Old North Corner-stone Stands in Big Corn Field

EIGHT miles in a northerly direction from the business section of Washington in a secluded corn field homely and unassuming, but with a certain grandeur all its own stands the north corner-stone of the District of Columbia.

It is of rough sandstone cut or sawed at Aquia Creek in Virginia, about one foot square with a beveled top Three feet of the stone appears above the surface, and probably as much more of the rough part of the stone is embedded in the ground

The various inscriptions on the stone are as follows On the southwest and southeast sides Jurisdiction of the United States Maryland Miles 10 the lettering running down the stone

On the northwest side Var 1 degree E showing the variation of the magnetic needle at this exact spot in 1792, when the stone was placed in position Undoubtedly a figure or figures followed the 1 degree but owing to the broken condition of the stone it cannot now be ascertained

On the northeast side '1792 that being the year when this and all of the twenty six milestones on the Maryland line were set in place

On the top of the stone may be seen the stonecutter's marks showing the exact northern point of the original District of Columbia

A curious fact connected with the lines of the District according to the Coast and Geodetic Survey is that neither of the lines is exactly ten miles long, nor are the stones properly placed in their relation to a perfect square nor are the intervals between any two of the stones a perfect mile

The first line from Jones Point Lighthouse in Alexandria Va to the western corner near Falls Church Va is actually ten miles and 230 6 feet long the line from the west corner to the north corner is ten miles and 63 feet the line from the north corner to the east corner near Chesapeake Beach Junction is ten miles and 263 feet and the closing line from the east corner to the point of beginning at Alexandria Va is ten miles and 70 5 feet

Accurate triangulation made a few years ago showed the west corner to be 138 6 feet farther north than the east corner and the north corner to be 116 feet farther west than the south corner

When the Federal Territory was established by act of Congress July 16 1790, President Washington was directed to select a district of territory not exceeding ten miles square to be located on the river Potomac at some place between the mouth of the Eastern Branch of the river and the Conococheague Experimental lines were at once run beginning at Hunting Creek below Alexandria and

Mary Garrett's Tunnel

the three Commissioners—Thomas Johnson Daniel Carroll and Dr David Stewart—were directed to survey and, by proper metes and bounds to define and limit the territory indicated The result of this work is given in the words of Maj Andrew Ellicott the surveyor in his report dated January 1 1793

It is with singular satisfaction that I announce to you the completion of the survey of the four lines comprehending the Territory of Columbia These lines are opened and cleared forty feet wide that is twenty feet on each side of the lines limiting the Territory

I have set up square milestones marked progressively with the number of miles from the beginning on Jones Point to the west corner thence from the west corner thence from the north corner to the east and thence to the point of beginning on Jones Point—except as to a few cases where the miles terminated on a declivity or in the water—in such cases the stones are placed on the nearest firm ground and their true distance in miles and poles marked on them'

To say as many authorities do that the northern boundary stone is near Silver Springs Md, would have been a fairly correct designation when the country was sparsely settled but now with an unbroken chain of charming villages ex-

To Unknown Confederate Dead

tending from the city limits through Petworth Brightwood Park Takoma North Takoma, Silver Springs Sligo East Woodside Woodside Linden Forest Glen Capital View, and onward it becomes an easy matter to give a more accurate location for the northern corner stone

It is almost due west from the station of Woodside on the Metropolitan branch of the B & O R R and not more than a quarter of a mile distant from it No road leads thereto but a shady woodland path winds and curves through bracken and fern, past holly alder and chinquapin underneath the branches of hoary chestnut trees whose heads are seventy feet in the air and whose massive trunks tell of a century's life and opens into a diminutive cornfield in a quiet valley three parts shut in by woods

Here in silent majesty as if defying the storms and ravages of 114 years stands the corner stone

As we look upon its weather stained surface and idly trace with our fingers outlines of the time worn letters we see again in imagination that memorable gathering of horsemen who on March 29 1792 were assembled at this stone

