

Life At The National Capital

Nine days out of ten I would rather be in Charlotte, interviewing William Gorrell, a prohibitionist from Dilworth, or writing up one of Osmond L. Harrington's dog fights than to be here writing about Congressmen, the President, the Vice President, and other high-muckity-mucks. There is something freshness in William, the local anti-slavery advocate, and the fighting bull terrier, but there is an appalling monotony at the capital of the nation with Tatt in the lead for the Republican nomination, Bryan with the Democratic party in his vest pocket, and Congress afraid to act. Day after day I beat about the beautiful city, trying to find something new, something exciting, something interesting; but each and every night retire feeling that I had not earned my garter. The last night of our Garrison in Washington was an event in the life of the Tar Heel correspondent, who is looking for something local, something out of the ordinary, something that will do to print. Dullness fills the atmosphere. The Senate and the House are going to pass some sort of financial bill; that is the only hope of legislation. Uncle Joe is as gay and as chipper as a sunbeam, but he knows his business when appointing committees or presiding over the House. He is pleasant to look upon and fascinating to the students, but, barring a half-dozen in the Senate and twice that number in the House, one cares very little for the Congressman from the viewpoint of a newspaper man.

The Capitol guide is a never-ending source of amusement to me. I like to use him with his covey, marching here and there, letting his mind run back and wagging his tongue. He is all smiles and bows from the time he conducts to show the visitors around until they then leave.

Having pointed out the wonders of the corridors and the rotunda, he marches to the Supreme Court, lifts his hat, tips by the doings door-keeper, who pulls the chord as he nods, and beckons to his party to follow quietly. In whispers he tells of the learned men of the bench. An anecdote goes with each. The galleries of Congress is where he is at best.

"That's Uncle Joe, the Speaker of the House, in the chair," declaimed the guide, and pointed to the galleries from Lincoln. "He's about the liveliest wire in this country, seventy-two years, as live as a cricket and as foxy as reynard himself. Everybody looks for Uncle Joe; he's the cock of the walk. Born in North Carolina, he took a run to the Wabash when two years old. Rather remarkable man—look at his ruby cheeks, his cunning smile and his red carnation. That's Uncle Joe every day in the year."

"Who, madam?" asks a thin-visaged lady in a piping voice.

"Mr. Longworth," says a Miss Alice Roosevelt, of course, the wedding gown is, of course, the most elaborate article in the trou-

seau, although the following list indicates that the lavish daintiness so dear to woman's heart will be paramount throughout:

A dozen tailor suits, including Paquin, Redfern and models from other tailors prominent in Paris	\$240
Thirteen separate coats, including carriage, automobile, even, etc., afternoon and shopping coats. The coats are made of every conceivable material	7.00
Russian sable set of furs	1.00
Mink set	.50
Silver fox	.50
Blue lynx	.50
Brown marten	.40
Black marten	.40
Yellow marten	.40
Russian pony	.40
Siberian squirrel	.40
White fox	.40
Ermine Russian sable trimmed	.40
Mink and broadtail	.40
Twelve ball gowns	12.00
Twelve dinner gowns	4.00
Twenty-five morning gowns	1.00
Twelve negligees	1.00
Twelve matinees	.60
Shoes and silk stockings to match	1.00
Twenty-five satin slippers to match negligees	1.00
A hat to match every street gown and a hat for fancy headresses to match every dinner and theater gown	1.00
Ten ostrich or chiffon muffles and bags	1.00
Twenty purses	.40
Twelve dozen handkerchiefs, all made in the French convents and embroidered with her monogram, and with the name of the house	4.00
Two dozen parasols	.50
Eight dozen suits of underclothes, the most exquisite of materials, lace lace and fancy brook designs worked in the silks in the French convents	1.00
Two dozen silk petticoats	1.00
Two dozen lingerie blouses	.50
Wedding gown	1.00
Total	37.150

D. W. Newell Appointed Superintendent at Jacksonville.

Asheville Gazette-News.

Friends of Capt. D. W. Newell will be pleased to learn that he has again accepted the position of superintendent of the Jacksonville division of the Southern Railroad, with headquarters at Jacksonville, Fla. Mr. Newell until recently was superintendent of the Rock Hill division, which has been abolished and consolidated with the Charlotte division.

