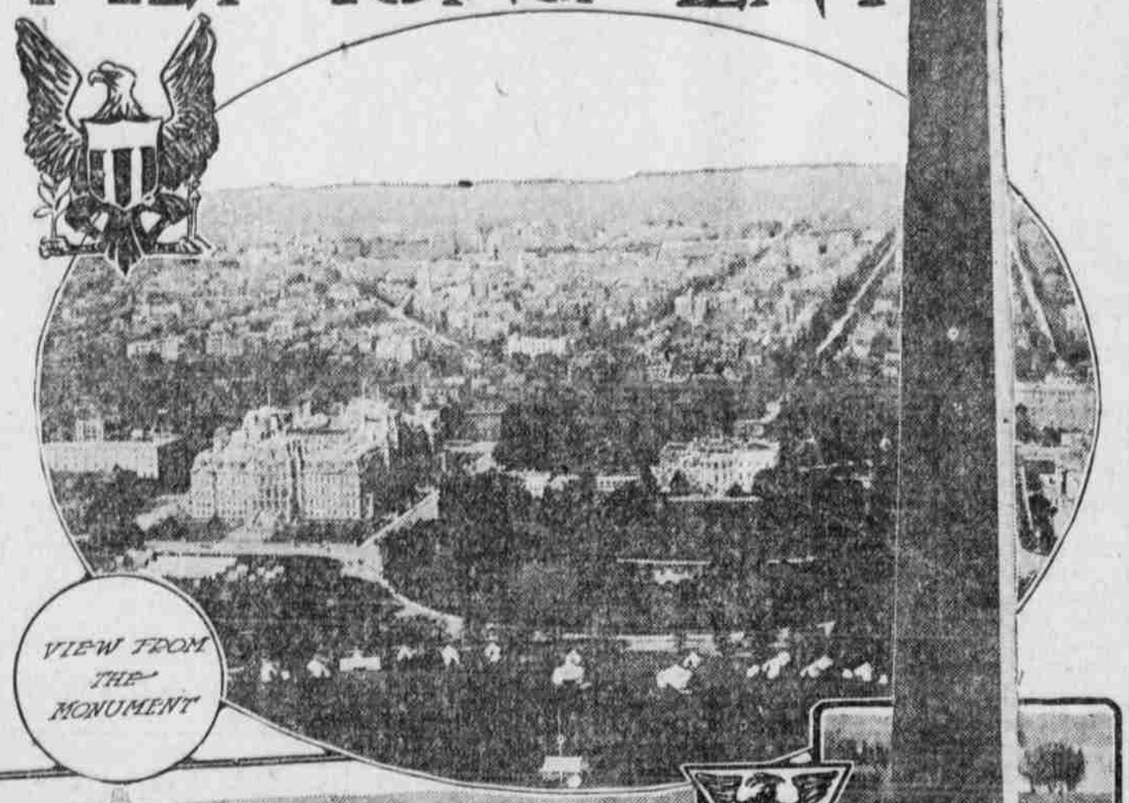
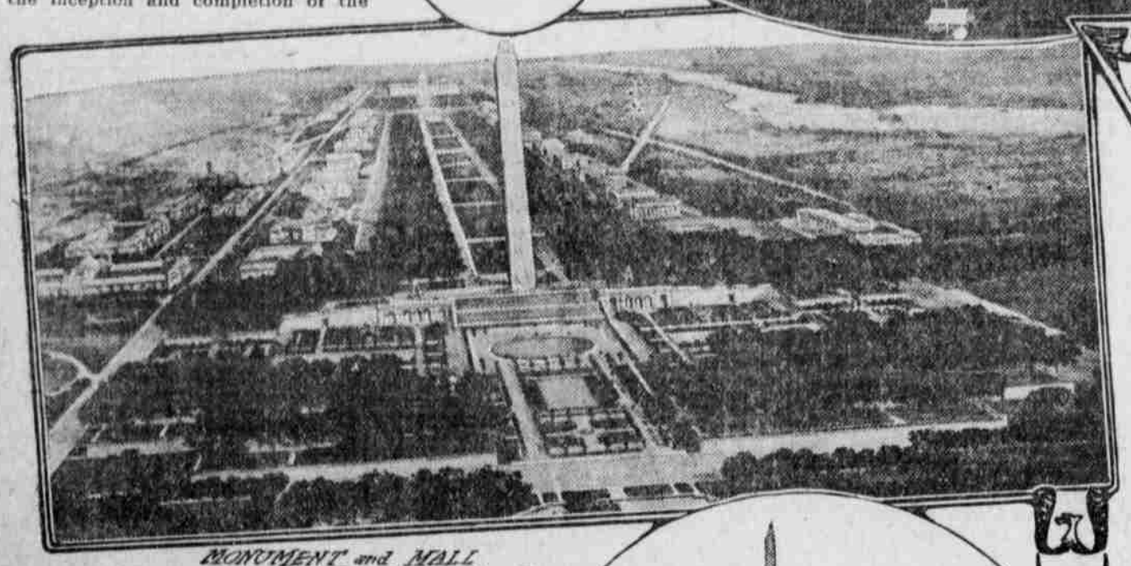
The WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT

