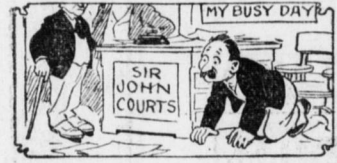


NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Pester House Clerk About Ancestors



WASHINGTON.—Sir John Courts, Bart, K. C. M. G., K. O. C., C. B., who, as plain James C. Courts serves the United States government in the responsible position of clerk of the House committee on appropriations, has his troubles just like other folks. People are all the time pestering him to death to know if it was his grandfather or his great-grandfather or his great-great-grandfather who used to own about 20,000 acres in Maryland and who presided over the feudal glories of Clean Drinking Manor. And every time he gets through with one of these historic bugs and settles down to work a delegation of home folks from Tennessee drops in on him and demands to know why he accepted from the Emperor of Korea—before that eminent personage was sat upon by the Japanese—the military order of the Setting Moon, third class and wears the undress button that goes with it all the time.

But even these annoying things pale into insignificance beside an incident that happened just the other day. Mr. Courts has his nose in a chaotic appropriation bill and was dictating to four

adding machines all at once when a straight-backed, straight-nosed, white-mustached, white-haired and extremely dignified old gentleman marched in to the committee room. He was looking for his member and as the member wasn't on hand, had turned around to go out again, when he caught sight of Mr. Courts.

There was a moment of tenseness and of pause—a hiatus in other words. And then the old gentleman advanced and cast himself—a portly dignified cast—on Mr. Courts' bosom, clutched Mr. Courts' hand, patted Mr. Courts' shoulder and gazed into Mr. Courts' eyes. And as a dozen or so members of the appropriations committee gathered around the old gentleman exploded, "his bomb."

"Captain," he said to Mr. Courts. "I am moan than happy to meet you again. I consider this the happiest day of my life, my dear comrade. In arms. Well I remember the days when, side by side, knee to knee, we followed the fortunes of that flower of chivalry, that most dashing of cavalry leaders, our idolized chieftain, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart."

Of course it was a case of mistaken identity. Sir John says so himself. But nevertheless it was embarrassing. And he's going to ask for a couple of more assistants, for, with this Clean Drinking Manor story and the Setting Moon button and the Confederate cavalry yarn, he's just fairly pestered to death and hasn't time to do his regular work.

Old General Got No Aid from His Aide



GEN. Luke E. Wright, told at a dinner in Washington a war story from Manila.

"There was once upon a time," he began, "a gallant old general. This general, leading a splendid charge in his youth, got a bullet in his chest and two sabre cuts across the head. In after life, relating over the nuts and wine his many battles, it was this particular charge that he always described most flamboyantly.

"The older the general grew the more splendid the charge became; the more awful was the slaughter that he visited upon the enemy; the more horrible were the wounds that he received. For corroboration he would always turn to a grizzled veteran on his left, his aide-de-camp. The aide-de-camp would nod his gray head in acquiescence silently.

"Taller and taller grew the general's stories of the charge. Higher

and higher grew the mound of enemies slain by his sword. More and more numerous became the bullets, thrusts and slashes sustained by himself. At the end he always appealed to the grizzled aid; and in silence the aid nodded confirmation.

"The general one night gave a large dinner party. The wine was no less abundant than superb, and at dessert the old warrior let himself out upon the charge as he had never heretofore done. Four horses were killed under him. Three lances passed through his right arm, five through his left, nine sabres crashed down upon his head simultaneously. The bodies of his slain formed a wall wellnigh impassable about him. And it seemed that there was hardly a muscle in his person wherein a bullet failed to imbed itself.

"You remember all this, don't you, De Courcey?" he said, in conclusion.

"The silent and long suffering aid at last spoke up.

"No, general," he shouted, in a loud, indignant voice. "No, of course I don't remember it. How can you expect me to? You know as well as I do that the cannon ball that killed your fourth horse struck the breastplate of a cuirassier behind us and then bounded back and took my head off!"

