

Side Lights On Capital Notables

If you think you are the most over-worked chap on earth, just take a trip to Washington and follow Elliot Woods around for a few hours. He is superintendent of the capitol buildings and grounds, and any one who knows anything about the finicky dispositions of members of the house and senate will admit that the man who attempts to minister to their wants is up against a big job. For instance, if a senator discovers that he is not quite as comfortable as he thinks he ought to be in the office chair provided for his use he calls up Elliot Woods and asks for another chair. If a member of the house discovers that his next door neighbor has a prettier



ONE OF WOODS' HOBBIES.

rug in his office he promptly calls up Elliot Woods and demands that his rug be changed. The next morning he finds that the new rug has arrived.

Mr. Woods has two hobbies which take his mind off the trials of being superintendent of the capitol—namely, music and wireless telegraphy. Every wireless operator along the Atlantic coast knows Woods. He has a high power station in his office and at night amuses himself talking with ocean-going ships and with land stations along the coast. When he tires of the wireless for the time being he writes music for his own amusement and plays his compositions on the piano. Take it all in all, Woods manages to keep busier than any other man in Washington.

Representative Adam Monroe Byrd of Mississippi is laughing as much as his colleagues over a recent break he made in the house. He was delivering a tariff speech during the consideration of the sundry civil appropriation bill and, warming up to his subject, excitedly paced up and down the E. public side of the aisle, directing his remarks at first one member and then another. Finally pausing at a desk which was occupied by a small man



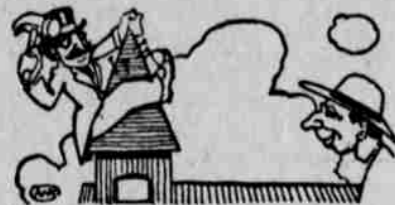
"WHY DID YOU VOTE FOR IT?"

with a Vandyke beard. Mr. Byrd declared with all the emphasis at his command that the woolsen schedule was the most vicious outrage ever perpetrated on America. The small member nodded his head. Thus encouraged, Mr. Byrd waxed eloquent.

"Knowing all the things I have said to be true," said Mr. Byrd, reaching the climax, "knowing the injustice of this schedule, knowing that it was legislation for the interests and against the common people—knowing these things, why did you vote for that schedule?"

The house by this time was convulsed with laughter. The small member to whom Mr. Byrd had been addressing his remarks was Representative Edward W. Saunders of Virginia, who had moved over to the Republican side of the aisle to hear the speech and enjoy the fun.

To look at Representative Loudenslager of New Jersey, one of the best dressed men in congress, one not familiar with his career would never think he had served in a greater variety of occupations than any other member of the house, but such is said



LOUDENSLAGER AS A CARPENTER.

to be the case. He has even sailed before the mast and for that reason is one of the best friends the sailors have on the naval committee.

Mr. Loudenslager is an expert carpenter. After he abandoned the sea and began to accumulate some of this world's goods he decided to build a house. He drew his own plans and turned them over to a builder. One of the features of the house above which Mr. Loudenslager was particularly was a cupola from which he could see the surrounding country. When the house was finished a good rain-storm came along and flooded everything beneath the cupola.

The builder said it was due to the faulty plans. Mr. Loudenslager said it was because the builder did not know his business. The result of the argument was that the carpenter agreed to knock a comfortable chunk off his contract price if Mr. Loudenslager would make the cupola waterproof. Mr. Loudenslager worked on the building for two days and waited for the next rainstorm to enable him to collect his money. He did so, much to the chagrin of the carpenter.

WHEN RAILROADS WERE NEW.

A Honeymoon Trip That Helped Along the First Trunk Line.

The first bride who ever made a honeymoon trip on a railroad in America did more by that act to expedite the building of the world's first trunk line, declares C. F. Carter in his book "When Railroads Were New," than the ablest statesmen, engineers and financiers of the Empire State had been able to accomplish by their united efforts in half a dozen years.

The bride who achieved so much was Mrs. Henry L. Pierson of Ramapo, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Pierson were in Charleston, S. C., early in January, 1831, on their wedding tour. When Mrs. Pierson heard that a steam locomotive was to make its first trip with a train load of passengers from Charleston to Hamburg, six miles away, she was eager to take the ride, and her husband agreed.

The two cars were crazy "contraptions" on four wheels, resembling stagecoach bodies as much as they did anything else, but the train contrived to get over the entire system of six miles and back again at a fairly satisfactory speed.