TO no one of the world's heroes, probably, have more monuments, statues and other enduring tributes been erected than to him who was so aptly designated "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Easily the most important and most imposing of all the memorials existing or projected is the Washington national monument, that simple and stately white shaft that rises on the banks of the Potomac river at Washington and affords from its top the most magnificent view of the beautiful capital city which Washington founded and which bears his name. Yet few of the persons who gaze in this twentieth century upon what has been denominated a "poem in marble" pause to consider how long this monument was in building and by how narrow a margin of chance a national tribute missed being a national disgrace.

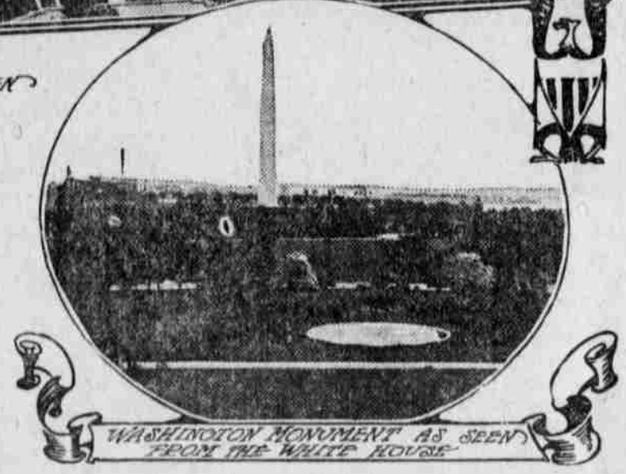
The towering shaft that so ably typifies Washington's simplicity and strength of character was in the making for nigh a quarter of a century. Not that work was continuous over that protracted interval, but that such a span of years intervened between the inception and completion of the work due to a long suspension of activities owing to lack of funds. The whole project of providing what is accounted the nation's monument to Washington was a long-drawn-out undertaking, but this seeming tardiness of action has been atoned for by the beauty of the structure, which has few rivals in height, save some of the newer skyscrapers in New York, and which is so jealously guarded by a proud people that congress not so very long ago felt compelled to refuse the request of the navy department that permission be granted to establish a wireless telegraph station at the top of the monument, as has been done on the Eiffel Tower in Paris.



VIEW FROM THE MONUMENT



MONUMENT and MALL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN PARK IS COMPLETED



WASHINGTON MONUMENT AS SEEN FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT

The project to provide a tribute to George Washington at the seat of government dates from the year 1783, when the Continental congress voted to erect an equestrian statue and, oddly enough, selected for its site the very location that is now occupied by the national monument. However, the project progressed no further and there was no further action until Washington died at the end of the century, when congress passed another resolution for a monument—this bill providing for a testimonial in marble or granite beneath which should repose the remains of the nation's greatest hero. Here, however, the widow of General Washington interposed with her very natural preference that the body should rest at mount Vernon, and accordingly the whole project again lapsed until 1823, when a number of patriotic citizens of Washington formed an organization known as the Washington Monument association and undertook to revive interest in the undertaking.

