clock train for Montana I presume. Good, he's better out of the state than in it but I never supposed I would have such a story to tell about that boy."

DID MORGAN CABLE?



Steel Trust President Charles M. Schwab, in his latest role of "the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," is mad clear through at the newspaper reports of his gambling transactions. Many financial men stick to the story that J. P. Morgan cabled to Schwab to quit gambling.

In School Days

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying,
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left he lingered—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave,
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss
Like her—because they love him.

—John G. Whittier.

Clubber—You're not looking well;
have you had the gout lately?
Cynicus—No, but I have had the
holidays.

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Giacomo, the brigand, was sorely troubled to learn that a price of 1,000 plasters had been set on his head. "Can I keep such an expensive head and support a family?" he mused, and in that moment thought seriously of reformation.

PERSONS SUFFERING WITH CHRONIC DISEASE

Can Expect Better Results Under the Care of Specialists Who Have Had Life-long Experience in Their Treatment Alone. The British Doctors will Cure All Chronic Diseases Free who Apply to Them Before February 4th, at Their Office.

A staff of eminent physicians and surgeons from the British Medical Institute, at the urgent solicitation of a large number of patients under their care in this country, have established a permanent branch of the Institute in this city, at the office, corner of Eleventh and N streets, in the Sheldon block.

These eminent gentlemen have decided to give their services entirely free for three months (medicines excepted) to all invalids who call upon them for treatment between now and February 4. These services will not only consist of consultation, examination and advice, but also of all minor surgical operations.

The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted, and under no conditions, will any charge whatever be made for any services rendered for three months to all who call before February 4.

The doctors treat all forms of disease and deformities, and guarantee a cure in every case they undertake. At the first interview a thorough examination is made; and if incurable, you are frankly and kindly told so; also advised against spending your money for useless treatment.

Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture, goitre, cancer, all skin diseases and all diseases of the rectum are positively cured by their new treatment.

The chief associate surgeon of the Institute is in personal charge. Office hours from 9 a. m., till 8. p. m. No Sunday hours.

Special Notice—If you cannot call, send stamp for question blank for home treatment.

A Wise Provision

Mr. Baldie—"I have discovered that baldness is a wise provision of nature." Philosopher—"That's a discovery, surely."

"Yes. You have noticed, doubtless, that I am bald as a billiard ball as far down as the rim of my hat, but below that the hair grows as luxuriantly as ever."

"Yes, that is, usually the case." "Exactly. Well, now comes my discovery. Barber shops are often draughty, you know."

"Very frequently." "Too true. Sure to give folks influenza, pneumonia, and I don't know what all."

"Draughts are always dangerous." "That's it. Well, a bald-headed man can have his hair cut without removing his hat."—New York Weekly.

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