AFTER 20 YEARS!

Mr. C. M. Marshall of Lincoln, After 20 Years of Suffering, is Cured by Dr. Dennis, the Catarrh Specialist.

Mr. Marshall lives at 1504 Vine street and is now engaged with Mr. F. P. Lawrence, storage and transfer. He says: "For more than 20 years I have suffered with what the doctors called Catarrh of the middle ear. A constant very offensive discharge kept coming out. As it flowed over the healthy surface of the ear on the outside it poisoned it and caused it to become very sore and much swollen; my hearing was very poor on that side. I despaired of ever being cured, as I had consulted many good doctors. About a month ago I placed my case in Dr. Dennis' hands and to-day I am well. I will gladly explain my case to anyone and will recommend Dr. Dennis to all who may suffer as I have."

A Boy Cured.

Mr. T. D. Cokely, who lives at 2322 South 8th street, is employed as head carpenter at the asylum, is an old and respected citizen. About a month ago he brought his son Johnnie, ten years old, to Dr. Dennis for treatment for Catarrh. The boy suffered intensely from the disease in its worst form. Mrs. Cokeley, in speaking of his case this week said: "There is no doubt but Johnnie is wonderfully improved; he has no bad symptoms at all any more and we are more than pleased with the results and very thankful to Dr. Dennis."

C. Warren Dennis, M. D.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Surgeon and Specialist in Catarrh, graduate of three medical colleges; 10 years' experience. Hundreds of cases successfully treated. Charges reasonable. Consultation free. Correspondence solicited. Patients at a distance treated by correspondence. References, many of the best people in Lincoln, who have been cured. Office, over First National Bank, 10th a n d O. Hours, 9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7:30 to 8:30; Sundays 3 to 5 p. m.

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WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

A MAN WHO DECLINED TO BE SECRETARY OF WAR.

Enormous Amount of Drudgery Expected of a Cabinet Minister—Mr. Blaine at His Desk Again—The Washington Press Club—Other Matters.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—Here at the national capital we are just now in a state of expectancy. We are looking forward to great things in the near future—the speakership contest, the organization of a new supreme court for every inch of soil in the United States, the meeting of a new and rather picturesque house of representatives, the appearance of the farmer in the halls of national legislation, the formation of the lines for the great presidential struggle of next year, possible changes in the cabinet and enough other matters of prime importance and interest to keep us who are so unfortunate as to be scribes constantly on the alert and to give our pens an abundance of material to work upon.

It is refreshing once in awhile to meet a man strong enough to decline a seat in the cabinet. I met one of this sort the other day, who had had a talk with the president in which General Harrison suggested to him that if he wanted to be secretary of war to succeed Mr. Proctor possibly the matter could be arranged. What my friend said to the president I do not know, but he told me that he was not ambitious to become a cabinet minister in a department in which his sole duty was to sit behind a desk and sign the letters presented to him by army officers and civilian subordinates. This pretty accurately describes the functions of a secretary of war, and woe to the man who goes into that office expecting and endeavoring to have things run in his own way. The first essential in a successful secretary of war is absolute self abnegation. The secretary who is satisfied to sign the letters presented to him without asking too many questions and who does not interfere with the measured dignity of the routine of affairs by the impertinence of suggestions of his own, will get along first rate. I was talking with an army officer who told me that the present secretary of war was somewhat unpopular in the army. "And why, pray?" I asked. "Oh, he has had the audacity to presume that he had the right to give some directions in army affairs." This reply was made in all seriousness, and for some time the officer was unable to see what I was laughing at.