The scheme was to provide funds by popular subscription for erecting a monument and this canvass was pursued more or less energetically, but it was not until 1848, when a total of $87,000 had been collected, that the officials of the organization considered that the funds in hand justified the commencement of actual work. The corner-stone was laid with due ceremony and the work went forward for some years, but additional subscriptions did not come in at a very lively rate and finally work had to be suspended for lack of funds. Thus the partially completed obelisk—a "stump" of a monument it was termed—stood during all the years intervening between 1858 and 1880 until congress finally took up the matter and appropriated funds to finish the gigantic shaft.

However, it was not merely a case of providing money to carry out the work already started. The United States army engineers who were put in charge when the national legislature took a hand in the matter speedily discovered that the original foundation provided for the monument was hopelessly inadequate, considering the height and weight of the mass which it was proposed to place on it. Thereupon they set about a mighty ticklish engineering project—nothing less than the provision of a new or rather an enlarged foundation for the monument. Of course, the perplexing part of it was that the new foundation had to be slipped under the great mass of stone as it stood, for, naturally, there were many objections to consuming time and money in tearing down the monument and re-erecting it.

The engineers dug out at the corners and sides of the monument as much as they dared of the old foundation, meanwhile supporting the partially undermined structure by means of beams and braces of various kinds. All the stone thus removed was replaced with concrete and the concrete foundation was also extended in every direction beyond the base lines of the monument and beyond the limitations of the original inadequate foundation. To what an extent the resting place of the shaft was expanded may be surmised from the fact that the original foundation had an area of only 6,400 square feet, whereas the enlarged foundation covered 16,000 square feet, in addition to being of better material. Indeed, the new footing of monolithic concrete is in effect a single block of solid stone.

With the new foundation in place the erection of the shaft went on apace and the task was finally completed in December, 1884, the dedication of the completed monument taking place in the following February—the month that holds the anniversary of Washington's birthday. The Washington national monument is, in horizontal section, a square within a square, whereas the structure might be described as an iron tower within a marble tower, the former being securely fastened to the latter by means of iron, which takes the form of a staircase that may be used by visitors who do not prefer to patronize the elevator.

The walls of the monument, which are fifteen feet in thickness at the base and decrease to a thickness of only eighteen inches at the top, comprise a grand total of twenty-three thousand stones, many of these stones having been contributed by states of the Union, by foreign powers and by municipal, civic and other organizations. There are, all told, about one hundred and seventy-six carved memorials of stone and marble embedded in the walls, but such testimonials could not, from the very character of the structure, be effectually guarded after the monument was completed and more than one-fourth of the total number have been more or less marred and damaged by vandals and relic hunters. An especial target for such souvenir hunting was found in the projecting pieces of carved stone such as originally appeared in the representations of state seals or coats-of-arms, and almost every one of these details is missing.

The nation's monument, which is so vast in size that an army of twelve thousand men might be comfortably housed in its interior, weighs more than eighty-one thousand tons. Engineers declare that it is one of the very few actually and absolutely fireproof structures in the United States, and although cracks have from time to time appeared in the walls, it is the popular belief that nothing short of a severe earthquake could destroy the shaft. It has been repeatedly struck by lightning and such visitations have no terrors for the obelisk, thanks to the forethought of the builders in providing an ingenious system of electric conductors. The keynote of the scheme is found in a small pyramid of aluminum, weighing about one hundred ounces, which crowns the capstone of the monument. This metal headpiece is connected with rods that descend six hundred feet to a well sunk to a considerable depth below the level of the earth. The monument has been visited by as many as five electric bolts within an interval of twenty minutes, but the worst damage ever done was the cracking of one of the stones near the top.

The shaft that rises from the gentle slope between the White House and the Potomac cost the nation about $1,300,000, nearly $100,000 having been expended upon the new foundation alone. The present upkeep of the monument involves no great expense. The elevator which carries to the top of the monument those visitors who do not care to climb the 900 steps makes a trip every half hour (although but seven minutes is required for the ascent of 500 feet), and will accommodate thirty persons. Looking out from the windows at the top of the monument, 517 feet above ground, the visitors behold a wonderful panorama extending fifteen to twenty miles in every direction. On clear days it is sometimes possible to discern the Blue Ridge mountains, sixty miles away.