Mr. Newell was at one time trainmaster of the Asheville division.

THE NAGGER.

Chicago Record-Herald. When Mrs. Nagger downtown yesterday she lost her pocketbook. It made her awful sad and you could see it by her look.

There was three dollars and some stamps. It made me nearly crazy. To think of things she might of bought if she had only known.

When pa come home and found it out you ought of heard him kick. He talked about how hard he worked and said ma made him sick. "I don't pick money up," he roared.

And then he said a whole lot more that showed his discontent.

He got his old hat out and yelled: "There! Take a look at that!" To save three dollars—which you lost!

I'm wearin' last year's hat! I never saw such carelessness; I slave all day after work.

And save and pinch, and then you go and throw the cash away!"

Ma wiped away a tear and said: "It's terrible, I know."

I never lost three hundred in a deal in copper, though."

A kind of sunk down in his chair as though he was dead.

And said: "Yes, there you go again!

Now mag, confound it, mag!"

THE PURE FOOD LAW.

Secretary Wilson says: "One of the objects of the law is to inform the consumer of the presence of certain harmful drugs in medicines." The law requires that the amount of chloroform, opium, morphine, and other habit forming drugs be labeled on every bottle. The manufacturers of chloroform and ether have always claimed that their remedy did not contain any of these drugs, and the truth of this claim is now proven, as no specimen can be found in any one of the best, but one of the best in use for coughs and colds. Its value has been proven beyond question during the many years it has been in general use. For sale by W. L. Hahn & Co.

The purity hall proved to be most agreeable. I never learned to dance when a boy, now I am too fat and stiff; but my tongue is still nimble, and good-looking women make it easy.

Thursday night the President and Mrs. Roosevelt received in honor of the Justices of the Supreme Court. I went and had a good time—shook hands with the hand of the President, saw Miss Alice, Mrs. Roosevelt, the members of the Cabinet, their wives, a number of foreigners. In their gay togs, the Justices and their ladies, as well as many other interesting people. Among those with whom I shook was Mr. John Wesley Gaines of Tennessee, who was there in all of his glory.

The White House receptions teach many interesting things. I have learned that it pays to be poor now and then. Those who put on airs and go in carriages to these state receptions are last to get in and last to get out, while the street car riders have the advantage. It is a case of the first shall be last and the last shall be first. I was at home and asleep Thursday night when the carriage callers got their vehicles.

Mrs. Longworth, née Miss Alice, was the chief attraction as she was at the diplomatic reception. She should be put upon a throne so everyone could see and admire her here. Nick is seen too often, but Alice not often enough. RED BUCK.

Washington, D. C.

GLADYS' \$75,000 TROUSSEAU.

Description of Gowns and Other Finery That Will Go Along With the Millions and the Bride to the Man With the Title.

Margaret Madison, in Milwaukee Journal.

Oh, dear, dear! How we all do want to see it—mean that \$75,000 wedding trousseau that Gladys Vanderbilt has bought for herself. How I would like to finger it all over, fondle it, bury my arms to the very shoulders in it!

Well, I did manage to get a list of all the pretty, dainty things in the \$15,000,000 heiress outfit and don't even whisper it—I actually had just a peek at the wedding dress, the gorgeous \$10,000 gown in which Miss Vanderbilt will stand when she changes her name to Countess Szechenyi. And, oh, joy, it was a Worth creation of the most exquisite pattern, the most beautiful finish, the most—well, superlatives fail me.

At the Irish exposition Miss Vanderbilt purchased the loveliest set of Irish point lace. It is said to be the rarest known to be in existence. Worth has used this lace upon the wedding gown.

"Who, madam?"

"Mr. Longworth," asks a thin-visaged lady in a piping voice.

"Who, madam?"

"Mr. Longworth, Miss Alice Roosevelt, her husband."

"Oh, Nick Longworth—let me see, let me see."

"All that I remember about him is that he has a bald head," added the inquisitive woman.

"Yes, yes, and I was just looking for that bald head," said the guide, thoughtfully.

"Fonder it is," said the guide, realizing that Representative Longworth was not in the House, as he pointed to Mr. Ollie James, the largest Democrat in Congress.

"That's him, look at his tower, as white and hairless as an egg. Yes, that's Nick."

