

# Washington Day by Day

News Gathered Here and There at the National Capital

## BUSY SESSION COMING FOR SECRETARY TAFT



WASHINGTON.—It is a busy season that Secretary Taft will have from this time on. To discharge what may be termed his political duties the secretary will make two graduating day addresses, one to the graduating class of the University of Iowa and the other to the students who will go forth from the University of Minnesota to grapple with, throw and hog-tie the various problems of our complex civilization. These he will give off some time in June—if he gets back from a trip to the canal, to Cuba, Porto Rico and Santo Domingo.

Why he is going to the isthmus everybody ought to know. No matter whether the work hereafter is to be done by contract or by the government without the intervention of such an agency Taft will need to be on the job.

The troubles of Cuba in themselves speak the excuse of the secretary for going to that island. Porto Rico would like to see the secretary just for the sake of having a look at him. Santo Domingo, by the time Taft is rolling over the deep blue Caribbean, will be under the control of this government and Taft is the minister for the colonies, so there is no need of a long dis-

sertation on why he is going there. It's simply necessary that he should see.

Having performed his duties there the secretary is at liberty to return to his home and take his flying (figurative, of course) trip to the north and west to make those speeches to the collegians.

Then he will be off on a trip to the Philippines, those far-off, dark, chocolate-colored islands where he left his heart. If there is one thing above all others that Taft desires it is to see those islands formed into a strong autonomous government. September 15 will be celebrated in the islands. That will be Taft's birthday. To the islanders it will be about the same as February 22 is to continental Americans. Taft will be there to advise and comfort the little brown brothers that appear to be getting a degree of civilization that is not injected with a Krag.

Taft, therefore, for one who is said to have presidential aspirations, will have about as much opportunity for looking after his political prospects as a Patagonian has of plating the next transit of Venus—if the lady has a transit.

## WASHINGTON DIPLOMATS STRUGGLE WITH EXPENSES



HOW may an ambassador keep the wolf (not to mention the social sheep) from his official door when his miserly government grants only a niggardly pittance of, say, \$40,000 a year in our coin? Anybody who knows Washington knows that the task of keeping the expenditures of diplomatic households inside the diplomatic limit requires more fine figuring than would be needed to repair a dozen shortages in treasury branches.

There is James Bryce, for instance. He had the forethought to suggest that \$2,000 be added to the annual stipend of the British ambassador (himself), because of the constantly increasing cost of living at the American capital. The German ambassador cried for help a year ago. The envoy from Vienna spent almost six months weeding the equivalent of 10,000 a year from the imperial budget of Austria-Hungary. When the pitiful tales which emanate from the diplomatic corps become public it seems a miracle that the men are able to wear boiled shirts, even on Sundays.

It has been said that soon only millionaires will be able to accept diplomatic missions, since only that class can afford to accept a first-class post on the present salary.

It looks as if this condition were fast overtaking the cabinet set. The pace ordained for the counselors of the president is one which would deplete a fat pocketbook. Recent additions to the cabinet are men of large means, but the majority of the members are

considered poor men or only moderately well-to-do.

There are those in Washington who assert that they cannot comprehend how the president can afford to entertain as he does. They believe he is living up to every cent of his salary, and may go beyond it. If the British ambassador cannot make ends meet with \$42,500 a year, and another 10,000 added for emergencies, what can the president accomplish with less? The British ambassador can curtail his expenses at will. Sir Mortimer Durand was a thrifty individual, and he must have put by a goodly amount for a rainy day. He never gave but one large ball in his three years' service here, and his dinner parties could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The British embassy is furnished in sumptuous style, having finer silver, china and general possessions than the White House. The linen of every description is sent yearly by the government, and a large amount is sent to repair and renovate the interior every season. All this and no questions asked.

Now, the president of the United States receives 50,000 a year, the use of the White House, the furnishing, heating, lighting and decorating the same on festive occasions. The 30 servants are paid by the public money, except, of course, the maids, valets, nurses, etc., that the presidential family might need. The only dignified procedure in Washington at present is for those who cannot keep up the pace, to retire gracefully.

