

# NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



## Ground Broken for the Great Lincoln Memorial

WASHINGTON—Ground was broken February 12 for the great memorial which is to be erected in Washington to Lincoln. As would have pleased the great president, the utmost simplicity marked the breaking of the ground.



The day was the one hundred and fifth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. There was no blare of trumpets, no pounding of drums and no burst of artillery salutes. The resident members of the Lincoln memorial commission, accompanied by Henry Bacon, designer of the memorial; M. F. Comer, Toledo, O., the contractor, and Col. W. W. Hart, engineer commissioner in charge of public buildings and grounds, met on the spot down on the "made" ground by the Potomac, and all removed a few spadeful of earth, and that was all the rites there were.

Of course, there were camera bends and representatives of all great morning picture firms in the country, making films of the epoch-making incident. It was a freezing day, with a biting wind, but everybody stood with bared heads as the first few spadefuls of earth were turned. There were a few men and women of the common people, whom Lincoln loved, there to see the performance, but only a few—probably not over 20 in all.

Before beginning to turn the earth, former United States Senator Blackburn, who has been appointed chairman of the commission in place of the late Senator Cullom, made a short speech, opening the exercises.

"This great memorial will show that Lincoln is now regarded as the greatest of all Americans," said Senator Blackburn, "and he is so held by the South as well as by the North. Today we let the country know that this great work has been begun and will be carried on steadily until its completion."

The site is on the direct line with the monument to Washington and the capitol and within easy view of the gates of Arlington, which it is planned to connect with the memorial by a memorial bridge.

## Government Clerks Just as Selfish as Others

GOVERNMENT clerks are just as selfish as any other body of people that can be got together. They have been howling for years for a retirement law, which will make provisions for retirement at a certain age on one-half or two-thirds of their salary, and the same organization which is known as the "Retirement association" is demanding increased salaries all along the line. The pure selfishness of this United States Civil Service association shows in the fact that the clerks are unable to get together on any one suggestion for retirement. Scores of the younger clerks object to the monthly assessment plan for the purpose of securing an endowment fund on which aged clerks may be retired.

Youth is always hopeful, and these younger clerks think that they will leave the government service long before the retirement age is reached, and then all the money that had been automatically taken from their monthly salaries would be lost to them. And they are strenuously opposed—these younger clerks are—to supporting in idleness any of the aged clerks, who could be immediately retired on part pay if such an endowment fund was established.

Their selfishness is really what is retarding the passage of the retirement bill. One of the finest examples of what may be accomplished without feeling any real loss of salary is shown in the United States Soldiers' home. This home, established in General Scott's time, just after the Mexican war, by an indemnity fund from Mexico, which nobody knew what to do with, is today the most magnificent piece of property in the District of Columbia. It can shelter over 5,000 men without crowding. It has magnificent white marble buildings with marble floors and walls, white marble auditorium and theater, a magnificent library building, a just as magnificent administration building, with a most beautiful cottage for the administration officials, great conservatories and herds of the very finest milch cows—in fact, everything on earth that the heart can wish for, and all done by simply reserving a small sum of 12 cents a month from every enlisted man's pay.

## Few Holidays Observed in City of Washington

IT is known that in the District of Columbia, few of the patriotic holidays are observed. For instance, congress sits on Memorial day, just exactly as though it were a common, ordinary day, and observes Washington's birthday by some senator reading out Washington's farewell address, while of the birthdays of McKinley and Lincoln absolutely no record is usually made. The Fourth of July, if congress is in session, and June 14 suffer the same neglect.

Secretary of War Garrison, however, taking it for granted that Lincoln's birthday would be a holiday the same as in New Jersey and New York, did not go down to his office in the war department at all, so his secretary called up Mr. Garrison's home to inquire where the secretary of war might be. Mrs. Garrison informed Mr. Garrison's secretary that her husband had gone to New York to address a meeting of the Old Colony club. "Mr. Garrison thought that he might just as well take advantage of the holiday today and make this address," added the wife of the secretary of war.

