

# When Washington Keeps Open House

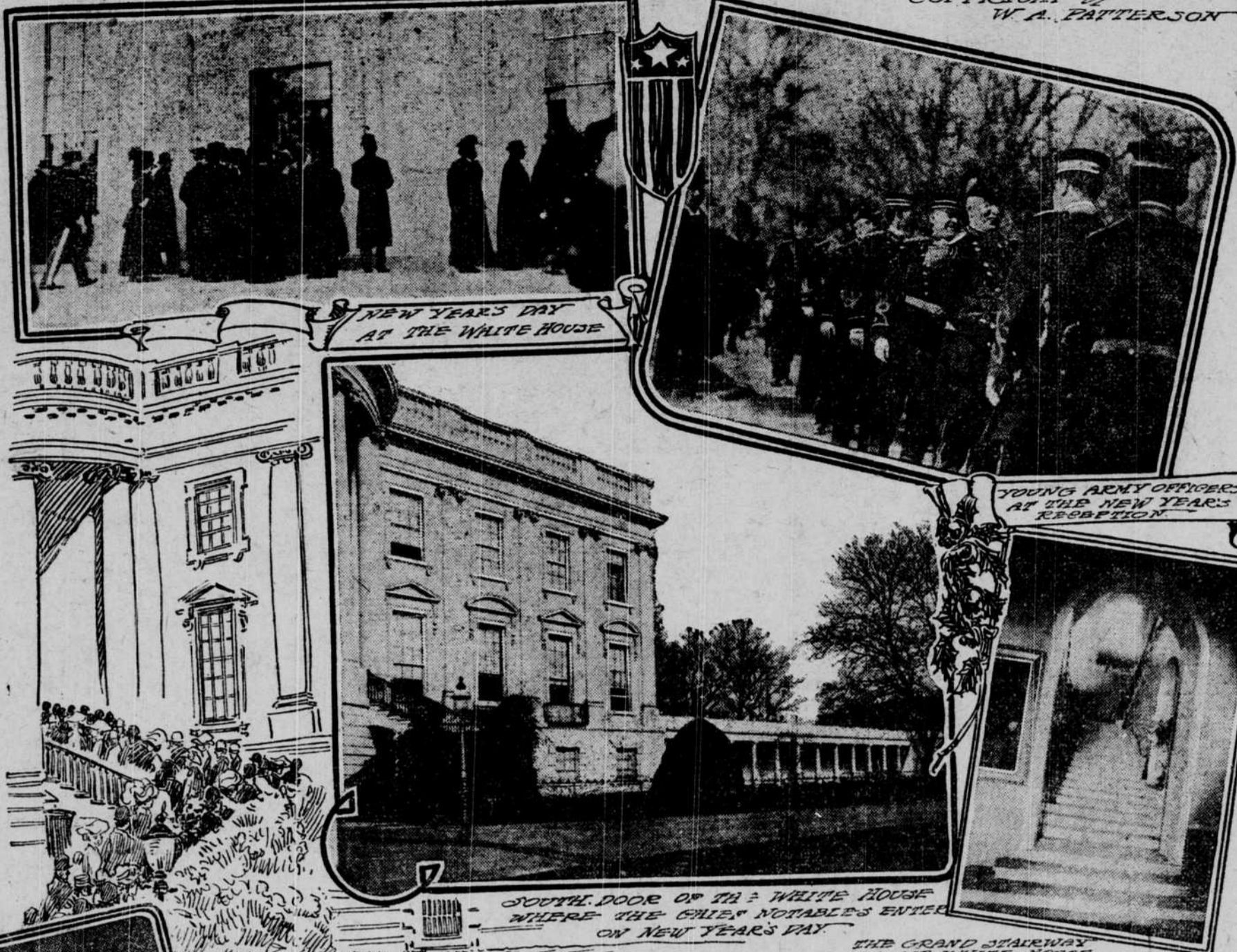
by EDWARD B. CLARK

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**T**HIS is one of the few cities in the country where the old-fashioned custom of keeping open house on New Year's day holds unchanged. The men who are fond of digging into matters historical say that the New Year's calling practice originated among the Dutch on Manhattan island. Washington began the practice in the year that the city was founded, and it has kept it up with all its social formalities from that day to this.