## RETURNS TO CONGRESS AFTER LONG ABSENCE



JUST 34 years ago Gen. I. N. Sherwood was elected to the house by the Toledo (O.) district. On Monday, March 4, he emulated the cat that came back. As the owner of a hiatus in public life Sherwood is the premier. The late Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, came back after he had been out for 31 years. J. Warren Keifer, also an Ohioan, was out for 24 years, but Sherwood has the pas over them all.

The general is not such a terribly old man at that. He is only 72—ten years younger than Senators Whyte and Morzan and 12 years the junior of Senator Pettus. Although a Democrat, Sherwood bears the unique record of never having been defeated for any office for which he was a candidate. There are a number of statesmen in the Toledo district who hope he will get as tired of Washington during the two years for which he was elected last fall as he got 30 odd years ago, when, after two years of life in Congress, he decided that he had had

enough.

Sherwood was twice secretary of state in Ohio, having been elected in 1868 and 1870; twice probate judge of Lucas county, once mayor of Bryan, O., and once prosecuting attorney for Williams county, and twice a representative in congress.

To get back to congress this time he had to overcome a Republican majority of 18,600. To do that he had to carry Wood county, the home of his Republican rival, by more than 900 majority. The year before the county had given a Republican majority of 2,300.

Sherwood is a sport. He is the owner and editor of a horse racing paper published at Cleveland. He has been running that paper for 11 years. Before he bought it he owned the Canton News-Democrat. It was discouraging work to run a Democratic paper in McKinley's home, so he sold out and returned to Toledo, only to get back into the business again via the sporting sheet route.

## ALICE BRAVES ELEMENTS FOR OUTDOOR EXERCISE



MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH may well be called "a chip of the old block" for she certainly inherits her father's taste for outdoor life in all sorts and conditions of weather. Let the day be ever so stormy, neither wind nor rain can deter the president from a tramp over the country ways and byways. In fact, the more beastly the weather is the more he seems to enjoy being out in it, battling against the elements. The same desire and will to face a storm is inherited by his strenuous daughter.

A soft but heavy snow falling through night and all day has covered Washington with a mantle of white beautiful to look at, but decidedly sloppy under foot.

Through sleet and a drizzling sleet and rain, Mrs. Longworth, accompanied by Miss Isabelle May, walked briskly up Connecticut avenue the other afternoon. The young women