And those who have been a long time in Washington had a great laugh on Secretary Garrison when he returned to the city to be told that February 12 is not a holiday in the District of Columbia. There are a great many other things that Secretary Garrison might learn of the lack of patriotism of congress and in the District of Columbia. The president of the United States very often makes an address on Memorial day, but that does not mean that there is any executive order closing the departments. President Wilson did, however, issue an executive order excusing all veterans of all wars from the departments on February 16, that they might attend the Maine memorial exercises to be held at Arlington. This order has been issued by the president for the last six years, that those who desire might pay tribute of respect and honor to those who went down to death on the battleship Maine, February 15, 1898.

## Light Gray Is Most Inconspicuous for Soldiers

WHAT color can be seen the farthest? What is the most conspicuous color? Experiments to answer these questions have been made by the war department to determine the color best suited for a soldier's uniform. The experiment proved few people realize the difference colors can make or their real relation to one another.

The ideal soldier's costume is one that soon fades into the background, and that does not show at all from a distance, making it invisible to the enemy. In order to prove the relative conspicuousness of colors, 12 soldiers were dressed in colored uniforms and ordered to march off, while a group of officers and color experts remained behind to take notes on the uniforms. Two of the 12 soldiers were clad in light gray, two in dark gray, two in green, two in dark blue, two in scarlet, and two in tan, as these are the colors most fitted for uniforms.

The first to disappear were the light gray. The next two were the tan. The next, surprising as it may seem to those who believe they know colors, were the scarlet. Then followed the dark gray, while the dark blue and green remained visible long after the other colors had disappeared.

Experiments were also made at firing at targets of various colors, with the same results. Red and blue targets were also experimented with, and it was proved that blue could be more easily seen at a distance, and hit, than could red.

All Have Their Remedies. "What's the best thing to do for a cold?" "My dear sir," replied Colonel Stillwell, "everybody has his special preferences. I couldn't assume to give you expert advice. I'm not a bartender."

The More Important. "Is your engagement broken off finally?" "Yes, Henry found he could make a first payment on a new car with the price of the diamond ring I insisted on his getting."

## UNCLE SAM GETS WONDERFUL BUTTERFLIES



William Schaus of New York has presented to the National museum at Washington one of the finest and most complete collections of butterflies and moths in the world, to the making of which he has devoted many years. In the illustration, Mrs. J. C. Crawford, wife of the assistant curator, is seen arranging some of the 200,000 specimens, and behind her is one of the butterflies which measures 11 inches from tip to tip of his wings.

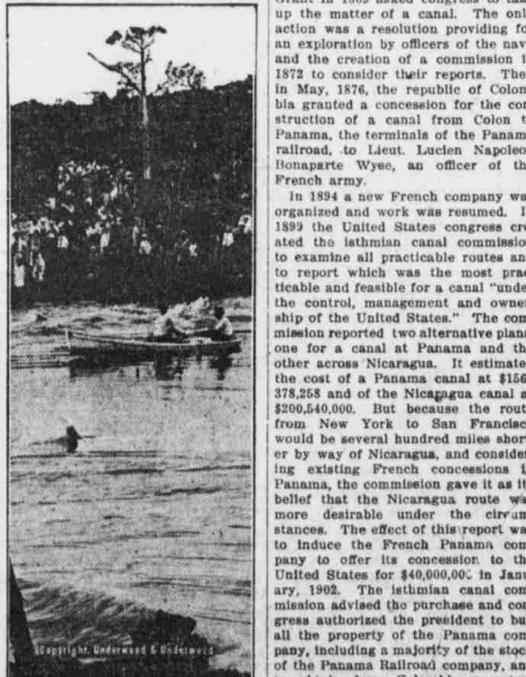
## DREAM OF CENTURIES IS REALIZED AT GAMBOA WHEN DAM IS BROKEN

Free Waterway Across the Isthmus Created When President Wilson Touched Button—Possibilities Were Seen by Balboa—Story of the Panama Canal and of French and American Engineering.