Washington always and easily the leader with a prophetic vision seeing not only the Greater Washington of our day but the Washington of the future great beyond even the dreams of to day, three Commissioners—Johnson, Carroll, and

The Old Corner-stone

Stewart—the later quoting freely from Pope and Dryden, l'Enfant the engineer, ardent impulsive, and enthusiastic within a year to be superseded by Andrew Ellicott quiet and self-possessed and at that time his assistant and Benjamin Banneker the negro astronomer and philosopher who from his little cabin in the wilds of Ellicotts Mills had amazed the scientific world of that day

Beside a tangled path there flows a brook of clearest ripple, which almost washes the foot of the stone itself This little nameless stream, a tributary to Rock Creek, clambers noisily underneath the embankment of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad through what is called Mary Garrett's tunnel" broad enough and high enough for several persons to walk through it abreast

The place is known as 'Hobos Rest' and here for many seasons past have tarried the weary knights of the road for a final stop before they enter Washington more than likely there are signs and hieroglyphics along the way that show the newer this sylvan stopping place but only they can be read only by the initiated

A short walk eastward from the tunnel brings one to the little village of Woodside where we see pretty cottages with grounds well kept many of them with picturesque windmills busily engaged in supplying water to their respective homes

Near one of them we catch a glimpse of Aunt Louisa one of the well-known characters of the place, and of a type now almost extinct, hard at work as usual

If faithful adherence to work and duty will win a crown in heaven Aunt Louisa will have a front seat

Two picturesque little churches are within the limits of Woodside—the Methodist church near Fenwick Lane, and Grace Episcopal Church, at the other extreme of the village

In the Episcopal churchyard at Woodside is a granite shaft, erected a few years ago in memory of "Seventeen unknown Confederate dead who were killed in the small but memorable battle of Fort Stevens' which took place a few miles south of this spot and was the only engagement which took place within the District during the civil war

A few rods to the west of this spot, in the Huyck woods, are the foundations of the old house used as Gen Early's headquarters, while a half mile to the south was the beautiful residence of Montgomery Blair which was destroyed by the Confederates on the night of July 12, 1864

The returning traveler passes the Sligo tollgate, where a long, projecting bar stands ready to be dropped down in front of slippery travelers who object to the enforced tribute, and in a short half hour sweeps into the District over the battleground of Fort Stevens, seeing the flag staff which marks the spot where Lincoln stood

THE QUARTERMASTER'S GHOST SCARED JACKIES ABOARD OLD IRONSIDES

CAPT JOHN ELLIOTT HART U S N who was killed in 1863 when in command of the Albatross in Farragut's fleet on the Mississippi served as midshipman aboard the frigate Constitution When his vessel was on a cruise around the world in 1845, a curious incident occurred which Midshipman Hart noted in his diary A Elliott Hart, Capt Hart's son has made the following extracts from his father's journal

While on board the Constitution at anchor in the Bleneim Reach, about ten miles below the imperial city of Canton the much dreaded dysentery broke out among the crew daily the sick report continued to increase, and one after another of the poor fellows finished his career of this mortal world, and commenced a cruise for that haven where storms will no more rage, where a greater than Neptune takes them under His keeping to a sure and safe anchorage

Charles L—— was the first captain of the foretop, and a favorite with all on board one who was first at his station faultless as a seaman and in no man's bosom beat a nobler heart nor a kinder one than in his His was that fearful disease and after a short illness he died, regretted by all The members of his mess were called, as soon as the doctor's steward reported to the officer on watch, to lay his body out on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, cover it with the jack", and otherwise prepare it for the coffin to be made In the afternoon the flag was half-masted and to the solemn 'Dead March' of the band, the body was passed through the gangway into a boat followed by the petty officers and his messmates into the others

