

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

He Twists Letters Like Mexican Juggling Lariat



WASHINGTON.—Frank B. Willis, the rising young statesman from Wool Town, Ohio, who pulled down the spelling laurels in the recent Press Clubs ladies' night entertainment, had better study up that bluebacked speller, because there's another chap in town who can twist the letters round his tongue like a Mexican greaser juggling a lariat. This same fellow is Wrisley Brown, special assistant attorney general of the department of justice.

Some time ago a correspondent who purported to be a college professor wrote a letter to President Taft complaining that the recurrence of crime waves was due to malign thought impulses hurled about by detectives of the department of justice. Then the detectives would issue forth and arrest these law breakers, according to the writer, in this way working up a reputation for efficiency. The writer also said he had appeared before the senate "third degree" committee, and that his views were greeted with loud

suffaws. In conclusion he said: "They laughed, Mr. President," he wrote, "at the profundity of their own ineptitude."

The letter was referred to the department of justice, and Wrisley Brown was asked to prepare an indorsement for it. There was a scream of laughter when Brown turned in a burlesque opinion, couched in words which outranked the professors' ten to one. They say President Taft chuckled all day over it. And as for big words—just watch:

"After careful reflection," wrote Wrisley Brown, "I concur in the physical theorems herein deduced by the complainant. His conclusions regarding the auto-suggestion of crime are fully borne out by the history of human experience. Its insidious effect upon the mind has a pronounced tendency to bring on aboulomania or cretinism of the will power, combined with a choreic condition of the faculties.

"In some cases it has even been known to induce katatonia or some more serious dissociation of the mental elements of a luetic character and furibund developments such as, for instance, confusional oncephalomalacia. "The application of the third degree annihilates the inhibitory powers of the average victim and plunges him into a state of volitional hypnosis, thereby breaking down the fundamental doctrine of free agency."

How John Burroughs Found a Place to Sleep In

JOHN BURROUGHS, accompanied by two well known naturalists, Ernest Thompson-Seton and Glenn Buck of Chicago, was a recent visitor to the capitol.

At the capitol Mr. Burroughs gazed with thoughtful eyes directed toward the imposing, glistening white, marble senate office building.

"Beautiful building, isn't it?" he was asked.

"Hugh! Yes," was the slow response.

"But," he added, "I would a whole sight rather gaze at a scene I remember so distinctly. I had visited a small hamlet in a state that was 'dry.'"

"I looked about, but could find no place to sleep. It took only a few minutes to traverse the settlement. There was only one place where a light could be seen. The nature of the business being transacted there was apparent to all who cared to understand. It was a so-called 'blind tiger.'"

"Seeking rest there was out of the question, but I was tempted to enter and ask for information. As I was hesitating, a faint light in a building



opposite showed, and in a few minutes the form of a man, partly dressed, appeared in the doorway and began an unsteady course for the blind tiger. "I did not stop him, but as he entered the place of liquor dispensing, I entered the place he vacated, blew out the light and cast myself into his bed which was warm.

"It seemed hours later when I was awakened by a reeling Swede.

"Ah bane thanking you've my bade," he began.

"Man," I replied. "You've been to the blind tiger."

"That was enough. The man was too dazed to think. He turned about, by degrees, and walked out of the place. I don't know where he went, but probably back to the blind tiger."

Calamitous Cessation for Bobby's Little Lamb



IT is an admitted fact that Mary had a little lamb, but it may be news to the general public that Bobby Blank, who lives out Georgetown way, had another. Leastwise, he had, until the other day, when his ownership came to what one might briefly call a calamitous cessation.

Bobby had been week-ending with a little cousin who lives out in the country two hours by wagon, on a hill, off the pike. Little cousin owned a pet lamb, and when the wagon was waiting for Bobby he, somehow, managed to sneak pet off and get away with the goods.

The wise men who make the world go round for us assert that character changes with environment, and it must be so, for, by the time the wagon

had wheeled up to the home curb the small white thing that had been as docile as those other dear lamblings that skip on the forever-green grass in the way-back spelling book, took on a kiddish butting volatility.

Bobby's mamma was waiting to welcome little son as he hopped out of the wagon, dragging the lamb at the end of a string. The first thing the two knew the lamb had butted in and sprawled them, mother and man-child, on the pavement.

A crowd developed with a suddenness that suggested it must have swarmed up from the crevices in the bricks.

