

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Secretary Dickinson Is a Merry Wag



WASHINGTON.—Do the onerous duties of the job of secretary of war put cobwebs on the brain of Jacob M. Dickinson of Tennessee and Chicago? They do not, chorus all the members of the Tennessee society of New York, who sat in front of their crumpled napkins at the end of the annual dinner of their organization at the Waldorf recently and listened to some new ones that were uncorked to pop and sizzle by the genial Tennesseean and Chicagoan who holds down the portfolio of war in the Taft cabinet.

"When I heard that this was a representative body of Tennesseans," said the secretary after he had arisen from his place at the speakers' table and cast his eyes around on the feminine products of that heralded state where the bluegrass grows in fiction and song, "when I heard this I could not believe it."

Here there was a slight gasp of anticipation and doubt from the fair ones.

"Because," the secretary hurried to add, with a touch of gallantry, "I said to myself, 'if any state turns out all this galaxy of fair women there can't be enough left within its borders to make it a real state.'"

That set Jacob M. Dickinson solid with about one-half the 300 Tennesseans gathered about the tables, and he proceeded in a mellow vein of reminiscence.

"You know a fellow from Tennessee came to New York a few years ago and before he came he told the people down home that he intended to show those New Yorkers they didn't know it all. He reckoned there were

a few tricks to be learned from a real live one from Tennessee. A friend met him after he'd been here three months and asked him how its was going.

"Well," said this fellow who'd had ambitions, "I've about made up my mind that if they'll let me have mine they can keep their'n."

"You all have heard the story about the fellow who'd been bitten by a rattlesnake," said Mr. Dickinson, in a gentle query. "No? Well, the fellow got bitten by the rattlesnake and he was in a desperate condition. A friend of his grabbed a quart flask and started for the place where he knew he could get the only recognized antidote for a rattlesnake bite.

"The man there started to fill up the flask, but it was one of those eastern commercial flasks that didn't hold a quart when it ought to have. You know the kind, gentlemen. The man who was filling the flask had about a three finger dose left over and the kind friend who was waiting to take the flask to the stricken man saw there was this much left over.

"What shall I do with this left over?" asked the man who was filling the flask.

"Well, come to think of it, that pesky snake took an awful leap at me," said the fellow who was waiting for the flask, "and he pretty near got me, too."

"And, speaking of flasks, there was the fellow who went to the legislature down in Nashville once, and he stood up and started to make a speech. Maybe he'd been treating his bald spot with that stuff that comes in flasks; anyway, one of the opposition party—and there isn't much of an opposition party in Tennessee legislature at any time—got up and hollered, 'You're drunk!'

"I may be drunk," the member said. "If I am, that's a temporary condition. But you're a damn fool, and that's a permanent condition."

PROMINENT PEOPLE

BREWER HITS COURT DELAY



David Brewer, associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, says criticism of courts, their delays, and cost of litigation are just. In a recent interview he favored the granting of but one appeal after a trial. Justice Brewer declared an implicit faith in the capability of the American people to maintain and perpetuate the republican form of government.

"The courts, their delays and the cost of litigation are justly criticised," said the venerable jurist. "No judge ought to object to any fair criticism and no honest judge will object. There is no duty more imperative upon the bar and the bench than to do what they can to simplify matters and put technicalities out of the way and see to it that substantial justice is administered.

"The seat of the whole trouble, in my opinion, is in the fact that too many appeals are granted when justice does not demand it. A more simple way to put it is to say that our courts trifle with justice by permitting delay upon mere technicalities.

"I advocate that the states enact into law legislation that will permit of but one appeal after the trial judge. I have reached the conclusion that no judgment should be reversed upon a mere error in the admission of evidence, unless it be clearly shown that such error worked a serious injustice upon the defendant.

"I maintain that laws should be passed which would give judges the necessary latitude in such matters to enable them to render quick justice. The laws of many of the western states are such that a judge is little more than a moderator.

"The only exception I would make to the one appeal plan would be in such cases as involved a serious constitutional question.

"The required legislation cannot be obtained unless the matter is agitated. This could best be accomplished by a national conference.

ASQUITH SNUBS THE KING



Premier Asquith, who has left London for a vacation on the continent, may relinquish the premiership when the new government is formed. He will decide this question during his trip. He declared before the elections he would not continue in office unless the country gave him full authority to carry out his policy in dealing with the house of lords.

