

## MODEL PRINT SHOP.

Located at Washington and Conducted by Uncle Sam.

Soon It Will Be Housed in a Magnificent New Home—Work Done at the Government Printing Office.

PERHAPS the most complete printing and binding plant in the world is the government printing office at Washington. At present this grand establishment is housed in an antiquated structure, with branches in the various executive departments, but before the close of the present fiscal year it will occupy one of the finest buildings in the capital city, with a frontage of 175 feet on North Capitol street and 450 feet on G street, and a height of 175 feet from curb to cornice.

Before entering into a detailed description of the new edifice, it might be well to consider the importance of the government printing office and the amount of work done by it. According to figures supplied by Von F. W. Palmer, public printer of the United States, the total floor space occupied by the office and its branches, at the present time, is 242,500 square feet. The new building, now nearing completion at a cost of \$2,000,000, will increase this area 377,200 square feet. The number of employees is, in round numbers, about 4,000, divided as follows: Executive officers, 42; main composing room, 824; bindery, 885; main press room, 217; job press room, 100; job composing room, 106; electrotype room, 90; specification room, 271; folding room, 665; congressional record room, 100; chief engineer's division, 55; branch in treasury department, 97; branch in library of congress, 67; branch in department of interior, 33; branch in navy department, 31; branch in department of state, 32; branch in war department, 27; branch in department of agriculture, 17; public documents di-

vision, 40. The rest is employed in miscellaneous divisions of the service.

The number of presses in use is 127, the output of which is 1,000,000 impressions per day of eight hours. Among these presses is a wonderful piece of machinery, capable of printing cards on both sides from a web of bristol board at the rate of 65,000 cards per hour. Equally interesting are four envelope presses, whose output is 10,000 printed envelopes each per hour.

The total horsepower of the engines is 2,500; of the boilers, 2,400. The sizes of the electric generators are one of 300 kilowatts, one of 187 kilowatts and two of 600 kilowatts. There are 251 electric motors in use, having an aggregate of 827 horsepower. The quantity of type used is about 1,500,000 pounds, or 750 tons. The aggregate expenses of the office per year are \$4,000,000, nearly three-fourths of which is paid to employees for labor.

The quantity of raw material used is almost beyond comprehension. In one year the office consumed 8,000 tons of paper; 37,000 pounds of glue; 4,000 packs of gold leaf for titles and decorative purposes; 75,000 square feet of imitation Russia leather; 36,000 skins "law sheep"; 3,500 gallons lubricating oil; 4,500 pounds molding wax; 2,500 pounds plumbago for electrotyping; 40,000 pounds printing ink; 6,000 pounds sulphate of copper; 7,000 pounds thread; 6,000 pounds tin foil; 2,000 title leather skins; 11,000 turkey morocco skins; 6,000 pounds antimony and tin; 200,000 pounds bar lead; 10,000 pounds bar tin; 11,000 gallons benzine; 900,000 pounds binders' board; 6,000 pieces book muslin; 2,600 yards canvas for covering books; 8,000 pounds cast-iron filings; 18,000 pounds copper battery plates; 60,000 yards muslin; 10,000 pounds cotton waste, and 2,300 tons of coal. Number of pages of matter issued in one year is nearly 400,000.

Under the management of Mr. Palmer the government printing office has maintained its reputation of being the best managed print shop in the world. One of the striking illustrations of the capabilities of the office for executing orders—and one of which the officials may be justly proud—was the printing of the message of President McKinley transmitting the report of the naval court

## TROUBLES OF JOBSON

Mr. Jobson's usual method of taking Mrs. Jobson to the theater is about as follows: About a week before the arrival of the show he looks over the theatrical ads.

"Um," he says to Mrs. Jobson, in a vague, absent-minded tone, "this ought to be a good performance," naming the play. "Maybe we'll go."

Perhaps there is no actual malice in the indefiniteness with which he makes this remark, but the fact remains that he always goes right down to the box office on the very next day and purchases two seats for the performance. He never, under any circumstances, says a word about it to Mrs. Jobson, and she has no means of knowing that she is booked for the theater on a certain night that she has of reading the middle of the stars.

On the night arrives Mr. Jobson slips upstairs along toward half-past six, while Mrs. Jobson picks up her paper.

Mr. Jobson noiselessly proceeds to get into his evening clothes. About half-past seven, coughing quite loudly, he descends the stairs with his usual heavy tread, and in full regalia, and only lacking his overcoat and hat, he walks in upon Mrs. Jobson (in house jacket and slippers), who is still immersed in the news, and gazes at her with an expression of the most profound amazement.

