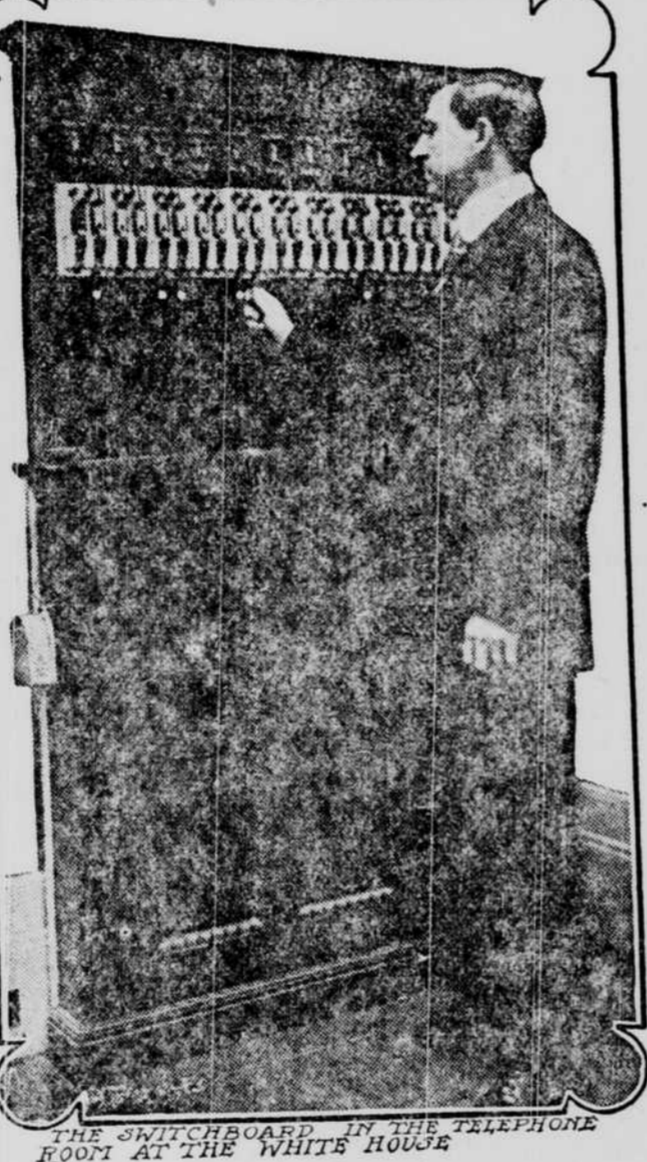
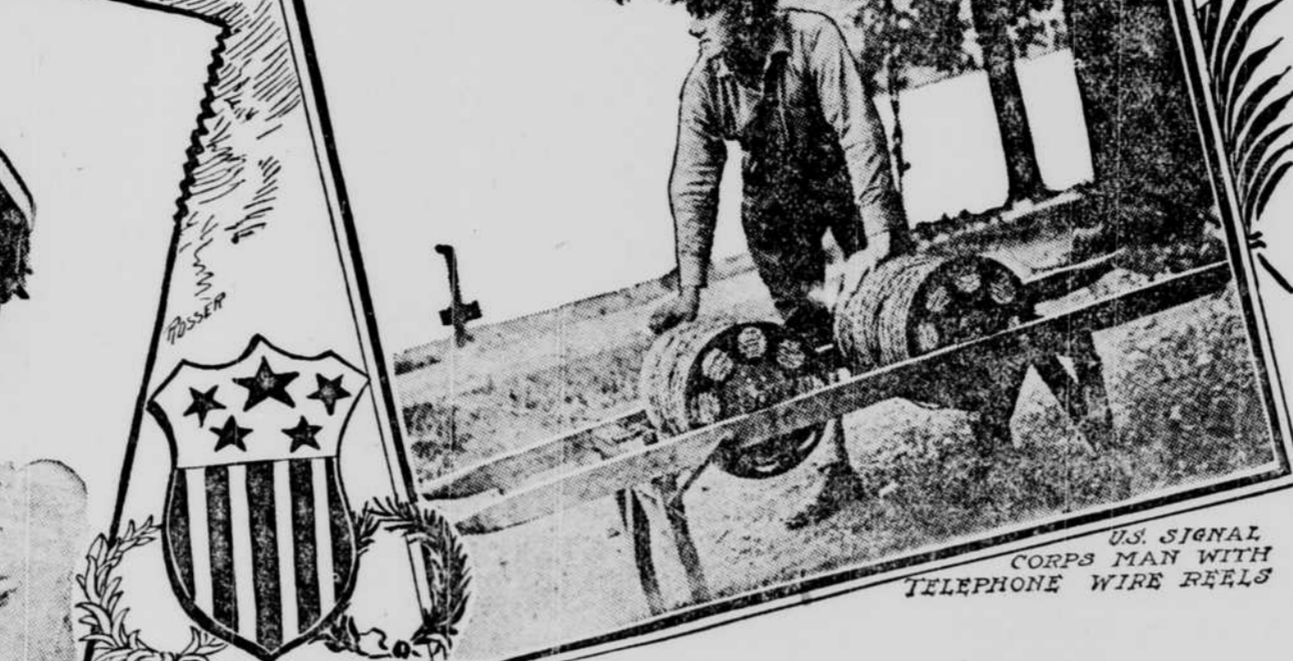