Plans Homegoing of Irishmen in 1910



FIFTEEN years ago Francis J. Kilkenny arrived in this country from Ireland. He was so green that he mistook a Fourth of July celebration as a reception to himself. Young Kilkenny had relatives and friends in Milwaukee and Chicago and he made for the middle west soon after his landing. He had a fund of native wit and an abundance of energy and luck. He got a job cutting grass and soon came under the notice of Charles Dawes. When Mr. Dawes came to Washington as controller of the currency he brought Kilkenny along as his private secretary. When Dawes retired from the controllership his successor found he couldn't get along without Kilkenny. Mr. Ridgely was succeeded as controller by Lawrence J. Murray and that official has retained Kilkenny who has now become one of the institutions of the treasury department.

Young Kilkenny is making remarkable headway with a movement for the "home-going" of Irishmen in 1910.

Chautauqua Salute, Menace to Health



WILLIAM C. WOODWARD, health officer of the District of Columbia, is in favor of abolishing the only form of athletics indulged in by members and graduates of the Chautauqua literature and reading circle. He says that the Chautauqua salute is a menace to health.

The salute, as all Chautauquans know, is a waving of the handkerchief when friends make a hit on the lecture platform or sail away for distant lands. Everybody waves and everybody is happy provided that one does

not overtax his or her energy.

"The custom of waving a handkerchief vigorously in the air," says Dr. Woodward, "is dangerous. Nearly every contagious disease can be communicated in this manner, if the handkerchief is slightly soiled. If the linen square has just been purchased, or has come straight from the laundry, there is not the slightest danger, but the waving of a handkerchief that has been used even once is harmful.

"When a handkerchief is waved, the wind blows the germs from it. Typhoid fever, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, smallpox and chickenpox, measles, leprosy and diphtheria may be thus spread."

The Chautauqua saluters criticized the health officer's remarks.

"Mr. Woodward does not know what he is talking about," said a young woman. "We never carry soiled handkerchiefs."

The Littlest Boy and Santa Claus

By Edwin L. Sabin

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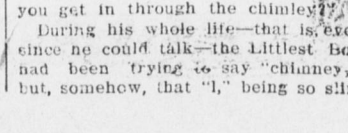
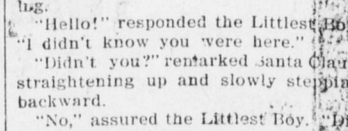
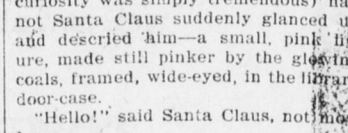
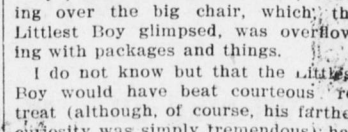
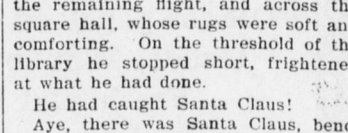
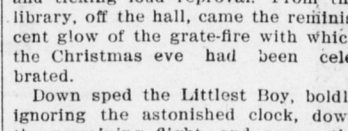
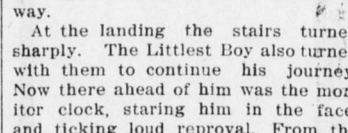
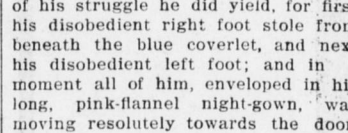
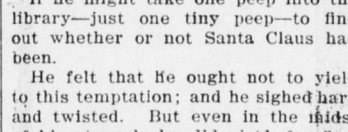
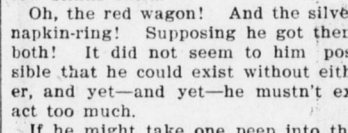
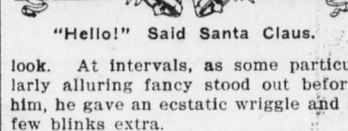
THE GREAT hall clock, stationed opposite the foot of the stairs, struck two. From his bed the Littlest Boy listened with a sense of awe. Never before had he heard it strike so late an hour. Once, indeed, he had heard it strike ten, but usually it had struck eight—and when next he was awake it was striking six and morning had come.