The greatest New Year's reception that the world knows is held every year in the White House with the president and his wife and the cabinet officers and their wives in the receiving line. The guests are a multitude, and they come dressed in all sorts of raiment from the blue and gold trappings of the ambassadors and army officers of all nations, to the toll-stained clothing of the laborer and the calico gowns and bandannas of the old-time plantation negroes.

The White House, of necessity, must be democratic, for this is a democracy, and the same greeting is given the workmen that is given to the ambassador of all the Russias. There is no more picturesque affair in the country than the White House reception on New Year's. Long before the gates are thrown open the executive mansion and Lafayette square, which outlines the president's grounds, are jammed with people, and it is the duty of the police to



get the immense crowd in line and to maintain order.

President Roosevelt came into office in the month of September, and because of the assassination of President McKinley while holding a public reception in the Music hall at Buffalo, it was urged that the New Year's receptions at the White House should be given over. It was feared that some half-crazed person might succeed in getting to the president's person and repeat the awful crime of Buffalo. Mr. Roosevelt, however, would not listen to the arguments of the fearful ones, and the reception was held as it always had been held, and Mr. Taft kept the custom. There have been no interruptions to the New Year's day receptions during the history of the republic.

Precedence of necessity has to be considered to some extent at the president's receptions. When the officials of Washington life have passed in front of the president and his wife and have exchanged the greetings of the New Year, the plain civilians and their wives, daughters and sons, follow in whatever order they may have happened to reach their place in line. If the millionaire does not want to be preceded by the poverty-stricken he can stay at home unless he chooses to get up early enough to make sure that he can get a first place. If any discrimination were shown the president would hear of it, and there would be no end of a row.

Out of courtesy to the men who in a sense are guests of the nation, the ambassadors and ministers and the attaches of legations are received first. The ambassador who has been longest in the Washington service heads the line and it makes no difference, whether he comes from a great power or from a weak power, for the length of his Washington residence alone decides the matter. The master of ceremonies at the White House takes the diplomatic list and the American official list and studies them for a week prior to the reception. If he should give place to some official which by precedence right belonged to another, there would be sulking, indignation and very likely loud complaint. It is one of the most delicate tasks in the world to arrange the official guests at a New Year's reception so that there will be no friction and no heart-burnings.

Following the ambassadors and ministers of foreign countries come the members of the supreme court of the United States. In their

trail come the senators and representatives in congress, and then come the officers of the army and of the navy. Then the bureau chiefs and the higher officials of the various departments of government greet the president, and after them the ordinary citizen has his place in line.

On New Year's day President Taft shakes hands with something like 8,000 of his fellow citizens and citizenesses. Mrs. Taft does not shake hands, for if the president's wife should attempt it she could not hold the pen for a good many days thereafter. Shaking hands is a more trying occupation than most people may imagine. Grover Cleveland had to give over the practice for some time because he actually lamed his right hand and right arm until he could not lift them without pain. Mr. Roosevelt had a handshake which enabled him to give a seemingly hearty grip to everybody and yet to spare his own hand the slightest muscular strain. Mr. Taft must have had the Roosevelt secret imparted to him, for he gives the same kind of a hand greeting that was given by his predecessor.

At the White House reception on New Year's day affairs move forward as smoothly as the proverbial clock work. The guests enter at the main doorway which opens toward Pennsylvania avenue. Their course toward the president is lined with watchful men in civilian dress. The line moves quickly and it is accelerated in its course by the politely worded requests of the ushers, requests by the way which have the force of orders, although the words are spoken in such a way that the guest has no thought that he is being unduly hurried. When consideration is given to the fact that thousands upon thousands of people must greet the president within a limited time, there is every excuse for the championship by the ushers of what may be called the "forward movement."

