

WORTHY OF NATION

CAPITAL SOON TO BE FINEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Movements on Foot to Enlarge and Beautify Washington Already Are in Evidence—New Depot a Mark of Progress.

Though not entirely completed, the new Union station in Washington is such a vast improvement over the previous railroad terminal equipment of the capital that the inaugural visitors who have made trips there on other occasions must have been deeply impressed. They came through a gateway of great artistic attractiveness. They found themselves landed in a station which possesses every possible convenience for the comfort of the traveler. Everything is on a generous scale. A crowd of 10,000 people can be handled with less friction now than was occasioned four years ago in the arrival of a thousand. Ten trains can discharge their loads simultaneously without causing more than a neighborly touching of elbows, whereas in the old days two trainloads pouring into one of the stations at the same time would block every passage and cause infinite confusion.

This change is the token of the new Washington, the national capital as it is soon to be, in all its equipment. For the day is now at hand when the people of this country are demanding that their national center be made a credit to the republic. The federal legislators have felt the quickening impulse of this sentiment and stand ready now in more generous measure than ever before to proceed with the evolution of the ideal capital upon broad lines. The program is moving forward appreciably, though perhaps at times the eager citizens may be impatient at the slowness of congressional action.

Just outside of the station the newcomer sees a wide expanse of territory flanked by the capitol and the senate office building. It is now an unlovely stretch in some respects, raw and rough along the outer edges, and obviously in a transition state. A screen of evergreen trees has been put in position around the outer curves of the street car lines, barely hiding the uneven spaces where the work of filling has not been finished. There is an ugly huddle of half-buried buildings left in their awkward plight by the change of grade, perhaps eventually to be taken into the plaza area or, falling that, to be replaced by attractive business buildings. The government contemplates—how leisurely the proceedings will be is not to be predicted—the acquisition of the as yet unopened land lying directly between the station and the capitol park. It has been proposed to place somewhere on that space a noble memorial to Abraham Lincoln, where, as an earnest advocate of the plan declares, it can be seen and appreciated by the American people "every time the train comes in."

This now untrimmed, undecorated station plaza will some day be one of the most famous places in the United States. Tardily but effectively the truth has been appreciated at the capitol that this city of Washington stands before the world as the seat of a great government, a world leader; that it is the center of American thought, an ever increasing power for the uplift of humanity. The obligation resting upon congress to make this city attractive in its garb, to give it no less than the best in all details of official outfitting and to place it on the highest possible plane of municipal efficiency is impressing itself annually more deeply upon the legislators, and this artistically attractive, practically useful terminal, a model of convenience and a credit to the public spirit of the railway corporations, is one of the results.

When another inauguration day arrives Washington expects to welcome its host of friends with the plaza complete in all respects, so that the incoming visitor will step forth to behold a scene that cannot be equaled in any other city in the world.

His Position.

Dean Ramsay once told of a young Englishman who had taken a Scottish shooting, and thought himself quite nationalized. Next year he met a genuine Scot of the old school at a German watering-place, and proceeded to pose as one himself, talking of Scotland and haggis and sheep's head and whisky, boasting of Bannockburn, professing devotion to Queen Mary, and extolling Scott and Burns over all English writers. On taking leave of his friend he said: "Well, sir, next time we meet, I hope you will receive me as a real countryman." "Weel," said the other, "I'm jest thinkin', my lad, ye're nae Scot, but I'll tell ye what ye are—ye're jest an impruved Englishman."

INSPIRATION WAS HAPPY ONE.

Good Idea That Rescued Student from a Serious Dilemma.

A student in one of the theological colleges found himself face to face with an examination in Old Testament history—a subject which he had entirely ignored all term. Taking counsel with some friends, he decided that all he really needed to know was the long list of the names of the kings of Israel and their dates. So he crammed them each and all into his bursting head. But, sad to relate, all he was asked to do was to criticize the acts of Moses. Not one act of Moses, good, bad, or indifferent, could the unfortunate youth remember, so, after much thought, he wrote as follows:

"Far be it for one as humble as I am to criticize the acts of the great Moses; but, if you would care to know the names of the kings of Israel and their dates, you will find them written below!"

He was passed.

Real Jack Robinson.

"Jack Robinson" has long been a favorite synonym for rapidity of speech or action, but possibly few people who use the phrase are aware that "Jack Robinson" was a real, live person.