New York—For more than 400 years the vision of a canal across the isthmus of Panama has fired the imagination of the world, Frank Parker Stockbridge writes in Popular Mechanics. The vision became a reality on October 10, 1913, when President Woodrow Wilson in the White House at Washington pressed a button which sent the electric current 2,900 miles to explode 40 tons of dynamite which blew up the last barrier to a free waterway across the isthmus.

"Gamboa's busted!" exclaimed the president as he pressed the telegraph key. The casualness of his remark was a tribute to the engineers of the United States army, to whom the digging of the canal has been simply "another job" in the routine of their regular work and one that called for no brass bands or special ceremonies to glorify it. With the same simplicity the first vessel to pass through the famous Culebra cut, after the breaking of the Gamboa dike had let in the water, was an ordinary rowboat, while a humble but useful tugboat was the first craft of any kind to make the passage through the great Gatun locks.

While the work at Panama is still far from completed, yet the canal which the first Spanish explorers visualized is today an accomplished bill. On September 25, 1543, Vasco Nunez de Balboa climbed the peaks of the continental divide and discovered the Pacific ocean, which he named "the South sea." From where Balboa stood his new ocean lay directly south, because of the S-shaped twist of the isthmus, which brings the Pacific entrance to the canal not only southward but eastward of the Atlantic terminal. When Balboa's report of his discovery reached Spain, it was accompanied by the recommendation that a canal be immediately dug across the isthmus. What the explorer had in mind was a sea-level canal, for, although Leonardo da Vinci, the great Italian



First Boat Through After Gamboa Dike Was Blasted.

painter-engineer, had recently invented the hydraulic lock, now generally used for lifting vessels over elevations, it had not become widely known. The discovery of gold in California in 1848 was followed by a tremendous volume of traffic between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and for fifteen

## TREASURE HOUSED IN CABIN

Priceless Art Furniture in Log Hut in Wyoming Wilds Owned by an Aged Couple.

Big Piney, Wyo.—Un-guarded in a rough old log cabin on the Green river, near this place, is household furniture for which it is probable an antiquary would be willing to pay a fortune. Their friends besought the couple to leave some person in a

pany's property was bought and in February, 1904, a commission for the construction of a canal was appointed. In May of that year work was begun where the French company had abandoned it. In June, 1905, a board of consulting engineers was appointed to consider whether the canal should be at sea level or with elevating locks.

The canal itself, from deep water to deep water, is 50 miles long. Its general direction from the Atlantic entrance to the Pacific end is from northwest to southeast, the northern terminal being about 2 1/2 miles farther west than the southern entrance from the Pacific. The first seven miles of the canal beginning at the Atlantic end are at sea level. Five miles of channel, 500 feet wide, have been



Blowing Up of Gamboa Dike.

dredged to a depth of 41 feet directly south through Limon bay, and two miles of this sea-level section has been cut through low-lying land to the entrance to the Gatun locks, where the ships are raised, in three steps, to a height of 85 feet above sea level, into the great body of fresh water called Gatun lake.

## SLAYER HID IN BIG PRISON

Man Wanted for Murder Allowed Himself to Be Caught in Burglary to Escape Search.

Sacramento.—A country-wide search, covering almost three years, for Otto Shaumburg, the notorious "key burglar" of St. Louis and alleged murderer of Detective James Arnold of East St. Louis, has ended in a cell at San Quentin prison. Shaumburg was identified by William J. Mulconery, sheriff of Le Claire county, Illinois. The police of every city in the United States have been on the watch for Shaumburg and \$500 reward for his capture is authorized by Le Claire county.

Shaumburg was betrayed by his cellmate at San Quentin, to whom he narrated the story of his criminal operations in St. Louis and East St. Louis. Sheriff Mulconery was notified and extradition papers were signed by Governor Dunn of Illinois and filed with Governor Johnson two months ago.