It can hardly be said that the result of the elections contains any such mandate. It now is practically settled the liberals will not have a clear majority in the house of commons and the coalition with the nationalists and laborites will not have sufficient authority to inaugurate any radical constitutional changes.

It is an open secret that Mr. Asquith has found the practical dictatorship of the socialistic wing of his cabinet, notably Chancellor Lloyd-George and Winston Spencer Churchill, most galling.

It is rumored Lloyd-George will become the premier if Mr. Asquith decides to retire.

Just before he started for the continent Mr. Asquith was requested by King Edward to come to the royal palace for a conference. The report has spread that the premier snubbed his royal highness and departed without seeing the king. As a request by the king is the same as a command, it is most likely that Mr. Asquith will be called to task and that he will give up the portfolio.

CARTER FOR POSTAL BANKS



Few big measures of any importance have been discussed in the United States senate in the last few years that Thomas H. Carter, senator from Montana, has not had something to do with. Mr. Carter is an indefatigable worker and thorough in all he does. When he was national commissioner of the Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis he was always on hand to see that the interests of the government were well guarded. The Montana senator took a prominent part in the debate on the tariff bill and now he is behind a measure which President Taft wants passed.

It is the postal savings bank bill that has the attention of Senator Carter just now. The Republican platform called for such a law. Taft says it must be passed to keep the party pledge and

Mr. Carter is going to see that it goes through. He spoke on the bill several days ago and it is likely his voice will again be heard in support of the measure before it is passed. When Mr. Carter gets to talking there is no end to his speech if he deems it advisable to continue his oratory.

In the closing hours of the fifty-sixth congress he talked a \$50,000,000 river and harbor bill to death. He started talking at 10:30 Sunday night. At 10 a. m. Monday he was surrounded by senators, who importuned him to stop talking, but his voice was still strong enough to carry him through until it was time for the inaugural ceremonies. Then he went to bed, leaving orders that he should not be disturbed for a day.

SHERMAN RAPS WATERWAY



Everybody in Illinois knows that Lawrence Y. Sherman, former lieutenant governor and now president of the Illinois state board of administration, is a plain talker. Mr. Sherman usually says what he thinks and does not fear to express his opinions freely, but his closest friends were surprised at the speech he made before the Automobile Club of America in New York several days ago.

In that speech Mr. Sherman attacked a pet measure of his chief, Gov. Deneen. The governor wants to spend \$20,000,000 on the state's waterways. Mr. Sherman knows it, but he didn't hesitate to say that the money could be put to better use if applied to the building of hard roads. Of course this kind of talk pleased the automobile people, for good roads is the hobby of all who

jaunt around the country in their touring cars. The speech was not taken with such pleasure in the governor's office at Springfield, however, and there has been some talk that the governor might ask Mr. Sherman to resign since he saw fit to attack the waterway plan in which Mr. Deneen is so greatly interested.

In his speech Mr. Sherman said the \$20,000,000 lately voted "to scoop out an endless avalanche of mud in Illinois would build 4,000 miles of hard roads at \$5,000 a mile." In other ways, also, he expressed his preference for good roads over inland waterways.

Old-Time English Elections.

In old-time England each constituency gave its representative in parliament a horse to carry him to Westminster, and also paid his expenses on the road. These expenses, together with an allowance for each day spent on duty at the house of commons, generally at the rate of 80 cents a day, were refunded in one lump sum when the member returned home at the end of the parliamentary year. Sir F. Delaval totaled seven votes in an attempt

on Andover in the general election of 1768. An item in his election agent's bill is typical of the reckoning he had to pay: "To being thrown out of the George inn, Andover, by my legs being thereby broken, to surgeon's bill and loss of time and business, all in the service of Sir F. Delaval, £500 (\$2,500)." Lord Llandaff won Dungarvan in 1868. The item, "£547 (\$2,735) whisky," caused him to protest faintly. "Begorra," said his election agent, "if ye want to squeeze a pipkin like that ye'll never do for Dungarvan."

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



De Forest, Wis.—"After an operation four years ago I had pains downward in both sides, backache, and a weakness. The doctor wanted me to have another operation. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am entirely cured of my troubles."

Mrs. AUGUSTE VESPERMANN, De Forest, Wisconsin.

