

PRaise BY Cannon

Speaker Commends Work of the Sixty-First Congress.

Gen. Smith Says Uncle Sam Is Not Prepared for War—How Congress Aided Morse—Dolly Madison's House.

Washington.—On the day Congress adjourned Speaker Cannon issued a statement covering the work of the sixty-first session, which he says was the best he has known in his 35 years experience. Incidentally "Uncle Joe" said he expects to return next December and will place his fate as speaker in the hands of his party.

"I do not think the work of a Congress should be measured by the volume of business, but by the character of the legislation and the care taken in its consideration," he said. "Measured by that standard, the sixty-first Congress will take a high place in the record of legislation. There have been, however, more than 6,000 of the 27,000 bills considered and reported from committees and about 300 public laws enacted in this session, as against 400 public laws for the entire sixtieth Congress. I can commend the entire membership of the house for industry and intelligence in their legislative work of this session."

Continuing, the speaker said: "In my judgment, the two sessions of the sixty-first Congress have accomplished more and done better work than any other Congress of which I have been a member. It has rarely occurred that a Congress enacting a new tariff law has accomplished much else save handling the appropriations for the government. This Congress has not only revised the tariff, without disturbing business, but it has enacted important legislation, amending the Interstate Commerce law, making that law more effective, giving the Interstate Commerce greater power and creating a court of commerce, and this without seriously affecting the business of the railroads or checking their increase of wages to their employees. This seems to me to meet the definition of statesmanship in legislation.

"This Congress has also enacted a



Speaker Cannon.

postal savings bank law, which is an entirely new legislation, placing a new trail in lawmaking in this country. That law is not on the statute books by means of hurried enactment.

"After the house had prepared a tentative bill, a Republican caucus was called to consider it, and after three long sessions a bill was agreed upon which received the majority vote in the house, and the senate also accepted that bill without amendment.

"In my judgment this is the best illustration of party legislation we have had in many years, and it fully justifies the necessity for party action in a great legislative body. If there had not been party solidarity on this bill there would have been no legislation creating postal savings banks." The speaker detailed other legislation which had been enacted.

"The appropriations," he said, "have been large, but not nearly as large as demanded by the people who were assisting over the development of the various departments of the government.

INTEREST IN HISTORIC HOUSE.

A great deal of interest centers just now around what is called "the Dolly Madison house," which is one of the historic spots in Washington. This house stands at the corner of H street and Madison place, near the Delacoe theater, which is built on the ground where Secretary Seward lived during the war, and where he came near receiving his mortal wound on the night that Lincoln was assassinated.

Gen. Smith's Interview

Officers of the army and navy who are in Washington were much interested by the interview recently attributed to Brig-Gen. Jacob H. Smith, retired—perhaps better known as "Hell Roaring Jake"—who has just returned from a tour of the world, in which he declared that the United States is wholly unprepared for war. He was discussing the possibility of a clash with Japan.

"I believe there is little probability of trouble," he said, "but if it comes our army is wholly unprepared and our navy is by no means ready. I hope to heaven such a war never is started. I am one of those soldiers who doesn't want war. But I believe the best way to prevent war is to be prepared."

"Now, how about our army? The people will not let us have enough soldiers to be of any use. The Japanese would seize the Philippines and Sandwich Islands before we could say 'Jack Robinson.' We haven't enough of an army to hold these islands and

CROPS FOR DRY FARMING.

Fall-Sown Grains Generally Best for This Purpose.

Wheat is the great money-making crop of a large part of the semi-arid West. It is not particularly a drought-resistant crop, although certain varieties appear to succeed better than others in the dry districts. The hard Red Turkey or Russian wheat is the type or variety which has proven hardest and most productive throughout the Western part of the winter wheat belt.

