

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Solve the Ciphers Used by Yeggmen



WASHINGTON—Here is a unique receipt for "soup."

"First, take about ten or a dozen Impwri hz xug, crumble it up fine and put it in a pan or wash bowl, then pour over it enough uswhohs (either chhx or aky) to cover it well. Stir it up well with your hands, being careful to break all the lumps; leave it set for a few minutes; then get a few yards of cheesecloth and tear it in pieces and strain the mixture through the cloth into another vessel, wring the sawdust dry and throw it away. The remains will be Lhai ugx uswhohs mixed; next take the same amount of water as you used of uswhohs and pour it in; leave the whole set for a few minutes."

It is the "soup" of yeggmen, whose particular business is robbing safes. A crude cipher runs through the rignarole—merely a subdivision of the alphabet and the substitution of one letter for another. The first six letters beginning with A are substituted for the last six beginning with U, and so on, with the single exception that N is taken out of its turn and made the equivalent of G, an irregularity intended to protect the cipher from detection. But no cipher is proof against expert analysis: certainly not this one, which, though still used by "yeggs," nevertheless is known to the

police, to post office inspectors and the treasury secret service people.

Translating, you find that to make the soup you take ten or a dozen sticks of dynamite and use either wood or pure alcohol in the manner directed.

Fewer depredations by yeggmen are reported this year than usual. Last fall a series of such crimes occurred and since that time apparently there has been a period of inactivity among these most dangerous of plunderers. The post office inspectors, whose contact with yeggmen is frequent, since the attacks are often directed against country post offices, hesitate to say whether there has been an actual reduction in their numbers; for experience goes to show that waves of crime seem to sweep the country after intervals of varying length.

The "yeggmen" are especially feared because of their recklessness regarding the sacrifice of human life. Of itself, handling the "soup" is a dangerous business. The explosion is a menace to anyone in the building, and often the robbers must make a running fight of it to "make a get-away with the swag."

The name is of gypsy origin, and among gypsies indicates a clever thief so the "yeggs" is a wandering thief, generally a "hobo." As late as twenty years ago one tramp meeting another and desiring to be sure of his identity as a professional tramp, saluted him, "Ho, Beau." It was the password establishing at once a confidential partnership on a basis approaching outlawry. The "yeggs" generally are tramps, though not all tramps are "yeggs."

Blind Man Tells of Baseball Game



IMAGINE, if you can, one who has never seen the light of day, sitting in his accustomed place in the grand stand rooting with all his energy for the success of the home team, and you can easily figure out just why Washington always supports a ball team, although her ball tossers have not finished in the first division during the last decade.

Eugene Brewerton, familiarly known to his friends as "Jack," has perhaps as wide acquaintance among the patrons of the national game at the capital as "Gabby" Street or Walter Johnson, and is unquestionably the most unique rooter who ever patronized the sport. "Jack" was born in Columbus, S. C., 24 years ago, and after receiving a public school education matriculated at the University of South Carolina. He came to Washington a few years ago to study law at the Georgetown University, and it is his ambition to become as famous a lawyer as Thomas Pryor Gore.

But "Jack" does not believe in giv-

ing his entire attention to study, and, accordingly, he has found it to his liking to take in the ball games. Not only is he familiar with every characteristic of the members of the local team, but he knows as well the records and playing abilities of the visiting aggregations.

"I have often been asked how, as a blind man, I can enjoy a game. Why, there is nothing going on I don't get. I know the finer points of the game, and can map out plays which I think Jim McAleer in his palmist days could not duplicate. Don't you think it is a pleasure to see chaps of the Milan type skip around the diamond? I cannot help from yelling every time I see him completing the circuit. Then there is Speaker of the Boston team, and Cobb of the Tigers. How I love to 'watch' them in action!"

"It is my firm belief that all blind people have a sort of intuition, and everything that is going on around them makes a picture in their mind. That is the way it appears to me, anyhow. I can sit in the grand stand in the ball park and picture what Walter Johnson and the rest of the players look like."

"When the game is over, I don't have the least trouble getting to the street cars. I can feel my way along the grand stand and reach the street."

