

At the National Capital

Gossip of People and Events
Gathered in Washington

Rapid Strides of Capital in Population



WASHINGTON.—The census taken recently by the police force of the District of Columbia indicates that the national capital is growing in population at an exceptional rate. The increase in inhabitants for the last year is reported as 9,812, which would mean a growth, if steadily maintained, of almost 100,000 for the current decade.

Of course such a rate of growth has not been maintained since 1900. According to the federal census of that year, Washington's population was

278,718. The population reported by the police in 1908 is 339,403, so that the increase in eight years has been 60,685. By 1910 Washington may be expected to gain at least 15,000 more inhabitants and its population to rise to about 355,000.

In its physical aspect Washington has gained enormously in attractiveness in the last eight or ten years. It is an ideal residence city, and its charms appeal most potently to Americans with leisure enough to enjoy them. It has become the winter home of families of wealth and refinement from all parts of the union, and its quiet, order and beauty make living within its borders constant satisfaction. It still has great potentialities in the way of architectural development, and its material prosperity is secured by ever-broadening activities of the great governmental machine.

Former Blacksmith a Power in Congress



BEFORE Jim Tawney got into politics up in Minnesota he was a blacksmith. He was so rough that they had to throw him down to put him into a boiled shirt, some of his warmest admirers say.

That blacksmith training proved mighty good experience for him, and, applying blacksmith methods to his congressional career, he has forged to the front so rapidly that they do say down here in Washington that if Speaker Cannon doesn't look out some day he will get run over, because Jim Tawney is coming with wonderful strides.

Tawney is the man who would be picked out at a glance as the real ward politician of the house. He is just the kind of a man the voter always finds ready to tell him how to vote at the primary; the type of man who always leads the revolt in a cut-

and-dried convention—in short, the practical politician who gets out the vote.

Tawney, when he came to congress, wasn't welcomed within the big tent. He had to wait around on the outside. Then the blacksmith got busy. He just walked off the reservation, taking enough insurgent Republicans with him to spill the beans for the big five. And so it came to pass that the big fellows reckoned with Tawney, and now he is chairman of the most important committee in the house—appropriations. Hon. Jim is a fighter from Fightersville. But he is that kind of a fighter who knows when to fight and when to let the other fellow do the fighting.

Only once has Tawney been whipped. That once came from Congressman Goebel of Cincinnati, when he got the mail carriers' pay increased, in spite of Tawney and Chairman Overstreet. The whipping didn't tickle Tawney. So, when the fight to hold down the appropriation on the agricultural bill came up Tawney quit guarding the treasury and let Scott of Kansas tackle the job. Tawney went to his committee room. The farmers wiped up the floor with Scott.

Senators Knox and Crane Real Chummy



UNITED States senators often become good friends, but somehow they are not prone to becoming real chummy with one another. Exceptions occur from time to time to prove the rule. One of these exceptions applies to Senator Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania and Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts. If the afternoon wanes without their meeting, one is likely to start out to see where the other is and to learn what has happened.

Often the Knox automobile and the Crane automobile exchange honks in the morning. Not infrequently the senators ride to the capitol in the same car. When the luncheon hour comes, Senator Crane may descend to the committee on rules, perhaps herald his advent by turning out the lights in the vestibule, and then lead his

crony off to the senate restaurant.

The fondness that Senators Crane and Knox evince for eating together is reminiscent of the fondness that former Senator Edmunds of Vermont and the late Senator Allen G. Thurman of Ohio used to have for drinking together. That was in the earlier days, when drinking at the capitol was not frowned upon.

All the oldsters in political Washington are fond of recalling that story, how the two senators kept a black bottle in the room of the committee on judiciary. They were certain to adjourn there twice or thrice every afternoon that the senate held a long session. It was at first a marvel why the two men seemed to have the same thought at the same moment, and began to make tracks simultaneously from different parts of the senate chamber—one being a Democrat and the other a Republican—toward that committee room.

It turned out that they had prearranged signals. The "Old Roman's" signal was to pull out that famous red bandanna handkerchief and to blow his nose with clarion loudness.

War Department Seeking a Legal Drink



THE war department is looking for a beverage to take the place of beer and whisky at army posts. The beverage must not be of the class of drinks prohibited by the antieccent law.

The federal courts have never passed upon the question of the percentage of alcohol which will render a beverage an intoxicant. The state courts also have been chary of deciding the question. In certain cases the authorities have spoken, however.

Thus, in Rhode Island, it has been held that where beer contained 2.89 per cent. of alcohol no evidence was necessary to show it was intoxicating. In Texas, a tonic containing from 3 1/4 to 4 per cent. of alcohol has been held to be intoxicating liquor. By

the laws of Massachusetts it is held that a beverage containing more than one per cent. of alcohol at 60 Fahrenheit is intoxicating.