In the spring wheat states the standard sorts grown are Fife and Bluestem, which are also hard wheats. The Durum, or Macaroni wheat, is rapidly coming into use in the Northwest, and it appears to be harder and more productive than the ordinary spring wheats. This wheat was introduced from Russia, where it has long been grown in a climate and under conditions similar to those of the western part of the Northwest states. It is decidedly a "dry land farming" crop, and it is the hope of those interested in introducing this wheat that it may prove successful in districts where the rainfall is not sufficient or is too uncertain to grow the common wheat, and thus extend profitable wheat growing still farther west and into the semi-arid lands of the Mountain states.

At present, with the varieties grown, the success of the wheat crop in the West is more largely due to the fact that the crop grows during a part of the year when drought is least apt to prevail than to the drought-resistant character of the crop. But what is a feed feeder and a rapid grower. The plant draws its food and moisture from a large volume of soil and is able to withstand considerable unfavorable weather conditions; yet the crop is often materially injured and the yield decreased by drought during almost any period of its growth. By hot winds and unfavorable weather conditions a promising crop may be destroyed in a few days.

Wheat cannot stop growing and remain dormant during an unfavorable period of growth, as does kafir corn or sorghum. The grain must finish its growth and mature in about a certain period, whatever the conditions for growth may be.

Spring wheat is not well adapted for growing in Kansas, but with sufficient moisture to start it in the fall, and with the usual spring rains, winter wheat is a profitable crop even in the western counties of the state, where the annual rain fall does not exceed fifteen to twenty inches.

However, the methods of growing the crop are crude. Often the Western farmer plants so many acres that he is unable to farm the land well, and the result is a poor crop, if the season is at all unfavorable.

Some farmers, however, are adopting better methods. Enough good farming has been done to prove that it pays to cultivate and till the land well. Mr. H. W. Campbell reported remarkable results from practice of his system of culture on the Pomeroy model farm, in Graham county, Kansas. For several years this farm was managed to produce twice as much wheat per acre as the average crop in the surrounding country, with an other treatment of the soil except thorough tillage and cultivation.

At the Fort Hays Branch experiment station, in Ellis county, enough has been accomplished, in the ten seasons since that station was established, to demonstrate that in the semi-arid West good farming pays as well or even better than it does in the rich farming states of the Mississippi valley.

Emmer has proved to be especially hardy and drought-resistant, and in the Northwestern states this grain has given greater yields per acre than barley or oats. However, at the Fort Hays station, in Western Kansas, emmer has not proved as hardy and productive as barley and oats. As a feed emmer will hardly take the place of barley and oats, but it may be ground and fed in combination with these grains or with corn. Wherever barley or oats produce well emmer is not an especially profitable crop to grow, but in those sections of the West in which the grains mentioned cannot be successfully grown, emmer may prove to be a profitable crop.

Barley is successfully grown in Kansas farther west than any other spring grain. In fact, barley is produced in larger quantities in the western counties of Kansas than in the central and eastern counties. The counties producing the largest number of bushels in 1900 were as follows: Pawnee, Barton, Ness, Rush, Thomas, Pratt and Hodgman. Each of these counties produced over 150,000 bushels of barley in the year mentioned.

Winter Rye.

Another crop that grows successfully in western Kansas is winter rye. This crop, however, is not grown as extensively as barley, and is apparently a less profitable crop to grow than wheat.—Dry Farming Bulletin.

Arrests Follow Crash.

Birmingham, Ala.—The first criminal action taken as a result of the failure of the cotton firms of Steele, Miller & Company, of Cornhill, Miss., and Knight, Yancey & Company, two months ago, resulted in the arrest of J. A. McKnight in this city and John M. Miller in Decatur, Ala., members of the firm of Steele, Miller & Company. They are charged with sending forged bills of lading through the mails. McKnight was released on bonds of \$15,000. The amount involved in the failure of the two firms is \$8,000,000.

Train Robbers Confess.

Fairfield, Cal.—Carl Dunbar Bishop, of Kansas City, Mo., who, under the name of Charles Dunbar, was arrested here as a suspect in connection with the robbery of the China and Japan fast mail near Benicia last April 17, has not only confessed his complicity in that crime, but has also admitted that he was a partner. Joseph C. Brown, robbed the postoffice at Aramada, Cal., last June 15. Brown had previously confessed the train robbery.

