

From Nation's Capital

What It Costs to Keep the President of the United States—Recent Panama Trip Inexpensive—Most Powerful Battleship in the World to Be Built for Our Navy—Elephant Problem Solved.



WASHINGTON.—It is difficult to determine precisely what it costs his "fellow citizens" to keep the president of the United States, but it is safe to assert that it does not figure up more than two-fifths of a cent for each person in the country, man, woman and child. Compared with the cost of maintaining the head rulers of many imperialistic nations the expense attached to keeping the chief executive of this country is small. The royal families of England, Germany and Russia spend millions of dollars of government revenues every year and besides have set aside for their use large domains of lands and costly buildings.

Among the presidents of republics the one who costs his countrymen most per capita is the president of Haiti. The citizens of that nation pay 17-22 of a cent each for the maintenance of their ruler, while the fellow citizens of the president of Paraguay pay three-fourths of a cent each for keeping him. The cost of the president of France is three-tenths of a cent a head; that of the president of the Argentine republic seven-twentieths of a cent a head; that of the president of Mexico three-twentieths of a cent a head; that of the president of Chile three-tenths of a cent a head; that of the president of Bolivia one-fourth of a cent a head, and that of the president of Ecuador two-fifths of a cent a head.

For the present fiscal year the appropriations for the White House are something like these figures:

Salary of the president, \$50,000; traveling expenses of the chief executive, \$25,000; salaries of the executive office, \$66,340; contingent expenses of the office, \$20,000; care, repair, refurnishing, purchase horses, etc., \$35,000; fuel for mansion, greenhouses and stable, \$6,000; care and maintenance of conservatory and greenhouses, \$9,000; extraordinary repairs to executive mansion, \$35,000; lighting the grounds, fuel, pay of laborers, care of greenhouses, etc., \$19,500; total, \$265,840.

There are several minor items, such as \$4,000 for the care and maintenance of the executive mansion grounds, which make the total close to \$270,000.

The total appropriations for the present year are much larger than in past years, but much of this is due to the appropriation of \$55,000 for repairing the executive mansion, which developed some bad leaks after the \$500,000 spent on rehabilitating it two years ago. The appropriation for repairs, etc., would ordinarily amount to about \$5,000, which would reduce the expenditures chargeable to the White House to about \$240,000.

ITEMS NOT CHARGED TO THE WHITE HOUSE.

There are a number of salaries that properly belong to the White House, although carried on the rolls of other departments. The two secret service men assigned to the White House at all times are paid by the treasury. The salaries of about 30 police officers are paid by the district. These amount to probably \$35,000 a year. If congress appropriated directly for the salaries of these men the total appropriations for the White House would mount up to over \$300,000 for the present year. There are 18 privates and two sergeants of police constantly patrolling the White House grounds. In addition there are about ten police officers assigned to duty at the White House as doorkeepers. Most of them have been soldiers or sailors in the army or navy and have been selected by the district authorities for their strict attention to duty and general good judgment.



How much of the appropriation of \$25,000 for traveling expenses made by the last congress had been drawn upon nobody outside the White House and treasury knows. Such matters are carefully guarded by treasury bookkeepers and auditors. The president, however, has made only three complete trips since the appropriation was made. One was to Oyster Bay, another to "Pine Knot," Va., his country place in that state, and his trip to Panama makes the third.

The Panama trip was not a costly one, as the president went on a man-of-war. In Panama he was entertained at all times by officials of the government and was conveyed by the Panama railroad, which belongs to the United States.

The purpose of the president, it is said, is to expend as little of the appropriation as possible during this fiscal year. It is probable that next summer he may go on a hunting trip and visit a number of cities and towns, but that will not be until after congress has adjourned in March.

The salaries of most of the servants at the White House—the domestic force, such as cooks, waiters, laundresses—are paid from appropriations made for the superintendent of public buildings and grounds.

MONSTER BATTLESHIP FOR OUR NAVY.



Either of the plans submitted by the bureau of construction and repair for the new battleship which is to be constructed, if carried out, will give the navy of the United States the most powerful battleship in the world, according to those who know what the plans are.

The plans, together with others submitted by outsiders, are now under consideration by a special board appointed by Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte. One plan provides for a vessel of exactly 20,000 tons displacement, and the other for a floating fort of 20,500 tons displacement.

Either plan, it is confidently expected, will give to the American navy a warship far more powerful than the famous English Dreadnought, which has started all governments to rush the construction of huge ships.

