

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1893.

SECRETARY OF WAR.

How Dan Lamont, Newspaper Man, Became a Politician.

MR. CLEVELAND'S RIGHT HAND.

His Extraordinary Tact as Private Secretary—A Successful Business Man—He Never Uses Tobacco.

New York, Feb. 12.—[Special Correspondence.]—Of all the politicians in New York city who have taken interest in Mr. Cleveland's prospective cabinet, probably the man who seems the least concerned about it is that one who will be the sole representative of the city in Cleveland's

or three hours a day, and that is all that is necessary. "Then you are in fine condition to undertake these new responsibilities that we see so much about in the newspapers?" He looked at me with a queer expression for a moment and then he shook his head, smiling at the same time and raising the warning finger. A moment later he said: "Nobody knows what is going to happen in politics after the 4th of March. I don't know myself. Of course, there are a great many speculations and a good deal of gossip about that measure, but I can say that nothing definite is now known about any of these things. "Of course, that is in a general way true, but there can certainly be no doubt about two of the cabinet appointments. Again Lamont looked at me with his humorous and quizzical glance, as though to suggest that in my hint I was treading upon thin ice. I said to him: "Now, you have had a great political experience; you have been brought in touch with the very center of the government, and there are indications that the experience is to be re-



ceived after four years of active business life. There is one question I would like to ask: Which do you like best, politics or business?" He did not complete the sentence, but it seemed as though it were in his mind to suggest that in my hint I was treading upon thin ice. I said to him: "Now, you have had a great political experience; you have been brought in touch with the very center of the government, and there are indications that the experience is to be re-

DANIEL S. LAMONT.

official family, "Dan" Lamont, secretary of war. He seems to be far more greatly interested in the development of the street railway property in New York of which he is president, and the work of laying and testing the new cable which is speedily to take the place of horse power on this line, gives the youthful politician something of fascination, since he has watched the work with apparent delight, and is quite ready to talk with any one who possesses some expert authority upon the subject of motive power for street rail-

A few days ago I met Lamont at the office of this company. They are situated far up town, almost on the edge of Central park, five miles away from the Wall street office of the president-elect, which has been since the first of January the Mecca of political Massachussets.

"Of all the officers of this great company who were seen in this building, Lamont appeared the most modest, quiet and inconspicuous. Any one who did not know him would have been amazed if told that the quiet-looking man, dressed in a suit of rough Scotch goods which has been worn, with a little black derby hat set upon the back of his head, drumming with his fingers upon a steam heater as he looked with the interest of possession upon the coming and going of the street cars from the stables beneath, was perhaps the most fortunate of all the younger men who have undertaken political life within the last twelve years, and perhaps quite as fortunate as any young man who has also begun a business career within the past four years.

There were a dozen men in these offices, English dress, assertive manner, prompt steps and quick eye sharp and decisive voice, any one of whom would have been more likely to have been selected by the stranger for "Dan" Lamont than the inconspicuous person who really bore that name.

Since his return from Europe, Lamont has grown rather stout. His eyes are clear and bright, and he seems almost fully to have regained his health, which was so seriously threatened a year ago.

He held out his hand cordially as I entered the office, speaking at once of old times when we were both news gatherers at the height of the war, and of the one of the charms of Lamont, that notwithstanding the great good fortune which has been his lot, and which in its way is quite as conspicuous as the career of the man with whom he has been so closely associated, Mr. Cleveland, yet Lamont is not a man who is in any way less than a success. This, however, does not mean that Lamont is a tactician man, but that he has been successful in his career, combined with his wide acquaintance with public men and with political movements, makes him a most interesting and delightful person to chat with, although he always suggests that he is not a man who is very much more than he is revealing.

"I am pretty well over," he said, "and I think I have wholly overcome the trouble which threatened to do me a year ago."

I suggested that he looked stouter than he had ever seemed to be, and he said that he now weighed 135 pounds, but when I told him that he had reached the time of life when ten pounds more would not be too much, he shook his head and with a peculiar smile said, "No, ten pounds less would be better."