The line of boats carried all to the graveyard where his remains were consigned to their last resting place, the good honest tears shed by the lamenting few that stood over the grave while the burial service was read, betokened their sadness at the loss of their beloved shipmate All kept silent as they returned after their last dismal duty was performed, the midshipmen reported their 'return on board" from their different boats the boats were hauled out to the booms the ensign hoisted up full to the gaff and the dull routine of man of war duty went on as usual Soon after the music for sunset was called and at the third roll of the drum the boats were run up ensign and pennant hauled down awnings housed, and everything prepared for the night. It was a silent solemn night, the weather was sultry and oppressive, the sky was partly obscured by scattering clouds, the moon had not risen and the annoying mosquitoes and sand flies were driving all from out their seven senses until fatigued one by one dropped into oblivious sleep and the decks were all deserted except by the lieutenant quartermaster and the sentry at the gangway

Nearly all the marine guard were under the effects of that dreadful disease From the large number of the sick, the closeness of the weather (not a breath of air was stirring), the asmosphere became surcharged and heated by the breaths of the many between the decks After many vain endeavors to get asleep—which was I found, entirely beyond my power—I 'turned out' of my hammock and went on the spar deck

Here again a new enemy assailed me, and to me it was as annoying as the heat below move as I would go where I could the mosquitoes and sand flies found me I tried the tops, stay sail nettings, sat at the foot of the gangway ladder even I found it was utterly useless to attempt to rid myself of these annoying insects An idea struck me and I availed myself of it quickly On the deck, under the poop awning, I placed two shot boxes the distance of my length apart spread over both a flag (it was the same that covered L——s coffin when he was borne to the grave) and under here I crept, weary and worn. Soon a sound sleep made me forgetful of all my troubles

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On the half deck in a cot lay the wasted and emaciated form of one poor fellow The change that a few days' illness had made was astonishing Strong healthy full of life he had been, now the quick breathing, the low groan the sunken cheeks and protruding eyes were indications of the pain and sickness he had lately felt By his side sat a bosom friend and messmate, using all the soothing ways in his power, such as fanning his heated temples, moistening his parched lips with suitable drink and smoothing his pillow Rude as was his appearance, he possessed a heart that was generous and kind

Night or day, scarcely devoting to himself enough sleep to sustain nature, he sat by his friend's side putting in practice all the little endearments he had recollected from former days, laying by his fan as the sick man opened his eyes, to obey his desires but the poor soul motioned him near, took his hand, and a short silence took place at this unexpected movement which the sick man broke 'Harry,' said he, "may God bless you for all you've done for me here I feel I'm going, Harry there's a good many I'd like to see but it's too late now to call 'em You can tell 'em I wished 'em good luck The first lieutenant's got my will for my poor mother You go see her Harry my boy, and tell her my last thought was about her God bless her poor soul" The sailor, apparently weakened by the act closed his eyes, a smile overspread his features, and with a sigh his spirit departed

* * * * * * *

I hardly know how long I had been asleep but on awakening found myself bound with something I endeavored to extricate In so doing I was awakened, stunned as if by a fall, and the noise of a crash, with the cry, "Great God Almighty, a ghost!" I sprang to my feet, on the deck lay a man on his face The officer of the watch, at the time was standing in the starboard gangway with the second quartermaster, for he it was, when I walked toward them, cried out, "There it is, a ghost"

Knowing I was the quartermaster's ghost, I quickly dove below, when I landed on the main deck. "Oh God, the ghost," the orderly at the main cabin door cried I quietly slipped in through the sick bay and down the steerage ladder to the mess, and there anxiously awaited the day to throw some light on the affair

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When fully assured of the poor man's death, his sincere friend proceeded to the lieutenant of the watch to inform him of it 'Bob Cringle's dead, sir" "Very well, just take a look around the deck and find some one to help you bring his body up under the awning,' replied the officer

Just then the orderly reported "eight bells' The quartermaster went to strike it and call his relief who soon came up The orderly called the officer of the deck's relief, and soon the ship was under the care of different persons The sick man's comforter and another came aft, carrying a spare sentry's gangboard on which to lay the corpse Seeing me on the deck and covered with the jack they supposed that the body had been brought from below They placed the gangboard on the shot boxes and gently placed me upon it, winding about me the Union Jack My endeavoring to extricate myself tilted the board and both fell to the deck. The poor fellow, so worn down by fatigue and watching his bosom friend, swooned

When I arose the quartermaster greatly frightened ran forward with the news of a ghost to the lieutenant They proceeded with a light to the cot. There lay the stiff, motionless corpse of the widow's son

L'Enfant, Designer of Capital City, Lies in Pauper's Grave

BY ELISABETH ELLICOTT POE.