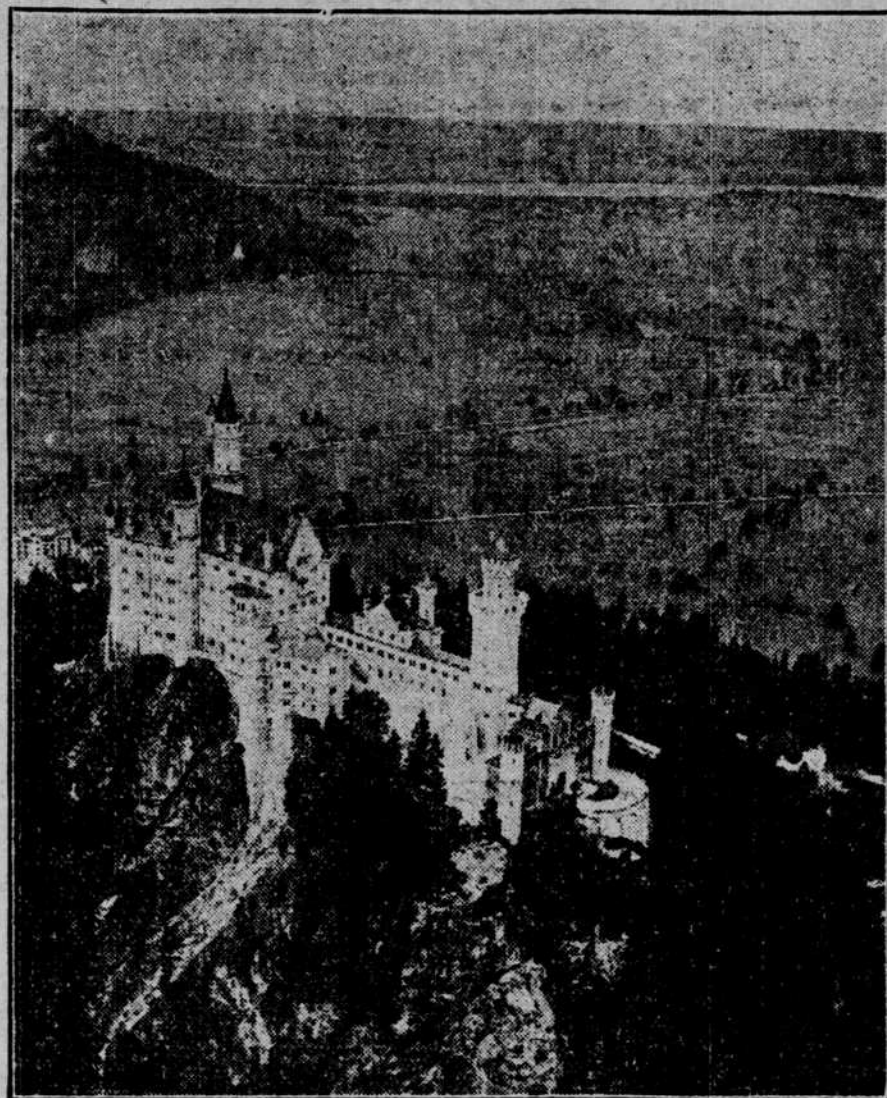
evidently were out for a good tramp, and walked with the air and determination of those who walk for the pleasure of it.

In short skirts and with no umbrellas they were quite free to get the full benefit of their exercise, and the fact that they had the street almost to themselves only lent additional zest to the sport.

Mrs. Longworth wore the short skirt affected by the Boston girl, who dares to shorten it a little more than the girl of any other town on this side of the Rockies. Her light-colored dress was fully four or five inches from the ground. Above this sensible skirt was a little jacket to match, with which she wore a turban to correspond and brown furs.

Many a man falls to rest the top because every time he stops to rest he falls asleep.

## Castle of Mad King.



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.  
Neuschwanstein from the heights in the Bavarian Alps, the magnificent creation of the unfortunate King Ludwig II., of Bavaria.

## WILL HONOR CUSTER.

MONROE, MICH., TO ERECT MONUMENT TO ITS SOLDIER HERO.

Famous Cavalry Leader Was Born in Ohio, But Always Regarded Wolverine Village as His Home.

Monroe, Mich.—Though he was perhaps the most famous soldier who has ever called Michigan his home, there is as yet, 31 years after his death, no memorial within the borders of the state to Gen. George A. Custer.

To remedy this the citizens of Monroe are now agitating the erection of a handsome monument to this dashing cavalryman, who, from his later boyhood, always looked upon Monroe as his home.

Though Gen. Custer was born in Ohio and though his parents continued to live there, with the exception of one year, Custer himself went to

school at Monroe and spent much of his time there with his sister, Mrs. Reed, who had married a Monroe man.

His appointment to the military academy at West Point was given him by an Ohio congressman, but it was always to Monroe that he returned for his furloughs during his academy course as well as on his later leaves of absence during the war. There he was married to Miss Libbie Bacon, daughter of Judge Bacon, one of the most prominent of the town's citizens, and there was the sorrow greatest when the dread news came on that Fourth of July of centennial year of the annihilation by the Sioux under Sitting Bull of the gallant general and his whole command of the Seventh cavalry on the Little Big Horn in Montana, eight days previous.

Since that day the federal government has made the site of the "last battle" a national park, marked the

route of the Seventh's last march, and erected a handsome monument on the site where Custer himself fell.

But Michigan, on whose name he shed luster by his command of the "Michigan brigade" during 1863 and 1864, has done nothing toward providing a memorial to his deeds.