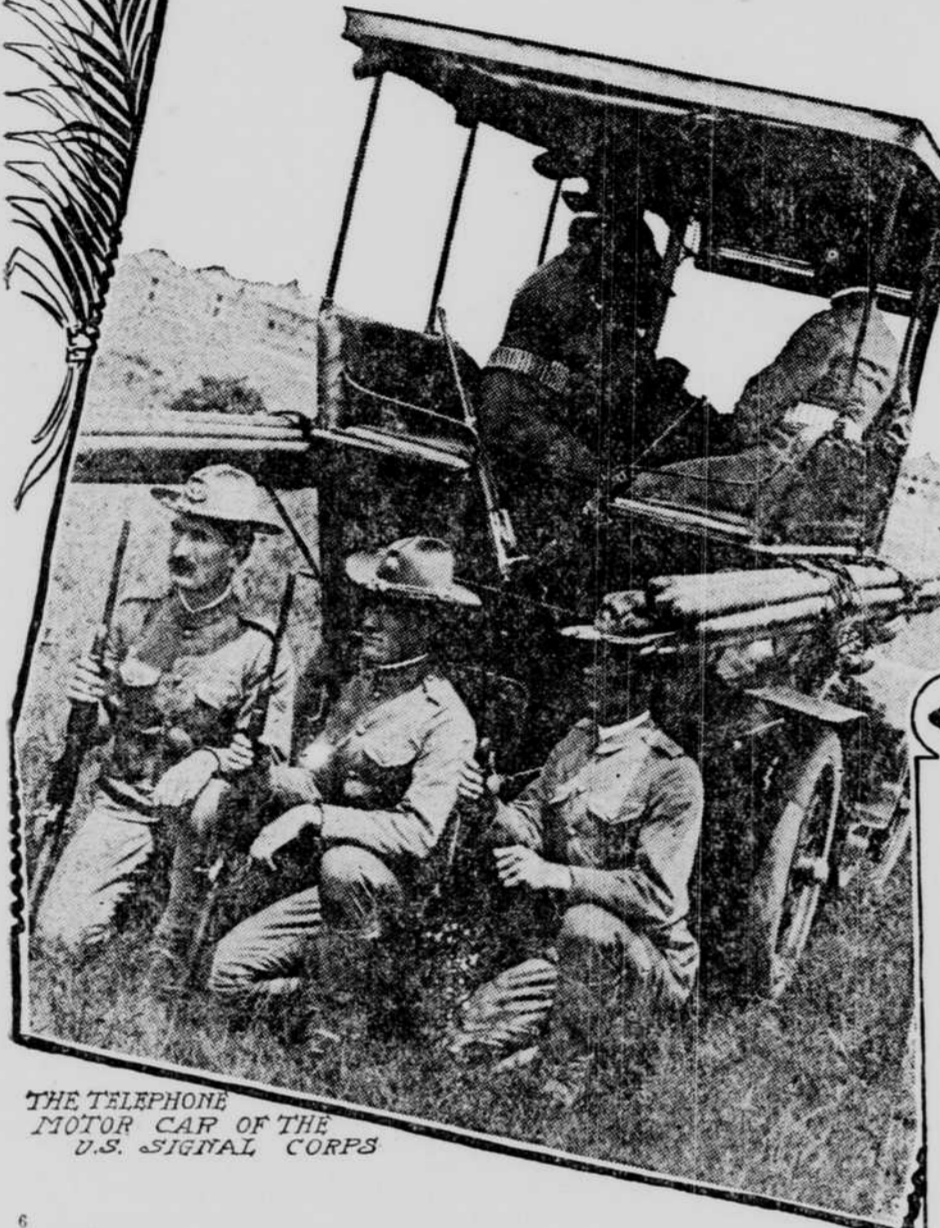
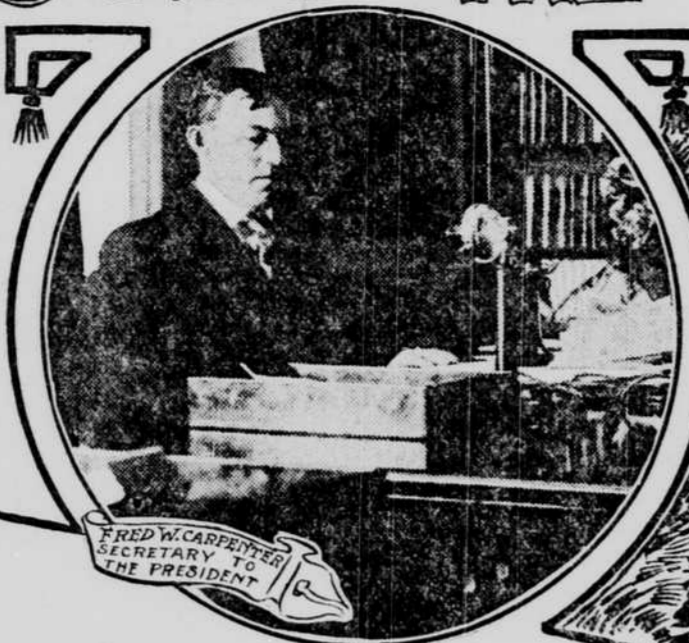