"Well," he says to her, raspingly, "are you ready?"

"Ready?" inquires Mrs. Jobson, dropping the newspaper in alarm and gazing at him in a mystified way. "Ready for what?"

"Ready for what, Mrs. Jobson?" he inquires of her, in a strained, tense tone. "Do you imagine that I'm asking you if you're ready to accompany me to a dog fight over at the other end of the Long bridge? Didn't I tell you no later than at the dinner table this evening that I'd be obliged if you'd contrive to be ready to go to the theater with me at a quarter to eight at the latest this evening?"

Of course he had never even mentioned the matter to her once, but Mrs. Jobson is always too wise under such circumstances to tell him so.

While Mr. Jobson is still in the act of glaring at her, and musing up his hair over what he calls her "failing memory" she is on her way, at a gentle canter, to her upstairs dressing-room. After a lapse of about two minutes from her departure from the sitting-room, and while she is still washing her hands and face Mr. Jobson strides out to the hall and bawls up the stairs:

"Are you ready yet?"

"In just a minute," Mrs. Jobson calls down; and then she rushes through a lightning-change toilet such as variety "artists" of that description never dreamed of.

By the time she rushes downstairs to don her wrap she feels certain that if any one pin were to give way she would suffer embarrassment for the remainder of her natural life.

On the way to the car Mr. Jobson grows because Mrs. Jobson is putting on her gloves on the street, and he hustles her along by saying that they might arrive at the playhouse in time to see the final line-up before the fall of the curtain on the last act, and, altogether, Mrs. Jobson feels as if she is running away from a burning hotel.

Then the Jobsons get to the theater before the orchestra plays the overture.

Last week, however, in going through the pockets of a business suit that Mr. Jobson had left off that morning to be sent to the cleaner's Mrs. Jobson found two tickets for a theatrical performance for Wednesday night of this week. Mr. Jobson had quite casually told about a week before that he had had a mind to take in the show. When she found the tickets Mrs. Jobson mentally decided that she wouldn't be caught again, and that she would for once give herself enough time to make ready for the theater.

It happened that Mr. Jobson got to tinkering with a fountain pen that wouldn't work after he'd finished reading the paper on Wednesday evening, and Mrs. Jobson perceived that he was so interested in the job that he had forgotten all about the theater for that night. She didn't mention it to him, but at a quarter to seven, she silently tripped upstairs and began to dress.

Mr. Jobson was so immersed with the balky fountain pen that he didn't notice her absence. At 20 minutes to 8 Mrs. Jobson, arrayed to the limit in every detail, including hat, wrap and muff, walked into the sitting-room where Mr. Jobson was still fooling with the stubborn pen.

"Ready?" asked Mrs. Jobson.

"Wha—wha—" Mr. Jobson started to say, and then he stopped very short and flushed very red. He knew that she had found those tickets, and he knew that he had to do some quick thinking or she would certainly "have it on him."

"Am I ready for what, pray?" he inquired, coolly, after a tremendous effort to pull himself together. "What's this all about? What are you all diked out for? Where's the joke?"

"Why, the theater, you know," said Mrs. Jobson, innocently, reaching into her muff and producing the tickets.

An expression of the greatest surprise crossed Mr. Jobson's features.

"Did you mean to tell me," he inquired, taking the tickets from her and looking at them, "that that infernal pulp-headed box office imbecile gave me tickets for Wednesday evening, when I told him I wanted 'em for Thursday evening?"

So far as "getting one" on Mr. Jobson is concerned, Mrs. Jobson has about given it up. He scurried into his Tuxedo and got ready for the theater, declaring that he didn't intend to be chiseled out of three dollars on account of the stupidity of any box-office man, and, to give his case the finer point, he lectured the box-office man when he got the theater for giving him the wrong seats. Mrs. Jobson is more than ever convinced that, if she ever expects to catch Mr. Jobson napping under any circumstances whatsoever, she'll have to remain up all night to do it.—Washington Star.

**Length and Breadth.**

Mr. Braiser (after the sermon)—Well, Mr. Grubson, what do you think of our new vicar's preaching; rather broad, is he not?

Mr. Grubson (looking at his watch)—I shouldn't mind that if he hadn't been so long. I'm quite a quarter of an hour late for my dinner.—The King.

**How She Helped Him.**

"George," said the young wife, "I think you said you wanted your two suits to go as far as possible?"

"Well, I did," agreed George.

"I think I did," I gave them to the missionary society to send to the South sea islands.—Chicago Daily News.

**Mental Exercise.**

Berenice—What is the nature of this brain work Cholly has undertaken?