This signing of public letters is one of the nuisances of office holding in Washington. Originally the law required nearly all the letters sent out from the great departments to be signed by the heads thereof, but as the government has grown in magnitude and diversity changes have been found imperative, and hundreds of thousands of letters formerly signed by department heads are now signed by the heads of bureaus and chiefs of divisions. But enough remain to make the daily task a formidable one for every member of the cabinet. Secretary Foster usually begins to work on his mail about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Huge bundles of letters are brought in by the clerks, and a messenger stands by his side and removes the sheets one by one as the signature is affixed. Of course the secretary does not stop to read the letters. He has about as much knowledge of their contents as the charwoman who is sitting in the lower corridor waiting to begin her daily work of cleaning out the office. He supposes the letters to be official business, but if a waggish clerk wanted to ring in on the secretary a document declaring that the Republican party is a failure or a check for $100,000 Mr. Foster wouldn't know the difference, and would sign it along with the others. As a matter of fact the secretary usually signs his mail and talks to his newspaper callers at the same time. It is difficult to tell which are more numerous, the letters or the correspondents, and between the two the secretary is lucky if he gets through and away to dinner at 6.

In some respects Mr. Foster is an ideal cabinet officer. He has the training of a business man, and a successful business man's faculty for making quick decisions. He knows how to say yes or no, particularly no, without hemming and hawing about it, and that is a great thing. One of his rules is to clean up all the business that comes to his desk every day, never leaving anything over for the morrow, and since he has been in the treasury he has not once failed to live up to his principle. People who are not familiar with the workings of the government departments would be surprised to see the amount of drudgery of a clerical nature which cabinet ministers have to go through every day. My friend who didn't want to sit down and preside over a desk while the other fellows managed his department of war, has a very acute mind. All through the departments this signing of letters is going on every day from 3 to 4, and often to 5 or 6 o'clock. It is estimated that 50,000 letters a day go out of the treasury department, and nearly as many out of the interior department. Of course Secretaries Foster and Noble do not sign all of these. Even in the state department there are many letters to sign, and Chief Clerk Brown told me that the first day Secretary Blaine was in his office after his long summer vacation he signed 500 letters, "and every signature," the chief clerk added, "was as bold and firm as one could care to see it."

Mr. Blaine is a marvelous man in more ways than one. He is an enigma mentally and physically. I was talking about this to one of his friends who has known him intimately for many years. "I am not surprised," said this gentleman, "that when Mr. Blaine came to Washington from Bar Harbor, two weeks ago, the newspaper correspondents who were at the station to meet him and see him alight were led to believe by what they saw that the secretary was in a very weak condition. In all probability he had that appearance, though you tell me you saw him the second morning after his arrival walking from his residence over to the White House, with head up and legs swinging like an athlete out for his morning exercise. These sudden and inexplicable changes are characteristic of Mr. Blaine. I remember during the campaign of 1884 I was detailed by the national committee to escort Mr. Blaine from New York over to Newark, where he was to make a speech. Chairman Jones was with us and we traveled in a parlor car. We had no sooner left Jersey City than Mr. Blaine lopped down on one of the couches and appeared to be sick or tired almost unto death. His eyes became dull and glassy, his jaw dropped, his under lip hung low and tremulous, and he appeared to be in a state of alarming weakness or crisis.

"Both Mr. Jones and myself were frightened. 'For heaven's sake,' said Mr. Jones, 'find a physician or some brandy or something, or we shall have a dead man on our hands before we get to Newark.' We found neither physician nor stimulants, and Mr. Blaine continued in this peculiar condition, with all his mental and physical faculties in a state of relapse, which greatly resembled collapse, until we reached the outskirts of Newark and we heard the campaign bands braying. As soon as Mr. Blaine heard the music and understood its significance he straightened up, rubbed his eyes, pulled himself together, and ten minutes later walked out like a drum major, erect, alert, springy, proud and strong, and made one of the finest and most vigorous speeches of his life. That is Blaine all through, and I am told that to this day he continues to alarm and then amaze those who are near him by his sudden transitions from one extreme to the other."