President Taft has said that he will carry out the Roosevelt policies. He does not consider it necessary, however, in order to keep his pledge to say, "delighted" to everyone whom he greets. "Glad to see you," is the president's stock phrase of welcome and as his intonation is as hearty sincere as his smile, it leaves a pleasant impression. Once in a while in the course of a New Year's reception, the president will "hold up the line" long enough to chat for a moment with some one whom he knows well personally, or with some

official who has come from a distance to pay his respects. Mr. Roosevelt had a habit of holding the line up quite frequently, and as a result his receptions were likely to be rather long drawn out. If Mr. Roosevelt ever had seen a man before, no matter how many years back, nor in what kind of an out-of-the-way place, he was sure to remember him, and as a result his acquaintance was very wide. He never liked to let a man whom he had once known pass by with merely a perfunctory handshake.

Receiving with the President and Mrs. Taft on New Year's day are the vice-president's wife and women of the cabinet who range themselves to the right in order of the cabinet rank of their husbands. Mrs. Sherman has the first place and then comes Mrs. Knox, the wife of the secretary of state.

She comes Mrs. MacVeagh, the wife of the secretary of the treasury, and so on in order of cabinet precedence, until the wife of Mr. Nagel is reached who holds the last place in line as the wife of the head of the department most recently created by act of congress.

A few other women in official life are invited by the president's wife to assist her in her duties as hostess, and it is not at all an unusual thing to invite some of the older residents of Washington whose families have no government connection. The cabinet officers and their wives remain with the receiving party until the reception is about two-thirds ended, and then they go to their homes where they hold semi-public receptions of their own.

The vice-president and Mrs. Sherman receive on New Year's day, and anyone who will, may call. At the White House no refreshments are served because it would be a physical impossibility to care for the wants of the enormous crowds that are present. At the houses of the vice-president and the cabinet officials, however, great tables covered with good things to eat, and in some houses, with good things to drink, are prepared for the visitors. The women of official life in Washington in the main, are just as good politicians as are their husbands. The humblest caller on New Year's day is treated with all the consideration which is shown the most prominent people. The inconspicuous one of to-day is likely to be the conspicuous one of to-morrow, and no one appreciates this better than the trained wives of officialdom.

It is probably true in some measure at least, that more ambitions have been killed by the mistakes of the wives of persons newly appointed to high office than by the mistakes of the officials themselves. Washington is full of stories of resentment caused by the failure of the wives of new cabinet members to recognize persons who supposed that all the world

department in which they serve. From the ranking major general of the army to the youngest second lieutenant on duty at the capital, all the officers call upon the secretary of war. The naval officers from Admiral Dewey down to the stripling ensign, make their way to the house of the Secretary of the Navy Meyer, and there, in order of rank, pay their respects.

The New Year's day reception at the White House is the only formal reception of the year that is open to all citizens. There are other receptions given by the president and his wife during the winter, but to which admission is by card only. The first of these receptions is given on the second Thursday after New Year's day, in the evening. It is called "the diplomatic reception," and the guests are invited to meet the ambassadors and ministers who are accredited by foreign governments, to the United States.

Another reception is given two weeks later and the guests of honor whom the other guests are invited to meet are the justices of the supreme court of the United States. The third reception is for the senators and representatives in congress, and the fourth and last, is for the officers of the army and navy.

Nearly every day of the year the president greets visitors in the offices of the White House at noon, and so it is possible for the American citizen to exchange greetings with the chief executive even though circumstances prevent his saying "Happy New Year," on January 1st, at the great White House holiday gathering.