It was Custer and his "Michigan brigade" that during the civil war restored the cavalry arms to the place it had occupied in the days of Napoleon, when the dashing cavalry charges at Murat were an important factor in almost every battle.

Appointed brigadier general when but two years out of West Point for gallantry in small actions as an officer on the staff of Gen. Pleasanton commanding the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, Custer was assigned to the "Michigan brigade," composed of the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Michigan regiments of cavalry. At this time the cavalry was rather looked down upon by the other branches of the service, but the tactics of Custer and his "Michigan boys" soon changed all this. Instead of depending upon the carbine, as the cavalry had done in the civil war up to that time, Custer placed his trust in the saber and in the efficiency of the sweeping mounted charge to dismay his enemy. That the cavalry came to be looked upon as an effective force from that time on was due as much to Custer and his actions as to any other single influence.

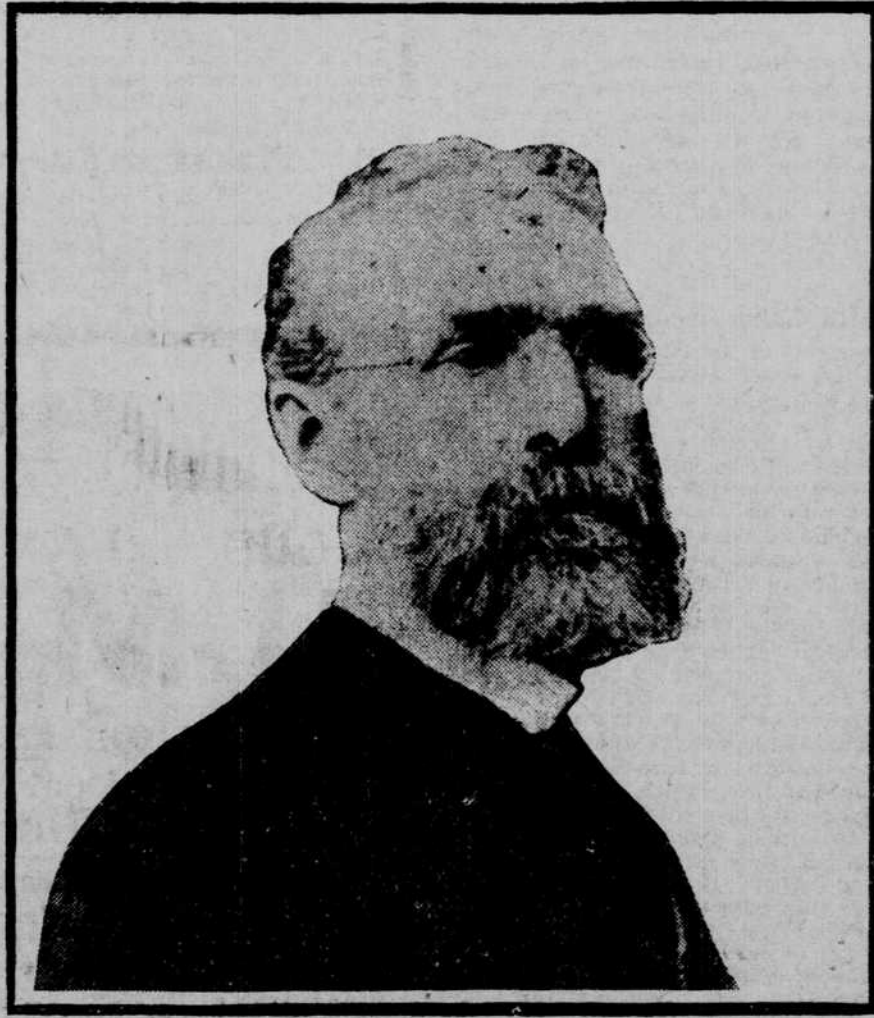
For a year he commanded the Michigan brigade and then was advanced to the command of the Third division of the cavalry corps. His exploits there attracted the attention of the whole north and that of the south as well, and his generalship during the closing campaign which ended in the surrender of Appomattox left him with the highest individual fame as a cavalry commander of any man, either northern or southern, with the single exception of Phil Sheridan.