The Littlest Boy lay and listened. The house was impressively still. The only sounds audible were the stately ticking of the monitor clock below, and the regular breathing of the Biggest Boy and the Biggest Girl in the room adjoining.

The Littlest Boy's eyes were wide open and gazing into the velvet blackness close above his face. When he had gone to bed it had been Christmas eve. He was not fully certain as to the line of demarcation, but it occurred to him that now it was Christmas day! Then he began to blink and think.

He wondered if Santa Claus had come yet. Before the grate-fire, down in the library, were ranged three chairs; a rocking-chair for the Biggest Girl, a straight-backed, ordinary chair for the Biggest Boy, and a huge, roomy arm-chair for himself. In addition, he had hung up his stockings to the mantel.

He tried to picture to himself how, if Santa Claus had been and gone, that chair and those stockings must



and hatchet-faced, always nimbly slipped in and elbowed out the "n."

"Did I get in through the chimney!" repeated Santa Claus; and then he opened his mouth in a silent laugh. "Yes, I clumb down the chimney," he said.

"You say 'chimbley' and I say 'chimley,' but my father says—says ch—ch—chimneley is right," informed the Littlest Boy.

"You don't mean it!" returned Santa Claus, who, having backed to the window looking upon the side porch, now, with his hand behind him, was deftly sliding it up.

"Please don't go, Santa Claus," he begged the Littlest Boy. "We'll talk real low, so nobody'll hear. That is, if you're not in too big a hurry to stay," he added, politely.

"Sure," responded Santa Claus. "It's almost empty, isn't it!" asserted the Littlest Boy. "But I s'pose you've lots more up in the balloon. Had you got all through with me? My chair is the middle one there, and these are my stockings in front of it."

"Well, I was kinder foolin' around when you come in," confessed Santa Claus; "but I reckon I'm through. Them other chairs are your ma's an' pa's, I take it?"

"Yes, mamma's is the rocker and papa's is the other," informed the Littlest Boy, hurriedly. "Did you bring me a red wagon and a silver napkin-ring?"

"Aren't they there?" queried Santa Claus.

"May I look?" asked the Littlest Boy, eagerly.

"Sure," grunted Santa Claus, with his favorite word.

The Littlest Boy was not slow in taking advantage of that permission. In a twinkling he was at the chair, and, oblivious to the rustling that he was producing, was burrowing amidst its contents.

He did not have to burrow to find the red wagon. Its two front wheels were sticking straight up against the chair's back!

"Ooooo-eee!" jubilated the Littlest Boy, turning with sparkling eyes. "Will its sides fold over?"

"You bet!" assured Santa Claus. "Just bushels and bushels of thanks, Santa Claus," perled the Littlest Boy, rapturously. "I hope it's bigger than my Cousin James' is! Is it?"

"Sure!" said Santa Claus. "Now, about the ring? Ain't it there?"

"I don't see it!" replied the Littlest Boy, rummaging.

"Mebbe it's in the stockin's," suggested Santa Claus.

And it was!—a beautiful, shiny, silver napkin ring.

"Ooooo-eee!" gurgled the Littlest Boy, unwrapping it. "I bet it's the very solidest kind!"

"Lemme see," demanded Santa Claus. "That's what I intended it to be, anyhow, an' I hope I ain't made no mistake."

"Yes, it's solid, all right enough," he said, weighing it in his hand, while the Littlest Boy watched him, anxiously. "But don't you think that that there wagon an' this here ring, both together, are too much for a kid like you?"

"I don't know," responded the Littlest Boy, abashed. "I've tried to be awful good. I've picked up kindlin' and went on errands and brushed my teeth—and—and—and I've hardly ever cried when I got hurt!"

