

LAME DUCKS IN WASHINGTON

Why the Down-and-Outers Stick to the National Capital.

LURE OF PUBLIC LIFE IN BLOOD

Pathetic Figures Thrown Down at Home Mingle with the Live Ones Till the Summer Comes.

That phrase, "lame ducks," applied to legislative statesmen who have been deprived of their jobs by the electorate, is always used humorously. From a certain angle—the angle which looks upon poor humans instinctively to gloat over the misfortunes of others—the phrase may be regarded as funny. From about one thousand other and more humane angles, however, it isn't in the least comical. The "lame duck" himself doesn't so consider it—and he knows. He has known a great many of these poor lame ducks. One and all, they always seemed to me to be pathetic figures, always figures of tragedy; not comic figures at all.

Recently there died in Washington an old ex-representative in congress from a southern state. He was a characteristic lame duck, although one dislikes to apply such a term to a man who was venerable and in his prime distinguished. He was past 80 years of age when he died. But he had been exceptionally rugged up to the time he lost his seat in congress. He had never had a sick day in his life. When, a short time before his death, he took to his bed, the doctors could not find that there was anything the matter with him that they could lay a finger on and treat.

As a matter of fact there wasn't anything the matter with the old man—except a broken heart. He couldn't stand being rudely thrust out of his rut. He was what is known as a game man; had served with distinction through the civil war on the confederate side; had never been known to crawl or straddle or back water during his long career as a public man. Even when his people rejected him, in his old age, and after his fifty years of service in their behalf, he never spoke of the blow that had thus been inflicted upon him, even to his intimates. But the barb quivered in his heart, and he died of it.

There is no moral to be drawn from an incident of this sort. The people of the old gentleman's district, swept by the tide of modern political thought, wanted a younger man to represent them in the house of representatives. They chose the younger man, and the old man had to take his medicine. That he took it bravely no one who was acquainted with him ever had occasion to doubt. And a lot of humane and thoughtful men in the old man's state felt sorry that his constituents hadn't been able to see their way to permit him to hold his seat in congress until he received the final summons. Certainly he was a useful man to his state and to his constituents up to the time of his rejection. He had not rusted. He was on the job for his people, morning, noon and night. Every day during sessions he was almost invariably the earliest of the representatives to appear at the capitol. He made the rounds of the departments in person, old as he was, in attending to the departmental affairs of his constituents. He saw that they got their share of patronage. He retained his keen mind for public questions, nor was his a slight voice as to those questions up to the time that his seat was taken from him.

Call for Younger Men. But the "boys" wanted a younger man. And from the hour that the younger man was elected, to the hour the old man began to crumble, I am telling the back-of-the-curtain story about this one so-called (harshly termed) lame duck in particular, because his case was characteristic of that of a great many of the lame duck cases to be observed in Washington.

He possessed simple means. He had a fine estate in his native state. He was verging upon 80 when he was defeated for re-election. Why, then, did he not settle down comfortably at home to enjoy the remainder of his old age in peace and quiet? It is very natural to ask such a question. Also it is, upon examination, very unreasonable.

Public life was the blood of his body and the breath of his nostrils. He had been a public figure for 50 years, a legislator and then a statesman, a "down home" for many years before being sent to Washington as a representative in the national house.

Omaha Woman's Portrait



MRS. LEE SPRATLEN. Painted by Frank A. Werner.

An Omaha woman has the distinction of having her portrait painted by a well-known Chicago artist. This is Mrs. Lee Spratlen, a life-size painting of whom has just been completed by Frank A. Werner. The painting arrived Tuesday and is hanging in the gallery of the public library. Next week it will be sent east to be exhibited by Mr. Werner in Philadelphia and New York, after which it will be returned to Omaha as the property of Mr. and Mrs. Spratlen.

The portrait is a beautiful study in brown, with a dark yet luminous effect. Mrs. Spratlen, who is a blonde of the golden-haired, blue-eyed type is clad in brown velvet suit covered with brown fisher furs, the one touch of brilliant color being the cerise wings on the hat. She stands against a dark brown background.

Mrs. Spratlen returned only last week from Chicago, where she made an extended visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Rueckel, and sat for the painting, having been asked by the artist some time ago to pose for a painting. Mr. Werner studied for ten years with the masters of Europe and has his studio in Chicago, where he is a member of the Society of Artists of Chicago and exhibits his pictures in the Art Institute.

For doing in Washington if he were foolish enough to attempt it. And so he is always glad—excessively glad—when the time comes for him to pack his bag and take the train for Washington at the beginning of sessions, to meet up with the cheery old crowd of fellow representatives in the hotel corridors, and all that sort of agreeable thing.