After the war, when the principal duty of the cavalry, to which he was assigned as lieutenant colonel of the Seventh, was Indian fighting, Custer's success was as great as it had been against the southern legions, and in not a single instance did it fall, except in the "last battle."

And even there the claim, made at the time by Custer's friends, that his defeat and annihilation were the direct results of the failure of his subordinates to obey his orders has never been disproved, so that there is nothing from his first action in 1861 until he was shot down in the midst of his men on the Little Big Horn in 1876 to tarnish his fame as a brave man, a gallant soldier and a brilliant commander.

The citizens of Monroe have taken up in earnest the matter of a monument to be erected in the city of his adoption and will probably go to the legislature with a request for assistance in raising the money necessary, which it is figured will be about \$25,000. Two sites are being considered.

## Charles R. Van Hise.



President of the University of Wisconsin.

## Makes Metal Teeth to Chew Jail Fare.

Columbus, O.—"Iron Teeth John" is the name J. W. Rheam, an inmate of the penitentiary serving three years from Perry county for horse stealing, has earned for his fellow prisoners.

Rheam is an old man, and at one time worked at the jewelry trade at Somerset. He has but two good teeth in his head, and found the prison fare rather hard to masticate.

With an old file and a piece of soft iron Rheam supplied the deficiency making a plate to fit over his two remaining molars. John can chew any thing now, for he has a set of "store teeth" that he will match with those turned out by any expert dentist.

At a home wedding it is faux pas for the groom to be muzzed up by sticky children until the big doings are over

## American Honored by Czar.

J. A. L. Waddell, a bridge engineer, of Kansas City, Mo., has received from Czar Nicholas of Russia notification that he has been chosen to membership in the Society of Beneficence, an organization recently founded by the czar's sister, the Grand Duchess Olga. This distinction has been conferred because of Mr. Waddell's connection with preparing plans for the Trans-Siberian railway. Years ago this same engineer was made knight commander of the Rising Sun by the Japanese emperor. This followed Mr. Waddell's sojourn of four years in Japan, where he had been an instructor in engineering at the Imperial university at Tokyo.

## Interruption to Meditation.

Ye editor of ye Banner fell over a cow lying down on the sidewalk as he was returning from church Sunday evening and the result was a skinned nose and several bruises. Cows have their rights as well as human beings, but we think it behooves the village council to take some steps in the matter.—Hometown (Cal.) Banner.

## WEALTH GOING TO WASTE.

Cornstalks Contain Enough Alcohol to Run the Country's Machinery.

Washington.—Professor Wiley of the department of agriculture says that inasmuch as every 100 pounds of cornstalks will yield six and a half pounds of absolute alcohol it is obvious that the ignorant agriculturist has been allowing an enormous amount of wealth to go to waste.

Say that one acre will yield from ten to 12 tons of grain stalks, or about 20,000 pounds, and you have a quantity of raw material which will produce 1,300 pounds of absolute alcohol, or 216 gallons. Alcohol at the present time is worth 40 cents a gallon.

Ground in a wet condition and dried, cornstalks may be kept indefinitely, and are ready at any time for conversion into alcohol. Professor Wiley says that the alcohol derivable from the cornstalks that now go to waste in this country would not only drive all the machinery of the factories but would furnish the requisite power for all the railroads and steam

boats, run all of the automobiles, heat and illuminate all the houses and light the streets of every city in the union.

## Tees Are Worth \$722 Each.

Green Bay, Wis.—A jury here has fixed the price of tees at \$722 each. William Gussart, who lost three tees while working for the Greenleaf Stone company, brought suit to recover damages and the jury awarded him \$2,166.

## Canine's Grave Next Here.

Milton, Pa.—Miss Sadie LaForm, who died here, left a bequest in her will that her dog Charlie be cared for out of her estate, and then, if cemetery rules permitted it, that he be buried in a fine casket beside her.