The law in regard to the nonsale of intoxicants in post exchanges, must, of course, be followed in good faith by the army. In the absence of any federal decision as to the question at issue, the authorities must fall back on the decision of the state courts. These vary materially, and, therefore, the department may seek the solution in a practical way by ascertaining the view taken in prohibition states as to the sale of any given drink.

Where post exchanges are situated in a prohibition state it is considered entirely safe to prohibit the sale in such exchanges of preparations not allowed to be sold under the prohibition laws of the state. Where such exchanges are situated in nonprohibition states it would be safe to ascertain whether any specific drink is allowed sold in any prohibition state and let the exchange be guided accordingly.

Lim Jackin on Lawyers

By Opie Read

A lawsuit had been tried on the veranda of the crossroads store, and when it had been settled Limuel Jackin, who had watched the proceedings, took the home-made chair, vacated by the justice, leaned back against the wall and remarked: "Rather bad, this thing of goin' to law. And ain't it a peculiar state of society that educates men to stimulate quarrels? We may say that they ain't trained for that purpose, but unless there are misunderstandin's the lawyer's work is cut off, and he's got a little too much of Old Adam in him not to look out for his own interest."

"You take a wrong view of the matter," replied a young lawyer.

"That is just about what I expected you to say. But grantin' to the lawyer all he can claim for himself, it must after all be allowed that the bickerin's and shortsightedness of the human family give him the most of his excuse for livin'. A perfect state of civilization would argue perfect honesty, and if such were the case the lawyers would be powerful scarce. There is no denyin' of the fact that some of the greatest men have been lawyers and that the most of our presidents have practiced law. And so have some of the immortal geniuses been soldiers, but if man had been just and peaceable there never would have been any need for the soldier."

"According to your view, then," said the lawyer, "there is no real need for anybody that—"

"That doesn't build up," Limuel broke in, winking at his former friends. "Every man ought to produce somethin'. If he don't he's livin' on somebody that does. The only real occupation is the one that makes the world better. Understand, now, I have nothin' against anybody's callin'. I'm just expressin' my opinion and it must be taken for what it is worth. But the lawyer shows us one thing if nothin' more—how keen a man's mind may be whetted. I recollect once that a fellow sued me. We had swapped horses—"

"And you had got the better of him, eh?" said the lawyer.

"Well, that's the way it looked to him. The horse I let him have died that night. He asked me if the horse was sound and I said I never had heard any complaint, and I hadn't. He had never been under the care of a doctor so far as I knew. His appetite was good and he'd bat his eye when you motioned at him. I might have seen him fall down—have seen men fall, but I didn't think that they were goin' to die. I told him a child could drive him. A child did drive him out of the garden that day. Well, we swapped, and, as I say, his horse was taken sick in the night and died before day. He came back to me and swore that I had swopped him a horse that I know'd was goin' to die. I told him that if he'd show me a horse that wasn't goin' to die I'd give him my farm. I felt that he had the worst of it and I would have evened it up the best way I could, but before I got through havin' fun with him he got mad and went away and hired a lawyer to prove that I was a liar and altogether the worst man in the community."

"I never got such a scorin' in my life. I felt sorry for my wife and children. I didn't think that anybody would ever speak to me again, and I told the lawyer that I would make it a personal matter between me and him. I expected the justice to decide dead against me, but he didn't. He had been a horse trader himself."

"Well, after the thing was over with I took the horse I got from the feller and went over to his house about ten miles away and turned the nag loose in his lot. I did it not because I was sorry for him, but because I was afraid of myself—afraid that I couldn't sleep, and I was workin' hard and needed rest. Well, sir, that night the nag that I'd turned into the lot ups and dies, and the feller swore that I had hauled him there after he was dead, and hanged if he didn't sue me again. He got the same lawyer and he made me out a worse man than I was before. Made it appear that I had poisoned the horse and dragged him over there. Then I swore that the whole county couldn't hold me back from takin' it out of his hide."

"So the first chance I got I went to town to see the lawyer. I went over to the courthouse and he was makin' a speech, and I wish I may die dead if the feller he was a skinnin' this time wasn't the very man that had sued me. I never heard anything like it. Tip-toed and called him all sorts of a scoundrel; said that he had defrauded me, as honest a man as lived in the state. I couldn't stand that, I walked on out and after a while he came along and held out his hand and called me 'Uncle Lim,' just as if I was his mother's brother. Then he clapped me on the shoulder and you could have heard, him laugh more than a

mile. He said he was a comin' out to go a fishin' with me.

"Well, I let him off, and after we had got to be right good friends, I asked him how he happened to be engaged against my enemy, and this is what he said: 'Oh, I wasn't. Some of the boys told me you were comin' into the house and I knew that you were troublesome when you set your head to it, so as court wasn't in session I started in to makin' a speech against the fellow so you could hear me,' and he clapped me on the shoulder and you could have heard him laugh more than two miles this time."