Attempt to Stop Infantile Paralysis



TROUBLED by the inroads the disease is making in some of the eastern states at the present time, the government has ordered an investigation into the epidemic of infantile paralysis. New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and the city of Washington, D. C., have felt the disease the heaviest this year, and the scores of deaths that have occurred among the little ones of that district has caused Uncle Sam to take some action.

Dr. Wyman of the Public Health and Marine hospital service, is the leader in the investigation, and he made the announcement this week that he believes the disease to be both infectious and contagious. Although

the disease is often fatal, its appalling feature is that many children affected are permanently crippled or deformed, robbed of speech or hearing. In a word, infantile paralysis is not a slaughter but a mutilation of the innocents. The disease commonly attacks children under five years of age, but occasionally an adult is its victim.

Its shining mark at this minute in the east is William Hinrich, a pitcher of the Washington American league in Washington, and his entire right baseball team. He is in a hospital arm is paralyzed. At the present time there are over 500 cases of the disease in Washington alone, while Philadelphia and New York city reports even greater numbers. Nothing is known of the cause of the disease other than that it is believed to come from a germ, but even these have not yet been found. The disease usually appears during June, reaches its greatest prevalence during July and August and subsides in September.

Government Prisoners Go in Style



THE Leavenworth Overland Special is a palatial Pullman car which runs every now and then from Washington to a certain rest cure out west with a stone wall around it. The tours are personally conducted and are rapidly becoming famous.

Every once in awhile your Uncle Sam runs across certain persons who, he believes, are leading a too active existence. A rest cure is what they need. Uncle Sam takes charge of them and sends them, after certain legal formalities, such as a trial and verdict are complied with, out to Leavenworth to recuperate.

With Uncle Samuel there is no class

distinction. Deeds count. It doesn't matter whether he was a "man higher up" or not. He travels like one. He travels to the golden west in a Pullman, he has porters to wait on him and extremely attentive detectives to see that he is comfortable. He lolls in plush swivel chairs and he dines in those neat little la carte Pullman buffets on chicken, porterhouse steak, and all the side dishes. He eats what he pleases and he does not tip the waiter, neither does he pay the bill. Uncle Sam attends to that. It is a delightful trip that is furnished him in his concluding days of freedom—days he is not likely to forget.

From Washington to Leavenworth is a trip of more than 1,500 miles. On every mile of the journey the wants of Uncle Sam's prisoners and guards are well catered to, as evidenced by the hamper of chicken, beef, ham, eggs, sardines and so on, down to the more esoteric delights of the tourist

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

by E. J. Edwards

Almost Tragedy in Congress

Former Secretary of the Navy Robeson, Replying to Bitter Attacks of Mississippian, Was Prepared to Shoot if Assaulted.

For the greater part of General Grant's two terms as president of the United States, George M. Robeson of Camden, N. J., was his secretary of the navy. He retired from that post when Grant gave way to Hayes, and, after practicing law for some time in his home city, went back to Washington as a member of the house of representatives.

During his administration of the navy department Mr. Robeson's political enemies had applied to him the nickname of "Secor," because of his alleged partiality to a manufacturer of the name of Secor when it came to awarding naval contracts for the line of goods made by Secor. Many of these political enemies were still in the public service when Mr. Robeson made his reappearance in Washington. Some of them were in congress, and these, almost as soon as Mr. Robeson had been sworn in as a member of the house, began more or less heavy attacks upon his actions when he was the head of the navy department.

Notwithstanding his aggressiveness, for which he was noted, Mr. Robeson was very sensitive to attacks upon him. He met me one day just after he had been the subject of a particularly bitter arraignment at the hands of Representative Barksdale, from Mississippi. "If these attacks continue," said Mr. Robeson, "I shall reply to them from the floor of the house, and if I do reply I think it will be worth your while to be present and hear what I say. I expect to be strongly personal and there may be a scene."