He's Always Right.

Lord Northcliffe, who began life as a poor reporter, now owns the London Times, the Daily Mail, the Daily Mirror, the Evening News, and scores or two of British weeklies and magazines.

Lord Northcliffe, on his last visit to New York, was approached because two of his newspapers advocated diametrically opposite views.

But the young millionaire journalist was quite ready with his defense.

"Are there not," he said, "two sides, a right and a wrong, to every question? Well, how without two papers can I be always right?"

The Cook Came Back.

Mrs. Hasker (who has just passed through Mrs. Homer's kitchen)—How much your cook resembles the one you had a year ago?

Mrs. Homer—Resembles! Why, she's the very same girl.

Mrs. Hasker—The very same girl? How can that be? The other one's name was "Mary" and I heard you call this one "Puss."

Mrs. Homer—Oh, we call her "Puss" just because she came back.

Kept It Several Weeks.

Cyclus—It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret.

Hompson—I don't know about that. My wife and I were engaged for several weeks before she said anything to me about it.

Editor—I am obliged to decline your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but—

Poe—But what? Editor—The management insists upon my declining all poems that way.

DIDN'T WANT EMILY

LAWYER WAS SATISFIED WITH HIS RECOMPENSE.

Love's Young Dream Long in the Past, and Solid Business Reasons Alone Were All That Made an Effective Appeal.

Daniel Webster Horner stood looking down at the street from a front window of his law office in Turnersburg, pondering. Fifteen minutes before a jury had pronounced one of the young Horner's clients not guilty—though until the trial was well under way everyone had supposed the man would hang. Daniel Webster Horner's eloquence had saved him. Everyone agreed to that. In the street Horner could see groups of men everywhere, all talking excitedly, nodding in approval, or shaking hands in general congratulation. And Daniel Webster Horner was their topic.

Down the street from the court-house a tall man with a much bowed body shadowed by a huge sombrero, came slinking. The crowd turned to watch him—Jerry Mutchin, the accused. But they welcomed him with mild approval, nothing more. Mutchin must have felt this, for he scarcely looked up to answer their greetings, but came on with wavering steps to Horner's office.

Breaking of the rickety stairs, a timid knock at the door and Mutchin entered. He dropped heavily into a chair and for a moment covered his face with his hands. When he looked up beads of sweat stood out on his forehead and his chin was trembling.

"Dan," he began quaveringly, "you saved me—you—just your pleas that moved the jury. Everybody knows, old man, that you did it all. You're a hero, Dan, and I know it, and I'm here to give you all I have for payment. I—I haven't any money. You know that when you took the case. But—"

Mutchin's fingers gripped the chair arms in despair and his eyes dimmed as he paused and gasped for breath.

"But I'm grateful beyond words, Dan," he hurried on. "So I've come to give up to you the most precious possession of my life—I mean, Emily."

"Emily?" the lawyer repeated. "What's that?"

"Emily—Emily, my wife! I'll get her to divorce me and marry you." The lawyer still appeared to be puzzled.

"Dan! You don't mean to say you've forgotten!" Mutchin cried. "Emily—you and I were both in love with her in high school days. I won—"

The lawyer stopped the speech with a quick gesture, and appeared to be struggling hard to keep from laughing.

"Really, I've had a dozen sweethearts since then. I couldn't recall her at that short notice."

It was Mutchin's turn to look dismayed.

"Then—then why did you do it? Why did you work like a hero to save me? If it wasn't for the love of Emily—then, for heaven's sake, why?"

"Look around this room for your answer," the lawyer replied. "See this cracked plastering—the painted floor—the second-hand desk—that tin sign creaking just outside the window and nobody even looking up to say it ought to be oiled. Your case was dramatic and sure to get into the papers—that's all. I took it simply because I had to have the advertising. You must be going? Good luck then. Be sure to give my respects to Emily—and remember when you go to the primaries next month that I'm running for county prosecutor."

