## DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1906.

## Short Stories of Washington Life

hundred.

milliot

trillion

a gun

the cashier.

fainted

ITT: 11

'T'll raise it a hundred,' said the

"'T'll see the thousand and raise it

"'T'll raise that million a billion.'

At the University club banquet a few

made of the best Havana tobacco and about eighteen inches long.

Uncle Joe took it, smelled of it, turned it over and over, carcssed it lovingly, and then said: "By gum, Nick, it pooks good enough to put cream on and cat."

desk, will you, so I can get a check cashed?"

the cashier. Stewart took a check from his pocket and indorsed it. He handed it to the cashier, who looked at it and almost

The other boy was stumped.

see the billion and raise you a

H

train.

C PEAKER CANNON was officially , bunch of kernels and said, 'I'll bet you measured for a pair of boots today, says the Washington corother. "'I'll raise that a thousand." respondent of the New York World. The people of Charleston, S. C., intend to present to the speaker a pair of real South Carolina hand-made boots to wear with the other presents of clothing he has received, but could thought a long time, but he couldn't re-member what came next, so he said, bitterly. "Take it, you educated son of never get his measure. The speaker's secretary, Mr. Busby, has received telegram after telegram asking for the speaker's size of boot. He compromised by sending them one of the At the University chub bandlet a tow-nights ago they gave Uncle Joe Cannon a cigar three feet long that may or may not have been made of tobacco. Rep-resentative Longworth, returning to his duties in the house after his honey-moon, brought for Uncle Joe a cigar mode, of the heat Harana tobacco and speaker's old shoes. The answer came back by wire that they did not want a shoe, but the size of boot.

82

Finally a shoemaker having a shop near the Capitol was appealed to, and today he went up with his tools and measured the speaker's foot encased in the real yarn socks. The speaker wears n No. 81/2 shoe.

General J. Franklin Bell, who was at the head of the artillery and infantry school at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., was invited to a dinner given in the cause of education.

Judge Stewart of the Indian Terri-tory, who will probably be one of the senators of the new state, has been here for a week or two. The judge ran short of cash a few days ago. He met Colonel "Bill" Zeveley of Musko, de in his hotel and said: "Zev, I've got to get some cash. Identify me here et the deck will you, so I can get a check When time came for the speeches When time came for the speeches many of the educators were called upon and glorified education. Then General Bell's time came. He said he did not know exactly why the toasi-master had pounced on him, for he was a specialist in education of a kind lim-ited in its application. "However," he said, "I have been in-terested in what the speakers preced-ing me have said about education. Still I think that out our way. In the west, cashed?" "Certainly," Zeveley replied, and made the proper introductions. "The judge is good," said Zeveley, for anything he wants." "How much shall it be, judge?" asked

I think that out our way. In the west, not so much store is set by it as here in the east. I am reminded of the story of the two boys in Omaha who, I regret to say, were playing poker in a doorway, using kernels of corn for "During the game one pushed in a

tes of the members, their residences haven't that much cash in the drawer," "Oh, well," Stewart replied, "give me five dollars on it and I'll get the rest some other time."

Representative Babcock of Wisconsin was the leader in the House of the in-surgent movements against the Philip-pine tariff and the statehood bills, both of which movements were crushed. He was standing down by the house res-taurant door when he got word that the senate had killed the Philippine bill. "Jack." said Babcock, turning to a friend. "have you got an extra hand-kerchief about you?" "Why, yes," said the friend, sur-prised. "Here is one that you can take." Representative Babcock of Wisconsin

"Thank you," Babcock replied with much emotion. "I want to go around the corner and shed a few bitter, bitter tears over the fate of the Philippine bill."

one run somewhere near 35 years,

was riding in the smoker of a train

that he was accustomed to pull. He

was deadheading to Chicago to take

out his run in the evening. The trucks

hames of the members, their residences and their committee rooms. "What's this, Aleck?" asked a dis-gruntled member who came into the clerk's office after he had a session with the speaker about getting recog-nized to call up a bill. "That's a vest-pocket directory of the house," Clerk McDowell replied. The member examined it carefully. "Seems to me like a rotten waste of money." he said finally. "You could have made it a heap smaller and more accurate if you had printed Speaker Cannon's name in it and let it go at that. If he ain't all there is to the house of representatives T'll eat my hat."

hat.

"Thank you," Babcock replied with much emotion. "I want to go around the corner and shed a few bitter, bitter tears over the fate of the Philippine bill." Clerk McDowell of the house of rep-resentatives has issued a vest-pocket directory of the house, giving the

## THRILLING RAILROAD RUNS

WRECK that took place with-in 40 miles of Chicago affords a striking instance in which it is shown that the most grewsome s, the most terrifying accidents do sights, the most terrifying accidents do

The fireman was taken out alive, but he died in the hospital. The old engineer climbed out of the smoking car to find his pet iron steed in a fearful plight. Escaping steam enveloped the great disabled engine, but the engineer was among the first to reach the side of the man whom fate had selected to take his place. not disturb the men who have been steeling their nerves for periods running close to 40 years, and it is only the men who have had long experience who are given control of a limited Life was extinct. An old engineer, who had been on

Passengers who rode behind the veteran engineer that evening were un-able to distinguish any difference in the way the train was being handled. The man of fron nerve was at his post ahead just as self-contained as he had been on any of the other thousands of runs he had made, just as if he had not seen the wreck of his own



ROCKEFELLER. PURSUED BY PROCESS SERVERS, SAFE IN LUXURIOUS HIDING PLACE

The mystery attending the "disappearance" nearly two months ago of John D. Rockefeller, is still unsglved and the chase of the merry men armed with legal documents addressed to the Standard Oil magnate continues. Screened by pine groves on all four sides, Mr. Rockefeller's house, which stands in the middle of a 40-acre clear.

ing at Lakewood, N. J., is as secure from observation of subpoena-servers and other unwelcome visitors as if it were under the earth

If Mr. Rockefeller is making his residence there, as half of Lakewood has believed for the last seven weeks, he need never come out till he chooses. Creature comforts, business facilities, recreation and the means of communicating with the outside world are all at his hand-all sheltered inside the barrier of talk pines.

The finest nine-hole golf links in New Jersey are at Mr. Rockefeller's very door. He bought the links when he purchased the Country club property, and had the spacious and roomy club-house converted into a residence. The first tee is within a hundred feet of a side entrance to the house, and the golfer may drive 234 yards before reaching the fifth hole, which would bring him for the first time outside the pine barrier. 

train only a few hours before, when was killed the man who had sat in his place for a single trip. The wrecked locomotive and five cars were still strewn over the right of way, but the grizzled man in the cab steered his way through it all as if it was an every-day occurrence. The wreck of the morning had torn up the tracks. Two monster steam derricks were engaged

main track, and "pounded the rails" as if nothing unusual had happened.

scene. On to one side lay the sin steaming engine. Amid these scenes a firm hand grasp-ed the lever, an undimmed eye read the white and red lights. Absolutely unshaken, the man drove his steed over the switches, rolled out on the

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