"The messages that the birds bring from Lakewood and the Mills building indicate that you may be going into four years' training, and of a sort that is not your weight," I said, and Lamont parried that by laughing heartily, by saying that he could not know what the messages were that the birds were bringing from those places.

"In a more serious vein he added: "My trouble of last summer was not due to overwork, as was widely reported. It came, I suspect, from imprudence in eating, and from lack of exercise, and that sort of thing will make any man sick, won't it?"

"I have Lamont talk of imprudence in any of his personal habits was somewhat amusing, since probably no young man has ever more carefully in these regards than he. Not knowing the taste of tobacco, being a total abstainer and not particularly fond of eating, and not particularly fond of exercise, it seemed strange that he should be taken a victim in New York hospitality. I asked him if he had changed his habits, and he replied with a shrug of surprise in his tone, "Why, of course I do as I used to do."

"And as to exercise, I am Scotch."

"Why, I walk like the old Harry for two

years later, in 1783, peace was an assured fact, and no opportunity seemed more fitting to exit over the happy result than the birthday of the man who had achieved it. In Richmond we are told the day was commemorated with the utmost demonstrations of joy," and a contemporary journal contains a description of like demonstration of joy at Talbot county court house, in Maryland. "This being the first year," the letter declares, "that the birthday of our great and worthy general hath been announced to the public, the officers and gentlemen of the country assembled at noon to celebrate the auspicious day," and to drink toasts to the patriotic number of thirteen, opening with "Gen. Washington, long may he live, the boasted hero of liberty!"

The pleasing custom spread with great rapidity without declining in the place of its birth. Richmond continued the "usual demonstrations of joy" the next year with an elegant entertainment at the capitol in the evening; in New York "all the true friends of American independence and constitutional liberty" celebrated the birthday "with that hilarity and manly decorum ever attendant on the sons of freedom," including a salute of thirteen guns and an entertainment on "the East Indian ship" in the harbor, while "a select club of whigs" gathered according to what was already their annual custom,

and regaled themselves with an original song of which the following are stanzas:

From scenes of rural peace, From fields and vineyard, From the mill-race and the mill, At treacher's call; A hero from his birth, Great Washington's forth, The savior of George and North And tyrants all.

These mighty chiefs of old, Casars and heroes bold, Whom Rome and Greece have known; Smit by his brighter beam, Indian shafts dissolved ray, And yield the palm in praise To Washington.

Meanwhile there flourished greatly in Virginia and Maryland, especially in Alexandria, the "Births of Liberty" in the city which was the neighbor and almost the home of Washington himself, this institution was a social feature for which gathered best and best from the country over. With a pardonable pride the occasion explained itself. "The Birthright" was sufficient; no more explicit title was necessary.

Washington himself always opened the ball, although he no longer danced the minuet, of which he was very fond, having performed that country ceremony for the last time at a ball in Fredericksburg, after Yorktown. But he did not fail to enjoy the scene, or one feature of which he is indebted to his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis. In the reminiscences with which for some years that gentleman marked the 22d of February in the Washington City National Intelligencer, Mr. Custis writes:

Among the brilliant illustrations of a birthday of freedom thirty years ago, the most unique and imposing were the groups of young and beautiful ladies, wearing in their hair laurel wreaths and garlands, and holding in their hands torches and banners, the motto: "Long Live the President!"

Doubtless the great man had many a state compliment for these patriotic and beautiful dances! These assemblies went on throughout Washington's life, but with his death the birthday ball became a memory.

The change to the Gregorian calendar gradually altered the date of the celebration to the 22d of February, and apparently the last of the "Births of Liberty" occurred in Alexandria in 1786. The dinners and public gatherings of different kinds which began in 1783, as we have seen, continued, and we hear of them in various degrees of elaboration in Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New York, Salem and many other places. There were salutes, flags, liberty caps and liberty trees, decked with wreaths and garlands, parades, balls and banquets abounded. An address from the New York Artillery is noted and an unusually brilliant one in that city. In 1793 in Salem fifteen flags were displayed floating prominently above a royal standard reversed—a somewhat premature "emblem of the dawn of earthly crowns."