The little lamb got busy and butted around at the human fringe with skillful impartiality, until a particularly big man gave it what was intended to be a down-and-out kick. But it wasn't. Not for the little lamb. As for the man—but maybe he wouldn't like it mentioned; some people are so delicately sensitive—and, anyhow, maybe he would have done better if the little lamb had given him a second try, but it wasn't that sort of a little lamb. It preferred to streak off like white lightning—and maybe it is streaking yet.

Some Mighty Beautiful Things in the Constitution

SENATOR TOM MARTIN of Virginia is radically different from most statesmen from the sunny south. He is not an orator. On the contrary, he is usually so silent that he makes the Sphinx seem like the star book agent for an installment publishing house. As some of his constituents like to say: "Tom takes his'n out in thinkin' and actin'."

But while Martin says little, he listens much. And when he does finally break into speech his words are to the point.

Some time ago there came up, in the senate, a bill on which there was a bitter fight. Straightway several of those senators who have come to be known as "constitutional sharks" leaped to their feet one after another, in high sounding and resounding protest.

"Shall we, unworthy as we are, dare to violate either the letter or the spirit of our beloved constitution?" they demanded. "Never—never—not one iota—NEVER!"

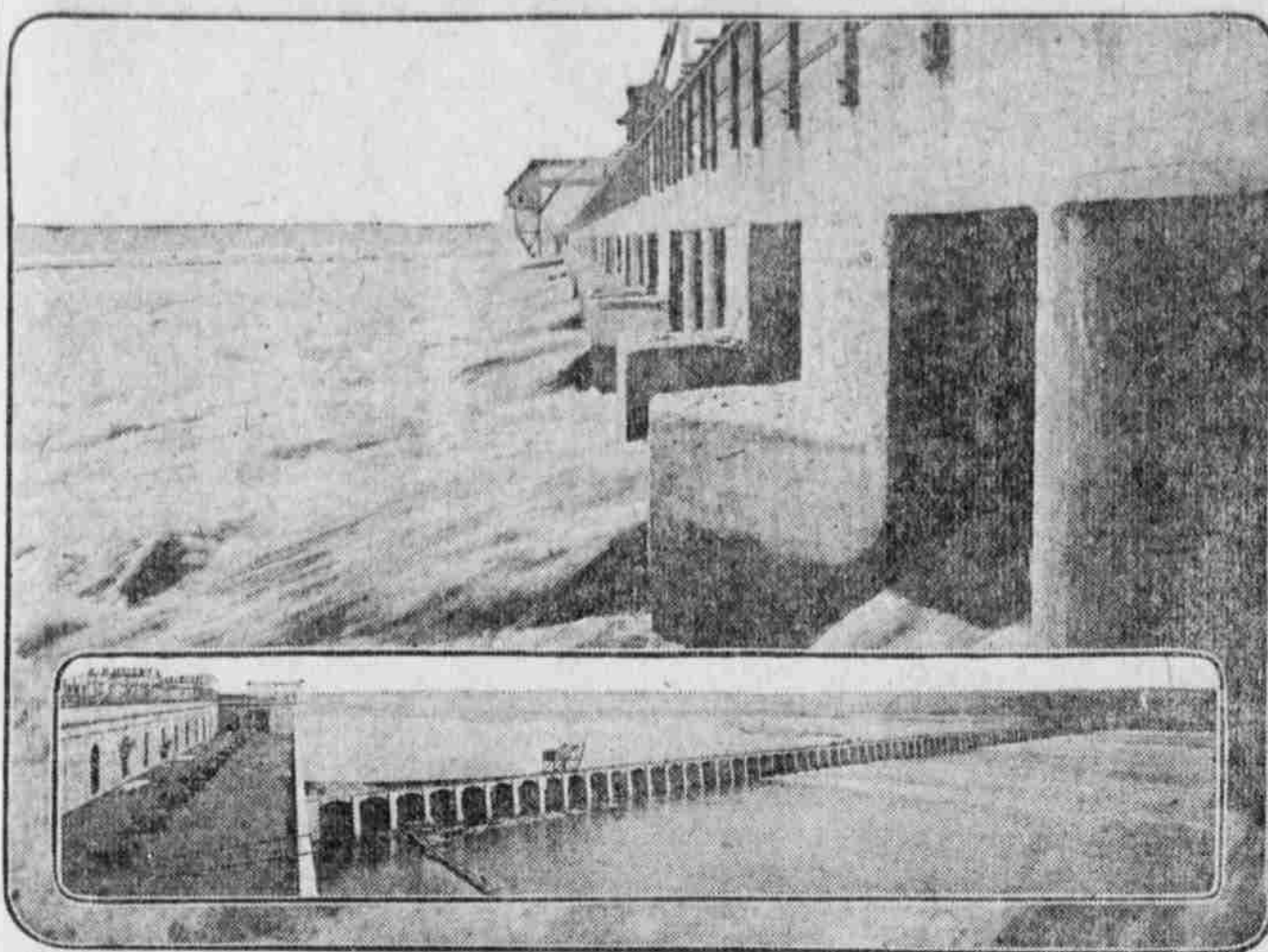
Martin listened calmly until all had done. Then he rose slowly and draped himself gracefully over one edge of his desk.



