

TAFT AS A SHOPPER

Makes His Purchases Like an Ordinary Citizen.

SHOPKEEPERS WELCOME HIM

Book-Shelves of Present President and His Predecessor Contrasted—Another Sorrow for Mrs. John A. Logan in Death of Her Grandson.

By GEORGE CLINTON.

Washington. — President Taft occasionally goes downtown afoot to do his odds and ends of shopping. He has made several trips to the business center recently, mingling with the street and the shopping crowds and doing things generally like the ordinary American citizen. When the president goes into a store, of course, he is instantly recognized and there is evidence of anxiety on the part of each clerk that at his counter the president shall do his shopping.

Mr. Taft makes liberal purchases and as his patronage carries with it something in the nature of an advertisement storekeepers hail his coming with a good deal of satisfaction. Business comes pretty near to a standstill in the smaller shops when Mr. Taft appears, and this is not the fault of inattentive clerks who, after the first minute of the "presence," turn back again to their ordinary customers who prefer to turn from the counters to watch the president while he buys things. It must be rather a trying position in a way, but doubtless by this time the president is used to it. It is his custom to make liberal purchases and this custom was carried out to the full during the days just before Christmas, and even now Mr. Taft is making up for certain forgetfulness before Christmas by laying in a greater store of presents to send to friends.

Books of Two Presidents.

Theodore Roosevelt used to go shopping in the same way that William H. Taft does. The former president bought all kinds of things, but his favorite shopping place was a certain book store where he would go and spend an hour or two every little while looking over the new books and old books, giving perhaps a greater part of his time to ancient volumes, many of them second-hand, in the hope of finding something of interest not only because of its text, but because of its rarity.

President Taft's White House office library consists almost entirely of law books. There were not more than two or three law books in the office of former President Roosevelt, for he was no lawyer and was willing to admit it. In the White House proper today in the study of Mr. Taft there are books of all kinds, poetry, fiction, history, essays and miscellaneous works. On the same shelves when Mr. Roosevelt was president was a great collection of nature books. He had works on birds, mammals, mollusks and in fact on every form which living nature assumes, including vegetable life. It must not be supposed from this that Mr. Roosevelt did not have poetry, fiction, history, essays and miscellaneous works, for it is generally admitted that he was the greatest reader who ever served as president of the United States and he had and has a remarkable faculty of remembering everything that he reads.

Mrs. Logan's Afflictions.

The body of Captain Logan Tucker, Mrs. John A. Logan's grandson, who died in New York the other day, has been buried in the tomb of his grandfather, General Logan, in the Soldiers' Home cemetery. Mrs. John A. Logan, who was in a good many respects the strong right arm of the general during his lifetime, still lives in Washington. She writes for the press and the magazines occasionally and despite her years is still an exceedingly active woman. She has had more sorrows in recent years than ordinarily fall to the lot of womankind. Her only son was killed in battle in the Philippines. Mrs. Logan accompanied the body to this country. Now her grandson, also an army officer, is dead. Mrs. Logan is deeply interested in everything connected with the armed services of the country. Her hair is pure white, but she keeps the appearance of youth.

Plans of National Press Club.

One of the thriving Washington institutions is the National Press club in which virtually all the correspondents and local newspaper men have membership, with a great non-resident list on which the names appear of hundreds of the well-known newspaper men of the United States. The club has had a great holiday time of it in a properly quiet way. Hospitality has marked the season as it should.

During the next few months there will be many entertainments at the press club, and they promise to be of a character which will excite country-wide interest. Last year at the club there was a debate as to the comparative merits of whiskers and bald heads as aids to statesmanship. Columns were printed about this affair, with Joseph G. Cannon, former speaker of the house of representatives, leading one side of the debate on behalf of whiskers and Representative Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, leading the other side on behalf of bald heads.

Something of similar nature, and yet entirely different, will be one of the features of the program for the time between now and early summer, when all Washington activities lag except those of congress, which at times must

work under the brooding sun that threatens occasionally to set the asphalt pavements ablaze. The National Press club entertains nearly every distinguished visitor from abroad who comes to the capital. Some day its visitors' book will be of immense value for the autographs which it contains.

McLean Baby's Christmas.

A good many years ago Thomas F. Walsh, an Irishman, poor in purse, but rich in energy, went to Colorado. There he worked as a laborer and miner. Finally when he had a knowledge of prospecting, Mr. Walsh used his senses and his strength to do things for himself. He succeeded so well that he acquired many millions, and then in after life he came with his wife and two children to live in the Capital City.