But in 1797, the year that marked Washington's retirement from public life, the enthusiasm over his birthday knew no bounds. Boston and New York especially outdid themselves. The former city celebrated by a ball, public dinners in the historic Faneuil hall and elsewhere, and other attractive Masonic, fraternal and patriotic entertainments. The latter city the Federal street theater included an

GEORGE WASHINGTON

His Birthday Has Been a National Festival Since 1779.

WHOLE WORLD CELEBRATES IT.

February 22 a Holiday in Nearly Every State—Notable Demonstrations in the Early Days.

The celebration of the birthday of Washington reaches the beginning of our history as a nation. In the old family Bible once belonging to Mary Washington may be seen in the handwriting of her illustrious son the record of his birth on the 11th of February, 1732 (old style), and the record of his baptism some weeks after, with the names of his sponsors. The curious will find this and many other interesting facts of his life in Elizabeth Bryant Johnston's compendium called "George Washington; Day by Day."

In 1779 we have the first record of a public celebration of his birthday, in a letter from one of the officers in the field, writing from Winchester, Va., on Sunday, the 14th of February. He mentions it in a casual manner, among much detail as to the care of the horses, and as if the circumstances were quite a matter of course. "Last night ended the celebration of Gen. Washington's birthday; it began on Thursday."

Apparently this occasion included both a dinner with toasts and a ball, long a favorite method of observing the day after peace was declared.

In the very midst of war, however, Rochambeau marked the day with a fête at Newport, when the whole French army gave themselves up to rejoicing, and the count wrote to his commander-in-chief with a quaintness more truthful than exact: "We will celebrate with deep regret that you are not here, a witness to the effusion and goodness of our hearts!"

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individual, except, perhaps, in some very exceptional case. On the anniversary of his consecration the pope will celebrate mass in St. Peter's, and that date will be the terminus fixed for the visit of the English pilgrims to Rome. (One, at least, of the five beatifications will also take place during their visit. The Irish deputations is headed by Archbishop Walsh in person. The persons to be pronounced "beatified," that is, who have been transferred from the place of departed spirits to heaven, are the Dominican priest who fed many of the Christian faith in China and five other secular and religious priests who lost their lives in the

THE PAPAL JUBILEE.

Fifty Years Ago Leo Became Archbishop of Damietta.

GREAT CELEBRATION IN ROME.

Pilgrims in All Parts of the World Come to Pay Tribute to the Prisoner of the Vatican.

Jubilee mass will be celebrated in Rome today, the fiftieth anniversary of the pope's consecration as archbishop of Damietta. This occasion does not, of course, present quite the same interest, even for the members of his own church, as that of his ordination as priest, which took place nearly five years ago. The picturesque crowds of peasants from all parts of Chris-

brences to match and silk stockings and velvet shoes of the same shade. If the person to be presented is a lady and has an outer shawl or cloak, she is to be carried off by the priest and laid down on one of the many covered benches ranged around the hall. The card of admission borne by the pilgrim is presented to the audience as examined and in a low whisper and by gestures one is moved forwards into an apartment which may be called a salon. This is a room carpeted and furnished with silk of the same color and quality as the men servants' coats. The walls are frescoed with pictures representative of her experiences by the lady mentioned before. "We," she proceeds, "who were to be favored with an audience, waited in the before named salon for a considerable time. Every now and then servants glided mysteriously across the salon from the greater outer hall into some room behind, or an ecclesiastic, some humble priest in a soutana or a great prelate in a purple robe passed to and fro. The audience hour was 12 at noon, but it ended at 10, and the audience men two of the men servants and a very benign-faced old gentleman in the ordinary evening dress of the nineteenth century, but wearing a man's hat, and medals, came to the inner door and beckoned half a dozen who sat nearest, and these, going before, led the way. After about five or six minutes the audience came out, mostly one by one, and disappeared into the greater outer hall. As fast as the groups of people left the room to be measured by the period according to those who have preceded them, into the presence of the holy father. We cannot do better than resume the account written of her experiences by the lady mentioned before. "We," she proceeds, "who were to be favored with an audience, waited in the before named salon for a considerable time. 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