

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them if, upon viewing the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

BUT SHE HAD ENOUGH.



Johnny—Mother, let's go in here and buy a baby; they're cheap to-day.

Purchasing Power.
A young gentleman of our acquaintance, who had just reached the age of six, was recently waiting with his mother for a train at a railway station, when he noticed a penny-in-the-slot weighing machine. He asked his mother a great many questions about it, and at last received permission to drop in his penny and be weighed. Having obtained that important information, he said: "How much would I have weighed, mamma, if I had dropped in a dollar?"

Christmas Post Cards Free.
Send 2c stamp for five samples of our very best Gold and Silk Finish Christmas, Flower and Motto Post Cards, beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 792 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

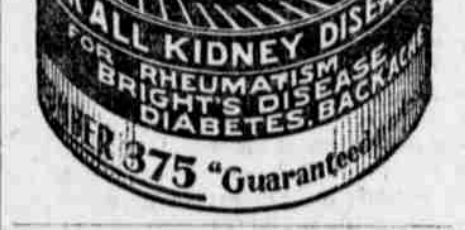
The Hint That Failed.
Wife—A tree, you know, gets new clothes every spring—hat, parasol, everything!
Husband—Yes, darling, and makes them all itself.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Lewis' Single Binder made of extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars. Tell the dealer you want them.

In the opinion of the beauty doctor many a homely woman has a fine face for business.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The less a man knows about women the more he thinks he knows.



SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
They also relieve Bile, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Inflammation and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coat on the Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
W. D. Carter
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Instantly relieve Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Coughs. Unexcelled for clearing the voice. Absolutely free from opiates or anything harmful. Price, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00 per box. Samples sent on request.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

TAKE A DOSE OF PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
It will instantly relieve that tickling cough. Taken promptly it will often prevent Asthma, Bronchitis and serious throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed safe and very palatable.

All Druggists, 25 cents.

He Doesn't Like to Be Written Up



TWELVE years ago, when Senator-elect William O'Connell Bradley of Kentucky, was governor of that state, a youth who at 15 was carrying the editorial burden of a weekly newspaper in a country town in Illinois drifted into Frankfort on a bicycle trip. There wasn't much to see in Frankfort except the state capitol, so he went up there.

It was the young editor's first inspection of a state capitol, and his eyes were open for everything. Naturally the sign "Governor's Office" interested him, and he quickly decided to call on the governor. He sent in his card and presently the doorkeeper returned and said: "The governor will see you."

Then did the visitor really wish that his curiosity about the governor's office hadn't got the better of him. It would be manifestly improper to intrude on the governor's time without some motive, and still the young editor couldn't think of any motive. On the way to the inner office he decided to take the governor into his confidence and confess that there wasn't any cause for the visit, except a small matter of editorial courtesy.

Prompted, no doubt, by that spirit that has made him the head of his party in the state and that enabled

him to win his fight for the senate against apparently overwhelming odds, Gov. Bradley talked to the boy journalist for an hour, speaking most interestingly on subjects that could not fail to interest even a youth that didn't have a news instinct.

The governor described his early experiences as a Republican in a Democratic hotbed, when to go to the polls and vote the Republican ticket was only one form of committing suicide. He told how at one period of his political activity it became necessary for all the Republicans of the town in which he lived to fortify themselves in a house and defend themselves against Democratic raiders who were thirsting for blood.

There were so many of these stories that the hour had passed before either the governor or his visitor knew it, and when the boy editor finally excused himself he carried away a picture bearing the governor's autograph.

When Gov. Bradley won his successful fight before the Kentucky legislature a few weeks ago the editor, who had been reduced by lapse of time to just plain reporter, remembered these stories of the early days, and wrote the senator-elect asking the privilege of telling them to the whole country. Gov. Bradley's reply stamps him as a man who is going to make himself disliked in Washington if he doesn't change his mind.

"There is nothing that is more distasteful to me than to talk about myself, and you must excuse me from entering into an account of my past experience as a politician. I have never written it up, and never expect to."

Pages in the Senate Mimic Big Men



IT IS the custom for the senate pages to hold two or three mock senate sessions every winter. These sessions are held on afternoons when the senate is not sitting, and are conducted with all the solemnity and poise of a regular meeting.

One day the youngsters were conducting a mock trial of the Swayne impeachment case. "Billy" Annin was presiding. Another youngster was posing as Anthony Higgins, counsel for Judge Swayne, and was interrogating a witness. Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, came into the senate chamber unexpectedly, and seeing what was going on, took a seat near the entrance to the cloakroom.

