

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...

Cost 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...

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...

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.



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.

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.

The purpose of the president, it is said, is to spend as little of the appropriation as possible during this fiscal year.

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...

The plans, together with others submitted by outsiders, are now under consideration by a special board appointed by Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte.

Either plan, it is confidently expected, will give to the American navy as 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 other of the plans for the new American ship provides for ten 12-inch guns and the other for 12 12-inch guns.

In the plans for the 20,500-ton vessel there are 12 12-inch guns in six turrets, all on the center line.

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.

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.



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.

As a protection to the American industry in infant elephants a duty of 20 per cent ad valorem is levied on the big beasts.

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...

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...

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.

The old tavern played an important part in the social life of the community. Here during the winter months assembled all the young people for miles around to dance and enjoy themselves.



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.

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.

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 on 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-



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.

"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 every time."



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' gaardeen 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-ay with me, w'd ye?" cried Policeman Flynn. "Come down out iv th' 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 dhrove 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' onliss ye insist upon r-rulin', an' 'tis th' infaney-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.

"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-se moves," retorted Policeman Flynn. "An' I wa-ant fr' to give ye warnin' th' t' next time ye go scootin' over th' crossin' I may damage me club, but ye-er bugg'y'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 viceroy of his crossing. But he had other troubles, and his methods were not always those that would be approved at headquarters.

"'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'd ye do? An' i says to him: 'If I was you, I says, 'I'd ha-ave a gaardeen app'nted an' th' hire a guide.' An' he wint awa-ay ma-ad."

"But 'tis th' women gives me th' most throuble. Oho! th' women! Nine out iv every tin iv thim is lackin' ner-ve or lise sinse. Wan iv thim sheeps out a fut or two an' thim r-runs back. Thim she tries 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-ay whin she was r-runnin' r-right under a pair iv prancin' hor-reses. 'D'ye think ye're a bir-rd?' says I, 'that ye can spread ye-er wings and ma-ake a straight line?' An' instid iv thankin' me she wint awa-ay 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.

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 thyrin' to be po-lite an' tact'ful," he finally explained. "What's po-lite an' compliment'ry to an akel is pray-sum'ion to a scoopeer-er. Ye see, 'twas this wa-ay: a gir-r-oh, a fine-lukin' gir-r-iv 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-ay to get her out. Anny wa-ay all was a good wa-ay, an' I gr-rabbid her r-round th' waist an' carried her to wan side. 'Oho, 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 witr 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-ay to her?"

"I says to her, 'Ma'am,' I says, bow-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 bundel in me ar-rms."

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."