Also Puzzled Grandpa.

Eight-year-old Gracie confounded a company of merry young people by her innocent repetitions of something she had heard her shocked grandfather say.

One of the company, a young man, had been a privileged "friend of the family" for years, paying mild and deplorable attentions now to one, now to another of the four daughters of the household. Something was said about his long and happy comradeship with the pleasant girls, for the moment absent upon some hospitable errand.

"They're all lovely," said the young man warmly—"all as sweet and sound as ripe peaches. I like them all so well that I often wonder which one I like best."

"That's what grandpa was saying he'd like to find out," came the tinny faint bomb.

For Cleaning Windows.

For cleaning windows and mirrors, there are several proprietary articles on the market, but a little soda or kerosene and a little thin starch put over the glass and allowed to dry will give excellent results when rubbed off and polished with newspaper or cloth that leaves no lint. In very cold weather a little alcohol on a cloth is effective.—Harper's Bazar.

He's Always Right.

Lord Northcliffe, who began life as a poor reporter, now owns the London Times, the Daily Mail, the Daily Mirror, the Evening News, and scores or two of British weeklies and magazines.

Lord Northcliffe, on his last visit to New York, was approached because two of his newspapers advocated diametrically opposite views.

But the young millionaire journalist was quite ready with his defense.

"Are there not," he said, "two sides, a right and a wrong, to every question? Well, how without two papers can I be always right?"

The Cook Came Back.

Mrs. Hasker (who has just passed through Mrs. Homer's kitchen)—How much your cook resembles the one you had a year ago?

Mrs. Homer—Resembles! Why, she's the very same girl.

Mrs. Hasker—The very same girl? How can that be? The other one's name was "Mary" and I heard you call this one "Puss."

Mrs. Homer—Oh, we call her "Puss" just because she came back.

PROGRESS AND INDUSTRY.

Old age insurance is compulsory in Germany.

Musk importations in 1908 amounted to over \$50,000.

The silk of the spider is lighter and stronger than that secured from the silkworm.

Lavender and rose perfumes are credited with the virtue of being anticrobe-killers.

Four and a half million gross boxes of matches are used in London in a year.

Traveling cranes are now equipped with scales, so the load may be weighed in transit.

There are about 3,000 weddings every twenty-four hours, taking the entire world into consideration.

The natives of Korea carry visiting cards which measure about twelve inches square, and when their use is required they are merely shown.

The Farthing Gazette, probably the cheapest daily newspaper in existence has been started in Moscow, and has already a considerable circulation.

While two police were set aside to guard the Bank of England, and two the stock exchange, nine were employed to look after the Beickton gas works.

During 1908 the automobile export business of France, United States, United Kingdom, Italy and Germany, totaled more than \$45,000,000, against \$9,000,000 in 1902, a growth of 400 per cent. Automobile exports from the four foreign countries named, taken as a whole, increased from \$5,000,000 to \$39,000,000, a gain of 385 per cent, while those from the United States increased from \$1,000,000 to \$5,500,000, a gain of 450 per cent.

FASHION HINTS



A very attractive dress for a young girl is made in tulle fashion of dark blue tulle, with Persian Bands as trimming. The undersleeves are of deep ecru net, finely tucked.

WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT.

When It Came to Taking the Sultan's Medicine, Harem Rebelled.

Abdul Hamid, ex-Sultan of Turkey, is certainly a miserable old man. To cap the climax of all his woes it is stated that he has been deserted by his beloved and, up to recently, devoted harem. Wouldn't that make any Turk just a little bit disgusted with life in general, especially a man who has always been famed for the beauty of the ladies who reigned over his heart and home? According to La Turque, the ex-Sultan was in such fear of being poisoned that all food or drink which he took had previously to be tasted by some member of his entourage. Recently he decided to make similar regulations with regard to the medicine prescribed for him by his medical attendants.