Another Operation Avoided. New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PEYROUX, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

If you want special advice about your case write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

The Wonderful Y. M. C. A.

In the past ten years no other religious organization has received so much money as the Y. M. C. A. Millions have been raised for new buildings all over the land, and with no apparent strain. Its business-like administration of its vast resources, its energy in pushing its work—in the cities and through the railroad, army and navy branches—and its fine policy in following the armies in all recent wars, have created for it a world-wide enthusiasm. At the last banquet of the international committee, Senator Root affirmed that they had made their way by working with men more than by talking to them, saying: "Come with us," not "Go do that." By their appeal to all classes of Christians, as well as to non-Christians, they have kept out of doctrinal theology, and by their activity in good works they have escaped cant in religion. All interested in saving our boys and young men rejoice in their world-wide success.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Fight Against Tuberculosis.

Interest in the anti-tuberculosis campaign now being waged throughout the United States is evidenced by the fact that in the year 1909 163 new anti-tuberculosis associations were formed, 133 tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals were established, and 91 tuberculosis dispensaries were opened. Compared with previous years, this is the best record thus far made in the fight against consumption in this country. During the year 1909, 43 more associations for the prevention of tuberculosis were formed than during the previous 12 months, and 62 more hospitals and sanatoria were established. On January 1, 1910, there were in the United States 394 anti-tuberculosis associations, 386 hospitals and tuberculosis sanatoria and 265 special tuberculosis dispensaries.

CLEAR-HEADED

Head Bookkeeper Must be Reliable.

The chief bookkeeper in a large business house in one of our great Western cities speaks of the harm coffee did for him:

"My wife and I drank our first cup of Postum a little over two years ago, and we have used it ever since, to the entire exclusion of tea and coffee. It happened in this way:

"About three and a half years ago I had an attack of pneumonia, which left a memento in the shape of dyspepsia, or rather, to speak more correctly, neuralgia of the stomach. My 'cup of cheer' had always been coffee or tea, but I became convinced, after a time, that they aggravated my stomach trouble. I happened to mention the matter to my grocer one day and he suggested that I give Postum a trial.

"Next day it came, but the cook made the mistake of not boiling it sufficiently, and we did not like it much. This was, however, soon remedied, and now we like it so much that we will never change back. Postum, being a food beverage instead of a drug, has been the means of curing my stomach trouble. I verily believe, for I am a well man today and have used no other remedy.

"My work as chief bookkeeper in our Co.'s branch house here is of a very confining nature. During my coffee-drinking days I was subject to nervousness and 'the blues' in addition to my sick spells. These have left me since I began using Postum and I can conscientiously recommend it to those whose work confines them to long hours of severe mental exertion."

"There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the little book "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

ROCKY BOY INDIAN LANDS OPEN FOR SETTLEMENT.

Secretary Ballinger has issued instructions to throw open 1,400,000 acres of land in Eastern Montana to white settlers.

This land was withdrawn about two years ago for the purpose of allotting to the Rocky Boy Indians. The tract contains the very choicest lands in Valley County and wherever farming has been carried on, it has produced yields of from 20 to 30 bushels of wheat per acre, 40 to 70 bushels of oats and large crops of hay, alfalfa and vegetables.

There are over 8,000 160-acre homesteads in this tract, which is considerable more than the combined total in the Flathead, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene Reservations, which were opened to settlement last summer.

POOR CHOLLY.



Cholly—Is your sister in, my boy? Willie—Just give me your card, and I'll go and see if you're de guy she told me to tell dat she was out.

Who Are the Elect?

Two modern statements of the doctrine of "election," neither of which would quite satisfy John Calvin or Jonathan Edwards, are given in the Congregationalist.

One was Henry Ward Beecher's epigrammatic and convincing phrase: "The elect are whosoever will; the non-elect are whosoever won't."

Good as this is, there is another explanation that is a star of equal magnitude. It was made by a colored divine, who said:

"Brethren, it is this way: The Lord, he is always voting for a man; and the devil, he is always voting against him. Then the man himself votes, and that breaks the tie!"

Put a Shirt on Greeley.

The excellent cut of Horace Greeley's birthplace at Amherst, N. H., in the Sunday Herald of recent date suggests this anecdote which may be of interest:

The room in which he was born is now occupied as a sitting room. A visitor some years ago asked a lady living near by if she remembered ever seeing Horace Greeley, and she replied: "Well, yes; I have a very early remembrance of him. I put the first shirt on him."—Boston Herald.