About a year ago Thomas F. Walsh died. Trouble had come to him in his latter years. His only son was killed in an automobile accident and his daughter was badly injured, but she happily recovered and later married Edward Beale McLean, son of John R. McLean of Cincinnati and Washington. Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh is still living, and as she shared many of the early privations of her husband, she must have been struck by the contrast between the scene in her Washington home a day or two ago and the scenes in the early Colorado days.

Vincent Walsh McLean, the three-year-old grandson of Mrs. Walsh, is celebrating the coming of Christmas. The child is heir to an enormous amount of money. Invited to help him enjoy his Christmas were some 35 or 40 children between the ages of 18 months and 6 years. They were all the children of either wealth or of high official degree. Descendants of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant were present and of Elihu Root and of other men who are or have been presidents, army commanders, senators or foreign ambassadors. It is probable that not in the history of social life in the capital have there been gathered together so many little ones who have clutched fast silver spoons ever since they were born.

Sampson's Son in Army.

Harold Burling Sampson, son of the late Admiral Sampson, who was in command of the fleet in front of Santiago during the Spanish war, has been appointed a second lieutenant in the United States army by President Taft. Young Sampson wanted to follow his father in a sea career, and he was appointed to the United States Naval Academy. He was compelled to leave after having served as a cadet only two years. So it is that from the navy to the army has been transferred a name intimately connected for years with the sailor life.

Vandalism in Washington.

As a result of the work of the vandal who mutilated the picture, "Perry at Lake Erie," which hangs in the senate wing of the capitol, the police watchfulness supposedly has been redoubled. If they should trouble the police force in the District, however, the chances are that a malicious person could cut any picture or damage any statue that he chose, unimpeded; but, of course, he would have some difficulty in escaping after the act.

The capital city has been remarkably immune from acts of vandalism of this kind in the past. Relic hunters occasionally have chipped pieces of statuary and have tried to break bits of bronze raised-work doors, but the damage in the main has been slight.

President Receives Socks.

Among President Taft's holiday presents was a pair of hand-made knit socks sent to him from War Branch, Ky., by Miss Elizabeth Brock, who sent with the gift a letter in which she said that she hoped the president would wear the socks on cold, damp days.

Presidents of the United States get many presents, most of which are returned to the donors if it can be done gracefully. Gifts of great value always are returned unless they are sent for some specific occasion like a wedding anniversary or a birthday, and are made for personal and not at all for official reasons. Small gifts, where the inspiration is simply from the heart, are accepted almost invariably.

Jones Controversy Reopened.

Washington is interested in the reopening of the controversy as to whether or not the real body of John Paul Jones was secured when the grave was opened in Paris and the remains were brought to the United States to be placed in the chapel at Annapolis. Charles Henry Hart of Philadelphia has reopened the controversy. He denies that the body which was secured was that of the great Scotch-American sea fighter, and in a book which he intends for private circulation he gives his reasons for the doubt in the matter.

John Paul Jones' body has not yet been placed in the chapel at Annapolis, but is resting in its metal coffin under the stairway in Bancroft Hall, which is the great barracks of the sailor boys.

William T. Lopp, who is in charge of the government's reindeer service in Alaska, has just come to Washington. He believes that within the next 25 years with the reindeer of Alaska increasing at the present rate there will be 2,000,000 prime animals in the territory which can be drawn on by the people of the United States to reinforce their meat supply. Reindeer "beef" is said to be excellent food. Today it is eaten occasionally by the rich, who in the day when it becomes a cheap article may perhaps lose their taste for it, but if all that is said of its excellence of flavor and its sustaining qualities be true reindeer meat one day may be popular to the masses.

NEW FORM OF OLD SWINDLE

'Spanish Prisoner' Bunco Game Seems to Have Come to Life Again in Another Guise.