## Thought Much of Pet Dogs

Four metrical epigrams reveal to us a pleasing and unexpected side of the Roman character. They are epigrams on pet dogs. One was a great white hunting dog named Margarito, who coursed through the trackless forests, as he tells us on her tombstone. Another "never barked without reason, but now he is silent." Myria, the little Gallic dog, barked fiercely if she found a rival lying in her mistress' lap. The stone of Patricius, an Italian dog, at Salerno contains this tribute from his mistress: "My eyes were wet with tears, our dear little dog, when I bore thee (to the grave), a service which I should have rendered thee with less grief three lustums ago. So, Patricius, never again shall thou give me a thousand kisses. Never canst thou lie contentedly in my lap. In sadness have I buried thee, as thou deservest, in a resting place of marble, and I have put thee for all time by the side of my shade. In thy qualities, sagacious thou wert like a human being. Ah, me! what a loved companion have we lost!"—From "Society and Politics in Ancient Rome."

## Losses Life for Good-By.

Middletown, Conn.—Sisterly eagerness for just one more parting expression of affection for her brother, who was about to take a train for the far west, caused the death of Annie Markham. The girl had driven with her brother Robert to the Middletown sta-



"I WANT YOU TO GET ACQUAINTED TO H. SYLVESTER JONES"

tion of the Connecticut Valley rail road. She had had a long parting with him, and after hugging and kissing him she went back into her carriage. Then she remembered there was something else she wanted to say to him. She got out of her carriage and started across the tracks to where he was standing on the station platform. She did not notice a work train which was backing in. Her brother shouted at her and waved his arms but the car struck her and she fell to the track and was ground to pieces

from her cloak and counted out ten yellow-backed bills.

"Here is \$1,000. If you will bring me evidence that will secure a divorce, I will increase it to \$10,000."

The brisk man smoothed the bills caressingly. "And who is your husband, madam?"

The veiled woman hesitated and then pronounced a name that brought a low, involuntary whistle from the other's lips. It was that of one of the best known men of Wall street.

The detective gazed after the departing figure of his client, with puerile brows. But he did not realize until a week's "shadowing" of H. Sylvester Jones had proved ineffectual, just how difficult was the problem she had left him. To all intents and purposes, H. Sylvester Jones was a model husband in the eyes of the law. On the eighth day a bright idea came to the head of "Sharp & Son." For a moment he sat with a broad grin on his face. Then he pushed a bell and a young woman in a plain dress and with a careworn face, entered from an inner room.

The man spoke a dozen curt sentences, straight to the point.

"I want you to get acquainted, Minnie, with H. Sylvester Jones."

Minnie opened her tired eyes very wide.

## Experiment With Soya Bean

First Cargo Arrives at Liverpool Where It is Being Blended with Flour and Meal.

The first complete cargo of soya beans that arrived in the United Kingdom, says a consular report, reached Liverpool February 14, 1909, and the interest in this new industry has grown apace since then, experiments being made in various other parts of England as well as in Liverpool that range from a blend of soya flour, made by an expert Liverpool baker with flour and meal, about one-sixth for mixing with flour and one-sixth for meal, to a soya dog biscuit.

The blending of soya flour above referred to is desirable by reason of its demonstrated food value. In albuminoids soya beans are stated to be nearly three times as rich as oats and wheat, and possessed of more fiber and ash. A few German millers are reported to have mixed soya and rye flour in experiments in the

# How Minnie Shadowed H. Sylvester Jones

By MARY E. HOLLAND  
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A quiet, unobtrusive looking automobile drew up before a third-floor detective agency on a certain side street of downtown New York. A heavily veiled woman descended, spoke a few whispered words to the chauffeur, and made her way to the grimed door, on whose glass panels appeared the legend: "Sharp & Son, Private Detectives."

"Do you handle divorce cases?" she inquired, bluntly.

The brisk, nervous man before her swept his eyes over her quietly gowned figure.

"That depends upon the character of the case," he rejoined, cautiously.

The veiled woman took a quick step toward him. "I wish evidence that will procure me separation from my husband. Can you furnish it?"

The brisk man pondered. "Have you reason to believe that your husband is—er, unfaithful?"

