

Sept. 15, 1899

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Durham, N. C.

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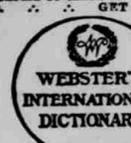
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Specially Adapted for Use in Hard Water.

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by Epps's Cocoa. It cures the most stubborn cases of Deafness, Head Pains, Neuralgia, etc. It is the only medicine that cures the HORRID SNAKES OF DISEASE. It is the only medicine that cures the HORRID SNAKES OF DISEASE. It is the only medicine that cures the HORRID SNAKES OF DISEASE.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
It cures the worst cases of Itch, Dandruff, etc. It is the only medicine that cures the HORRID SNAKES OF DISEASE. It is the only medicine that cures the HORRID SNAKES OF DISEASE. It is the only medicine that cures the HORRID SNAKES OF DISEASE.

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THE REAL LOBBYIST.
THE WOMEN ARE NUISANCES JUST THE SAME AS THE MEN ARE.

There Has Been a Great Deal of Romance Circulated About the Lobbyists, and It Is Time That the Truth Was Known. The Real Thing Is Very Disappointing.

"Show me a lobbyist" was the request of a friend who was walking through the Capitol with the writer. This visitor was a reader of the newspapers, a man of intelligence, and a believer in most of the interesting stories he had read about the number, ingenuity, boldness, skill and usefulness of the body of lobbyists that is supposed to be almost a necessary part of the legislative machinery.

I showed my visitor a lobbyist. He was one of the best known of the lot about the Capitol. He was leaning back against the corridor wall, opposite the entrance of the house of representatives, with his hands thrust into the pockets of a pair of trousers that were so raveled about the heels that they might be said to wear whiskers without provoking the remonstrances of the most thorough de-tester of slang.

If this man had an overcoat it was hung up somewhere, but the dusty condition of his rather thin frock coat, which carried the polish on its back that ought to have been on his very disreputable looking shoes, justified the conclusion that he was not finding an overcoat necessary this winter. He was a spare man, with a gaunt face, crossed by a white mustache stained at the ends with tobacco juice. His shirt was not clean, and he showed a good deal of it, but he wore a white tie, which only added emphasis to his otherwise forbidding lack of neatness. When he moved away from his place against the wall to meet a member of congress who had come out of the chamber upon the call of one of the doorkeepers to see him, his gait was a slouching one, and he might have been mistaken for any other loafer about the hall if he had not been so much more repulsive than the others.

My friend was disappointed. He could not understand when I told him that this man was one of the best of the lot of lobbyists about the Capitol, that he had been a member of congress, that he was, therefore, entitled to the privilege of the floor, and that the house of representatives has never yet had the sense to make its rules so strong as to keep out this man and several others just like him who are well known to be nothing more than strikers and lobbyists who linger here to pick up odd jobs to help them hang on to a miserable existence. They do not, one ought to be thankful, thrive as they are popularly supposed to do. If the public knew what a mistake the professional lobbyist is they would be driven to sawing wood or working on the railroads, or into doing some other useful and laborious business.

Then I showed my friend another lobbyist. This was a thin, sliding fellow, with a gray close beard, who toed in as he walked quickly along the passage, and who glanced furtively about as he went, as if watching to pounce down upon some one. This man was not an ex-member of congress; but he had been an employee of the house many years ago, and had been caught taking money to enable a corporation to reach, through the door of which he had charged, the men who were to be purchased to get through a subsidy bill. He was dismissed, and he at once went into the service of the corporation that had led to his disgrace.

He is in that employment still, and he associates with a great many senators and representatives who do not know, or have forgotten that others know, his odious history. He is an errand runner and a sneaking watcher of members who are to be encouraged to vote this way or the other on bills to be reported or killed. He would buy a member without hesitation if it were safe to buy him, but he is cautious. He finds out his venal man before taking any risks. He is not ingenious, nor is he bold. He follows the instructions of the corporations that keep him here, and he gets off in the course of the year very well indeed if he does not get kicked out of a gentleman's house more than half a dozen times.

The female lobbyist is, generally speaking, a myth. The women who come to the Capitol as promoters of the bills for pensions or for claims, come on their own account, and the only skill they exhibit is that which consists in so persistently bothering the members who they undertake to have them passed in order to get rid of terrible afflictions. The marvelous woman of charming manners that cannot be resisted is to be found only in the syndicate stories. The women who undertake to promote legislation are, almost without exception, bunglers and failures. Few women know enough about the ways of legislation or the ways of the legislators to qualify them to undertake lobby work or to approach members to direct their actions, except by the most vulgar species of blackmail made possible by contributory immorality.