Sure enough, a few days later, Mr. Robeson took the floor of the house in his own defense, and there followed as dramatic and tense an hour as the house had witnessed in many a month. Mr. Robeson, leaving his desk, strode down the aisle and took his stand before the clerk's desk. Of impressive appearance—with his florid complexion

heightened by the strain of the moment, his white hair and beard shining like snow, and his near-sighted eyes glowing like great coals of fire behind powerful eyeglasses—he faced Representative Barksdale as squarely as a man ever faced another, and directed at him all of his stinging personal sentences. Two or three times Barksdale, showing every sign of extreme exasperation and wounded dignity, seemed about to rise from his seat, and each time Mr. Robeson stopped in his castigation and eyed his enemy intently. At last, however, being unable to stand the strain any longer Mr. Barksdale, plainly angry through and through, did rise and start towards Mr. Robeson, but near-by friends speedily forced him into his seat, and Mr. Robeson ended his speech without any further evidence on the part of Mr. Barksdale that he longed for a personal encounter with his castigator.

Twain's Last Business Joke

Characteristic Letter to New York Banker Called Out by the Non-Arrival of a Money Shipment to Bermuda.

Mark Twain was exceedingly particular about money matters, always insisting upon exacting, as a matter of principle, all that was his due and, on the other hand, being rigorously insistent on paying to the last cent every dollar of his obligations. His business correspondence frequently contained facetious and highly humorous comments and if his literary executors can obtain any of these letters it is probable that they will be able to extract therefrom some highly characteristic Twain humor.

It was Mark Twain's custom for a number of years before his death to drop in occasionally and chat with former Postmaster General Thomas L. James, now president of the Lincoln

National bank of New York city. Not only were they business friends, but they had had in common many literary friends, now nearly all dead, and Mark Twain used to enjoy exchanging anecdotes and personal recollections of them.

"I suppose," said General James to me a day or two after Mark Twain's death, "that the last humorous business communication Mark Twain ever made are those which came to me from him a few weeks ago. They were written soon after his arrival in Bermuda, whence he returned to die. For years he kept a personal account in our bank, and he was eccentric, almost, in his requests for the kind of money with which his checks were honored."

"Early in February I received a letter from him dated January 30, Bay House, Hamilton, Bermuda. It was very brief and representative of numerous other Twain business letters we have on file. It read as follows: 'Dear General:

"Please send me \$50. Send it in silver American quarter pieces. Don't send old rusty ones. Send bright and white and new ones just out of the mint. I have a special use for them. I inclose check. Sincerely yours, 'MARK TWAIN.'"

"What in the world Mark Twain wanted with 200 bright, white and freshly minted American quarters I could not surmise. He used to like occasionally to jingle coin in his pocket while talking, and maybe he wanted this new, fresh money to fumble with as he talked. Then, again, maybe he wanted it for tips. I don't know. But, anyway, we sent him the \$50 requested in newly minted quarters, notifying him that it had gone forward by Wells-Fargo express. Two weeks later, I received this letter: 'Dear General:

"The parcel of money shipped to me per Wells-Fargo express February 4 has not yet arrived. I thought I would just mention this to you in passing sometime. But on second thought I will mention it to you mainly to put you on your guard against sending anything to Bermuda or elsewhere by any express company, because I have learned that the persons connected with those companies have been dead 30 years. This often causes much delay. 'Yours always, 'S. L. CLEMENS.'"

"Wasn't that characteristic of Mark Twain? It was the last letter I received from him, and I presume it was the last business letter he wrote." (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards.)

Marine Corps is Restless

Many Officers, From Commandant Down, Have Been on Duty at Washington for Years.

That the Marine corps faces certain reorganization as the result of the pronouncement by a court of inquiry that a spirit of insubordination reigns throughout the service seems to be the prevailing opinion of naval officers on duty at the department. The serious condition of the service was held to be due primarily to too long terms of service by officers without changes of assignment. The question of reorganization probably will be considered this week and radical changes may be made.