HOW TO TELL FORTUNES

One Formula Can Be Made to Fit Almost Everybody.

The way to tell people's fortunes is to have one list of characteristics and to use it for every one without the slightest variation. It is bound to succeed. For instance, supposing Falstaff and Hamlet had their fortunes told, by the same soothsayer. I imagine he would have told Hamlet's character as follows, Maurice Baring writes in the Metropolitan:

"You are not so fortunate as you seem. You have a great deal of sense, but more sense than knowledge. You can give admirable advice to other people. Your judgment is excellent as regards others, but bad as regards yourself. You never value your own good advice. You are fond of your friends. You prefer talk to action. You suffer from indecision. You are fond of the stage. You are susceptible to female beauty. You are witty, amiable and well educated, but you like coarse jokes. You are superstitious and believe in ghosts. You can make people laugh. You often pretend to be more foolish than you are. At other times you will surprise people by your power of apt repartee. Your bane will be your inclination to fat, which will hamper you in fighting. You are unsuccessful as a soldier, but unrivaled as a companion and philosopher. You will mix in high society, have friends at court. You will come off badly in personal encounter, and your final enemy will be a king."

Now imagine him saying exactly the same thing to Falstaff. Doesn't it fit him just as well? Can't you imagine Falstaff saying: "He has hit me off to a T," and Hamlet murmuring, "My prophetic soul!" In fact, I believe fortune telling, after that of medicine, to be the finest profession in the world and the easiest.

A Serious One.

"I understand our Micawber friend had an operation performed. Was it serious?"

"Very serious. He had a prospective job cut out of his mind's eye."

Likely to Know.

Youth—Can you tell me which is Mr. Ponsonby?

Lady—The man with the gray hair, talking to those ladies over there. I am Mr. Ponsonby's wife.

Youth—I know you are, that's why I asked you, as I thought you'd be sure to know.—Punch.

Solicitude.

"I feel very uneasy; it's pouring with rain and my wife went out without an umbrella."

"No doubt she'll take refuge in a shop somewhere.'

"Yes; that's just what's worrying me so."—Pele Mele.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S FAREWELL MESSAGE TO WAITING WORLD

London, Feb. 10.—Among records found on Captain Scott was the following, written at the time he realized his mission must end in disaster. It is his last message to the world, completed while the pangs of hunger and suffering from cold were slowly but surely killing him and his companions:

"The causes of this disaster are not due to faulty organization but to misfortune in all the risks which had to be undertaken.

"One, the loss of pony transport in March, 1911, obliged me to start later than I had intended, and obliged the limits of stuff transported to be narrow. The weather throughout the outward journey, and especially the long gale in 83 degrees south, stopped us. The soft snow in the lower reaches of the glacier again reduced the pace.

"We fought these untoward events with will and conquered, but it ate into our reserve provisions. Every detail of our food supplies, clothing and depots made on the interior ice sheet and on that long stretch of 700 miles to the pole and back worked out to perfection.

"The advance party would have returned to the glacier in fine form and with a surplus of food but for the astonishing failure of the man whom we had least expected to fail.

"Seaman Edgar Evans was thought to be the strongest man of the party, and Beardmore glacier is not difficult in fine weather. But on our return we did not get a single completely fine day. This, with a sick companion, enormously increased our anxieties.

"We got into frightfully rough ice, and Edgar Evans received a concussion of the brain. He died a natural death, but left us a shaken party, with the season unduly advanced.

"But all these facts enumerated were as nothing to the surprise which awaited us on the barrier. I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate and that no one in the world would have done better in the weather which we encountered at this time of the year.

"On the summit in latitude 85 degrees to 86 degrees we had minus 20 to minus 30. On the barrier, in latitude 82 degrees, 10,000 feet lower, we had minus 30. On the barrier, in latitude 82 degrees, we had minus 30 in the day and minus 27 at night pretty regularly, with a continuous head wind during our day marches.