Rambblings of the Jolt. Comes the day when he begins to worry about his seat. Disturbing letters reach him. Change is in the air in his district. It astounds him. It disquiets him. At first he is not greatly alarmed. But the letters from his intimates back home continue to come. They are far from encouraging. They suggest that he'd better come back home and look things over. He packs up and goes so. Things look all right to him when he gets home. The folks are as cordial and hearty as of yore. Everywhere the hand of welcome is held out to him.

The older men, particularly the men he grew up with from boyhood or young manhood, are particularly hearty toward him. They pat him on the back and tell him that no matter what new-fangled notions these youngsters may be pressing at their bosoms, they will stick. The old fellows, talking confidentially with the representative making the hurried trip home to fix up his fences, speak derisively of the younger element of the party, the new organizations within the party made up of the "kids." They brush aside, as unworthy of consideration the candidacy for congress of the young chap who is aspiring to the seat. They look upon that young man as a mere child.

He is 46, but how can they look upon him as a grown-up man when they've known him since he trotted around with his schoolbooks under his arm and a passel of "swimmin' freckles" on his nose? And so the fears of the representative are allayed. He feels that the folks simply won't go back on him. That would be monstrous. It would be unheard of. They couldn't do such a thing. There are moments when he has a bit of a chill when, depressed, he reflects upon what it would mean to him if his folks failed to send him back to Washington; how it would break up the habit of his life, and the relaxed routine, the rosy rut.

Knell of Doom. Comes election day, and the blow falls. He is beaten at the polls. He is a lame duck. It is a thunderclap. It takes him days to understand it, much less realize it. He tried to philosophize, but that's pretty hard to do. The tugs of Washington and the capitol are pulling at his heart. Not to go back to Washington? The thought of it causes an actual ache within the man long used to Washington as a legislator. He must go back. What, stick at home in the dull old town twelve months in the year, talking small talk with the parochial professional men and merchants, and to observe the jarring familiarity in their manner of addressing him, now that he is an "ex," and now an incumbent? It is a grisly thought. Moreover, generally he feels pretty sore upon his constituents. He feels abused. They have outraged him. He can't be served hard for that. He feels that they can never be quite the same to him again. He resents the way they have behaved toward him.

Anyhow he simply cannot stay away from Washington. If he can't have the substance he will have the shadow. In Washington he will still be called by his former title, even if he is a "former." And he hankers for the air of officialdom. Beaten men, who have fought this feel-

ing, and, from necessity, settled down in congress, to practice law or engage in other pursuits, have told me privately how hateful and irksome their work of this sort was to them for years upon years after they'd been deprived of their seats; how, during the sessions, they found the longing to be in Washington almost irresistible; how they read every line of the Congressional Record, and how they found it inordinately difficult to keep their minds upon their business or professional affairs at home, because the Washington habit and the capitol habit had become so wrought into the very woof of their lives.

And so the dead ducks trudge their way here in Washington, stimulating cheerfulness and contentment, but with the open, though unseen, wound ever causing them pain.

I don't see anything funny about them. And somehow, just for the sake of making him feel better, I always take my hat off to a lame duck and resolutely refuse to do that same to a live one—Washington Star.

PRECINCT WORKERS HOLD AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING. Two hundred of the active precinct workers of the city met Thursday evening at the rooms of the Douglas County Republican Boosters' club, in the Karbach block. Practically every precinct in the city and several in the country were represented.

Marriage Licenses. The following marriage licenses were issued: Name and Residence. Age. Albert E. Blake, Omaha, 29. Gertrude Noren, Omaha, 29. Robert Ruben, Omaha, 24. Bessie Jeffe, Omaha, 23. Gertrude Nelson, Hanna, Wyo., 22. Anna Bannard, Omaha, 22.

Revised Couzdrums. Why does a chicken cross the road? Because an auto is coming. What kind of a hen lays the longest? A dead hen, of course. But what about this one? What kind of a dead hen lays the longest? What was the first thing Adam put in the Garden of Eden? He put the blame on Eve. How long can a goose stand on one leg? As long as one leg can hold up the goose. What is the difference between an old penny and a new dime? One goes to church and the other to vaudeville. What has no legs to stand on? The railroad time table—in fact, it doesn't seem to stand for anything much but unreliable information.—Judge's Library.

Tired? Nervous? Go To Your Doctor. All run down, easily tired, thin, pale, nervous? And do not know what to take? Then go direct to your doctor. Ask his opinion of Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla. No alcohol, no stimulation. A blood purifier, a nerve tonic, a strong alterative, an aid to digestion. Let your doctor decide.

COMMERCIAL CLUB IS ACTIVE

Commissioner Guild Tells Committee of the Work Being Done.

CAMPAIGN FOR NEW MEMBERS

Hustlers Hear Some Things of the Club They Did Not Know—All to Work Hard Next Week to Enlarge List.