Generally speaking, the lobbyist is a fraud and an unnecessary nuisance. He exists mainly because most people do not know anything about the methods of legislation, and because nearly everybody interested in a bill not public believe that the lobbyist is a creature who can tide over difficulties and remove them. As a rule the employment of one of the throng of disreputable lobbyists, and most of them are disreputable on their faces, is prejudicial to the legislation they are employed to promote. They thrive on account of the general ignorance about the legislative methods of procedure.—Washington Cor. Providence Journal.

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I showed my visitor a lobbyist. He was one of the best known of the lot about the Capitol. He was leaning back against the corridor wall, opposite the entrance of the house of representatives, with his hands thrust into the pockets of a pair of trousers that were so raveled about the heels that they might be said to wear whiskers without provoking the remonstrances of the most thorough de-tester of slang.

If this man had an overcoat it was hung up somewhere, but the dusty condition of his rather thin frock coat, which carried the polish on its back that ought to have been on his very disreputable looking shoes, justified the conclusion that he was not finding an overcoat necessary this winter. He was a spare man, with a gaunt face, crossed by a white mustache stained at the ends with tobacco juice. His shirt was not clean, and he showed a good deal of it, but he wore a white tie, which only added emphasis to his otherwise forbidding lack of neatness. When he moved away from his place against the wall to meet a member of congress who had come out of the chamber upon the call of one of the doorkeepers to see him, his gait was a slouching one, and he might have been mistaken for any other loafer about the hall if he had not been so much more repulsive than the others.

My friend was disappointed. He could not understand when I told him that this man was one of the best of the lot of lobbyists about the Capitol, that he had been a member of congress, that he was, therefore, entitled to the privilege of the floor, and that the house of representatives has never yet had the sense to make its rules so strong as to keep out this man and several others just like him who are well known to be nothing more than strikers and lobbyists who linger here to pick up odd jobs to help them hang on to a miserable existence. They do not, one ought to be thankful, thrive as they are popularly supposed to do. If the public knew what a mistake the professional lobbyist is they would be driven to sawing wood or working on the railroads, or into doing some other useful and laborious business.

Then I showed my friend another lobbyist. This was a thin, sliding fellow, with a gray close beard, who toed in as he walked quickly along the passage, and who glanced furtively about as he went, as if watching to pounce down upon some one. This man was not an ex-member of congress; but he had been an employee of the house many years ago, and had been caught taking money to enable a corporation to reach, through the door of which he had charged, the men who were to be purchased to get through a subsidy bill. He was dismissed, and he at once went into the service of the corporation that had led to his disgrace.

He is in that employment still, and he associates with a great many senators and representatives who do not know, or have forgotten that others know, his odious history. He is an errand runner and a sneaking watcher of members who are to be encouraged to vote this way or the other on bills to be reported or killed. He would buy a member without hesitation if it were safe to buy him, but he is cautious. He finds out his venal man before taking any risks. He is not ingenious, nor is he bold. He follows the instructions of the corporations that keep him here, and he gets off in the course of the year very well indeed if he does not get kicked out of a gentleman's house more than half a dozen times.

The female lobbyist is, generally speaking, a myth. The women who come to the Capitol as promoters of the bills for pensions or for claims, come on their own account, and the only skill they exhibit is that which consists in so persistently bothering the members who they undertake to have them passed in order to get rid of terrible afflictions. The marvelous woman of charming manners that cannot be resisted is to be found only in the syndicate stories. The women who undertake to promote legislation are, almost without exception, bunglers and failures. Few women know enough about the ways of legislation or the ways of the legislators to qualify them to undertake lobby work or to approach members to direct their actions, except by the most vulgar species of blackmail made possible by contributory immorality.

Generally speaking, the lobbyist is a fraud and an unnecessary nuisance. He exists mainly because most people do not know anything about the methods of legislation, and because nearly everybody interested in a bill not public believe that the lobbyist is a creature who can tide over difficulties and remove them. As a rule the employment of one of the throng of disreputable lobbyists, and most of them are disreputable on their faces, is prejudicial to the legislation they are employed to promote. They thrive on account of the general ignorance about the legislative methods of procedure.—Washington Cor. Providence Journal.

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