"Mistah President," said he in his soft drawl, "I yield to no man, suh, in my respect for the Constitution and its framers. They did well. They did nobly, suh—foh their time. But, Mistah President, those gentlemen have been dead mo' than one hundred years, suh, and times, suh, have changed. We've got to remember that, suh.

"An' remembering that, Mistah President, what I started to say was this: There are some mighty beautiful things in our Constitution. It's a beautiful work, suh. But, Mistah President, of all the beautiful things in all that beautiful work, to my mind the mos' beautiful of all are those glorious words, suh, givin' us the right to amend."

GREATEST OF WATERPOWER DEVELOPMENTS



Late in August the completion of the waterpower development at Keokuk, Ia., the greatest in the world, will be celebrated, and President Wilson and many governors are expected to be present. In the illustration is seen, above, the immense dam across the Mississippi river, showing the water rushing through the doors in the concrete wall; and below, a general view of the dam from the south end of the power house. The plant will produce over 300,000 horse power by its 20 turbines.

CHECK RAISER'S WAY INDIGESTION AND SIN TWINS

Expert Has Little Difficulty in Stealing Fortune.

Operator Finds It Easy to Alter Fine Writing, but Difficult With Calligraphy of Ignorant—"Manual" Used by Crooks.

Chicago.—A Chicago crook sat in a room just off La Salle street four years ago studying a check. It was made out for \$27, and was certified by the state bank on which it was drawn. The crook's specialty was check raising. He was preparing to steal a fortune with the little piece of paper.

The president of a cement construction company had written the check. He had taken what he thought proper business precautions. He wrote "twenty-seven," drew a horizontal line through two short vertical lines, and added "and 00-100" before the word "dollars" on the check.

The long horizontal line through the two short vertical lines, often termed a "hickey," is a frequent device against the unscrupulous. The man in the back room just off La Salle street made three movements with his pen and the "hickey" became "th." Then he wrote "ous," the word "and" completing "thousands." Three ciphers were added to the figures in the line above. The certified check was then deposited in a trust and savings bank, and a withdrawal of \$27,000 was immediately made against it.

A veteran thief catcher in Chicago recently, in recounting this incident, added that there exists among professional check raisers what amounts to a manual.

"Write me a check," he urged a visitor.

A check for \$200 was written. It was passed over to the detective. Within two minutes, without an erasure being made, it called for \$500.

"By the 'manual' the figure 'two' is always potential of 'five,'" he explained.

"The aim is always to avoid the interlining or the extending of words. Check raisers know all the characters which lend themselves to changes that cannot be detected. The capital 'T,' as most of us write it, can, for instance, be changed to the capital 'F' without the slightest trouble.

"Here are a few of the changes that can be made almost as fast as written:

"One' to 'eight.'
"Two' to 'five.'
"Ten' to 'fifty.'
"Four' to 'forty.'
"Twenty' to 'seventy.'

"Now, the figure '1,' for instance, may be readily formed into any other figure save '2' and '3.'

"The word 'hundred' may be formed easily from the ripping scroll that many write after a sum. Almost any movement of lines that have any regularity may be formed into words.

"The hardest check to raise or alter is the one written by a nearly illiterate person," the expert continues.

"The gracefully flowing hand is the easiest changed.

"There is, in fact, no comparison between raising checks with a genuine signature and forging the signature itself—so far as the ease of execution is concerned.

"Of course, banks and business houses, many of them, at least, protect themselves nowadays with devices that brand a limitation of the check indelibly into the very texture of the paper. In this field, too, many devices at first thought absolute safeguards were soon outwitted by the crooks.

put his hands on that. Or else they use a bit of money mender and then peel it off.