"Businessmen in Seeking Memberships" was the subject of a rapid fire talk before the membership committee of the Commercial club Friday by John M. Guild, commissioner of the club. He outlined forty arguments which can be used by the committee next week in its whirlwind windup of the membership campaign and gave a comprehensive statement of the various activities of the club that "opened the eyes" of some committeemen who have been familiar with only one or two lines of work.

Mr. Guild told of the activity of the club in securing for Omaha the headquarters of the new railway mail division, an army general supply depot, Indian warehouse, prompt train service, wool market, constructive state legislation, salvage corps in connection with the fire department, numerous new industries, etc. He told of the work of the traffic bureau of the club in saving Omaha shippers \$18,000 a year in freight rates and of the publicity bureau in securing and entertaining conventions, in scattering all over the land information favorable to Omaha, and in conducting its recent seed corn campaign. He mentioned the efforts of the club toward federal legislation and toward improvement in city legislation. Omaha trade extension and merchants' meetings. Of especial interest to retail merchants was his exposition of the club's movement to regulate transient merchants, and of special interest to the manufacturers his words on the new Omaha trade-mars and the boosting of Omaha-made goods.

The new club rooms in the Woodmen of the World building were mentioned as a talking point; also the fact that members of the club are extended the privileges of several hundred clubs in the nation, which have established reciprocal relations with the Omaha body.

JIM RILEY WITH THE TOYS

Search for Noah's Ark with Sugar Trimming Joyfully Rewarded.

They tell this about James Whitcomb Riley, who, although an old bachelor, is amazingly fond of children, as anyone might tell by reading his poems. He wanted to make a present to a young nephew of his and so he went to a toy shop and asked:

"Have you any genuine, old-fashioned Noah's Arks? I don't want the kind with wooden toys that really look like animals, I want the kind we used to play with when I was a boy." The shopkeeper assured him he had and passing by several expensive and modern Noah's Arks, the creations of the modern toy-maker for the use of the modern, realistic child, he had brought down from the attic one of the old style one of those arks where the roof was the lid and the animals all jumbled up inside.

"That looks like what I want," said Mr. Riley, shaking out some of the animals in his hand. "Yes, that looks like it. Fetch the same size as that, the elephant no bigger than the bear and the dove of peace just the same size as the horse. There is only one more test."

"What is that sir?" asked the shopkeeper. "I want to see," said Mr. Riley, as he pretended to put one of the pieces in his mouth, "whether Noah's head (scales just the same as it did when I was a boy). They told me in those days the paint was poisonous, but it was awfully good."

Apparently the taste of Noah's head had not changed in the slightest, in spite of the fifty years that have slipped over the poet's head, for he walked out with the old-fashioned ark tucked snugly under his arm.—Indianapolis News.

A Bachelor's Reflections.

Women like to live on faith and men on credit. A man isn't ashamed to get raided at a prize fight the way he is to be caught at a reform meeting. It's queer how a girl can think anybody's rubbers will fit her, but everybody's shoes be too big for her. A woman needs two hats, so she can stick different flowers and plumes in them and tell how she has seven. You take your hopes with you on your way to market; they are some other man's when you are on your way home.—New York Press.

A HEALTHY, HAPPY OLD AGE

May be promoted by those who gently cleanse the system, now and then, when in need of a laxative remedy, by taking the ever refreshing, wholesome and truly beneficial Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which is the only family laxative generally approved by the most eminent physicians, because it acts in a natural, strengthening way, and warms and tones up the internal organs without weakening them.

It is equally beneficial for the very young and the middle aged, as it is always efficient and free from all harmful ingredients. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, bearing the name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package.

Styleplus

OMAHA'S GREATEST CLOTHING STORE. Hats to Satisfy Any Man. YOU'LL find here the greatest stock of fine hats it's ever been your good fortune to be turned loose in. You'll find any color and shape and quality you want, that's good quality. Stetson Hats. Here's where we shine—Soft hats and stiff hats in all conceivable shapes and colors. For spring we are displaying a very large line of Stetson's novelties in all the newest shapes, \$3.50, \$5.00 and up to \$12.00. Soft Hats. The new corduroy and rough effect is the real nobby style for spring—we import them directly from England, Germany, France, Austria and Belgium. The colorings are very fascinating. Delicate shades of gray, brown, blue, tan and plain black are displayed in endless variety at \$2.00 \$3.00 and \$5.00. Stiff Hats. Low crown with wide brim is the real thing for this spring, of course, that is for the young man; for the elderly man we have just the shape suitable for your build and age—at \$2.00 \$3.00 \$5.00. John White & Co. Guaranteed Stiff Hats. The Berg Clothing Co. 15th & Douglas. Mallory's "Cravenette" Stiff Hats.

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