"Get a lawyer with fun in him and he's all right. Once I had some business on hand—the settlement of my brother's estate—and I went to old Tom Cantwell and asked him how much he would charge me, and he almost took my breath with the amount he named. I knew he was a man of a good deal of ability—liked fun, and I says to him like this: 'Tell you what arrangement to make, colonel. I've got a mighty fine chicken out at my house and if you can fetch out one to whip him I'll engage you and pay your price, but if my chicken whips yours, why you do the work for nothin'.' He was a man of ability and he agreed. Ah, me, there ain't such lawyers about here these days. I recollect once he—"

"But did the fight come off?" someone inquired.

"Oh, that fight? Yes, held tallow candles for it one night, and you'd have thought it was a snowin', the air was so full of feathers. My wife kept on a callin' out: 'Limuel, what are you a doin' there in the smoke-house,' and I always answered: 'I'm diggin' up a rat. Go on to bed. I've most got him now.'"

"I don't know how long they fit—other roosters were crowin' all around the neighborhood when they got through. But my chicken crowed last, and the colonel gave me his hand with feathers a stickin' to it, and says, says he: 'Lim, you've got me and I'll take care of your business.'"

"Best settlement I ever made. He took care of the business right up to the handle, and when he had got through he 'lowed, he did, that he could find a bird that could whip mine for the estate—said he'd put up his law books and his house and lot against it, but it looked too much like gamblin', so I backed down. Oh, he would have done it. Ablest lawyer in the county. It's a pity all lawsuits couldn't be settled somewhat in that way—as fairly, I mean."

"I was just a thinkin'," he added after a few moments of silence, "how much trouble the old world has been put to tryin' to govern man. Every year or so the legislatures meet and make laws and unmake them, always experimentin' with man. The trouble with him is he don't know what he wants and don't know what to do with it after he gets it. And the lawyer is the outgrowth of his restlessness and his ignorance."

"Think there will ever come a time when there are no lawyers?" the young advocate inquired, and the old man scratched his head.

"Oh, yes, that time will come, but it will be the time when there isn't anything. The lawyer has come to stay as long as the rest of us do. He's a smart man and a good feller for the most part, and is nearly always willin' to forgive you when he has done you a wrong, and I want to remark right here that this argues the extremest of liberality."

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Copper Mines Most Valuable.

"Mining is an uncertain business even at best," said George A. Walker at the Republican. "The most you can say of it is that you are investing your money in a hole in the ground or on the prospects of some one else's ideas being correct. Even when you invest in an established mine which seems to be paying large dividends, you are running the chance of the vein's coming to an end and your stock going down to almost nothing. Of course, this is rather an unusual occurrence and science nowadays can pretty accurately tell what is to be expected from any mine after it has been worked a short time. The most profitable mines, however, are not, as might be surmised, the gold mines. The one mine in the United States which pays the largest dividends to-day is a copper mine. Copper is easier and cheaper to mine than gold, there is generally a much greater output, and less loss from waste or carelessness."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

On Terra Firma.

"What does become of all the pins?" cried Mrs. X, as she vainly sought for one on her dressing table.

"I know, mamma," cried her little son, who had just begun to study Latin, "They fall to the earth and become terrapins."—Harper's Weekly.

First "Dress Suit" in Kansas. The first dress suit that ever came to Kansas came with the "aid" from Boston during the dry summer of 1860. Some rich man in the east contributed it, having outgrown it, and a farmer named Paswell, in Kaploma township, in this county, plowed corn in it all summer.—Atchison Globe.

Work Done in Time's Fractions. All our great men who attained their ambition early realized the value of time; to them the minutes were the stepping stones on which they crossed the river of life to the embankment of success. They never lie abed when they should be up and doing.

Perseverance.

During a divorce case, recently tried in Syracuse, the pretty plaintiff, after shedding copious tears on the witness stand, was later detected in an attempt to pass her two tear-soaked handkerchiefs into the jury room.—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Firefly.

The light is phosphoric, and is supposed to be displayed or withheld at the will of the insect. Only the females are phosphorescent. Scientists tell us that its sole purpose is to attract the male.—New York American.

Changeableness of Fashion.

If fashion were only limited to dress! Unfortunately, there is a fashion in art and a fashion in literature as changeable as the style of hats and gowns, and often as absurd.—Gaulois, Paris.

First Subscription Library.

In 1781 Benjamin Franklin founded the Library Company of Philadelphia, which he called "the mother of all North American subscription libraries."

When Beauty Speaks.

What a strange illusion it is to suppose that beauty is goodness. A beautiful woman utters absurdities; we listen, and we hear not the absurdities, but wise thoughts.—Tolstol.

Eternal Vanity.

A man has an awful hard time trying to make himself believe that all the girls are not crazy about him.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

The Worth of Gold.

Writes one to the Times: "Gold regulates the price of everything—what regulates the price of gold?" Why, everything, of course.

Better Than Mere Wealth.

A man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.—Whately.

Lost Confidence.

Other people have generally beaten him to it when a man loses confidence in himself.

The Main Trouble.

Most people would be satisfied with the kind of living they are making if other people were not living better.

To Thine Ownself Be True.

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