Presently an intricate parliamentary question arose, and half a dozen pages were on their feet asking for recognition. Mr. Spooner thought he might

be able to clarify the question. Accordingly he approached his seat and called out: "Mr. President!"

The irrepressible "Billy" was not taken back. "The chair will recognize the senator from Wisconsin," he said, as he brought down the gavel and nodded to Mr. Spooner.

The ease and poise of the youngster startled Senator Spooner, and it was nearly a minute before he could control his twinkling eyes.

"Is it not out of order," he asked, "to permit so many senators to address the chair at the same time?"

"It is decidedly out of order," said the piping voice in the vice-president's chair.

"The point made by the senator from Wisconsin is well taken. The senate will come to order."

In the house of representatives there are 23 pages, and in the senate 16.

According to the regulations, no page can be under 12 years or over 16 years of age.

The position of senate page pays a salary of \$75 a month when congress is in session, and, like all other employes of congress, these youngsters receive an extra month's salary every year.

Hobo in the President's Private Car



A TRAMP got into President Taft's private car recently, and a very surprised tramp he must have been, for he was pounced upon by two of the most muscular Pullman porters he had ever seen and then arrested by Secret Service Officer Sloan.

It was on the Federal express, running from Boston to Washington, on the rear end of which the president's private car Mayflower was coupled at New Haven.

The tramp got on somewhere along the line. There were two day coaches ahead of the presidential car, and they

were so crowded that they couldn't have looked healthy to the most optimistic of tramps. But there was a Pullman, and it looked nice and dark, and so the wanderer strolled in and hid himself.

It was Letcher, one of the porters, who found the visitor crouched in a dark corner of the tiny kitchen. He made a dive for the man and got him in a clinch. Then he called his fellow porter, Anderson. The two of them had the tramp so scared that he could hardly see by the time the secret service men came in and put him under arrest.

At Bridgeport the tramp was turned over to the police. He tried to say that he was a brakeman on the New York, New Haven & Hartford road, but the trainmen knew better. Mr. Taft slept right through it, and never knew a thing about it until the next morning.

This Kind of Servant at a Premium



WASHINGTON housekeepers are inclined to think that T. B. Witherpoon of St. Louis was romancing recently when he told of a negro servant who has been in his employ for 15 years. It appears that the negro was given ten days' leave and money to spend for a trip down to New Orleans, but in three days turned up again, and here is the way Mr. Witherpoon explains the negro's return, quoting the servant:

"You see, sah, it done got mighty miserably cold night after I left you, and I knows dat Miss Kate (my wife) ain't got no business tryin' to work dat furnace, and I know you ain't gwine to bother with it. Nary one of you got enny business with a dirty old furnace, least of all Miss Kate, who ain't got no right to sell her little son's. I couldn't sleep good thinkin' about it, an' dat's why I gits back quicker 'n I expected."

The Barriers Down.
John Ford, who, as the English husband of Miss Cavendish-Bentley, is related to the Ogden Milnes, the Maturin Livingstons and many other noted New York families, talked, at a quiet dinner at The Plaza, about English society.

"New York society," said Mr. Ford, "is really more exclusive now than that of London. In London last season an episode was narrated that illustrated well the breaking down of the old barriers.

"Society is going to the bow-windows," grumbled a young marquis at a Piccadilly club.

"What's the matter now?" a friend inquired.

"Moneylender's wife at a reception in Belgrave square this afternoon," said the marquis, "wearing all my wife's emeralds."

Rats Under Ban in New York Schools



NEW YORK.—The interest in various important features of the day's news recently was completely overshadowed in certain sections of the city by a rumor that a great public uprising against the wearing of "rats" in women's hair had been started, and that the hirsute rodents were doomed to extinction.

"Down with the rat!" it was asserted was to be the battle cry.

The rumor caused consternation, not only in several co-educational institutions, where the matter came up for swift and decisive adjustment, but in department stores and other places, where mere man had put his foot down hard on the familiar feminine head adornment, and there were unmistakable rumblings of a revolution to be heard wherever the question was discussed.

The trouble started at the Erasmus Hall high school, where the assistant principal, Miss Kate E. Turner, laid down the law forbidding "rats" or "switches," and the following day enforcing the law against violators by forcibly removing the offending adornments.