Speaking of newspaper men sizing up Mr. Blaine reminds me that we have now in Washington a sort of ring in which we place new public men so that the correspondents of the press may gather around and size them up. I speak of the Press club. As soon as a new public figure, or an old one for that matter, comes to town, some newspaper man takes him in tow and introduces him at the club. Twenty or thirty scribes surround him, and if the man has any hopes of future greatness or fame as an intellectual quantity this is a good time for him to show the sort of stuff he is made of. This is an inspection in which bogus goods cannot be palmed off. If the people who sent the man hither have mistaken a scheming demagogue for a statesman, and a sly but shallow politician for a man of brains, be sure these sharp eyed newspaper men will find him out. Probably no public man new to the Washington field has made a better impression on these critics of the press than old General Palmer, the new senator from Illinois. Though almost seventy-five years old, General Palmer showed the scribes that he was the equal of the best of them in wit, memory, anecdote and argument. A ruddy, cheery, happy old man is General Palmer, with the experience and wisdom of three-quarters of a century and the vigor and brightness of young manhood. This is a rare combination, and we all look to see this phenomenal man make his mark in the senate at an age when most men are in the sear and yellow leaf of decay.

The Press club at Washington has become one of the most popular resorts of the capital. Statesmen are eager to gain admission to its sacred precincts and esteem it a great favor when some friend of the guild secures for them a visitor's card or introduces them for a day. A laughable incident occurred a few days ago in the rooms of this club, which for twenty years were used as a public gambling house. A prominent man from a distant state, who used to be in congress and who now occupies a high official position at his home, strayed into the clubhouse, where it was evident he had been a frequent visitor in the old days, and walked up to a long table at which a number of newspaper men sat playing the club's favorite game—dominoes. He looked on for a moment, a look of disgust on his face, and finally exclaimed: "Gentlemen, please tell me where the tiger is. I want to play in a stack or two of chips on him." He was assured that there was no faro or other gambling in the house. "What, no faro?" he shouted; "nothing but dominoes in the national capital! Shades of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, into what degenerate days we have fallen!"

The approach of winter does not appear to diminish the tennis enthusiasm of the members of the diplomatic corps. They go right on playing as if a midsummer sun was still shining. Never before was there such a tennis craze in the corps as there has been during the last six months. Even Sir Julian Pauncefote, the suave British minister, who is much more than forty and rather fat, puts on a white tennis suit every afternoon and goes out and bats the balls and hops and jumps around as lively as any of the youngsters. Sir Julian must have passed the threescore post some years ago, but they say he plays a very good game of tennis.

Yesterday morning about half of the women of Washington rushed for the morning paper before they had completed their toilets. They wanted to see if Major McKinley had been elected governor of Ohio. Whenever the major runs for office the women of Washington, irrespective of party or politics, are on his side. They talk for him, hope for him and some of them pray for him. That they do so is to their credit and to the major's too. Their interest in him is not that which their sex is usually supposed to display in a gallant or handsome man, but genuine love for him because of his tender devotion to his invalid and at times helpless wife. If the women of the country could vote I think Mr. McKinley could be elected president or anything else, and an Ohio man who was here a few days before election told me that the friendly influence of the women out there, in Democratic as well as Republican households, is a strong factor in the situation.

WALTER WELLMAN.

A GHOST OF OTHER DAYS.

Ex-Mayor A. Oakey Hall, of the City of New York.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—Within the last three months New Yorkers of some fifteen years' recollection have now and again stopped on Broadway and in the lobbies of this and that theater, and looked back at a ghost. It was a veritable ghost which they saw, too, though what they gazed at was a gentleman well attired, of good bearing, and by no means old.

It was A. Oakey Hall, at one time mayor of New York, at another time a fugitive. Once a central figure of power, then a byword. Once admired, then heartily cursed. Twenty years ago he was a journalist of sufficient real strength and influence to be desired by the Tweed ring as an accomplice, and was advanced by them politically more rapidly than any other journalist has been in this country. He was thoroughly identified with that ring at the time of its exposure and disruption, and the kindest thing his friends could say of him—and he had literally thousands of devoted friends—was that he had not been known or believed to have acquired one dishonest dollar.

The disgrace attaching to the enormous schemes of swindling in which he had been employed by others was, however, too much for a sensitive man to bear up under, and Oakey Hall fled—not from indictment or from any real danger of legal proceedings, but from public obloquy. He was involved in various ways, and the newspapers hunted up or made up story after story, all to his discredit, when it was discovered that he had gone. His disappearance made a nineteen days' wonder, and after that hardly anything was ever seen about him in the public prints excepting reminiscent references to the great ring frauds or an occasional paragraph telling that he was practicing law in London.