"Why, what is he doing on the Democratic side?" asked the maid of the party.

"Just stepped over there to speak to a friend, I guess," said the guide.

Making haste to change the subject the pilot continued.

"The man there with his hand to his ear, is John Sharp—John Sharp Williams, the brilliant little minority leader. He can make a noise of them when it comes to a debate."

"Over on the far side, the small, gray-haired man, with blue eyes and quiet manners, is Judge DeArmond, who had a fight with John Sharp Williams. He's the scrappiest man in the House."

Seeing that this particular guide has about all that he can do, I asked him to tell me the secret of his success.

"Why, I never fail to give the information desired. If Nick Longworth is not in the ladies ask to have him pointed out, I turn to Ollie James, of Kentucky, a sort of bald-headed-looking bald-headed man. I never say that the man desired is not there."

One of the most popular social functions here every winter is the "Southern Relief Charity Ball." It has been given for fifteen years. This year it was held on the tenth floor of the New Willard. Tickets of admission cost \$3 apiece and they admitted those who held them to the dance hall and permitted them to dance and partake of the elaborate supper provided. Having had the good fortune to get two tickets, I went to the ball. The crowd was composed largely of Southerners. Several thousand tickets were sold this year. The large hall of the New Willard was full of men and women in their best clothes. Everyone who could, and desired to do so, was dancing. Several hundred couples were on the floor at one time. Among the numbers danced were: a two-step, "Dixie" waltz, "Language of Flowers" polka, "Honey Boy" waltz, "Dream of Paris" two-step, "Footprints" waltz, "Dance of the Blossoms" waltz, "Wiener Maedchen" two-step, "Thomas Jefferson" waltz, "Jolly Widow" polka, "Bye-Bye, Dearie," and waltz, "School Days."

I met some fascinating people there. North Carolinians were in evidence. I saw one Tar Heel woman who wore a \$1,000 gown, and it was beautiful and becoming.

Mr. Zach McGhee, his wife and sister-in-law were there, chaperoned by Representative Wyatt Aiken, of South Carolina. Colonel Aiken had on his best suit that night, and looked exceptionally well and in good form.

Somewhere in his rounds he met a pleasant old citizen of Philadelphia and presented me to him as the Washington correspondent of The Charlotte Observer and The London Times.

There was so much noise that I could not deny the allegation about The Times and the Pennsylvania got me cornered and for thirty minutes interrogated me about the recent sale of the famous English paper. Having read what William E. Curtis had to say about that important deal, I was forced to the teeth, and every time the old gentleman came with a question I was ready with an answer: seeing that I could not backstep I hummed the joke and he may never know any better. Colonel Aiken is one of the attractive characters of the House. He wears a suit of South Carolina jeans, looks after his constituents, remembers his enemies and jolliest everybody. He is a man of ponderous parts.

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Margaret Madison, in Milwaukee Journal.

WE NEED

WE NEED

Spinning Frames for coarse numbers.

Can dispose of several thousand spindles.

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Give full particulars of what you offer.

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RESERVE DEPOSITS FEATURE

CONTINUED RUSH OF FUNDS BACK INTO THE RESERVE DEPOSITS OF BANKS HAS LITTLE EFFECT IN STIMULATING STRENGTH IN THE MARKET FOR SECURITIES—RETURNING FLOOD RECEPABLE IN FOREIGN MONEY CENTERS, FORCING DOWN OFFICIAL DISCOUNT RATES OF BANKS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY—MONEY MARKET NOT AFFECTED BY NOTICE OF WITHDRAWAL OF GOVERNMENT DEPOSITS FROM BANKS.

THE SET CONSISTS OF TWO CUFFS AND A COLLAR MADE 200 YEARS AGO BY THE NUMBER OF YOUNG COUNTY CORK. THE WORK IS DONE IN 600 THREADS TO THE INCH, SOME OF IT BEING SO FINE THAT MANUFACTURING GLASS IS USED TO MAKE THE TRACINGS VISIBLE. TWELVE YEARS WERE REQUIRED TO COMPLETE THE SET.

THE ONLY OTHER SET OF THE KIND IS NOW THE PROPERTY OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA OF ENGLAND, HAVING BEEN AT ONE TIME ONE OF THE MOST HIGHLY PRIZED POSSESSIONS OF THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.

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