The result was that the women of the harem were called upon to swallow nauseous drugs and potions, a regimen which soon told upon their health. In order to save themselves further experiences of the kind they decided to desert the ex-Commander of the Faithful, which they did at the dead of night, so as to "avoid painful parting scenes with the prisoner."

From an incident at Frankfort-on-Main, Germany, it would appear that after the disposal of the ex-Sultan's harem some of the women were fascinated by the footlights of the vaudeville stage. The chief attraction at a Frankfort music hall has been eight "genuine odalisques" from Abdul Hamid's harem, who appeared under the charge of two eunuchs.

A member of the audience discovered that one of the women spoke German with a pure Berlin accent. He complained to the police, who proceeded to the hotel where the party stayed to investigate the supposed fraud. The Turkish consul, being called, declared that the passport proved that seven of the members of the troupe were actually women of the harem. The eighth alleged odalisque, who hailed from Berlin, fell on her knees and implored the consul's protection, declaring that she had been kidnapped by the two Turks in charge of the troupe.

Malley Has Changed.

Senator Joseph W. Malley, the famous Texas Democrat, has changed a lot recently. For ten years after he went to Washington he always wore a broad-brimmed black hat, a "Prince Albert" coat and displayed a broad expanse of white shirt front. He boasted that he never owned a silk hat or a dress suit.

Now, however, he wears a black derby, a gray sack coat and fancy necktie and looks more like a prosperous merchant than a southern politician. He even wears a silk hat on occasions.

Kept It Several Weeks.

Cyclus—It is impossible for a woman to keep a secret.

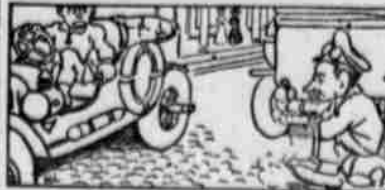
Hompson—I don't know about that. My wife and I were engaged for several weeks before she said anything to me about it.

Editor—I am obliged to decline your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but—

Poe—But what? Editor—The management insists upon my declining all poems that way.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Sorrowful Face Due to Other Troubles



NEW YORK.—A small, quiet, but sorrowful if not disgusted looking man sat by the side of a medium-sized automobile that was drawn out of the road as a large touring car came along, driven by a man with an interrogatory aspect. The man in the touring car had seen that auto every time he passed that day, so he slowed up and leaned over:

"How long have you been here?"

"Several hours."

"Can't you find out what the matter is?"

"No."

"Inlet valve all right?"

"Yes."

"Trouble with spark plug?"

"Think not."

"How are your batteries?"

"O. K."

"Haven't got a short circuit, have you?"

"Oh, no."

"How's your commutator?"

"Great."

"Perhaps your worm gear is clogged."

"No; all clear."

"Got any gasoline in your tank?"

"Plenty."

"How about your circulation? Cylinders aren't bound, is it?"

"No, sir."

"Tires seem all right?"

"Never better."

"Well, maybe your vibrator isn't adjusted."

"That's all right."

"Have you looked at your carburetor?"

"Yes."

"How about the cam shaft?"

"Grand."

"Have you tightened your connecting rods, examined your clutches and gone over the differentials?"

"Yes, yes."

The man in the touring car paused a moment and then, looking at the stranger by the roadside, said at last: "What's the matter with that machine of yours?"

"There isn't anything the matter with this machine; but since noon my wife has been in that house over there kissing her sister's first baby good-by. When she gets through, if you are not more than a thousand miles away and will leave our address, I will telegraph or cable the glad news."

How a Bride's Roses Led Her to Tears



KANSAS CITY, MO.—When Willie Boy got married he bought his wife flowers, of course. And after the wedding Mr. Willie Boy naturally decided to preserve the flowers to look at for all time by pickling them in alcohol. That was all right—it didn't cost much, just \$2 or \$3—but there was a 700-mile trip before Mr. and Mrs. Willie Boy got home.