Are You Tired of the Color of Your Dress?

If so, dye it, but be sure and use Dy-o-la Dyes which give the same fast brilliant colors to any and all fabrics. So much easier, better, and more economical than others. Dealers sell Dy-o-la Dyes at 10 cents a package. Write Dy-o-la, Burlington, Vermont, for color card and book of directions.

His "Raise."

"I don't dare face my wife."
"What's the trouble?"
"I told her I expected a raise."
"Well?"
"Well, the raise I expected and the raise I got were two different kinds."

Down Easy.

"Golly, Mike! are you alive after falling two stories?"
"Why, that's not far. This is a 51-story building."—Judge.

Generally the man or woman who says "I don't care" is a liar.

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FOR RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE
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All Drugists, 25 cents.

Government Declares War on Sparrows



THE English sparrow is the pirate of the air, just as the rat is the freebooter of the earth, and ought to be exterminated. So rules the department of agriculture in a bulletin just published, which also tells how to get rid of the pest.

This declaration of war by the government is in striking contrast to relief movements started in certain cities recently to save these birds from starvation because of the severe winter.

This sparrow studiously, says the department bulletin, hunts and eats insects that are beneficial to plant life, while it passes over more or less those that are harmful. The only good thing it does is to eat the seed of weeds and prevent their spread. Aside from that there is nothing to be said in its favor. More than that, it is murderous. It

hunts the nesting places and destroys eggs and young blue birds, house wrens, tree swallows and barn swallows. The robin, the catbird and the mocking bird it attacks and drives out of parks and shade trees. It has no song, but drives out the song birds and brings only noise in return.

After having learned all this about the sparrow, after an extensive investigation, the department of agriculture shows a way to destroy the bird. First, whenever sparrows roost around your house, destroy their nests. If they roost at night on your eaves trough, drive them away with a long pole. By destroying nests wherever they are seen the increase can be prevented.

The sparrows likes to nest in cavities and can be trapped through this preference. It will roost in boxes that may be put up to make its capture easy. It may be lured to spread grain and shot and killed in other ways, or may be poisoned.

Wheat soaked in strychnin is said to be preferable. This method has been adopted in California, where it was necessary to protect ripening fruit.

Orders a Lunch at the Stamp Window



A WASHINGTONIAN decided he would cut it out. He went to a doctor and told him all about it. The doctor looked him over.

"Oom hoorn," the doctor said a couple of times. Then he asked: "Got any relatives in town?"

"Nope. All live up north."

"Do you write to them?"

"Nope. Never write letters."

"How's your appetite? Eat much?"

"Nope. Haven't any appetite."

"Well," said the doctor, "you do three things. Stop dissipating. Eat regularly. Get into touch with your relatives. That's all the mental and physical recipes you need."

Charley Mann Discovers a Taxpayer



A NEWSPAPER man, recently come to Washington and new to the senate press gallery, hustles into the outer room.

"What—what?" asked Charley Mann, superintendent of the gallery.

"Oh, I'm on the Blank News," said the correspondent.

Mann looked him over very carefully. He'll know him next time, just as he knows all the correspondents.

Mann is always on the job. He takes great care of all telegrams from the home offices that come for any mem-

The man gave the doctor two dollars and went away.

That night he totted painfully up the stone steps of the post office. He had resolved, though he had disobeyed injunction No. 1 that day, he would at least keep two and three. He presently found himself in front of a square, open window. Behind the window stood a man—several, maybe.

"Well?" the man asked.

The would-be purchaser braced himself with hands. He wanted to remember just what two and three were and which was which.

"Well?" the man asked, his tone a little sharper.

The situation was becoming somewhat embarrassing. Why couldn't he remember? What—what—his mind groped back through his visit to the doctor. Quit—eat—write home. His face brightened. He beamed upon the man back of the window.

"Ah, yes," he murmured. "Sof' boil' eggs, toas' an' coffee."

"What—what?" said Mann.

"Oh, I guess I can stay here," said the stranger. "I'm a taxpayer. I want to see what my representative is doing."

Mann at first was for having him put out. Then he changed his mind.

"You say you're a taxpayer?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm a taxpayer."

"Well, you come with me," said Mann. "You're a dodo bird—or at most, your kind is pretty nearly extinct."