## Locks of Washington's Hair.

Lancaster, Pa.—Mrs. Margaret Snader, an aged woman, living in New Holland, has several strands of the hair of George Washington, given to her mother many years ago by a member of the Custis family.

## For the Homeseekers' Benefit

By Theodore Waters

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Did you know, Hocky," remarked Mr. David Gimbold to his partner, Mr. Israel Hochheimer, "did you know that just previous to his death, Roswell P. Flower was planning a corner in zinc?"

"No, I did not know it," replied Mr. Hochheimer, reflectively, gazing out of the window of their Wall street office.

"I've been thinking, Hocky," went on Mr. Gimbold, "that we might take up the matter where Flower laid it down. I have a notion that we might corral the necessary funds simply by modifying Mr. Flower's methods. In fact, I believe we could get the government to help us."

"Nearly all of our zinc comes from Arkansas and Missouri. There is a trust, but it is a puny affair, down at Joplin, with a paltry half-million at stake. For a peculiar condition exists. Most of the land in the zinc country is government land, subject to the homestead law. The government charges a fee of about \$14 for every 160 acres of land, but every applicant must live five years on the land before he gets his title. Now, if we could get that government land we would be able to control almost half of the zinc output of the district. And we could force the trust to buy us out."

"Very good," said Mr. Hochheimer, as Gimbold paused for breath. "But since no man can secure more than 160 acres, and since each applicant must swear that he intends to establish a home, and is not taking the land for purpose of speculation, how are we to get around it?"

"Hocky," replied Mr. Gimbold, waving his hand around comprehensively, "there are many poor fellows in this city who would be glad to own land in Arkansas or in Missouri. You know a great many, and so do I."

"Well, then, if we showed those poor fellows how to get land free in Arkansas and Missouri—if we paid the government fee for them, and bought them railway tickets to their new

homes, don't you think they would be grateful enough to assign us the right to mine whatever ore might be under the surface of the land?"

"Davy," said Mr. Hochheimer, feelingly, "you are a wonder."

"But that isn't all," said Gimbold. "I believe there are many benevolent old persons in this city who would be delighted to subscribe to a fund which we would be glad to manage, and which would be used to transport those poor fellows to their new homes."

"Beautiful," said Mr. Hochheimer. "Simply beautiful."

"Of course, it would not be necessary to say anything about the option on what is under the surface, either to the benevolent old persons or to the poor fellows, until after the latter had started on their way."

"But how would we hold them, in case they refused?" asked Mr. Hochheimer, anxiously.

"Well, you see," replied Mr. Gimbold, "as managers of the fund we would go to the railroads and secure transportation in bulk. There ought to be a good commission in that. Of course, those poor fellows will want their household goods sent on ahead. We will be glad to do that for them, but we will not give each one a ticket until just before the train starts. I am sure that not one of them would object to signing the option on the spot. In case any one refuses, it will be very easy to have one of our 'investigators' suddenly find that under the rules of the benevolent fund the ungrateful fellow is ineligible."

Gimbold went into the churches and the charity bureaus and among the old gentlemen, and appealed in the name of all that is kindly and true for the relief of the suffering poor. From the moment it got fairly launched, the scheme began to take care of itself.

"Great Caesar, Hocky, look there!" It was the morning after that memorable Sunday when the three color prospectus had formed the basis of so many sermons. Hochheimer and Gimbold had come down town together somewhat late. They went up to their office in a crowded elevator, and when they got off at their floor the crowd went with them. The corridor was jammed from wall to wall with an indiscriminate mass of humanity—males, females, respectable, disreputable, well-dressed, unkempt, native, foreign—pushing and crowding, babbling and gesticulating.

There was no turning them away, those poor fellows, for not only were there clergymen among them, as Gimbold had seen, but reverend gentlemen were in many cases leaders of special contingents of home-seekers, and many others in the crowd carried letters from contributors to the fund which were not to be ignored. It was late

in the day before the last application was received, the last dreary explanation made, the last golden promise uttered. Day after day the crowd surged into the office and out again. And it grew not only in size, but in its exactions, for humanity in general is very insistent in the matter of its rights when they involve free-for-all schemes. Then the notoriety which the newspapers gave the scheme not only increased the size of the crowds but it brought in a couple of government inspectors, who wanted to know if it was being thoroughly explained to each applicant that the non-speculative clause in the government contract would be rigidly enforced. It also brought in a "plain-clothes man" from Mulberry street, who caused the partners additional concern.