The good old "Spanish prisoner" bunco game has taken on a new form. It is about time. After having done duty for many generations of swindlers and swindled, back almost to the days of Columbus, it has remained for a clever "steerer" of today to connect it with high finance. Formerly the intended victim received a letter telling of a buried treasure trunk under the dovecote in the courtyard of the dear old castle on the Guadaluquivir river, the secret of which the rightful owner (at the moment a victim of Spain's inquisitorial justice and hence in jail) would disclose for a few paltry thousands, cash, strictly in advance—the inducement being a third of the treasure, balance to be delivered to prisoner's beautiful daughter (see inclosed tintype) and faithful old servant. Now, however, according to letters received by tentative victims in New York and London, the prisoner was a banker in the Canaries who bolted with a faithful servant and his creditors' money. An unlucky mishap caused a ship on which he was bound for Marseilles to put into Barcelona, and he was arrested. But the money had been put in safety, and two drafts for it on a London bank, one for £20,000, the other for £10,000, he placed in a secret drawer in the same old valise. They are still there. But the valise is to be sold with all his effects to pay a fine which has been imposed upon him, in addition to five years' imprisonment.

Meanwhile a fellow prisoner, an Englishman (or American) of good family, has obliged him with the name of the gentleman to whom the letter is being written, who might be willing to advance the sum. He invites this gentleman to come to Madrid and meet the faithful old servant, who, with the connivance of one of the prison clerks, will show him the drafts. He can then wire to London for confirmation of their value, and when he is convinced he is to pay £400 to the prison clerk, who will hand the documents to him. Then the faithful old servant will accompany him to London to cash the drafts, and he is to receive £12,400 for his services.

Proposal to Adopt System Which Will Do Away With the Present Idea of Postage. Collectors of postage stamps will be interested in knowing of a proposal to adopt the New Zealand system and abolish the use of postage stamps altogether. If this is done, the value of many stamps now in the hands of collectors will soar amazingly. The plan suggested is that instead of laying in a supply of postage stamps, or buying one or two at a time, as needed, you have a stamp meter installed in your office or home. A letter to be mailed is inserted in the meter and rubber-stamped with an official mark which serves the purpose of an ordinary postage stamp. The meter records the number of letters stamped in this way, and when the government agent comes around to read the meter he collects for the number of stamps recorded in the machine. The use of envelopes with a printed stamp in ordinary black type on the upper right hand corner, instead of the colored adhesive stamp, has already appeared in this country, especially among large business houses.

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Crabs Their Favorite Food. Peculiar Diet of Brazilian Dogs, Some of Which Are to Be Placed in the London Zoo. A collector for the London Zoo has succeeded in capturing several crab-hunting and crab-eating dogs in Brazil. The dogs are half-fox, but they do not seem to care very much for poultry. They have been known to turn up their noses at nice fat pullets and go fishing for crabs instead. The dogs hunt in packs along the banks of the rivers in the Amazon valley, and the crawfish and land crabs of that region are their especial prey. The crabs often put up a vigorous fight, but the dogs have a way of turning them over and biting them in a vital spot just as the thorough-bred terrier polishes off a rat.

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THE CYNIC.

The latest advice to persons who wish to live to be 100 years old is this: "Love people and make them love you. Don't worry and forget about your nerves."

Well, people who practice that sort of thing may reach 100, but they'll have mighty little money when they get there.

Our Language.

"I hear that Bankman is up in the air about his affairs."

"Is there ground for the rumor?"

GET EARLY CROP OF MELONS

Start Seeds in House and Transplant When Danger of Frost is Over—Plan Pays Well.

(By M. COVERDELL.)

The following plan may be practiced in planting various kinds of seeds, but it is especially adapted to watermelons, since this fruit, when placed on the market early, is a wonderful profit maker. Set small tin cans on live coals and heat them until the bottoms may be removed, place several cans in a box and fill them with loose, rich soil, prepared just as you would a seed bed for any other kind of seed.

Early in the season plant about a dozen watermelons in each can and keep the box where it is warm (in the house most of the time). A sprinkling of sand on the surface will help to keep down any weeds that may spring up.

Dampen the soil daily and provide as much sunlight as possible by setting the box in the window. When the day is warm and bright place the box out of doors, thus supplying those two essentials to plant-production—air and light.

When the plants are large enough for transplanting and the danger of frost is over slip the soil together with the young plants from the cans, place them in a rich hill prepared expressly for the purpose, being careful not to remove any of the soil from around the roots of the plants. After they are all started grow them out until there are five plants in a hill.

Besides producing an early crop and securing a high price for the product this method is especially commendable on account of avoiding the danger of late frost and destruction by bugs and worms, which last-named is a common occurrence at an early stage where the plants are propagated in the open field.

Also the plants will have secured a growth of several inches before they are placed in the ground and the soil being free from weed-pests, less labor will be required to keep the plants thrifty and unobstructed in their development.