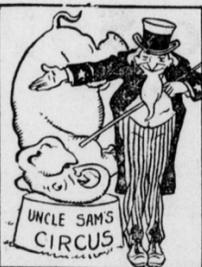
The Dreadnought carries ten 12-inch guns. The new battleship is inconceivable. One of the plans for the new American ship provides for ten 12-inch guns and the other for 12 12-inch guns. This second plan would give an astounding battery strength in a broadside fire, the most important consideration of 12 12-inch guns. The battery could be made possible by virtue of a new arrangement of turrets. In the plans for the 20,000-ton ship provision is made for ten 12-inchers mounted in double gun turrets, all on a center line, thus giving a broadside of all guns. A battery of 12 five-inch guns, to be known as the torpedo defense battery, is another feature.

In the plans for the 20,500-ton vessel there are 12 12-inch guns in six turrets, all on the center line. Not all of the turrets, however, will be on the same deck, provision being made for the center turrets of the group to be 45 feet above the water line. The design also provides for 16 five-inch guns for torpedo defense, the battery to be protected by five inches of armor.

The most serious criticism of the designs for the ship is that none of the five-inch guns can be fired astern, and only two command a fire over the bow. This would tend to make the vessel vulnerable to torpedo attack from the stern, and would make defense against a torpedo attack straight ahead difficult.

UNCLE SAM SOLVES ELEPHANT PROBLEM.

A novel plan has been found by treasury officials to save the government the cost of feeding four healthy elephants several times daily during the next four months. When the officials, in enforcing the law against undervaluation were compelled to confiscate the four elephants owned by a showman named Thompson, the problem of feeding the animals until the next auction sale of the confiscated goods presented itself. It was solved by permitting Thompson to give bond for the safe return of the animals. He was permitted to take the animals on the road and the officials are hoping he will make enough money exhibiting them to pay the penalty for his offense and recover the elephants.



The four elephants in question are of the real circus variety that can stand on their heads, fire off cannon, waltz, and sit around a table and eat a course dinner. It was the dinner part of the elephants' training that worried James B. Reynolds, assistant secretary of the treasury, who, in an unguarded fit of official zeal, ordered the pachyderms seized and got them on the government's hands.

As a protection to the American industry in infant elephants a duty of 20 per cent ad valorem is levied on the big beasts. The four animals were brought into the port of New York some months ago by Thompson. He put a valuation of \$6,000 on his herd, and, in order to avoid paying the duty, declared that he did not intend to keep them in the United States, but only wanted them to stay awhile for exhibition purposes. He put up a bond and took the elephants on their way to meet the youth of America.

The Thompson show got in Canada and he drew down his bond. But Thompson and his elephants came back, this time through the port of Buffalo. Show time was over and the value of the elephants had decreased, and they were declared to be worth only \$2,500. But the memory of the customs service is long, and the \$6,000 valuation put on them at New York was resurrected, and that resulted in their seizure.

Ancient Tavern Gone.

PLACE WHERE LINCOLN ONCE LODGED TORN DOWN.

Historic building near Urbana, Ill., Built in 1837 and Conducted as Hotel During War Days, Is No More.

Urbana, Ill.—With the demolition of the old Kelley tavern, torn down recently to make room for a barn, there passed one of the famous old hostleries of Illinois. Built in 1839, the old tavern became the stopping place of all west-bound travelers, it being the only hotel between Danville and Urbana, on the state road. For years it enjoyed great popularity, especially during its ownership by Joseph Kelley, who operated it from 1849 until 1864. During the 50s it was the regular stopping place of the old-time circuit-riding lawyers, among whom were Abraham Lincoln and Judge David Davis. Both Lincoln and Davis were warm friends of Kelley, whose ready wit and great fund of stories made him a favorite with both men. Kelley was a great story teller, and during the months intervening between the April and September terms of court he searched assiduously for "new stories to tell Abe." When Lincoln and the retinue of circuit-riding lawyers and judge arrived Kelley was in his glory. Out on the long porch of the hotel or before the immense fireplace he and Lincoln would sit for hours "swapping stories" to the delight of the other lawyers and particularly of Judge Davis, who was never so happy as when listening to his old friends at their favorite amusement. Often Lincoln's coming, being heralded about the surrounding country, drew scores of farmers to the hotel, and not infrequently residents of Urbana drove down to enjoy the contest between the two great story tellers. However well equipped with new material was Mr. Kelley he always found himself vanquished by Mr. Lincoln, whose fund of anecdotes seemed inexhaustible. Old residents say that the two champions frequently told stories almost all night, Lincoln sitting in an immense arm chair, with wide rockers and a buffalo robe cushion, known to the household as "Abe's chair." The old chair is still in the possession of the Kelley family, one of its most cherished heirlooms. Davis always lay on the floor, seldom speaking, but drinking in every word of the narratives, his hearty laugh ringing out

over the sallies of his companions.