# HOW UNCLE SAM USES THE TELEPHONE

BY WALDON FAWCETT



**U**NCLE SAM has been quick to adapt to his own uses all the notable inventions and innovations of the age. The telephone, wireless telegraphy, the automobile, the flying machine and all the other notable scientific and mechanical advances of the generation have been pressed into service by the federal government as quickly or almost as quickly as spheres of usefulness have been opened to them in the commercial field. Of all the nineteenth and twentieth century revolutionary inventions, however, no one has come to have such dependency placed upon it by the national government as has the telephone. Certain it is that there would be occasion for universal surprise were it possible to compile statistics that would show what proportion of the government business is now transacted by telephone.

Every federal official, from the president to the most subordinate of the nation's public servants, has a telephone on his desk, and considerations of time saving and monetary economy, to say nothing of the conveniences, impel the almost universal employment of the "instantaneous" communicative system. It has, to a great extent, displaced the mails and telegraph—Washington, our national capital, is famous as the "best telephoned city in the world," and it is likewise known far and wide as the "City of Magnificent Distances"—two circumstances which combine to influence heavy dependency upon the telephone by the 30,000 federal employes at Uncle Sam's headquarters. More than this, however, the executive branch of the government is coming to rely more and more upon the telephone for the transaction of official business between the seat of government and federal offices in other cities. Aside from this extension of long-distance telephone operations, Uncle Sam, thoroughly abreast the times, is now conducting practical experiments with wireless telephony.

Perhaps the most convincing evidence that could be offered of the degree of dependency which Uncle Sam now places on the telephone is to be found in the attention paid to the installation of telephone facilities in the new \$50,000 office building recently completed for the use of President Taft and his business staff. Ever since the Spanish-American war the telephone room at the executive offices has been considered one of the most important features of this model business establishment, but the equipment of the reconstructed White House annex is infinitely superior to the telephone facilities in the old structure, and is, indeed, probably the finest and most complete to be found in America—that is, the most notable that has been provided in any private residence or corporate business office, or elsewhere than in the up-to-date telephone exchanges in our largest cities.

The new telephone room at the White House adjoins, on one hand, the general staff room—the working quarters of the president's clerks and stenographers—and, on the other hand, the office of the secretary to the president. Just

beyond this is the president's private office, so that the chief executive of his "right-hand man" can reach the telephonic nerve center with very little trouble. The private branch exchange in the matter of switchboard and all the details of equipment, represents the latest approved practice and the wiring of the office is thoroughly up-to-date. By no means the least important feature of the telephone room is a specially designed telephone booth, claimed to be the finest booth and the only one of its kind in the world. This is for the use of the president, when using the long distance telephone, and the structure is sound proof in the highest degree.