Sheriff Mulconery recently came to the Pacific coast to get a prisoner at McNeil's Island penitentiary and stopped over at San Quentin to identify Shaumburg, whom he had seen at East St. Louis.

"Hello, Otto," Mulconery said, and offered his hand to the convict. "My name's not Otto," Shaumburg replied, and he pulled back his hand. "I never was back there, and I don't know you," he added.

"Back where?" queried Mulconery. "Back where you come from," Shaumburg replied, and then witted down when Mulconery accused him of the murder.

Shaumburg told his cellmate that after he had murdered Detective Arnold he hurried to the Pacific coast and permitted himself to be captured in the act of committing a burglary at Santa Cruz, Cal. He pleaded guilty under the name of Ray C. Jones and was sentenced to serve two years in prison. Shaumburg told his fellow convict he thought he would be safer in prison while a search for him was on than roaming around the country.

## ROYAL FLUSH BRINGS DEATH

New Orleans Man Believed Slain by Man He Beat in Poker Game.

New Orleans.—With his head and the upper part of his body filled with buckshot, Capt. William Collier was found dead in his hermit's lodge. He was seated at a table and clutched in one hand was a "royal flush." Opposite him was a "full house." He had been playing poker and was evidently assassinated by the loser. The police are seeking his opponent in the game, believed to be a sugar planter.

## Prohibits Button-Up Back Dresses.

Providence, R. I.—A bill prohibiting women from wearing dresses that button up the back, has been introduced in the legislature. It would make offenders serve six months at hard labor in the kitchen.

## Mayor Balks at Pay.

Mendota, Ill.—Because his pay has been fixed at 16 cents a day, Mayor Charles Rogers goes on strike. He wants \$300 a year.

# STORIES from the BIG CITIES



## Flying Hat Chased by Maiden and Many Men

NEW YORK—There was a short but exciting chase in Times Square late the other afternoon when the homegoing matinee crowd filled the street. The victim of the prank of the wind was a tall, slender young woman who wore a silk skirt and carried a huge muff.



Her hat was one of the latest effects in straw. It resembled an inverted soup plate, and was trimmed with a black lace ruffle and a single feather. She was crossing the street going toward the subway entrance when a particularly spiteful gust of wind caught the hat, lifted it from her head, and sent it straight up into the air. A young man started to the rescue. He followed the erratic course of the hat with his face turned skyward. So did with his face turned skyward. So did the owner of the hat. They met in a space between two snow piles in the street, and the young woman was almost knocked down.

Four more men and an elderly woman took up the rescue work while the youth was apologizing to the maiden. All this time the hat refused to come down. It would go soaring 50 feet up and then drop down, only to be caught again and sent upward. The owner of the hat grew very excited, and started on the chase after the collision, waving her great muff above her head. More men, all young ones, became interested in the pursuit of the runaway hat. Its course lay in a northerly direction, and the pursuers plodded gallantly through the snow in the street.

Half a hundred persons gathered along the curb, and several newsboys joined the chase. The hat, after performing spirals and other things in the air, finally came to the ground in a snowbank. Half the pursuers tried to capture it at the same time, but it was a newsboy who got possession of it. His reward was a smile.

## Sacrifices Beloved Guitar and Saves His Life

ST. LOUIS, MO.—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," perhaps, but it didn't help much to slacken the speed of a freight train which bore down upon Herman Oexner of Belleville as he walked across a long trestle on the Louisville & Nashville railroad early the other day.

Oexner had been attending a dance and was on his way home between midnight and dawn. His only companion was a much-beloved guitar. To lessen the loneliness of the walk he played, and as he played he sang, losing consciousness of all about him, and no doubt having dreams the while of some fair Juliet upon a balcony listening to his strains.

So engrossed was he in his music that he was well onto the trestle before he heard a noise in the rear, and, glancing back, saw the train. His muse was either not shifty enough or too fickle to offer advice in so urgent a case. She had temporarily departed, and for the moment the instinct of self-preservation was uppermost.