During the latter days of his circuit riding and while traveling from town to town on his campaigning tours, the visits of Mr. Lincoln became famous for impromptu political gatherings. Often Lincoln would sit for hours in the barroom of the tavern, expounding his views to the crowds assembled to hear him. Mr. Kelley frequently asserted that Lincoln was one of the few guests of the place who never patronized the bar. This was rare, for "good" whiskey, brought from the Wabash country by an itinerant preacher, sold over the bar for 37½ cents per gallon, and practically every man, including the ministers and school-teachers, "took his dram."

The old tavern played an important part in the social life of the community. Here during the winter



KELLEY TAVERN AND THE PROPRIETOR.

months assembled all the young people for miles around to dance and enjoy themselves. In the yard were held the turkey shoots on Thanksgiving and Christmas, when the pioneers assembled to prove their wonderful skill with their old muzzle-loading firearms. Whisky on these occasions flowed freely and some famous fights have occurred about the old building, but for the most part the early settler was good natured, even in his cups, and no serious damage was ever done in these encounters.

With the coming of the railroads and the passing of the stage coach the old tavern suffered a lamentable falling off in business, and after a precarious existence it was closed and the building became the home of a tenant farmer. Later it was used for the storage of grain and farm implements. Falling into decay, it has at last been torn down, after an existence of 75 years, many of its timbers going into the new barn.

PAULINE MORTON TO MARRY.

New York Man Captures Former Belle of the White House.



MISS PAULINE MORTON. (Her Engagement to a New York Man Has Been Announced.)

New York.—The engagement of Miss Pauline Morton, daughter of a former secretary of the navy, Paul

Morton, to J. Hopkins Smith, Jr., has been announced.

Mr. Smith is the son of J. Hopkins Smith and a Harvard man, class of 1902. He is well known as a yachtsman. He met Miss Morton at the White House while Mr. Morton was in the cabinet.

Mr. Smith is the son of a retired capitalist, who is worth many times a million. He is himself treasurer of the firm of M. W. Kellogg & Co.

Miss Morton is 18 years old. Her father is now president of the Equitable Life Assurance society.

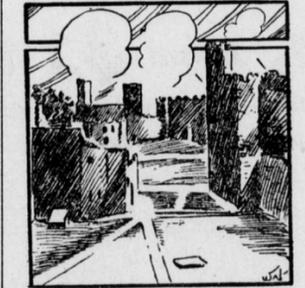
Society gossip says the match is the outcome of a pretty romance, because Mr. Smith, although 30 years old, won his suit against the eligible young men of Washington society who wooed Miss Morton in vain when she shared with Alice Roosevelt-Longworth the social honors of the capital.

While she was in Washington and before she was out of society it was persistently declared that Miss Morton would become the wife of Thomas Chalmers, a rich young Chicagoan. Gossip said Mr. Chalmers' ardent quest was not repulsed by the young woman, but her father declared that the two should not become engaged because he wished his daughter to have one season in the society world "heart free" before she gave herself to any one.

WELSH HOME FOR EDWARD VII.

Old Castle of Carnarvon to Be Restored for British King.

London.—Welshmen are extremely gratified that King Edward's scheme



CARNARVON CASTLE.

for the restoration of the beautiful old Castle of Carnarvon is at last in train to be carried out. At present Sir John Puleston, the hereditary constable of the castle, is discussing ways and means with architects from the office of works, who have been sent down to Carnarvon by the king's request.

It would, indeed, be quite fitting if his majesty could find time to reside for a short period in the castle, for his namesake and predecessor, Ed-

ward I, not only lived in the castle, but also used it as a fortress. As a fortress, if one may judge from the massive appearance of its walls, even after the lapse of seven centuries, it must have been practically impregnable.

It was at Carnarvon Castle, by the way, that the present lord mayor of London was lately installed as an Arch Druid, and it was also in the courtyard of the building that a Sir John Puleston, of the days of King Edward III., was hanged by the neck until he died, a fate his descendant is hardly likely to share, even if he should fall in his task of restoration!

Cigar Courtship.