As a politician John Robinson was a great favorite with George III. His political career was a long one, for he was member for Harwich during 26 years, being on one occasion bitterly attacked by Sheridan, who, denouncing bribery and its instigators, replied to the cries of "Name, name," by pointing to Robinson on the treasury bench, exclaiming at the same time: "Yes, I could name him as soon as I could say Jack Robinson," and thus originated the saying still current at the present day.

Nice Work for Hubby.

"I was calling on a friend to-day," said a woman, "when she showed me some beautifully embroidered pillow tops. The work on one of them was particularly fine. It represented a bunch of roses and each flower was shaded. When I had admired the different pieces my friend said: 'Who do you think did that?'"

"Why," I answered, "your daughter, I suppose."

"No," she said, "it's my husband. He is not fond of reading, and when he finishes his newspaper in the evening he takes up embroidery to pass the time."

Finally Got Information.

An English paper gives an old story a new setting by saying that on one occasion when Justice Warrington was listening to a case in which an Irishman was called as witness, his ignorance was painfully evident as soon as he stepped into the box. A young lawyer, in his cross-examination, tried his best to obtain some information from the witness which might prove helpful, but all to no purpose. Then he asked him if he had read anything in his life. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Then tell the court what you read." "Well, yer honor," replied Pat, innocently, "I have red hairs on my neck."

SAYS THE OWL.

The moon affects the tide and the untied.

The one debt that a man generally tries to pay is a grudge.

Fortunately no man can keep his happiness to himself.

Love in a cottage is generally the result of a vivid imagination.

A successful man's opportunities are usually of his own making.

No man is so selfish as to want to keep all his popularity to himself.

Some people only mind their own business when they have nothing else to do.

Love, perhaps, will find a way, but it's quite another matter to pay the way.

A man who can afford a good press agent can get along very well without genius.

It takes a great deal of experience for a fellow to fall in love and land on his feet.

Every man should have an aim in life, but it is astonishing how few good marksmen there are.

The easiest thing to make is a promise. The next easiest is an excuse for not living up to it.

ARE BUT A MEMORY

FOUR CAPTAINS WHO FOUGHT WITH DEWEY ARE DEAD.

Half of the Commanders Who Wrote Their Names on the Pages of History May 1, 1898, Have Passed Away.

Of the eight battle captains who sailed with Dewey into Manila bay May 1, 1908, four are but memories in the hearts of the American people, for with the death December 5, of "Hoch der Kaiser" Coghlan, the fourth of this little galaxy of naval stars was plied to quarters. Not even one of the surviving captains is in active service to-day, for all, with the ranks of rear admirals, have been retired, and are living in different parts of the country. One, now Rear Admiral Lambertson, makes his home in Washington.

Once a year the Dewey captains gather at dinner, when the old battle is refought and the old memories retold. But a few months ago, on the anniversary of that May morning's battle, five of them dined together. Now, before the year has passed, Admiral Coghlan has gone, and next May but four of the grizzled sea dogs will join hands and hearts over the board.

Then what of the men who by death of Rear Admiral Joseph B. Coghlan have been brought again into the public eye? The eight captains who answered along the line the signals which to Capt. Gridley read: "Fire when you are ready," and hurled their ships through the network of mines which lined the harbor and against the belching of the guns of Cavite wrote a hitherto untouched page in the history of naval warfare. The aggregate tonnage of the Dewey squadron, some 19,061 tons, was less than the single tonnage of that ship, the first of the new type of American Dreadnought launched recently, the North Dakota.

Capt. Gridley, Coghlan, Wild and Wood are dead, and those who still live prove no less the quality of the stuff of which the battle captains were made, and their little alcove in the hall of naval history is unique and unlike all others.

Capt. Gridley presents the characteristic example of the sterner stuff of which these men were made. When the Spanish squadron was sighted that morning and the orders to "go ahead" were given Capt. Gridley was ill in his stateroom. The admiral had selected the Olympia, Gridley's ship, as the flagship, and the captain unflinchingly ascended to his post of duty, still racked by the pains and aches of Asiatic fever. The order came to fire, and Gridley stuck to his post, fighting his ship with admirable clear-headedness until the white flag appeared on the Spanish forts and naught else remained of the Spanish squadron but the masts and towers protruding above the blue of the Asiatic bay. The battle being over, Gridley collapsed, to be invalided to a naval hospital, where death followed shortly.