In general appearance the president's new telephone booth conforms very closely to the usual type of booth found in hotels, railroad stations and business houses all over the country. To be sure, the oak wood of which it is constructed has been specially selected for its beautiful grain and the plate glass in the door and windows is unusually heavy, but in general appearance the booth conforms closely to prevailing standards. The distinctive characteristics is the roominess of the interior. Not only will the booth accommodate satisfactorily so big a man as President Taft, but there is ample space for a stenographer to stand beside the president's chair inside the booth in case the executive should desire to have a memorandum taken down in shorthand as he received it over the telephone. There are also facilities whereby if desired, this booth can in warm weather, be connected with the novel air cooling system which has been installed in the new White House offices for the purpose of making them habitable to a weighty president during the dog days.

Through the medium of this telephone clearing house—with an operator on duty night and day—the president has the entire official world at his ear. First of all, it serves as the "central" of the White House private telephone system. This system has 18 "inside stations" as they are known in technical jargon—that is, it controls a dozen and a half different telephones distributed about the presidential mansion, the White House offices and the grounds, and thereby linking the business offices, the living quarters, the kitchens, laundry, stable and garage, etc., etc., not forgetting the headquarters of the police force of 32 men that guard the White House, and the members of which may be needed at some point quickly, to control a crowd or remove a crank. Via the president's private exchange his 'phone or any of the other 18 may be quickly connected to any of the thousands of 'phones—official and non-official—embraced in the public telephone system of the city of Washington.

However, the higher circles of officialdom are by no means dependent upon the public service for their telephone facilities. They have a very ingenious system of their own. It is a secret network of wires, and, very naturally, it is centered in the White House. Primarily, this confidential telephone web consists of a special private telephone wire leading from the White House to each of the nine departments of the government. The main purpose of this is to enable the chief magistrate to at any moment consult with any of his nine cabinet officers without any danger of eavesdropping, but of course, should the president desire to communicate confidentially by 'phone with any subordinate in any of the departments, it is a simple matter to summon such individual to the secret 'phone, rather than to have him communicate with the White House via the regular telephonic channels.

Equally important as arteries of quick communication, are the two special telephone wires leading from the White House to the United States capitol. One of these lines leads into the great exchange at the big white-domed building, and through this "central" the president can get connection with the private office of any senator or representative, or with the cloak rooms or other rendezvous of the lawmakers. The other line from the White House to the capitol is a strictly secret line. Not only does it not lead into the exchange at the capitol, but the terminal is not accessible to any person save with the president's sanction. It is safe to say that there are men who have been in congress for years, who do not know of the existence of this secret line to the White House, much less know the location of its terminal. However, the line serves a most important purpose, for it enables the president to at any time, confer with the vice-president or with any senator or representative—for instance, the administration spokesman or floor leader—in absolute security as to the confidential character of the verbal exchanges. Not even a "hello girl" can overhear what is said.

In number of connected telephones, and in point of the average number of calls handled

daily, the greatest private telephone exchanges in the world are those at the United States capitol, and in the most extensive government departments at Washington, as, for instance, the war and navy departments, and the department of agriculture. Such an exchange covers hundreds of 'phones, and there is a "night service" which enables communication with all the more important officials at their homes. The equipment of the more notable of these governmental exchanges is of perfection itself. The switchboards, for instance, are of the illuminated type. That is, instead of the receipt of each call being marked by the fall of a small metal tab—something that may easily be overlooked by a "hello girl"—the summons for "central" to make a connection is given by the illumination of a small electric lamp—something that cannot readily escape notice. The switchboard of this type provides, of course, one

# By Polly's Aid

By ELEANOR B. PORTER

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The schoolroom was very quiet. The master sat at the desk, wearily leaning his head on his hand, his eyes fixed on a boyish scrawl decorating the blackboard across the room.

"This world is all a fleeting show for man's delusion given," he read with a mild wonder as to how Bobby Green chanced to express so pessimistic a doctrine.

The misquotation, as it stood, was certainly in sad accord with his own ideas, but that was no reason why the children should learn the truth thus early in life.

Scott Fairfield, the new master of the district school at the Corners, had the name of being a "powerful hand for grammar and composition," but to-day he had outdone himself. After a lengthy and painstaking explanation of the word "biography" he had startled the children by requesting each one to write the biography of some friend or relative; and it was with many laborious sharpenings of pencils and much rattling of paper that the youthful writers had begun their task.

At the Deans' supper table that night, during a momentary lull in the conversation, came Polly's opportunity.

"Mamma, what's a biography?"

"Bless the child—what is she up to now!" exclaimed Mrs. Dean in gentle surprise.