"But what does the crook do? He has a check perforated \$300. He takes his little punch and punches from the edge of the check a few tiny disks of the same size. With a needle tip he plugs up the holes in the last dollar sign. After the glue is dry he punches a cipher in its place and a dollar mark after it. Where the machine perforated an entire letter, the crook bought a smaller machine and filled up the perforations before making new ones to suit himself."

SOCIETY FOLKS AT NEWPORT

Fashionables Gather at America's Famous Watering Resort for Their Summer Diversion.

Newport.—Many diversions for the summer colony at America's select watering place. This photograph, taken in Newport, July 10, shows some of the cottagers leaving the Casino en route to the tennis courts



Two Fashion Leaders.

with luncheons. Bathing, yachting, dancing, motoring, and tennis, the young people are kept in a busy whirl.

In the picture are R. de Boardman of Boston and Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt of New York and Philadelphia, former wife of Alfred Gwyn Vanderbilt.

TRAIN TAKES HIS HEART OUT

Unusual Fatality Between Swarthmore and Morton Station in Pennsylvania.

Morton, Pa.—Isalah Harris, aged forty-five, of Media, was found dead along the Central division of the Pennsylvania railroad between this borough and Swarthmore. It is believed he was struck by a train.

Harris' heart was wrenched from his body and found some distance from the scene of the tragedy. His watch and chain and \$7 were found intact. Deputy Coroner Griffith removed the body to the morgue.

Family of Six Perishes in Fire.

Columbia, S. C.—Six persons, members of one family, lost their lives in a fire that destroyed a house in Lexington, S. C. The bodies were found in the ruins of the house. The victims were members of the family of John Jacobs. It was believed the house was struck by lightning in a storm that swept over the Lexington section.

Dr. Oldfield, Vegetarian, Says That Much of Drunkenness is Due to Stomach Trouble.

London.—"A great deal of the drunkenness and sin of the world is due to indigestion, and, therefore, I have yet to meet a fruitarian who is a drunkard," said Dr. Josiah Oldfield, the famous vegetarian, in a lecture on "Diet and Dyspepsia," at the Hall of the Order of the Golden Age, Brompton-road.

In the olden days if the judge were in a bad temper owing to the state of his digestion the poor prisoner was hanged. Many battles had been lost owing to the bad digestion of the commander, he added, and the answer to the question whether life is worth living was "it depends on the liver."

A great many people took to drink continued the speaker, not because they wanted it, but owing to the condition of their stomach, which craved for something to drown its care. Indigestion was largely a nerve disease, and the nerves were often the cause of the trouble. The pain of indigestion was not a primary sign, and when that happened the trouble was well advanced and the patient in the way for gastric trouble.

Dr. Oldfield suggested a pint and a half as the inclusive amount of liquid to be taken during a day.

ROBBER HIDES IN A SPRING

Cold Water, However, Forces Man Who Held Up Bank to Yield to Sheriff's Posses.

Portland, Ore.—A lone robber who entered the First State Bank of Milwaukee, a suburb of Portland, and with a revolver induced Cashier A. L. Bolstead to permit him to scoop up all the gold within reach of the latter's wicket, was captured in the woods some miles distant. He gave the name of Virgil Perrine, and said he was from St. Louis. He is twenty years old.

After fleeing from the bank, with citizens in pursuit, the robber on gaining the wood, hid himself by standing submerged to the neck in an incased spring. He remained there for two hours until the chill of the water drove him from the hiding place into the hands of a sheriff's posse.

The robber's loot, about \$400 in gold, was found in his pockets, with the exception of \$40 he dropped in his flight.

GULF STREAM TAKES SPURT

Waters Are So Fast That Ship, Slowed Down, Arrives One Day Too Soon.

Boston.—Carried along at great speed by an unusually swift current of the gulf stream the United Fruit company's steamer Sosua, from Port Limon, Costa Rica, reached here a day ahead of time.

Captain Bjoness says that the waters of the stream were strangely active and the steamer began moving so rapidly that the engines were slowed down to half speed. Even after that the Sosua logged off the miles at an amazing rate.

Wedded After 22 Years. Islip, N. Y.—After waiting 22 years, Miss Bessie Mann of London, England, received word from her lover, Jas. R. Ross of this town, that he is ready to wed her. The couple met in London in 1890 and became engaged. Mann came to America to make his fortune, but shortly afterward married a woman, who died some time ago.

Attacks "Immoral Dress." Jacksonville, Fla.—Mayor Van Swearing, newly elected executive, called upon the women of this city to stop wearing the split skirt and thin, petticoated attire. He asked the newspapers to begin a crusade against "immoral dress."