The bride was delighted. She could talk of nothing else. When she returned to Ramapo she gave her brother-in-law, Eleazer Lord, and her father-in-law, Jeremiah Pierson, such glowing accounts of her railroad trip that they were fired with enthusiasm. The bridegroom had already become almost as ardent an advocate of railroads as his bride.

Young Mrs. Pierson gave it as her opinion that if a steam railroad were built it would be possible to go from New York to Buffalo in twenty-four hours. At first the men folks were inclined to smile at this, but they were thoroughly impressed with the value of the locomotive as described by this ardent advocate.

Mrs. Pierson's girlish enthusiasm was the determining factor which crystallized the ideas of those men and led them to take steps which finally resulted in the building of what is now known as the Erie road, which by uniting the ocean with the great lakes became the world's first trunk line.

No railroad had a more romantic history than this one, which had its inception in so romantic an incident. It required twenty years of toil and anxiety, sacrifice and discouragement to get the line through, but it was accomplished at last, and the bridegroom and bride were again passengers on a trip which will live in history.

This time the bride was a handsome woman of middle age, but she was just as proud of her husband as she was on that first trip, for he was vice president of the road, the longest continuous line in the world, and the trains did move at a speed that would have carried them from New York to Buffalo in twenty-four hours, just as she had prophesied two decades before.

Curing Cramp in the Leg.

Many persons are greatly troubled with cramp in the legs. It comes on suddenly and generally while in bed. There is nothing easier than to make the spasm let go its hold, and it can be accomplished without sending for a doctor. When I have a patient who is subject to cramp I always advise him to provide himself with a good strong cord. A long garter will do if nothing else is handy. When the cramp comes on take the cord, wind it around the leg over the place that is cramped and take an end in each hand and give it a sharp pull. Instantly the cramp will let up, and the sufferer can go to bed assured it will not come on again that night.—Family Doctor.

The Barber's Pole.

The barber's pole has a strange origin and one which accounts for the red and white stripes with which it is often painted. In years gone by it was the usual custom among barbers to combine surgery with their other accomplishments, and the striped pole is the modern representation of the bleeding staff carried by the old time barber in the practice of his arts. It was the custom then of village practitioners to give a staff to their patients to grasp when bled. The stripes were formed by the tape which was wound round the staff when not in use.

His Hobb Name.

"What is your name?" inquired the kind hearted woman as she handed the intellectual looking tramp a large piece of her best jelly cake.

"Me real name, ma'am," the man replied between his eager bites, "is known only to th' forgotten past, but ever since me gal turned me down an' her ole man turned me out I've went by th' name of 'Gas.'"—Chicago News.

LOVE TRAGEDIES.

A Series of Unfortunate Engagements and Queer Coincidences.

No less than eight times was Fraulein Marie Doring, a Viennese beauty, engaged to be married, and, although her lovers escaped with life, some accident or misfortune rendered each ineligible in the eyes of the capricious fair one, who did not hesitate promptly to elect a successor, in turn as promptly discarded when misfortune overtook him. Her first fiance was utterly ruined at cards, her second lost his hand through a gun explosion, her third lost his money in a business speculation, her fourth had his good looks irrevocably marred by the kick of a horse, her fifth suffered imprisonment for forgery, her sixth was stricken down with paralysis, her seventh had his leg amputated, while her eighth escaped all mishap and eventually led her to the altar.

Another series of strange coincidences attended the lovers of Jeanne Leroy, a native of Marseilles. Her first fiance was found drowned, her second was killed in a tavern brawl, her third vanished, as it were, into space, and her fourth was found lying dead in circumstances that pointed to foul play.

Her fifth, too, whom she married, almost lost his life at the hands of a Spaniard, who, however, received such injuries during the struggle that his death occurred a few days later. Although the Spaniard made no confession, the fact of his having for years cherished a fierce though hopeless passion for the girl, on whose lover he made such a dastardly attack, seemed to suggest to many people that the death of one or more of the other suitors might be placed to his account.

There is no explanation of the fate that overtook the aspirants to the hand of another young lady, the daughter of a Parisian jeweler. Although seemingly possessed of every quality to make a man happy, no sooner had she accepted the offer of some ardent suitor than on the latter fell disaster of his own seeking. Thrice was she engaged, and each engagement ended with the suicide of her lover in a foreign land, whither apparently he had fled in a vain attempt to break free once more and for all from the bonds that held him.—London Telegraph.