Hortense—He has made his valet take a back seat, and he thinks for himself what suits he will wear each day.—Smart Set.

## THOSE CUBAN OBLIGATIONS.

No Promise or Obligation Has Ever Come from Congress Regarding Tariff Relations.

A number of newspapers, especially those devoted to free trade, have much to say of "obligations to Cuba" and "promises to Cuba." When a search is made for the text or a specific description of these so-called contracts and pledges none can be found, and the confession comes out that they are only implied. It is evident that no promises of legislation exist, for congress alone has the power to fulfill them, and if any had been extended by congress they would be part of the official record. No officer of the government, no matter what his rank, can tender promises binding congress to any particular course, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. No president can do more than recommend the passage of a law by congress. It would be futile and presumptuous on his part to pledge the future action of the legislative and coordinate branch of the government. Congress itself formally resolved that Cuba should be allowed to form an independent government, and has steadily maintained that position. Not another promise of any kind can be attributed to congress. The Platt amendment defined that one promise, with certain restrictions as to Cuba's international relations, the limitation of its public debt, the maintenance of an adequate government, proper sanitary measures, future adjustment, by treaty, of the ownership of the Isle of Pines and the sale or lease to the United States of lands necessary for coal-mining or naval stations.

Not one word, promised or obligation has ever come from the congress of the United States in regard to tariff relations with the republic of Cuba. Nothing in the Platt amendment touches the tariff. Cuba is left as free to frame its own tariffs as is the United States. All that the free trade raiders who are pushing tariff concessions to Cuba can plead is that somewhere between the lines of our transactions with the island are certain shadowy moral obligations to make a protective tariff inconsistent with itself. There are no promises to Cuba unredeemed, and no obligation except such myths as free traders can manufacture in their inner consciousness. On Monday next the electors chosen throughout the island in the election of December 31 last will meet to confirm the choice of president, vice president and senators. The lower house and provincial governors have already been named by the direct vote of the people. The republic of Cuba is perfectly free to pass a tariff law of its own. It has made no promises to us on that score, nor is it likely to recognize any obligations in that respect save to consult its own interests.

The United States has had some little experience with other countries in reciprocity treaties, but never yet has it singled out a particular foreign nation as a special tariff favorite. Is the republic of Cuba to be a foreign country? Such, assuredly, is its own and our understanding. It will have its own executive, legislative and judicial government, its own diplomatic representatives and absolute legal power over its tariff laws. No governmental obligations affect tariff policies on either side. As for commercial considerations, Cuba can only settle them adequately by asking for annexation. If we cut the duty on imports from Cuba as a particular gift to Cuba, we depart from all national precedent in dealing with a foreign country, and admit to a protective tariff a variant idea that will be used, and is intended to be used, to discredit the principle of protecting American industries. Free traders know the value of this entering wedge, and are exerting themselves day and night to destroy the consistency of the Dingley law by tearing a free trade hole through it by means of wholly exceptional tariff concessions to Cuba.

## DEMOCRATIC FARMER TURNS.

Lifelong Party-Worker in Illinois Joins the Republicans and Gives Reasons.

W. T. Bucks, of Galatia, Ill., a farmer and lifelong democrat, and for a number of years prominent as a worker in the party in Saline county, has severed his connection with the party and will hereafter affiliate with the republicans. In explanation of this move, says a special dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean, Mr. Bucks says:

"My reason for severing my connection with the democratic party is because as a farmer I have noted the difference in prices between democratic and republican administrations, which, it seems to me, would convince any farmer that the republican administration is far better for him. So long as the republicans run this government as they now are, I am with them, first, last and always.

"There are some of my democratic friends who will say that the scarcity of crops the past year raised the price. This is true as far as it goes, but had it not been for the republican protective tariff law the foreign countries would have supplied this shortage at a low price, and as a matter of fact we would have had to sell our farm products at the same figure, no matter how scarce our crops, and as a consequence we would have starved. But the tariff law shuts out foreign competition, and when our crops are short the prices rise sufficiently to carry the farmer over another season. No, sir; no more democracy for me."

"The war taxes will soon be a thing of the past, thanks to republican financial management.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## A MODERN COURTSHIP

BY MARTIN INGLIS.

March 4, 1900.—Dear Miss Violet: I wonder whether you would be good enough to let me know the name of the shop where your mother gets her bacon? She was telling me about it on Sunday, but I have foolishly forgotten the name. I remember thinking I had seldom tasted such excellent bacon, and, as my mother is extremely particular about what she eats, I want to get something really good.