SHEEP REQUIRE WARM FOLD

With Proper Methods of Feeding and Care Animals Will Emerge from Winter in Good Condition.

Sheep, as a general rule, emerge from the winter in a poorer condition than they enter it. If proper methods of feeding and care are used the reverse of this should be the case. Sheep will thrive much better on forage crops than on dry feed; hence the advisability of sowing some forage crop which will grow late in the fall. Several crops have proved very satisfactory, but none probably more so than cowpeas. This plant grows luxuriantly and has a large percentage of protein. Being a legume, it also enriches the soil by the addition of nitrogen, one of the main elements of plant food. Cowpeas should be planted in May, June, and the earlier part of July. The amount of seed to plant to the acre is from 20 to 40 pounds.

The change from green food to dry food should be made gradually. Straw, fodder, silage and alfalfa are some of the dry feeds which may be used. Cleanliness in both watering and feeding troughs is essential. A good way to keep the troughs clean is to turn them over after the sheep have eaten grain. Sheep need a warm fold. Don't forget that. The fold should be made of tight board fencing which breaks the wind and also makes the sheep more secure from dogs and wolves. It should be large enough to provide room for all. There should be no cold drafts through sheep's quarters.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Too many people have the idea that the poultry business is a sinecure—an easy way to make money. Nothing is farther from the truth. This country is strewn with wrecked poultry plants, whose ambitious owners thought that all one needed to do was to build houses, stock them with hens, employ feeders, sit down and count the money.

Success with poultry means much work, great attention to details, and above all a willingness to work, prompted by an intense love for the business. Unless one can measure up to those requisites of success he will save money by staying out of the game.

TO DRY PICK CHICKENS.

To dry pick chickens properly the work should be done while the chickens are bleeding; do not wait and let the body get cold. Dry picking is much easier done while the bodies are warm. Be careful not to break or tear the skin.

GOOD FLOCK OF SHEEP.

A good flock of sheep looks good to the owner and it is a comfort and consolation to have them on the farm where they can be utilized and made to pay well for the feed and care bestowed on them.

SECRET OF FATTENING TURKEYS.

The secret of fattening turkeys is to feed them all the grain they will eat; have a good water supply near, and induce them if possible to roost at night inside of a well-ventilated building.

TURKEYS ARE NEGLECTED.

Either in practice or in theory anybody can raise chickens, but few persons make a business or even a pastime of raising turkeys.

CAP and BELLS



UNIQUE REPLIES ARE GIVEN

Among Others Pickpocket Said He Was in Prison "As Result of Moment of Abstraction."

The visitor was collecting information, and was taken into every cell that she might ask each prisoner what causes had led him to his sad state, and the replies threw a strange sidelight on crime. "I am here," said the pickpocket, "as the result of a moment of abstraction."

"It was simply an unfortunate habit of mine," exclaimed the incendiary, "and it caused me to make light of things."

"Me?" queried the forger. "Nothing much, really. Only I always had a natural desire to make a name for myself."

"Wot brought me 'ere?" asked the burglar. "Just simply 'cos I tried to take a full advantage of an opening which was offered in a big commercial office. That's all, miss."—Answers.

THE DEFICIENCY.

If all the unwritten happenings of the Civil war should be put into print, the result would be an exceedingly human and humorous story.

Said a colonel at kit inspection to Private Flanigan:

"Yes, shirts, socks, all very good, now you can assure me that all the articles of your kit have buttons on them?"

"I can not, sir," said Private Flanigan, reluctantly.

"How's that, sir?"

"Ain't no buttons on the socks, sir."—Youth's Companion.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

The college instructor should take pains to practice what he preaches. One member of a class in English composition brought his theme to the professor after recitation hour in order that the professor might read a marginal correction which he had written, and which the pupil had been entirely unable to make out. "Why," explained the professor, "that says, 'Write more plainly.'"—Youth's Companion.

LEARN TO SWIM.

Of the thirty-third victim of drowning in the waters near St. Louis this season his mother said: "He was a wonderful athlete. He could do anything except swim, and I'm sure I don't know why he never learned." It is evident that this mother was not averse to her son's learning to swim. Unfortunately many women are opposed to boys acquiring this useful art, fearing accidents while learning. This is unwise.