In affairs of the heart among the Dutch people the cigar plays a part at once dreamily emblematic and practical. The young gentleman in love calls casually at the young lady's house with his cigar out, and asks for a light. That is a delicate hint, and if he calls again for a light the parents know what to expect. A family council is held, and the reply is prepared. If on his third call the wooer receives a light, but has the door immediately closed in his face, he understands that he is cold-shouldered. If, on the other hand, his suit is welcome, after receiving his light he is invited in, the young lady is presented to him, and he puffs out his declaration through the curls of smoke.



HE GUARDS A CROSSING.

How Policeman Barney Flynn happened to be put on "crossing duty" was a mystery to every man on the force, but why he was taken off was well known to all of them. The "crossing men" are usually large and imposing presence, while Flynn is small and would not attract the attention of anyone who did not know of his prowess. But he was given the work, nevertheless.

"Tis me size," he said by way of explanation. "Th' big ma-an is a fine thing on para-ade, but fr' wor-ry give me th' little felly ivery time. Th' big ma-an can hold up his shtick an' get ga-y with th' dh-rivers, but 'tis th' little felly that dodges in an' pulls th' lost childder out of har-rm's wa-y. Ye'll always find it so. Did ye niver hear that th' most val'able goods comes in th' smallest packages? 'Tis a fac'. What ye get at th' 99-cent bay-zaar has to go home in a dh-ray, an' what is ray-presented be th' five hundred dollars ye spind in a jew-ry shudore ye can carry awa-y in yer-er vest pocket."

Whatever of truth there may be in his assertion, the fact remains that he was put on crossing duty, and he went about his work with the same energy that characterized him in all that he had previously undertaken. He was the supreme ruler of that crossing, and he did not intend to have any mistake about it. He was exceptionally jealous of his authority, because his size tended to induce some



Explained That Things Were in a Bad Way at Flaherty's.

of the more thoughtless of the drivers to treat him with condescension, if not with contempt, and nothing is so galling as that.

"Th' guardeen iv th' la-aw," he said to a burly driver one day, "sh'd be threated with ray-splut."

"Don't get foolish, little man," returned the driver, patronizingly, at the same time showing a disposition to ignore the policeman's uplifted club.

"Oho! ye'd yet ga-y with me, w'u'd ye?" cried Policeman Flynn. "Come down out iv that high-chair seat!"

The driver only laughed, whereupon Flynn, by a quick movement, caught hold of the reins and jerked them out of the driver's hands.

"Now will ye be good," he asked, "or will ye dh-rive me over to th' station?"

The driver realized that he was at the policeman's mercy, and surlily promised to show all proper respect in the future.

"Tis not me own dignity, but me po-lis dignity I'm upholdin'," Flynn explained afterward. "Ye ca-an't r-rule at a crossin' onless ye insist upon r-rulin', an' 'tis th' infane-yus ma-an that's th' boss iv things."

Policeman Flynn certainly was ingenious, and he held the drivers who regularly passed his corner in subjection by his reputation for resourcefulness and the uncertainty as to what he would do next. When he finally humbled the contractor who was always in a hurry, and cut in and out of the line of teams in a most hazardous way, his authority never again was questioned. Another policeman would have caught the horse by the bridle some day, thrown him back on his haunches, and cursed or arrested the driver; but Policeman Flynn never does things as others would do them. He bided his time, and finally, when the contractor was caught in a pocket and had to draw up, the policeman promptly stuck his club between the spokes of his buggy wheel.

"I wa-ant fr' to ta-alk to ye," said Policeman Flynn.

"Take that out of there or I'll break it!" exclaimed the contractor.

"Ye'll br-break th' shpoke iv ye-er wheel iv ye-er hor-rse moves," retorted Policeman Flynn. "An' I wa-ant fr' to give ye warnin' that th' next time ye go scootin' over th' crossin' I may damage me club, but ye-er bug-gy'll go to the ray-pair shop. Now g'wan an' don't be blockin' up th' r-road."

That settled the contractor, and thereafter Policeman Flynn was the autocrat of his crossing. But he had other troubles, and his methods were not always those that would be approved at headquarters. The advice that he gave on various occasions, while undoubtedly good, was too sharp and pointed. A man from the country secured his attention one day and told him he had been asked to cash a check for a stranger who had to catch a train to go to a sick wife.

"'Twas th' ol' gag iv the confidence ma-an," said Policeman Flynn in telling about it, "but th' felly from th' country was sorry fr' him, an' he says to me, bein' in a bit iv doubt from all he'd hear-d iv city wa-ays: 'If you was me, he says, 'what w'u'd ye do?' An' i says to him: 'If I was you, I says, 'I'd ha-ave a guardeen app'nted an' th' hire a guide.' An' he wint awa-y ma-ad."