Dewey's fleet was officered* by the following: Olympia (flagship), second-class cruiser, 5,865 tons, Capt. Charles V. Gridley (dead); Baltimore, second-class cruiser, 4,413 tons, Capt. Nemias M. Dyer; Raleigh, third-class cruiser, 3,183 tons, Capt. Joseph B. Coghlan (dead); Boston, third-class cruiser, 3,000 tons, Capt. Frank Wild (dead); Concord, gunboat, 1,710 tons, Capt. Asa Walker; Petrel, gunboat, 890 tons, Commander E. P. Wood (dead), and the dispatch boat McCulloch, revenue cutter service, Capt. D. B. Hodgson. The eighth of the battle captains was Benjamin P. Lambertson, then a captain who, while not in command of a vessel during the battle, took an exceedingly prominent part as Admiral Dewey's chief of staff.

White House Dances to Continue.

When the merits of the Roosevelt administration are taken stock of from a social viewpoint two ideas come forward, horses and dancing. No executive in recent times has given an impetus to the horse as the present. No one has ever been so identified with dancing as Mrs. Roosevelt. At the dances which have been given every alternate Friday Mrs. Roosevelt has appeared on the floor as often as her daughter. The president has shown that he can be as strenuous on the carpet as elsewhere. Dancing having been established, it will no doubt be continued throughout the next administration. The president-elect is as light on his feet as a girl of 16 and Mrs. Taft just dotes on dancing. The Cleveland's never gave a dance and the Harrisons only one. The new order is entirely satisfactory if it becomes part of White House tradition.—New York Press.

IS PERFECT FENCING MATERIAL.

Species of Cacti Form Hedges Practically Impenetrable.

The hedges which we ordinarily see bordering country estates are planted for their ornamental and beautifying effect, and not as a substitute for fencing material, but in the extreme southwestern part of the United States there are many hedges which serve primarily this latter purpose. Various species of cacti, such as the prickly pear, are used by ranchmen to inclose cattle ranges in those arid regions, and these hedges are practically impenetrable. Wild animals are thus effectually prevented from attacking the herds and flocks, and a supply of fodder may always be obtained by burning off the spines from the tender young shoots of the cactus.

Remains of hedges 15 feet in height are to be seen near the locations of the old missions in southern California, where they once served as fortifications to protect the little settlements. Instead of fences the Mexicans use what is known as the organ cactus. When stakes of this plant are set in the earth they readily take root, and soon present a formidable barrier of thorns.—Harper's Weekly.

THE FIRST TIME ON RECORD.

Belated Reformation in the Case of Sam Doolittle.

One of the easiest-going, most shiftless individuals that ever drifted through life, too lazy to travel any way except with the current, was Sam Doolittle. Sam was born tired and never outgrew it. Being belated was a chronic complaint with him, and it finally got so that nobody really expected anything else of him.

In the course of time Sam died. The funeral arrangements had been made and the announcement sent out, when owing to other engagements of the officiating clergyman, it was found necessary to change the time to an hour ahead, and as a consequence the body reached the cemetery considerably earlier than the original schedule had contemplated.

As the procession entered the gate and halted, the old gravedigger, who had not been notified of the change of time, dropped his spade in surprise and asked:

"Is that Sam Doolittle you've got there?"

Upon being assured that it was, he shook his head dubiously and croaked: "Well, if that is Sam Doolittle he must have turned over a new leaf all of a sudden. I've known him, boy an' man, for over fifty years, an' this is the first trip he ever took that I knew him to get started ahead of time!"

Setting the Capital in Order.

In December, 1900, the centennial anniversary of the removal of the seat of government to the District of Columbia was observed. With one accord, senators, representatives, governors and others of high and low degree expressed the belief that the time to set the city in order, artistically, was at hand. Among other organizations celebrating the anniversary was the Institute of American Architects, which in its discussion of past achievements did not lose sight of the fact that the future held possibilities. Working on its suggestions, Senator McMillan, chairman of the committee on the District of Columbia, secured the passage of a resolution authorizing him to appoint a commission to prepare a plan for the improvement of the park system. The commission, composed of Daniel H. Burnham, Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., Charles McKim and Augustus St. Gaudens, prepared a plan which, conforming so far as possible with that of L'Enfant, extended it to meet present conditions, and provided measures to neutralize the misplacing of the Washington monument and other buildings.