Fought Under an Umbrella.

Sainte-Beuve was scarcely more famous for his writings than for his appearance on a certain occasion on the field of honor. The cause of the rupture was ridiculous, and the quarrel had been fomented upon him by the other party with murderous intent. On the morning of the meeting it rained heavily, but the gloom which overcast everything was in a measure turned to mirth by Sainte-Beuve taking his place armed with a pistol of the period of Francis I. and a large umbrella, which he proceeded to raise and hold over himself. The seconds begged him not to turn so serious a matter into jest. "Gentlemen," he answered, "M. Dubois has undertaken to kill me today. Very well. I am willing to be killed, but not to get wet." Four shots were exchanged without effect, so that the author was not obliged to submit to either discomfort.—New York Post.

The Infant Terrible.

A dashing young fellow was very attentive to a young lady who did not favor his attentions and who was blessed with an observing little brother. One day the lady's admirer was visiting her when the little chap broke into their presence and, mounting the dashing young man's knee, said, "Haven't you got a fine room?"

"Oh, yes," replied the dashing young fellow, his vanity evidently touched by the remark—"yes, a very fine room."

"I thought so," said the young hopeful musingly.

"But what made you think so?" asked the young man.

"Because," was the crushing reply, "Sister Maggie said she liked your room better than your company."

Singing Kettles.

The Japanese manufacture in a great variety of forms iron teakettles which break into song when the water boils. The song may not be a perfect melody, but it is perhaps as agreeable as the notes produced by some of the insects that the Japanese also treasure for their music. The harmonious sounds of the teakettles are produced by steam bubbles escaping from beneath thin sheets of iron fastened closely together nearly at the bottom. To get the best effects some skill is required in regulating the fire. The character of the sound varies with the form of the kettle. These singing kettles have been used for many centuries.—Harper's Weekly.

JAPANESE GARDENING.

The Process of Dwarfing Pines Occupies Ten Years.

The Japanese gardener usually plans his gardens so that the best vista is obtained from the guest room of the house or the arbors where it is likely to be most appreciated. If there are hills or mountains in the background the garden is so designed that the hills are part of it, brought into immediate relation with it.

If there is no desirable outside scenery the garden is made in such a way as to give the impression of being in a small amphitheater or the heart of a forest. To them gardening is not arithmetic, but an art. Hills, dales, rivulets, waterfalls, bridges, etc., vie in presenting their quaintest forms and fancies and harmonious symmetries.

Dwarfed plants of all descriptions deck the scene here and there in thousands of peculiarly artistic shapes.

The art of dwarfing plants is little known in other lands. The successful Japanese nurseryman must not only be a good grower, but he must also be an artist conversant with the general arts and customs of his country, which differ very materially from those of other countries.

The pines may be considered the most important of all trees in Japan, and great care is taken of their cultivation and preservation. They are generally grown from seed, and great care is taken to select the choicest qualities. In the spring of the second year, when the seedlings are about eight inches in height, they are staked with bamboo canes and tied with rice straw, the plants being bent in different desirable shapes.

The next autumn they are transplanted to a richer soil and well fertilized. In the following spring the plants are restaked and twisted and tied in fanciful forms. This mode of treatment is given until the seventh year, when the trees will have assumed fairly large proportions, the branches being trained in graceful forms and the foliage like small clouds of dense green.

The plants are now taken up and potted. Every succeeding year great care must be taken of new shoots, which must be kept pinched back. After another three years of this treatment the trees are virtually dwarfed, there being no visible growth after.

There is also a great demand for curiosities in mixed grafted conifers—that is, six or seven kinds of conifers on one plant. Maples form one of the best materials for the artistic fancies of the Japanese craftsman. Often a great many different varieties of maples are grafted on one stem. Seedling maples are spliced together when growing. After they have formed a union the desired shoot is cut off. This is kept up until ten or twenty varieties are obtained.—London Queen.

An Important Call.

A Boston doctor sat in a front seat in a Tremont street theater one night. In the breathless silence as the third act neared its climax there was a commotion near the door, and then a grave voice said:

"Is Dr. Blank in the audience?" Dr. Blank rose calmly. He passed down the aisle with the serious, self contained air of one on whom the life of a fellow creature depends. A young man awaited him at the door.

"Well?" said the doctor. "Well, sir, what is it?"

"Doctor," said the young man as he drew a large wallet from his breast pocket, "I'm Cash & Payup's new collector. Would it be convenient for you to settle that small account this evening?"—Washington Star.