We have, I am sorry to say, been having a great deal of trouble with our servants. The cook your mother recommended to me turned out a failure, and we were forced to dismiss her. She was really so lazy and untidy that the other servants could not put up with her. Perhaps you know of another?

If you are kind enough to answer these questions, will you at the same time let me know what day would suit you for me to call and see you alone? I think you may have guessed what I want to say.

Either Monday or Thursday afternoon, or Friday morning at 10:30 would do for me. I should prefer Friday, as the other two days I have only 20 minutes to spare.

With many apologies for troubling you, believe me, yours sincerely,  
HERBERT JACKSON.

**LETTER II.**

May 14, 1900.—Dear Mr. Jackson: I am afraid I have been a terribly long time answering your letter, but my married sister has been staying with us, and I have been extremely busy going about with her.

The bacon shop is Wilson's, in Market street. Mother says that if you mention her name you are sure to be well attended to. She thinks she knows of a cook to suit you, Sarah Hudson is her name. She was with us two years ago, and only left because we were going abroad. She is extremely clean and hardworking, and would, I think, suit your mother well. If you would fix a day, mother would send her to see you.

I see you say in your letter that you wish to call and see me alone. I shall be at home on Monday morning at 11 and free till 11:30, when I am interviewing a parlor maid. If this would not suit you, could you come to lunch on Wednesday? I shall have a cousin lunching with me, but I dare say you would not mind this. I am afraid these are my only free days.

I hope my delay in answering your letter has not caused any inconvenience. Yours sincerely,  
VIOLET OSBORNE.

**LETTER III.**

Aug. 13, 1900.—Dear Miss Violet: I was sorry that I was unable to come and see you in May, but I had to go up to see about an uncle's will, and since I came back have not had a moment to spare.

I think you must know that the object of my proposed visit was to ask you to become my wife. If you find this possible, will you let me know, so that I may come and see you? Any day this week before two p. m. will do. I shall so much enjoy seeing you again, as we do not seem to have met for a long while.

My mother has tried Wilson, and finds the bacon excellent. It was so kind of your mother to recommend that cook. We did not engage her, as her cooking was a little too fanciful for our small menage.

Hoping, dear Miss Violet, that I may soon hear from you, believe me, yours sincerely,  
HERBERT JACKSON.

**LETTER IV.**

Oct. 20, 1900.—Dear Mr. Jackson: I fear I have been an unpardonably long time in answering your letter, but we have been settling in with an entirely fresh set of servants, and you know what that means.

I have stupidly mislaid your letter, but think I can remember its contents. If I have delayed answering it, it is not because I was not much touched and flattered, but because I really have had no time to do anything. I am now at leisure again, and shall be delighted to see you if you still wish to come. We shall be at home Sundays and Tuesdays till Christmas.

We had a visit from your Aunt Sophy the other day, and were glad to hear your mother was quite well again. I hope this cold weather won't upset her. Yours sincerely,  
VIOLET OSBORNE.

**LETTER V.**

Dec. 30, 1900.—Dear Miss Violet: I have a terrible confession to make to you. When I received your letter I put it unopened in my pocket intending to read it at lunch time. I was, however, so busy all the morning that I could not find a minute in which to read it. On returning home I searched through my pockets, only to discover that the letter had disappeared. I must have pulled it out with my handkerchief and dropped it in the street.

I cannot sufficiently apologize for my carelessness. It was, you may imagine, a great annoyance to me, as I was extremely anxious to know its contents, and whether I must be condemned to sign myself eternally only, yours sincerely,  
HERBERT JACKSON.

**LETTER VI.**

April 17, 1901.—Dear Mr. Jackson: I have had some difficulty in deciding how to answer your letter.

You will, I fear, think me extremely foolish when I confess that I have completely forgotten what I said when I last wrote. I really cannot recollect whether I accepted or refused your offer of marriage. If the former, I suppose I must consider myself engaged to you. Perhaps it would be best if you would write and let me know what you wish.

I think it is only right to tell you that Reginald Peyton has lately proposed to me. I told him that I could not give him a definite answer till I heard from you. Until then I remain, yours sincerely,  
VIOLET OSBORNE.

**LETTER VII.**

April 18, 1901.—Dear Miss Violet: We are indeed in a strange dilemma! I do not know how to reply to your letter.

I shall, of course, be delighted if you will become my wife. At the same time, I do not wish you to be bound by anything you may have said in your letter; if you would, I think, be best if we allowed it to sink into oblivion.