"It's writing a whole lot of nice things about somebody—praising him way to the skies, when it isn't true at all!" started Aunt Madge, who had just been reading the eulogy of a man she cordially disliked.

"It's telling of everything a person did do, and a few things he didn't," declared brother Ned with a shrug of his shoulders.

"My dear, it's a full account of one's life which one would never recognize as one's own," said her father, as he

dark-haired, bright-eyed woman up to him and saying:

"This is my Aunt Madge, Mr. Fairfield."

Every vestige of self-possession left the master of the village school, and he stumbled and blundered in hopeless confusion, while his face went from white to red, and red to white.

"—er—oh—there is some mistake—er—I'm delighted, I'm sure—" then to Polly with wrathful recklessness—"Why, child, you said she was tall and—" he stopped short with a sudden realization of the vivid color that was staining scarlet the face of the pretty little woman at his side.

"Apparently my niece has been favoring you with my personal description—and the reality disappoints you," she began frigidly, but with the suggestion of a twinkle in her eyes—there was something wonderfully ludicrous in the picture of confusion before her.

The poor man opened his mouth to speak, but Polly came to his rescue.

"Papa said you wouldn't recognize it!" said she, gleefully.

"Recognize what?" questioned Aunt Madge, turning to Polly in surprise.

"Your biography, of course, and you said it was praising 'em way to the skies when it wasn't true, too!"

Aunt Madge colored and bit her lip, and the ghost of a smile flickered for an instant across the distressed face of the man; then he gathered all his scattered wits and made a mighty effort.

"I sincerely beg your pardon. The fault was all my own. I was led, by what this little maid said in her biography, to think that in her Aunt Madge I had discovered a long-lost friend. I only hope you will kindly excuse my awkward stupidity when you realize how great must have been my surprise as I saw, not my friend, but an entire stranger enter the room." Then he turned to Polly with a faint smile, but a deep pain far down in his eyes. "I fear, my dear, that my meaning was not quite clear to you about the biography. I did not intend that you should imagine it all."

"I didn't!" asserted Polly, stoutly. "I was telling all the time about a beautiful lady that I love very dearly, and it's all true, every bit of a word. It's Miss Weston, over at Cousin Mabel's. I just wrote about her for Aunt Madge's biography—that's all," added Polly with a sob in her voice.

"She means Madge Weston who is visiting my brother's family across the street; the young lady has suddenly become Polly's idol," explained Aunt Madge hastily, marveling at the great light which transformed the face of the man before her, as the name passed her lips.

Five minutes later he had mingled hasty adieus and apologies and had turned quick steps toward the house across the way.

Aunt Madge, with a sympathetic little thrill for that other woman's coming joy, saw through the window the door of the opposite house open and close on Fairfield's stalwart form; then Polly was surprised with a spasmodic hug and a fervent kiss from her usually undemonstrative auntie.



Now and Then She Stole an Upward Glance at His Face.

pushed back his chair; and in the general laugh that followed, Polly slipped away.

The biographies were to be read on Friday afternoon. When the appointed time arrived, the youthful authors betrayed some excitement and nervousness as they rose one after another to offer their contributions. The master looked down very kindly at Polly's flushed cheeks and shining eyes, but he started slightly as she announced in a shrill trill:

THE BIOGRAPHY OF MY AUNT MADGE

This beautiful lady was born, oh, I don't know how many years ago, but ever so many—much as 20 maybe. She isn't dead yet, so I don't know when she died. She is tall and slim, and has got a lot of shiny gold hair piled way up on top of her head, and she is the prettiest lady I ever saw. I love her very, very much. She is never cross and never says "Run away." I don't know anybody else who says "Run away," sometimes. But this beautiful lady is very sad. Sometimes when I look at her I want to cry, but I don't know why, so I don't. Once upon a time she had a lover, but I know this because she has got his picture upstairs in her room. I don't think he is as pretty as she is, and I told her so one day. She looked awful funny, and took the picture away quick. He looks a little like my teacher, only my teacher has got whiskers, and he hasn't. This lovely lady has not been here very long, but I wish she would stay forever. That is all I know about her.

POLLY ANN DEAN.

Scott Fairfield's face was white and his voice was very low and husky as he called on Tommy Brown for the next biography.

When Polly started for home that night, she found the master beside her.

"May I walk with you, dear?" he asked, with a wonderfully sweet smile.

Polly was raised at once to the seventh heaven of delight. She blushed and hung her head, but she looked sideways out of her eyes to see if Mary Ellen and Susie were watching—the master was not wont to be so gracious.