"Still, seems to me," persisted Santa Claus, gazing at the shiny ring in his fingers, "that a wagon alone is good enough for one kid, besides all them other things you've got in yon chair and socks. I dunno but what I'll take this an' give it somers'else."

"Well," agreed the Littlest Boy, gravely, "if—if you can find some little boy who ought to have it more'n me, then you can—can take it; and p'raps next Christmas—"

"God!" roared the Biggest Boy, like an angry lion, leaping through the library doorway.

With a slam up sped the window; with an oath, out whirled Santa Claus.

"You've scared Santa Claus! You've scared Santa Claus!" wailed the Littlest Boy, in despair.

"I have, have I!" exclaimed the Biggest Boy, gathering the wailer into his arms.

"And he took my ring," farther lamented the Littlest Boy.

"He did, did he?" repeated the Hon.—that is, the Biggest Boy—in a commiserating growl. "Never mind; we'll get another."

"But I told him he might, if there's some other little boy who'd ought to have it more," explained the Littlest Boy, truthfully. "Maybe he'll bring me one next Christmas."

Here the Biggest Boy shut the treacherous window; and with the Biggest Girl, who by this time had arrived and was hugging and kissing the Littlest Boy's two rosy feet, as they hung down inside the Biggest Boy's arms, close accompanying, carried him upstairs to bed.

What do you think? Evidently Santa Claus repented, or else he had only been joking, or else he could find no other little boy who was more worthy; for, after all, at daylight there was discovered, lying on the mat before the side-door, that very same ring—wrapped, it is true, not in fine tissue paper, but in coarse brown paper.

However, upon the paper was scrawled, in ragged but unmistakable lines:

"for the kid
"SANTY CLAUS."

Effect of Self-Satisfaction.

That was a frightfully long session the minister preached this morning.

Judge—Why, I didn't notice it was unusually long.

Nell—Of course not; you had on a new hat.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

IS OLDEST ARMY OFFICER



Brigadier-General Daniel H. Rucker, retired is not only the oldest officer of the United States army now living, but also the oldest man that has ever been in the military service of this country.

The lapse of time since his birth is most vividly realized when it is considered that General Rucker has lived in every presidential administration since the government began, save only three—those of Washington, Adams and Jefferson. He was born only 13 years after the death of the first president and among his friends and acquaintances have been a good many people who knew George Washington.

But anybody who saw the general to-day would never imagine that these things could be true.

He is quite as spry and youthful in his ways as many a man of 65. In Washington, where he lives, he walks downtown nearly every morning and is often seen on the streetcars. Only the other day he was noticed standing on the running board of an open car, having got up and stepped out to allow some ladies to pass.

General Rucker was 97 years of age on April 28 last. But it does not seem to him that this fact gave any excuse for the remarkable zeal of a certain life insurance company which, a few weeks ago, sent a man to his house on Jefferson place to make a money settlement for his death. Greatly irritated by this summary notice of his own demise, he walked downtown the next morning and dropped in at the office of the company.

The company was very apologetic. Yes, it was obliged to admit the general had the appearance of being alive. His presence in the office was evidence in favor of such a supposition. But in a technical sense he was dead. From a life insurance viewpoint he had passed over to the beyond. There had been nothing to do, therefore, but to pay up the policy—though the company was sorry if the general had been inconvenienced in the matter.

The general felt very greatly inconvenienced—in fact, he went away in a rage. The money which the company declared to be due he refused to accept. He is still so angry about the matter that his friends do not dare to mention it to him even in joke.

GOES TO THE SUPREME COURT



President Taft has selected Judge Horace Harmon Lurton to fill the vacancy in the United States supreme court caused by the death of Associate Justice Rufus W. Peckham.

Judge Lurton has been a judge of the sixth judicial circuit of the United States circuit court of appeals, the district including Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio and Michigan.