While these momentous events were transpiring in the borough across the bridge, indignation was at an even higher boiling point in the department store district in Manhattan. In several of the big stores notices were posted in prominent places that "rats"

in the hair of employes would not be tolerated, the penalty for ignoring the order to be dismissal.

During the luncheon hour nothing but the new order and plans for combating it were discussed. In one store it was decided that a committee should wait upon the manager and ask him to rescind the order or face a general strike.

"This is the most outrageous proceeding I ever heard of," said one young woman, "and I think we would be fools to submit to it. The very idea of a man telling us how to wear our hair! It was bad enough when the manager said we must wear black gowns and white collars, but it is going too far when they tamper with our pompadours.

"Why, they wouldn't dare to do such things in Siberia or China or wherever it is they have a czar. I for one am going to wear just as big a 'rat' as I like, and I don't care if the floorwalker does report me."

That the last crusade against false hair adornment is not being confined to high schools and department stores was further evidenced when the women employes of the telegraph companies in the city held animated discussion over the report from Kansas City that A. B. Richardson, district superintendent of the Postal Telegraph Company there, had issued this order:

"On and after November 1 all women clerks and employes must discontinue the use of 'rats' in their hair. Please govern yourselves accordingly."

The women employes here were extremely gloomy over the situation, for it was prophesied that the order would reach New York next and that the much-abused "rat" would have to go.

May Go to Penitentiary in Barrel



ST. LOUIS.—The law of the State is responsible for Albert Kapp, son of a poor widow being a jail prisoner. The rule of the penitentiary is responsible for his being almost without clothing in the bastille.

Prisoners who reach the penitentiary under sentence, are divested of their clothes and the garments are burned. "Str" clothes are provided and in these the unfortunates must live till their sentence expires and then in garb furnished by the big prison they fare forth into the world, a prey for the keen eyes of the sleuths.

Every man who is sentenced learns this from the old-timers and there is a rule in the city jail that men going up sell all their belongings before they start because the inscription of Dante is paraphrased into, "All property abandon ye who enter here" over the gates of the prison.

Kapp is a youth. He had some trouble with a man, and the man

said it was an attempted robbery. The police, because Albert had been in trouble before, insisted on a two-years' sentence. So, following the custom of the jail, he sold to other inmates of the cells his possessions save a torn and frayed pair of trousers, a tattered shirt, and a worn pair of shoes. His mother brought him some dainties and left him. She could not bear to come back and see the lad, mangled and leg ironed to the long chain. Neither did the boy wish her to come to see him go. He dreaded the scene. Their apprehension was not necessary.

Then the State decided there were extenuating circumstances in the case and in order to look the facts over again, and with a view perhaps to paroling the boy, the sheriff was asked not to take Albert with the thirty-eight other convicted persons to the penitentiary.

"But what am I going to do?" he asked Jailer Wolf, surveying his garments.

They were just sufficient to prevent him appearing a la Adam. The jailer laughed good naturedly and told the story of how Albert had divested himself in order that the State should not get any the better of him and how he would have to attend services Sunday in a blanket.

Cat Aids Auctioneer in Realty Sale



CHICAGO.—A big office cat, the pet of the real estate board, was "assistant auctioneer" at a recent sale in the exchange rooms, and to tabby is given the credit for many raises in prices.

George L. Warner of the firm of Baird & Warner was the "emergency auctioneer," but before he had become initiated in his new task the cat appeared on the scene and perched herself upon the desk in front of the "realty salesman."

Mr. Warner started in as if he had been in the auction business all his life. The bids came in fast and in large sums. All the time the cat peeped down at the men struggling to get a chance at a certain desirable piece of property.

Suddenly there was a lull in the proceedings. Bids were slow and the "raises" came dribbling along in small amounts. Auctioneer Warner couldn't understand it. He began to think that his success as a forceful auctioneer was to be short lived.

True, it was his first experience, but he had started out with such a rush of business that he was congratulating himself. He looked at the desk where tabby had been.

She had deserted her post. That seemed to explain the situation. A hurry call was sent for the cat. Scarcely had she resumed her place on the auction desk than the bidding livened up. Prices went soaring and the former enthusiasm was revived.

"And the cat came back," some one remarked.

After the sale was over it was agreed by all, including Mr. Warner, that tabby was responsible for making the day's sale successful.

Several raises of from \$25 to \$50 were admitted by the "emergency auctioneer" to be due to the presence of the cat. She will have a prominent place in the future sales of the board.