The appointment of this park commission marked the third epoch in the development of Washington as a beautiful city. It did more than that, for though the plans submitted by the commission have not been realized—and, indeed, it was not expected that they would immediately—the attention of the entire country was aroused and the movement for the betterment of other cities given impetus.

Establishing the Plural.

Fred, who was four years old, visited his uncle on the farm. When he came home his father asked him what had pleased him the most.

"O, I liked the geese. I had such fun chasing them, and we had a great big goose for dinner one day!"

"Well," said his father, "how can you tell the difference between a goose and geese?"

"Aw, that's easy," said Fred. "One geese is a goose and two geeses is geese."

SYSTEM IS PERFECT

ERRORS IMPOSSIBLE IN UNCLE SAM'S MONEY FACTORY.

Institution is Proud of the Fact That in Its Entire History Not One Plate Has Ever Gone Astray.

The system of checks employed to prevent irregularities in Uncle Sam's money factory, otherwise known as the bureau of engraving and printing, is as complete as human ingenuity can devise.

Each die, roll and plate has a number in sequence stamped upon it and by said number it is recorded. Each employe receiving a piece of steel to work on is charged with the same by its number and a description of the engraving to be made thereon. He is not allowed to leave the building, says the National Magazine, until the same has been returned and checked into the vaults presided over by the custodian of dies, rolls and plates. This officer is the representative of the secretary of the treasury.

In the custodian's office complete records and the history of 18,000 dies, 19,000 rolls and 18,000 plates are on file. Once a year this office is audited and checked up by a committee appointed by the secretary of the treasury, each piece of engraved work being identified and compared with the records of the office.

This is an arduous duty and it usually takes three months.

After finding the records correct the committee receipts to the custodian for all obsolete dies, rolls and plates which have become worn by use or no longer serviceable on account of legislation; these are carefully checked and packed in sealed boxes and taken to the navy yard, where they are totally destroyed by melting in a blast furnace.

Last year the committee destroyed 3,482 pieces of engraved work, packed in 247 boxes and weighing 35,757 pounds. Each morning the custodian issues all plates to the printing division and all dies, rolls and plates necessary to the engravers on requisitions and receipts for them upon their return at the close of the day's work, when they are stored in two large steel fireproof vaults of modern construction protected by time locks.

The 18,000 plates represent all classes of work, including commissions, checks, drafts, portraits of deceased members of congress, certificates, diplomas, inaugural souvenirs, national bank currency, United States and treasury notes, gold and silver certificates, bonds and cigar, cigarette, tobacco, snuff, beer, oleomargarine, rectified spirits, postage, documentary, customs and proprietary stamps. The system of checks and rules governing the custody of the work is so perfect that in the history of the bureau not a single plate has gone astray.

TAPE THE CUSTOMS OF EUROPE.

Caste Spirit as it is Manifested in Europe.

There are no classes in American society, it is true, but in Philadelphia they have traditions and prejudices that "draw the line" now and then pretty effectively. For example, the 24 grand-tier boxes in the Hammerstein opera house in that city are not sold by auction but allotted to the elite by a committee of five women of ancient Philadelphia ancestry. "We want opera in Philadelphia," said one of the committee, "but we do not want the best seats in the house to go to everyone who applies just because he has money enough to buy them. We want the seats in the grand tier to go to the representative Philadelphia families who have a right to them." The "hobo millionaire" does not break into society in Philadelphia. His grandson may get on the waiting list.

Origin of Julienne Soup.

In hotels and restaurants we invariably find "Julienne" soup and "Julienne" potatoes, both of which are universal favorites. Nearly 70 years ago in Boston a Frenchman by the name of Julien kept a famous eating place on Milk street, almost opposite the door of Old South church. Here the elite of the city used to gather; in fact, it was Boston's Delmonico. A modern iron front building has replaced the quaint gabled structure and few remember the one-time popular rendezvous. Julien invented the soup which was called for him and, I suppose, the potatoes, although it was the soup that made him famous. He is buried in the old graveyard on the Common, forgotten, perhaps, but it is interesting to know that his name survives on nearly every dinner table in the land.