"But 'tis th' women gives me th' most throuble. Oho! th' women! Nine out iv ivery tin iv thim is lack-in' ner-ve or lise sinse. Wan iv thim shteps out a fut or two an' thim r-runs back. Thim she thries it wanst more, an' 'tis up to me fr' to iscoort her across. Th' nixt wan ducks her head an' goes like a chicken crossin' a r-road. I caught wan iv that kind yister-da-y whin she was r-runnin' r-right under a pair iv prancin' hor-rses. 'D'ye think ye're a bir-rd?' says I, 'that ye can shpread ye-er wings and ma-ake a straight line?' An' instid iv thankin' me she wint awa-y ma-ad, too."

Of course, in time the fame of Policeman Flynn's methods and comments reached headquarters, owing to some complaints that were made, and he was given a quiet reprimand. "Above all things you must be courteous," he was told, and, with his customary desire to master completely anything that he undertook, he went out to buy a book on etiquette. This was his undoing, for it is indeed a wise man who knows how to utilize the information in such a volume. He followed the instructions implicitly, and many a woman wondered at the elaborateness of his bow and the tactful nature of his reply when he was asked to do some absurd thing entirely out of the line of his duty; for women are occasionally unreasonable in their requests of the guardians of the law. He even kept his temper and acted with creditable discretion when he was asked to run back a block or two and see if he could find the lap-dog a woman had dropped out of her victoria. But the etiquette book was responsible for his Waterloo, nevertheless, and the night he was sent back to patrol duty he threw it in the fire before even explaining the matter to his wife.

"'Twas all along iv thryin' to be po-lite an' tac'ful," he finally explained. "What's po-lite an' compliment'ry to an akel is praysum'tion to a scoope-er. Ye see, 'twas this wa-y: a gir-rl—oh, a fine-lukin' gir-rl iv 19 or 20—got mixed up bechune two teams, an' was like to be r-run down whin I saw her. 'Twas no time to think iv th' wa-y to get her out. Anny wa-y all was a good wa-y, an' I gr-carried her r-round th' waist an' carried her to wan side. 'Oh, sir,' she says whin she got her breath back, 'how can I iver tha-ank ye?' 'Ma'am,' says I, liftin' me helmet an' thinkin' iv th' book on manners, 'th' pleasure,' I says, 'is all mine.' 'Sir,' she says, givin' me a hity-tity luk an' shpeakin' cold, 'I will see that ye are ray-warded.' 'Ma'am,' says I, 'th' mim'ry iv th' ray-ward I've already had will go with me to the gra-ave.'"

"What ray-ward had ye had, Barney?" inquired Mrs. Flynn.

"She asked me th' sa-ame quistion," said Policeman Flynn.

"An' what did ye sa-y to her?"

"I says to her, 'Ma'am,' I says, 'how-in' low like th' pictures in th' etikit book, 'tis wor-rth more than th' r-risk I r-run,' I says, 'fr' to have had sich a beautiful bundle in me ar-rms.'"

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BLUFF DIDN'T WORK.

Tom Ochiltree's Arm Hardly Long Enough to Perform Service He Claimed.

E. H. Gilmore, the theatrical manager of New York, and Tom Ochiltree were great friends. One morning they went down to the Battery in New York to take a yacht to go out and see an international yacht race.

A ferryman took them off to the yacht. Just as they were alongside something happened and the small boat capsized. Everybody went head-long into the water. Gilmore, who wore a heavy overcoat, came up last. He caught some netting on the side of the yacht and clung there until they dragged him aboard.

Gilmore was full of salt water and had no very clear idea of what had happened when he woke up in bed in one of the staterooms. Ochiltree was sitting beside him.

"Ned," said Ochiltree, "I think I should have a pass for life to all your theaters after what I did for you today."

"What did you do?" asked Gilmore, suspiciously.

"Why, after we were thrown in the water I noticed you had on your heavy overcoat, and, as I was in good swimming trim, I stood on the bottom and pushed you up by the legs, so that they easily got you into the yacht. Thus I saved your life. Isn't that worth a perpetual pass?"

An Insinuation.

"Yes, I'm going to marry him." "I didn't know you cared for him?" "Neither did I till last night." "What happened last night?" "He kissed me." "Huh! I wouldn't marry a man that drinks."