If one travels at all, it is impossible to avoid the water. With two-thirds of the earth's surface covered by water the chances are numerous that ignorance of swimming may be fatal. Swimming is one of the most healthful and enjoyable of exercises, with advantages of still greater importance. The drowning of good swimmers is exceptional, while the loss of life of those who cannot swim and get into deep water is the rule. Swimming should be taught in all the schools, and those who have not acquired the art as children should learn it at once.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

BISHOP WAS READY FOR THEM.

A story is told of a certain Norman bishop, who preached so eloquently against the wearing of long hair before Henry I. and his courtiers, that they gave in on the spot and agreed to have their locks shorn. No sooner had they made their decision than the wise prelate, who had provided for just such a contingency, pulled out a pair of shears from his sleeve and soon removed the curls of the whole court.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

BENNY ON THE CARP.

The German carp is a creature shaped so as to resemble a fish. It can swim in any kind of water, and has one eye on each side of its head. Its food consists of small black bass and three cornered pieces of boiled potato. You catch a carp by throwing a stone in the water to attract its attention and then letting down a hook baited with a nice piece of garbage. There are people in St. Joe who will pay ten or fifteen cents for a big, fat carp, but as for me I would rather have a Welsh rabbit or a pound of angel cake.—"Benny," in the Chicago Tribune.

SURE ENOUGH.

The teacher had been telling the class about the rhinoceros family. "Now, name some things," said she, "that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns." "Automobiles!" replied little Jennie Jones, promptly.—Unidentified.

TWO WOOD ENGRAVERS LEFT

Their Art Was Swamped by Photo-Mechanical Process, but May Be Revived.

The possibility of a revival of the art of wood engraving is an ever-recurring subject of discussion. It will be found to lie in painter-engraving, that is original effort, rather than in the reproductive art in which so consummate an achievement was attained in our days.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century the United States witnessed a development of reproductive wood engraving carried to what was apparently the limit of its possibilities in the suggestion of tones and textures. The glorious period of success was as remarkable in its products as it was short in duration. The photo-mechanical process, particularly the now ubiquitous half-tone, swept all before them, and only two noteworthy members of the group of men who made American wood engraving famous—Cole and Wolf—are today still regularly practicing the art.

The decay of wood engraving has been deplored in print and speech not a few times, and not infrequently in apparent forgetfulness of the fact that not only will necessity insure the survival of that which fits its case, but in this case the revival is already with us. But the art has arisen in a new form, or rather there is a renaissance of an old form. It is an open question whether there will ever again be a general use of wood engraving for the purpose of reproducing paintings or drawings or photographs. But there is no doubt that an increasing number of artists have been turning to the wood block, as they have to etching or lithography, as a means of original, direct expression. Painter-wood-engraving is coming to its own.

In this country, the desire for original work first took the form of engraving direct from nature by some of the men who had helped to bring reproductive wood engraving to its high state of development. Elbridge Kingsley, W. B. Closson, the late Victor Bernstrom, Henry Wolf and Frank French, long known as discerning interpreters of the designs and paintings of others, felt the impulse of original creation and brought to its service their long training and artistic temperament.—Waltenkamp in Scribner's.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

FOR SORE SHOULDERS.

Jas. Beck & Son, Centerfield, Utah, writes: "We sell Mexican Mustang Liniment and have a good sale for it, especially in thrashing time for horses' sore shoulders." It contains no alcohol and so cannot sting in cases of open wounds. Soothes and relieves strained ligaments at once. 25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores.

NO DANGER.

Arabella—I can only be a sister to you, Algy; but—er—I hope you won't pine away and die.

Algy—Oh! no; I've got your sister-in-law all picked out!

MIND ON BUSINESS.

Her Father—I don't know about letting you have my daughter, Mr. Sellers. Will you take care of her in good style?

Her Suitor (in the retail line)—I'll guarantee it, sir, or—return the goods.

DOGGING PAYMENT.

"Beautiful weather we've been having."

"Yes; but we'll pay for this fine weather later during the winter."

"I won't. I'm going to spend the winter in the south of France."

NOWADAYS.

Visitor—So your agricultural show was a great success? Big exhibit of live stock, I suppose!

Native—None. Not a one. You see, we had to use that space to park the automobiles in.—Puck.

SOUP AND HASH.

"Does death end all?" asked the solemn boarder.

"Not for a week or so in case of a turkey," answered the cheerful boarder.

THE HARVEST.

First Boy—I saw you climbing Farmer Brown's apple tree. Did you get anything?

Second Boy—Yep—the stummick ache.