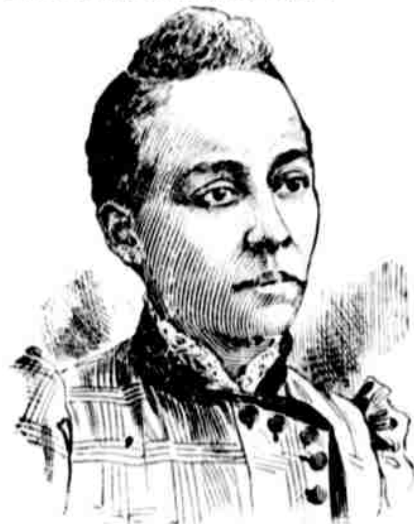
Then suddenly he came back, and has been here for several weeks. It is just and proper to say that he is living very quietly, avoiding public notice and seeking out no one beyond a few old personal friends. One of these said yesterday: "He has come on a matter of business necessity, and as soon as his business is settled he is going back to London to stay. He is not in retirement, for he is 'doing the club act,' and is to be found from time to time at the Lotus, the Manhattan or the Tenderloin. He always was a club man, and his friends are all club men—that is, all those whom he sees. There is no significance to his return, and he will certainly not remain here."

DAVID A. CURTIS.

A COLORED WOMAN PHYSICIAN.

Dr. Halle Tanner Dillon, of the State of Alabama.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5.—The admission of Mrs. Halle Tanner Dillon, a recent graduate of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, to practice medicine in the state of Alabama is an interesting fact. Alabama has now its first woman physician in the person of Dr. Halle Tanner Dillon, a daughter of Bishop B. T. Tanner, of the African M. E. church. Dr. Dillon was born in Pittsburg Oct. 17, 1864. She was reared and educated in Philadelphia, and is a woman of uncommon ability, shrewdness and practical ideas. While employed as a bookkeeper in the office of The Christian Recorder, before her marriage to Dr. Dillon in 1886, she spent her leisure hours reading medicine.



DR. DILLON.

The sudden death of her husband strengthened her inclination for the medical profession, and applying for admission to the Women's Medical college she pursued the course, graduating last May. Learning that the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute of Alabama was seeking a resident physician, she applied for the position and was accepted. The laws of the state exact a vigorous examination before granting a certificate. Dr. Dillon was subjected to one of the severest ordeals in its history. Her examination lasted ten days. Her average was 78 per cent. Despite the well known conservatism of the medical profession of the state to admit any person of color to its ranks without being fully qualified, Mrs. Dillon was courteously received, and a fortnight after the examination she was officially notified of her admittance. She is much elated over her success, and enters upon her duties with the zest of the enthusiast. She practices her profession in a colored institution, where some 500 pupils come under her care.

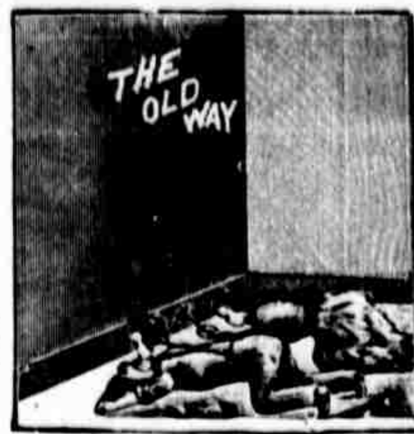
LIDA ROSE MCCABE.

Writer of Stories for Boys.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The famous writer of stories for boys, Thomas W. Knox, one of the best known habitues of the Lotos club, on Fifth avenue, this city has been busily engaged for months past upon a large, handsome volume of nearly 500 pages, "The Boy Travelers in Northern Europe." This is one of a series that has been continuously issued by the Harpers. There will also appear in an early number of Harper's Young People, whose columns have contained numerous sketches and articles by this author, a biography, with portrait, of the man who has become such a popular favorite with the reading youth of our country within the past few years.

I WISH I WAS SINGLE AGAIN!

RED CROSS STOVES



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