She Was Willing.

Norah had been guilty of what was considered an indiscretion, so the mistress of the house called her to "step the carpet."

"If such a thing occurs again, Norah," said the mistress, "I shall have to get another servant."

And Norah said: "I wish yer would. There's easily enough work for two of us."

Flattering.

Walter, the five-year-old son of a minister, had frequently been told by his father to say "Get behind me, Satan," when tempted to do wrong.

One day the father suddenly asked, "Walter, what do you do when tempted to do wrong?"

"Why," he replied, "I just think of you and say, 'Satan, go away back and sit down.'"—Exchange.

Armed For Peace.

Wife—Will your disarmament meeting finish late? Husband—Yes, about midnight, I expect. But don't be nervous. I shall have my revolver.—Bon Vivant.

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LINCOLN WINS CONVENTION

The Republicans Decide On Lincoln, State Capital As Meeting Place

THERE IS MUCH TALK REGARDING MR. CADY

Central Nebraska Members of the State Committee are Urging Him For Place on the Primary Ballot.

The republican state committee twenty four strong counting the proxies, met last night in Lincoln at the Lincoln hotel. With them were fifteen or twenty editors of the state and other prominent republicans. The resignation of Chairman Hayward, which he tendered ten days ago, was accepted without comment and no action taken toward electing a successor. Omaha Beatrice and Lincoln made bids for the convention. On roll call the vote stood Lincoln 16, Omaha 6, Beatrice 2. The call for the convention was then framed upon an apportionment based on the vote for O. C. Bell as presidential elector in 1908, at a ratio of one delegate for each 150 votes cast, each county to have at least one delegate.

Henry Schneider of this city was present at the meeting.

The following call was ordered issued: "The republicans of the State of Nebraska are hereby called to meet in convention at the city of Lincoln, on Tuesday, July 26, 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of adopting a platform and selecting a state central committee, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the convention.

"The convention shall be made up of delegates chosen by the republicans of the respective counties in the state at the regular delegate county convention in the manner provided by law, apportioning one delegate for each 150 votes, or major fraction thereof, cast at the 1908 election for O. C. Bell republican nominee for presidential elector. (The apportionment entitles Cass county to 16 representatives.)

"It is further recommended that no proxies be allowed and that the delegates present from each of the respective counties be authorized to have the full vote of their delegation.

the republican state committee, credentials of delegates to the convention should be filed with the secretary of the state committee at least five days before the date of said convention.

"The members of the county central committee for each county, who who are to conduct the 1910 campaign must be chosen at the delegate county convention which elects delegates to said state convention, and reported at once to the state committee.

"(Signed) MYRON L. LEARNED Vice Chairman.

"(Signed) CLYDE BARNARD, Secretary.

"Dated at Lincoln, Neb., June 16, 1910."

Some little politics was astir among the members after the evening trains had filled up the lobby of the hotel. Not a little sentiment was expressed toward the rumored candidacy of A. E. Cady of St. Paul for Governor. This was especially noticeable from members from central Nebraska. Mr. Cady as a possible candidate was talked of two months ago while he was absent in Europe. Upon his return not long ago he was importuned by friends to get in the race, but up to date he has made no statement.

A. F. Beuchler and C. R. Heutsinger of Grand Island were talking the candidacy of Mr. Cady strongly.

"We have assurances that are pretty well grounded that Mr. Cady would make the race if he thought that there was a strong desire to have him get in," said Mr. Heutsinger. I know he is thinking of making a favorable statement. He is being urged strongly and appears to be receptive. He is not a man who would on his own initiative get into the game, but he would run if I think. He would be a strong candidate. There is no more powerful thinker in Nebraska or a better campaigner. He is moderate, neither too radical nor too conservative.

In fact he would come as near uniting the factions of the party, if they should develop over the liquor fight, as any man the party could put up."

Died at Beatrice.

George Partridge son of J. W. Partridge and wife residing northeast of Nehawka, died Wednesday morning in a hospital at Beatrice, where he had been taking treatment for some time. The boy had been in poor health for a number of years, and it seemed that nothing could be done for him. The news of his death came as a great shock to his parents and other relatives and friends. The remains were brought back and the funeral was held yesterday at 11 a. m. from the Otterbein church, conducted by W. A. Taylor of this village. The parents of the boy were formerly residents of this village, and have many friends who sympathize with them in their loss.—Union Ledger.