They set out upon their task with callous disregard of the consequences. They were sending a horde of unfortunates thousands of miles away from familiar associations, to mountain fastnesses which in many cases would yield nothing to the plow, and in return they were exacting the only product which made the land worth the acquiring. Summoned to their office, the home-seekers came one by one, and in the private room the question was put to each. Some of them, poor innocents! were eager and willing to do anything in return for the boon of a promised home. Some had to be coaxed, some wheedled, some threatened, and a few, who saw through the whole business, placated. But on the morning of departure Gimbold and Hochheimer had secured signed options on mineral rights from three-fourths of the home-seekers. The rest were considered too risky to approach.

On the morning of the departure they went over to the railway station. Nothing but the fascination of seeing the last of their handiwork took them there.

In the depot they were given a rousing reception, and they beamed from one to another of their dupes, and went among the mothers and their children, helping them to seats in the train and bidding them Godspeed with a benign courtesy that was beautiful to behold.

In the end they were compelled to make a speech—Gimbold made it from the rear platform of the train—a speech so inspiring in its patriotism, so tender in its pathos, that the enthusiasm invoked was tremendous, and the people struggled with one another to get to the orator, who was forced to retreat into the car. There he met the government inspector face to face. Back of the inspector stood the "plain clothes man" from police headquarters.

"And now, Mr. Gimbold," began the inspector, without preamble, "and now that you have excited those innocents until their feelings are at the breaking-point, what do you think they would do to you if I were to tell them that those options of yours rendered their homestead claim invalid?"

"Why, I—I—" stammered Gimbold, taken aback, "I—I—don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes you do," replied the inspector, calmly. "You have with you signed options on all the ore bodies underlying the claims of these people. Suppose I tell them they have invalidated their titles?"

"I don't believe it," blustered Gimbold, hotly. "It's a point of law—it would have to be proved!"

"Granted," said the inspector, "but those fellows wouldn't wait for the law to settle it if I told them of my doubts."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" demanded Gimbold, reverting to that time-worn defiance.

"Why, I'm going to tell them, unless you hand over those options."

"Never!"

"I guess you'd better give them up, Gimbold," put in the "plain-clothes man." "I don't believe the chief would like it to be found out that you had disregarded his advice."

Gimbold thought a moment. Then the futility of resistance must have struck him, for with an imprecation he pulled a thick wallet from his pocket and handed it to the inspector.

The crowd outside surged up the steps and into the car, calling loudly for Gimbold and his partner. The people wanted to see more of the men who had done so much for them.

While the enthusiasm was at its height the conductor called "all aboard." The crowd instantly forgot its gratitude and rushed for their places in the train.

"Well, what do you think, Hocky?" asked Gimbold at last.

"I think," replied Mr. Hochheimer, bitterly, "I think we have been working for the benefit of the poor."

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Horses Saved by a Dog.

A New Jersey farm laborer went to Egg Harbor City to do some shopping and when he emerged from a store his team had disappeared. No one had seen the driverless horses go and it was thought that they had been stolen. The man walked home and discovered that the house dog was also missing. Some days later the dog returned to the farm, got some food and drink and started away, barking furiously. He was followed and in a piece of woods several miles away the team was discovered. The horses had wedged the wagon between two trees and there they had stood five days without food or drink. They had gnawed the bark from the trees.

Peculiarly Unfortunate.

"Darn that bore!" exclaimed Salley, after the caller had gone. "I was just beginning to write an article when he came in and began to talk, and he made me lose my train of thought."

"That's too bad," said Spacer, who was hammering away on a typewriting machine at the next desk. "Your next train, you know, may not come along for a week."—Chicago Tribune.