"On the contrary, I have every reason to believe that he is not."

The brisk man pondered again. "You are setting us a difficult problem, my dear woman. Such cases, you must know, involve heavy expenditure. I may say a very heavy expenditure." He paused as he darted another shrewd glance toward the veiled client before him.

"Will you name an estimate of that expense?" she asked, quietly.

"Certainly; we could not conduct such a case under \$5,000."

The woman drew a roomy purse

(tinguished gentleman. You will occupy it for the better part of three hours. Do you catch the point? If you will manage your cards right, when you leave the theater, you will be acquainted with him, very well acquainted. After that point you will make your own plans. What Mrs. H. Sylvester Jones wants is an affidavit of infidelity."

The detective paused.

Minnie stiffened her shoulders and a quick flush sprang into her pale cheeks. A keen observer might have seen that under certain conditions she might be beautiful. Gradually the tired eyes dropped and the bent shoulders relaxed. Minnie had conquered herself. She was thinking of sick mother and little sister.

"And what do I get?" she asked.

The detective held up the ten yellow-backed bills. "These are yours for the affidavit. You know where to go for the clothes. I will telephone you if we make arrangements for tonight. If not, we'll try for to-morrow night. We are bound to succeed some time—and then it is up to you."

As it happened, on the third evening H. Sylvester Jones stepped out of his automobile and entered the Fifth avenue theater. Five minutes later a stylishly dressed young woman followed him down the aisle and slipped into the next seat. It was Minnie—but a very different Minnie in evening dress and rouge, an altogether charming and fascinating Minnie. Two minutes before the orchestra began, she dropped her handkerchief. H. Sylvester Jones extended it to her politely. She smiled and he looked at her again. She was a girl to notice.

Before the close of the first act, he had made a hesitating remark, and she had answered it, and he had made another, and before the close of the second act, they were chatting generally. When the final curtain descended, they left the theater together.

An agent of "Sharp & Son," loitering in the corner, noticed the circumstance and reported it to his chief. The latter smiled broadly and the next morning eagerly awaited Minnie's arrival. When noon came and she did not appear, he looked worried. When evening came without her, he sent for his agent and the two conferred together. The next day he received a note. It was a remarkable note, and under it was the scrawling signature of Minnie:

"I do not want your \$1,000, and I hereby resign my position."

The detective swore and called for his agent again. The latter looked glum and started on a search for the missing girl. He found her the next week at a fashionable suite of apartments, with two servants, a pearl necklace and an array of diamond rings that dazzled him.

"The chief wants your affidavit," he began, curtly.

"He can't have it, and I don't want him to bother me any more."

The detective bounded from his chair and Minnie tossed her head. "Mr. Jones has asked me to become his wife and I have accepted his offer."

The statement was true. The scheme of "Sharp & Son" had indeed proven a boomerang. The millionaire had fallen in love with the girl who had been sent to trap him, and had tendered her not only his wealth, but his name. The fortunes of the detective agency, however, were only under a temporary cloud. H. Sylvester Jones bluntly told his wife that either he or she could go to South Dakota and return single. Mrs. Jones took the western trip and a few weeks ago the decree of divorce was granted.

H. Sylvester Jones married Minnie, and everybody is satisfied, with the exception of "Sharp & Sons." They haven't got their remaining \$9,000 yet, and there doesn't seem to be any reasonable prospect of their ever being called to receipt the bill.

## Furious Fun in English Society.

Now for the game the most popular at country houses this autumn. You may call it a variation on the old game of consequences. Each guest has a strip of paper and pencil. Each writes:

"Why is —" (choosing the name of some well known person, or a friend or acquaintance known to the general company), and then turns down his strip of paper and passes it on to the next guest.

Now each writes: "Like a —" (choosing what simile he will). Again the strips are passed on. The third time each guest writes the answer: "Because he or she —." Thus: "Why is Winston Churchill like a piano organ? Because he flies from pillar to post."—The Gentlewoman.