Judge Lurton, a prominent Tennessee Democrat, even though he has never held elective office, is an ex-confederate soldier and in Michigan is known as the man who once decided a street car case against the late Governor Pingree.

Mr. Taft's service on the circuit bench with Judge Lurton convinced him of the integrity and rectitude of that jurist. His later contact with him has demonstrated to his satisfaction that the Tennesseean is progressive in thought and will interpret the laws in accordance with the modern spirit.

The judge was born in Campbell county, Ky., February 26, 1844, his father, at that time a physician, later becoming an Episcopalian minister.

His education at the University of Chicago cut short by the civil war, young Lurton hurried south and enlisted as sergeant-major in the Thirty-fifth Tennessee. In February, 1862, he was discharged for sickness. He returned to the front, however, in time to take part in the battle of Fort Donelson, where he was taken prisoner and confined in Camp Chase. He managed to escape and enlisted in the Third Kentucky cavalry and was taken prisoner again in Ohio while on "Morgan's raid." This time he was so carefully guarded that he did not escape until the war was over.

After the war he formed a partnership with Gustavus A. Henry and came rapidly to the front as a lawyer. In 1886 he was made justice of the Tennessee supreme court, in 1893 chief justice, and two months later was appointed to the United States court by the late ex-President Cleveland.

CANADA FOR INDEPENDENCE



Some optimistic persons in Canada believe the day is not far distant when the Dominion will become a republic independent of England. In such an event, they believe, Sir Wilfrid Laurier would become the head of the new nation.

When the imperial council of defense sent out from London recommendations that included the construction, manning and operation of a Canadian navy protests arose from all parts of the Dominion. The actual government measure presented by Sir Wilfrid to the house of commons has caused another outburst, which indicates clearly that many Canadians look forward to ultimate independence.

The defense council suggested that Canada build one Dreadnaught, three cruisers, six destroyers and three submarines, beginning with the dreadnaught. The Laurier bill calls for three cruisers and four destroyers, which will cost \$8,000,000 to build and \$1,500,000 a year to maintain.

Sir Wilfrid stated on the floor of the house that the Canadian fleet would not be under orders from London and would not even participate in naval warfare as a British ally, unless specifically ordered to do so by the Canadian parliament.

"If we have no voice in making peace or war," says the Montreal Herald, "how can we with safety abandon the right to follow what course we please? Unquestionably, being who we are, our fleet will almost under any conceivable circumstances co-operate with the British navy when war ensues. But the power of volition in a matter of such moment must be retained."

The Ottawa Citizen states its case thus: "Should the day come when the country that was the cradle of liberty proves recalcitrant to its traditions, then Canada will disown that country and change its flag instantaneously."

HE'LL BE THE CAFE KING



Henri Pruger, for the last seven years general manager of the Hotel Savoy, London, has been engaged as general manager of the new Cafe de l'Opera in New York City at a salary of \$50,000. This, it is believed, is the largest salary paid to any restaurant manager in the world. Mr. Pruger is president of the company that will operate the restaurant, which has just been opened. It occupies an entire building on the west side of Broadway, between Forty-second and Forty-first streets.

London Mr. Pruger has become known to thousands of Americans. Before going to the Savoy, he conducted the Grand Hotel Nationale, Leizone, and a chain of hotels in southern Europe, including the Grand Hotel at Monte Carlo and the Grand Hotel at Rome.

"I realize keenly," said Mr. Pruger, "that my work in New York will be enough to keep any man thoroughly alive. American hotels and restaurants are in many respects the finest in the world. There are hotels and restaurants in this city which have no superiors anywhere. In the new Cafe de l'Opera it is our desire to add still another brilliant establishment to the list of those of which New York is so proud. Two of the best chefs in Europe have been brought to New York to see that the culinary part of the restaurant begins operations as it should."

"In furnishings and decorations we have a restaurant unique. I feel that my life's work lies in New York, and although I was sorry to leave my old friends in London I welcome the opportunity of working in America in a restaurant so beautiful as the Cafe de l'Opera."