At first they decided they'd pack the treasure in the brass jardiniere "Art" sent and bring it home in the bottom of one of the trunks. Then Emaline—that's her first name—remembered that among other things it might explode and ruin her perfectly good rose-colored dress that "Doc" went crazy over before she was married, and that there was a 26-inch willow plume in the same trunk, not to speak of a pretty coat, a lavender gown, a few more hats, a couple of hundred doodads or some more clothes. So the natural consequence came. Willie Boy carried the remains.

What'll we do with 'em? he asked.

"Why, put them in the attic, of course," Emaline answered.

Willie Boy hadn't been married very long and he wasn't independent. Still there surged into his face the blood of battle and his voice spluttered as he spoke.

"A-t-tic!" he asked. "Will we? We won't. I carried those things 700 miles, and if they're worth carrying that far they're worth looking at, even if I don't think they amount to much. Attic nothing. Mantel, that's where they're going, understand—mantel. Hear me?"

And that's the reason Emaline cried the first day she had to go to her new home.

that knockout swing away would go his bad-tempered horse!

Gordon shook his head violently and blew his breath toward the mosquito to dislodge it, but all to no purpose. The insect held on and just bored and bored. Gordon gritted his teeth and remembered the story he had read in school about the Spartan.

But what was a mere fox gnawing at a boy's vitals to a real, war-size Jersey mosquito sinking an artesian well in a man's nose!

George could stand it no longer. Up went one hand in a savage sweep. It missed the mosquito. Forgetting all except his desire for vengeance, George swung with the other hand.

And as the skeeter buzzed "Ha, ha!" the horse, freed from control, bolted. Perhaps the wind created by the speed blew the mosquito off Gordon's nose. At any rate the pest vanished. Just as Gordon grabbed the reins and started to saw on the bit a wheel struck a stone and out he shot. He landed bruised and stunned at the side of the road.

Dr. Frederick T. Witte, who was passing in his auto, got out, revived Gordon and took him home in his machine. Sometime after he arrived at the Gordon domicile, lay there was the runaway horse standing quietly at the stable door.

Mosquito Gets Credit for a Runaway

NEW YORK.—A mosquito which apparently was a cross of the famous or notorious families of Jersey well-borers and Staten Island rock-drillers, saw George Gordon's nose, buzzed a little song about "Oh, for a pasture new!" and swept down upon the nose.

The nose and George were at that moment behind a horse that George was driving.

Now, Gordon had had all he could do to manage that skittish steed before the advent of the insect. When he felt the first jab of the skeeter's surgical scissors George started to knock the squatter off his nasal territory. But he restrained his hand, for in that instant he remembered that he needed both hands to handle the fractious horse.

And there was George in a dilemma equal to that ancient one that concerned a devil and a deep sea. If he didn't knock that mosquito off his nose he'd lose his life blood, but if he took a hand from the reins to deliver

emphasized its cheapness and its good qualities, including flavor and nutritious value. The farm may enable many people to follow his advice.

The three owners will be the only trappers on the land. They will prevent poaching and will guard the rats carefully that they may multiply as rapidly as possible. In the fall they will trap, and after the pelts of the victims have been cured and sold the meat will be taken to the market.

"Our first idea was just to trap for the fur," said Gelder, "but knowing muskrats were good to eat, we decided to investigate conditions and try to promote muskrats as a popular article of diet. We have strong hopes of success, for a trial will convince people that the meat of the muskrat is good."

The farm will be used also by members of the Sag Gun club of Worth, Ill., as a hunting and fishing preserve. The swamps embraced in the farm are noted for duck hunting and fishing and have been a popular rendezvous for sportsmen of the neighborhood and of Chicago, but their pleasure has ended with the conception of the muskrat farm.

Last Call.

"I shall never enter your office again for the purpose of trying to collect this bill," declared the weary collector as he turned to go.

"Oh, thank you, my friend!" exclaimed Spokay, joyfully.

"You needn't thank me," curtly rejoined the collector. "Hereafter I shall stand on the sidewalk in front of your home and call your attention and that of your neighbors to the bill through a megaphone."