I have been offered a post which would take me away for five years. It is an excellent post, and I shall probably never have such a chance again; but, of course, if you would prefer my remaining at home I will refuse. I leave the matter in your hands, but should be glad if you would let me know your decision quickly. Yours ever sincerely,  
HERBERT JACKSON.

Telegram.—April 18, 1901.—To Herbert Jackson: Accept post. Have accepted Reginald. From  
VIOLET.

—Chicago Tribune.

## QUESTION OF THE TARIFF.

Groundless Fears of Protectionist Leaders Concerning the Agitation of It.

One of the principal objections urged in Washington against the trade concessions to Cuba, which are dictated not only by considerations of humanity, but also by our own requirement of larger markets, is that any legislation on the subject will "open the tariff question." It is not at all strange that the leaders of the house of representatives should be reluctant to open the tariff question, says the New York Tribune. It is a difficult issue to deal with at best. No schedules can be made without some heartburning, and when they are once settled naturally nobody cares to raise the ghost. Even the most perfect of tariffs at the time of its enactment in a few years, through commercial changes, becomes open to just criticism. The original duty on tin plate, for instance, was true statesmanship, and directly led to the building up of a great industry. So energetic, however, have been American manufacturers and so fertile their invention that now their business would not be in the least affected if the duty were cut in two. They could not sell all their goods at the European price and make a profit, but they could compete with the foreigner on his home ground with a certain part of their product. This and other out of date features of the tariff law are perfectly well known, but there is no feeling aroused over them, and there will not be until popular attention is directed toward the tariff as an obstacle to the accomplishment of some object on which the heart of the country is set. Then every abuse, every undue bit of protection in the schedules will be made a target, and before passions are cooled not only will the main thing desired be accomplished, but the whole tariff structure may be put in jeopardy.

The leaders have good reason for not wanting to open the tariff question, and there is no way by which they can throw it wide open more surely than by stubbornly refusing to do the obviously right thing by Cuba. The American people are interested in this Cuban matter. They feel that a moral obligation rests upon them. Their good faith, their generosity, their reputation before the world as a beneficent power dealing wisely and justly with its dependents are at stake. If congress does not promptly respond to their desires great popular indignation is sure to be awakened. Free traders will take advantage of it to stir up opposition to the tariff in general. Already hundreds of people who have known and cared nothing about the tariff are being led by their sentimental interest in Cuba to abuse the protected interests and say that a tariff ought to be abolished when it becomes so much our master that we cannot, for fear of disturbing it, pass a little simple law to relieve from want a people whose rescuers and protectors we proclaim ourselves to be. If congress wants to open the tariff question let it turn a deaf ear to Cuba and the American people who are interested in Cuba. If it wants to leave that troublesome matter in peace, it will satisfy popular sentiment instead of provoking it to impatience with the whole protective system.

There is really no reason why Cuban concession should precipitate a general tariff agitation. The Foraker law for Porto Rico did not, though it involved more far-reaching tariff principles and was the subject of bitter contest and widespread controversy. If we cannot pass any law like that proposed for Cuba without opening the tariff question, how can we pass one rebuilding the tariff wall between the United States and the Philippines? The house leaders have already found it possible to meddle with the tariff by passing a bill to meet the new conditions in the Philippines, and the excuse that the conditions in Cuba cannot be dealt with without crumbling the tariff structure into ruins comes a little too late to be accepted. One would think to hear such arguments that the tariff was like one of those little glass toys of the physicists called Rupert's drops, which disappear in powder if the smallest tip of their glazer surface is broken. For our part, we do not believe that the protective tariff system is so useless or so ridiculous that it must be kept in a locked case, and that our congress cannot, for fear of jarring such an idol, promptly and effectively deal with conditions which it meets. As protectionists we decline to take any such view, but regard a tariff as a useful and adaptable instrument of government, and we should think the protectionist leaders in congress would be the last men in the world to avow that they could not do their obvious duty to Cuba for fear the tariff could not stand the strain.

## DRIFT OF OPINION.

Most of the democratic meetings held these days are presided over by cornermen.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

Uncle Horace Boies, of Iowa, shows signs of returning animation. He wants to succeed Spenser Henderson in the house of representatives.—Cleveland Leader.

The democrats who want to reorganize their party are not making much headway in the creation of new issues. Why, instead of simply opposing what the republicans favor, don't they offer something in the way of legislative suggestions?—Cleveland Leader.

German-Americans are very independent voters, and it would not be surprising if Congressman Wheeler's speech making contemptuous allusions to Prince Henry should cost the democratic party thousands of votes. The democratic organ in this city says Wheeler "came very near hitting the nail on the head."—Indianapolis Journal.