"These circumstances came on very suddenly and our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather, which does not seem to have any satisfactory cause.

"I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of a second companion, Captain Oates, and a shortage of fuel in our depots, for which I cannot account, and finally, but for the storm which had fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure the final supplies.

"Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow."

"We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton camp with fuel for one hot meal and food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent, the gale blowing about us; we are weak.

"Writing is difficult.

"For my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past.

"We took risks. We knew we took them. Things have come out against us and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last.

"But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honor of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for.

"Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman.

"These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale, but surely, surely a great, rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for.

"(Signed) R. SCOTT,
"March 25, 1912."

Striking Silhouettes.

A novelty in picture making is produced by cutting out of black paper a silhouette which is placed between two pieces of semi-transparent silk or fine-meshed netting, and hung up in a place where the light will fall through the mesh. Striking effects are produced in this way, and advertisers, as well as artists, have caught up the idea.

Fatal to the Flea.

The flea, according to a public health report on "Flea Destruction," resists many insecticides—formalin, phenol, mercuric chloride, sulphur; he succumbs readily, however, to a mixture of soap and water!

Chauffeurs Must Not Smoke.

Berlin chauffeurs are forbidden to smoke while on duty, in the effort to keep down the number of accidents. The law applies to anyone operating a car.

The ONLOOKER
S. E. KISER

FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD

My country! I must serve thee well
To pay the debt I owe to thee;
Thou givest me a place to dwell,
A place where I may hear and see
The matchless wonderwork of spring,
Where I may view the April skies
And hear the deep-drawn, eager sighs,
The hopeful, ardent, whispering
Of lovers wandering where May
Hath strewn her blooms along the way.

My country! I must hold thee dear
For all the pleasures that I claim;
For lack of bondage, for the fear
To do thee wrong or bring thee shame;
For freedom, for unsullied birth,
For sweet possession of the right
To set my goal on any height
That ever has been won by Worth;
For those whose gladness gives me glee—
My thanks, my love, my loyalty.

Reward of Gallantry.

"But you told me," she said when they met in after years, "that because I said no to you that day you would never have the heart to strive to get ahead."

"Well," he replied, gallantly desiring to keep from humbling her "things happened to come my way."

'Ah," she continued with a sigh of relief, "then I was not mistaken after all. Of course when success is thrust upon one one can't help being successful, even if one is—ah—what may be called inferior."

Disadvantages of Prosperity.

"Why are you so pensive, old man?"

"My salary has been raised $5 a week."

"Is that what makes you so sad? Perhaps you could get your employer to put it back to the old figure."

"I've just been calculating a little, and I find that by putting aside the extra $5 every week between now and Easter I'll still be $10 or $15 short of the price of the new hat my wife will insist on buying on the strength of the raise."

His Love of the Child Nature.

"He writes such lovely child poems."

"Yes. Not having any children to keep him up at night or to make it necessary for him to hustle around in more profitable enterprises he can calmly devote himself to that sort of thing, beautifully exemplifying his love of the child nature."

Pity.

"He seems to have more than his share of the good things of life. In addition to having inherited millions, he has a high position in society, his wife is young and very beautiful and he owns one of the finest art collections in the country."

"Yes, but, poor devil! he can't eat mince pie."

Lovely Chauffeur.

"We have the best chauffeur I have ever heard of."

"I thought you were going to discharge him a few months ago for being reckless?"

"Yes, but he is lending us money now, without charging an exorbitant rate of interest."

One on Diogenes.

"I am looking for an honest man," said Diogenes, with all the sarcasm at his command.

"Ah," replied an Athenian cut-up 'then that's the reason why you are carrying a lantern instead of a looking-glass."

Candor.

"I don't like it on this route at all," said the beautiful young woman who was married to a rich old man.

"Why?"

"There are so many tunnels, and my husband never smokes."

Her Sighs.

"The hour is late; he does not come," sighs an English bardess. Before they were married she probably had occasion frequently to sigh: "The hour it late, he will not go."

S. E. Kiser.