"Do you think your Aunt Madge is at home to-night?" questioned Fairfield again, with a strange diffidence.

Polly nodded.

"Perhaps you will take me to see her," he suggested, almost deferentially, and then he was strangely silent.

"It must be Madge," he was thinking. "It is just like her own proud self to make no sign. Pride? What was pride worth, anyhow! He was sure he would throw his to the winds."

His blood was coursing madly through his veins and he was tugging to his finger-tips when Polly opened the gate before a pretty wattle cottage; but he contrived to walk with proper sedateness behind his small guide, who was fairly quivering with the delightful importance of the occasion. He was pacing nervously up and down the parlor, however, when Polly disappeared in quest of Aunt Madge.

Scott Fairfield started quickly forward as the door opened, but his impression "Madge" came on his lips, and his outstretched hand dropped to his side. Polly was leading a small,

## Women as Inventors.

A writer in Cassier's Magazine celebrates the inventive skill of women. He notes in the long list of mechanical devices "sprung from the fertile brain of American womanhood" a machine for driving barrel hoops, a steam generator, a balling press, a steam and fume box, an automatic floor for elevator shafts, a rail for street railways, an electric apparatus, packing for piston rods, locomotive wheels, a railway tie, a stock car, a boring machine for drilling gun stocks, etc. That is all very well, but no woman has ever invented a machine that will button her up the back. She has to marry a man to get that done with neatness and dispatch.

## Future Living Conditions.

M. Jules Bois, the distinguished French writer, who has discovered much concerning ancient civilization, predicts that in a hundred years' time the great cities of Europe will be practically uninhabited except for business purposes during the daytime. All classes will live in the country or in garden cities, to which access will be cheap and extremely rapid, owing to the development of pneumatic railways or flying cars. The motor car will have gone completely out of fashion, but the bicycle will come again in favor, for a sort of flying bicycle will be invented, which will enable the rider to soar in mid-air.

## Korean Mining Industry.

The mining industry in Korea gives employment, directly and indirectly, to some 8,000 Koreans. As regards copper deposits the Kapsan mine, in the northeast of Korea, which is now held by an American company, has for centuries been worked by Koreans, and preliminary surveys of the property revealed the possibilities of rich deposits of the metal. Coal and iron are widely diffused, but difficulties of transport render the working of these deposits even where rich, impossible at present except in the case of the anthracite coal mines near Pyeng-Yang, which are under the control of the Korean government.

## Pictures Future for Rabbit.

A theorist on the rabbit problem suggests that some day the rabbits will actually be cultivated and improved in Australia, as the sheep was, his fur lengthened and the value of his skin thus improved, both as clothing in cold climates and as the basis of felt for hats. He pictures the possible future stud rabbit sales. But that is a dream of the future. At present the rabbit in Australia is a declared public enemy, to which no man can give harborage without incurring the resentment of the law.

## ALL SUNSETS ARE NOT ALIKE

Domestic Happening Helped Mrs. Peterby to See the Beauty of This Particular One.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterby were sitting on their piazza. It was late afternoon and the sun was making his final preparations to gild the western heavens. Peterby sat in mute admiration. "Did you ever see such a superb sunset?" he exclaimed, rapturously. "It is simply wonderful! Amazing!" Mrs. Peterby did not join in his enthusiasm. She shifted uneasily in her chair.

"You would think anything was good," she replied. "You've just had a good dinner. But it's just an ordinary sunset, nothing more."

"Where are you going?" asked Peterby. "Why can't you sit still? Just

like a woman. No artistic appreciation." "I'll be back presently," replied Mrs. Peterby.

Four or five minutes passed. She came back and sat down. There was silence.

"It is beautiful," whispered Mrs. Peterby. "Don't think I ever saw a finer sunset. See that exquisite coloring of the—those feather effects. Perfectly lovely!"

Peterby turned his face slowly and gazed at her.

"What did you do in the house just now?" he asked.

Mrs. Peterby's face beamed.

"Why," she replied, "the cook was going to leave, but she told me she would stay another month."—Success Magazine.

A Modern Woman.

A Massachusetts woman can talk 64 languages. And it was a Puritan poet who decided that one tongue was enough for a woman.—Cleveland Leader.

Church Bell Kills Sexton.

M. Dumet, sexton of the church at Bayet, was killed by the bell falling from the tower. He had gone to ring it to announce religious service, when it snapped off and dropped, killing him on the spot.

Making a Life.

Many a man has made a good living who has made a poor life. Some men have made splendid lives who have made very moderate and even scanty livings.—Success Magazine.