Hotel for Chinese Planned in Chicago



CHICAGO.—If Ah Sing, hero of Bret Harte's world-famous poem, were to pay a visit to Chicago within the next month or so, he would find himself able to enter a Chinese hotel, hand his grip to a Chinese bellboy, affix his signature to a Chinese register, eat a Chinese meal and sleep in a Chinese bed.

Also, he would be able to read a "Chinese newspaper," to be awakened in the morning by a Chinese servant, to

call for a cup of real Chinese tea and eat a dish of breakfast food—bailing not from Battle Creek but Canton. And he could hear a Chinese orchestra playing Chinese popular songs.

For Chicago is to have a Chinese hotel, the first in the city operated on the "Oriental Plan." It is to be as complete and as modern as the best American hostelry. Everything in it is going to be Chinese, from the guests to the chop-sticks in the dining-room. Everything will be designed to make Ah Sing or any other oriental guest feel perfectly at home.

The new hotel will be located in the heart of the Chinese industrial center, at 112 Federal street. The lens for the building has been applied for by the Chinamen behind the move to establish their own hotel.

MATTER OF CLOTHES.

Dress has a great deal to do with the spirit and sentiment of a person, and he wants his dress to cultivate the right spirit. He can raise or lower himself according to the character of the clothes he wears. One feels the effect of his clothes. If he attends some function in clothes not fitted to the occasion he does not enjoy it. Clothes seem to be a very superficial matter, but they enter very much into character-making. Put a hat on a boy that is banged, upturned, rakish and rowdy-looking, and by some sort of an osmosis these qualities pass into the nature of the boy and control his tendencies, says the Ohio State Journal. There is no better example of the influence of environment than is seen in the effect of clothes. The coat has nothing to do with it. It is in the neatness, the taste, the way it sets and feels that help make up the inclination and disposition of a person. The dignity, the ease, the intelligence of a man can be promoted by his dress, and the opposite qualities just as well. Clothes are really character-formers, and one should see that they are directed to whatever contributes to the grace, order, dignity and beauty of character.

According to an announcement given out about this time last year there were at the beginning of September of 1908, upon various sidetracks, 170,652 idle cars. This was a great decrease from the number that were out of commission at the beginning of last year. A recently published authoritative statement declares that only 68,502 cars are now idle. It is surprising that even this number are out of use, considering the fact that practically all of the big railway systems, and many of the smaller ones, have been placing big rolling stock equipment orders during the past few months. The unmistakable inference to be drawn is that the railroads are already in pressing need of more freight cars of all descriptions.

The bureau of zoology of the state department of agriculture has recently issued an admirable and novel bulletin on the subject of plant pest treatment. In a few pages comparatively are condensed a very comprehensive list of the commoner ill plants are heir to. Then another list gives the appropriate treatment, while a third tells the most effective time to do the work. These three schedules are connected by cross references so that they are made easily available to anyone. In most cases the grower knows only too well what is the matter with his crop. If he does not the bureau invites him to send specimens of affected growth securely packed so no danger of spreading infection or risk of damaging by mail may be incurred.

More even than sailors, before the days of steamships, who had to depend upon the wind for the success of their voyages and had to watch the weather for their lives, the men who manipulate flying machines must be students of the air currents, the skies, the signs of storms. The more this young century interests itself with the navigation of the air the more it will learn, perforce, about the great invisible enveloping fluid which surrounds the globe. The airships and the aeroplanes are going to make this generation the first in weather lore of all that have felt the power of the winds and the perils of the fury of the elements.

The banana is to have a much wider market than the United States affords, if the growers of the fruit in Central America co-operate with the carriers who are willing to take the fruit to England. Fifteen steamers are ready to enter the trade if the growers will pledge fruit enough to keep them busy. It is estimated that these steamers will require deliveries of between 4,000 and 5,000 tons of fruit per month at the shipping docks in Central America.

According to consular reports from Constantinople the New Turks have been seized by the world's fair idea. They believe that a great exposition revealing or suggesting the immense possibilities of their land would give a marked impetus to development in the manufacturing industries and to commerce. In both these lines Turkey lags sadly now, being almost purely an agricultural and pastoral country.

Orville Wright says that flying is not as dangerous as automobile racing, but that air travel is not likely to supersede the present established modes of locomotion. The vast majority of men will have to continue confining their aerial ambitions to flights of fancy.

Spain has come upon unhappy days and its troubles seem to have no end. In almost every prominent center of population you will be sure to find the "worst street car line on earth."