The beloved instrument was sacrificed, Oexner permitting it to drop over the edge of the trestle as he scrambled to safety on the end of a tie just as the train crossed past.

The danger over, he set about to discover the remains of his tried friend. He found it, 50 feet beneath, shattered against a rail of the Southern railroad tracks.

It had picked a hard spot on which to settle, and had poured out its last music in one dismal crash.

## As Hard to Negotiate as a "Slide for Life"

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The crossing at Pennsylvania and Washington streets was a slide for life as interesting to negotiate as the greased pole at a county fair. But this brother was of different ilk. He wore a pair of spats on big tan shoes, surmounted by a foot of gray striped trouser legs before the tailored edge of his fur collared overcoat shut off the view of the stripes. A roll brimmed, quarter bow derby kept in the aroma of bay rum that held the sandy hair in plastered perfection, and curves as proper as the curved handle of his hickory-rough walking stick. His companion was human.

"Entirely unnecessary, entirely so. If persons watched their footing and walked with care, they would not fall in this foolish way. To be sure it is extremely slippery, but falling is only a demonstration that they have not proper control of their equilibrium. Nothing but a matter of care, I say, nothing more."

Slissch, plod—splatter, and the immaculate was down in the center of the North Pennsylvania street car track and about two inches of melting snow. Pride had gone before the fall and the slippery car rail had lacked the politeness of the friend in not opposing his opinion. But the friend was human.

"As you were saying," he remarked, as he helped his friend to his feet, trying to overlook the fall—but the immaculate one only glared.

## Dogs Are Always Dogs Even When One Is Bogus

CHICAGO.—Through the window of Karl Kahmann's shop at 2457 Lincoln avenue, a handsome, big-muscled bulldog gazed out the other night on passing traffic, calm and supercilious. He held his head at a haughty angle and the most exciting happenings on sidewalk and pavement did not stir him to the visible extent of a fraction of a wag of his fraction of a tail.

Presently came another bulldog of more active nature, willing to be friend and play or to be an enemy and fight. This second bulldog stopped in front of the window and wagged his tail tentatively. There was no answering wag. He growled. There came no answering growl.

Not even by a glance or a showing of teeth did the insolent, self-centered window dog recognize the existence of his canine brother in the street. It was a dead end. Plate glass three-eighths of an inch thick stood between them, but the street dog forgot that in his wrath. He leaped at the throat of the offender. The glass crashed. Cut now, physically as well as socially, the street dog closed in. The window dog tumbled over on his side with a hollow thud. The street dog, tearing at his throat, choked on a mouthful of sawdust. He had not been supercilious after all—only stuffed.

The belligerent street dog, after a casual survey of the damage which he had wrought, and smarting with pain from the cuts made by the shattered plate glass window, tucked his tail between his legs and made a dash for the street and safety. The proprietor of the establishment, on hearing the great noise made by the fierce attack, rushed to the front of the store just in time to see the surprised and frightened street dog rapidly disappear around a neighboring street corner. He therefore made no attempt at pursuit.

Kahmann, who is a taxidermist, is in need not only of a new show window but of a new window dog. He says he will make one out of the street dog if he catches him.

## Man of Resource.

A big, raw-boned youth in the Carolina mountains went to see a young woman of his acquaintance. In his bashfulness, he sat in silence; but, as if it were his only means of expression, he twirled his thumbs one about the other in never-ending circles.

At length the girl inquired: "Do you always do that when you go calling?" "No," drawled the youth; "sometimes I" (twirling his thumbs in the reverse direction) "do it this way."

Youth's Companion.

## Fierce Fight With Panther.

In a hand to claw fight with a panther, Albert Jeans, a rancher of the Anderson valley, Section, California, received some severe bruises. The animal sprang upon him while he was bending over the body of its mate that he had just shot, and it was only after a desperate struggle that he managed to break the hold of the beast and shoot it. Jeans caught the first panther in a trap and shot the animal. It measured nine feet five inches from tip to tip. The second, with which Jeans had the fight, was only a trifle more than six feet long.