The records of the officers concerned in the recent inquiry show that General Elliott, commandant, has been on his present duty in Washington since October 3, 1903; Col. Charles H. Lauchheimer, the adjutant and inspector at headquarters, since December 14, 1904; Col. Frank L. Denny, quartermaster, since June 27, 1897; Lieut. Col. Thomas C. Prince, since July 10, 1906; Lieut. Col. Henry C. Haines, assistant adjutant, since May 30, 1905, and Maj. David D. Porter, assistant adjutant, since May 28, 1908.

All of these have been on a cruise or on a tour of sea duty within the last ten years, except Colonel Denny, whose record shows that the expiration of his last cruise or sea duty was October, 1889, or 21 years ago.

There is a probability that when the next commandant is appointed to succeed General Elliott on his retirement next October, his term of office will be limited to four years, the same as the chief of staff of the army, and the heads of the bureaus in the navy department.

False Report. "No," said the politician who was hobbling around on crutches, "there is no truth in the rumor." "What rumor?" we asked. "The one to the effect that I broke my leg in trying to get away from an office that was seeking me," he answered.

Calls Attention. "A fellow up east is trying to invent a noiseless lawn-mower." "It wouldn't sell." "And why not?" "The noise a lawn-mower makes advertises a man's industry."

CHEERFUL WORDS FOR SUFFERING WOMEN.

No woman can be healthy with sick kidneys. They are often the true cause of bearing-down pains, headaches, dizziness, nervousness, languor, etc. Keep the kidneys well and health is easily maintained. Doan's Kidney Pills make strong, healthy kidneys.

Mrs. Della E. Chapman, 5 Winthrop St., Hartford, Conn., says: "I was a wreck from kidney trouble. I spent over \$700.00 doctoring but to no avail. I was in despair when I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills but soon felt better. For seven years I have been free from kidney trouble."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Scandal. Mrs. Simmonds glanced at the scare headline: "Bank Robbed! Police at Sea!" and laid down the sheet. "Naow, look at that, Ez!" she ejaculated, repeating the headline aloud. "Here's a big city bank broke into by burglars, and th' city police force all off fishin' somewhere! What a scandal!"—Judge.

HOW A DOCTOR CURED SCALP DISEASE

"When I was ten or twelve years old I had a scalp disease, something like scald head, though it wasn't that. I suffered for several months, and most of my hair came out. Finally they had a doctor to see me and he recommended the Cuticura Remedies. They cured me in a few weeks. I have used the Cuticura Remedies, also, for a breaking out on my hands and was benefited a great deal. I haven't had any more trouble with the scalp disease. Miss Jessie F. Buchanan, R. F. D. 3, Hamilton, Ga., Jan. 7, 1909."

Kept with Barnum's Circus. P. T. Barnum, the famous circus man, once wrote: "I have had the Cuticura Remedies among the contents of my medicine chest with my shows for the last three seasons, and I can cheerfully certify that they were very effective in every case which called for their use."

Try to Come Back. Not long ago Lord Kinnaird, who is always actively interested in religious work, paid a surprise visit to a mission school in the east end of London and told a class of boys the story of Samson. Introducing his narrative, his lordship added:

"He was strong, became weak, and then regained his strength, enabling him to destroy his enemies. Now, boys, if I had an enemy, what would you advise me to do?" A little boy, after meditating on the secret of that great giant's strength, shot up his hand and exclaimed: "Get a bottle of 'air restorer.'"

Active Possession. Guinevere, aged four, was going out to walk with a young lady, of whom she was very fond. As they opened the street door they were met by a swirling cloud of dust, blown up from the thoroughfare. "Keep your lips tightly closed, Gwen, or you'll get your lungs full of microbes," warned the young lady. Guinevere pondered a moment and then, looking up, demanded: "What are your robes?"—National Monthly.

Last Here. The Minister—in the next world, Tommy, the last shall be first. Tommy—Say, won't I shine when the minister comes to supper at our house up there!—Puck.

"NO FRILLS" Just Sensible Food Cured Him.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveler suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A Cincinnati traveler says: "About a year ago my stomach got 'fry' bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 10 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me."

"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use but finally to humor her I tried a little, and they just struck my taste. It was the first food I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering."

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October."

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over, and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand today a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do."

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any frills."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.