THE magnificent first plan of the Capital City is to be treasured among the historic relics of the National Cathedral of Sts Peter and Paul, Mount St. Albans, D C, but the mortal remains of the French architect whose master genius created the plan still lie neglected, unmarked and forgotten in a pauper's grave The gratitude of this republic toward Charles Pierre l'Enfant, the French architect of Washington, has been chiefly notable by its absence None of the beautiful squares and parks, the blossoms of his forethought, have space for a monument to him, although many who have done far less for the city are commemorated in enduring stone within its boundaries

Recently Congressional action to repair this injustice has been urged but this same action has been timely for the past hundred years Past the squalor brutalities, and incongruities of the muddy, funny little pretension of a national capital of his own day he looked with the true artistic eye beyond and saw the stately city of nearly 500 000 population, the glories of the twentieth century Washington fast becoming the Paris of America It was a dream city l'Enfant planned

The general impression prevailing that l'Enfant was a talented adventurer who presumed on the enthusiasm of George Washington is not borne out by the facts This story, which has the forcible-virtue of being half true, states that l'Enfant was appointed architect of the proposed Capital almost came to blows with the righteous commissioners and after a disgraceful and summary dismissal sent in an exorbitant bill for his services

That this is a prejudiced story is not difficult of proof His life story proves the worth of the man, and in documents collected through the Columbia Historical Society, of this city, l'Enfant is shown as patriot, soldier and architect. The man who has done the most to restore the honor due to his memory is Dr James Dudley Morgan

Charles Pierre l'Enfant was a French gentleman of good fortune, education, and training A lieutenant in the Provisional Engineer Corps he was early attracted to the valiant struggles of the thirteen plucky American colonies were making for liberty His sympathies were so heartfelt that in 1777 he came to America, and joining Count d'Estaing's French contingent, served in the war of the Revolution. So meritorious was his service that it was recognized by Washington who promoted the ardent Frenchman to the rank of major. Twice in the war he was wounded and was confined in a prison ship off Charleston S C

At the close of the war l'Enfant's name was on the "roll of honor," prepared by Washington, of "those who had rendered illustrious services' So, when the French troops went back to France l'Enfant, in love with his adopted country, dear to him because he had fought for it, remained behind, accepting a billet as major of engineers in the regular army

Almost his first work was the reconstruction of the old city hall in New York City for the Federal House, where Washington took the oath of office as President of the United States He later reconstructed the building that was used in Philadelphia as the Federal Capitol where Washington was sworn in for his second term as President For Robert Morris, the banker patriot of Philadelphia and financier of the Revolution, l'Enfant built a spacious mansion with the first mansard roof ever seen in America

Finding New York good headquarters for architectural work, l'Enfant resigned his commission in the Federal army and opened an architect's office in New York City The blue and gold badge of the Cincinnati was his next work Business was progressive honors beginning to flow in, when misfortune donned the traitor disguise of good fortune It came in the form of a request from Washington that l'Enfant should plan out the new government Capital, which, after storms of criticism and avalanches of debate and opposition had finally been located on the banks of the Potomac

With confidence in Washington l'Enfant began work on his plans and when, in March 1791 the Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson, wrote "You are to proceed to Georgetown where you will find Andrew Ellicott engaged in making a surveyor's map of the Federal Territory without one moment's hesitancy, l'Enfant left his now prosperous business in the hands of assistants and hastened South.

Washington himself met him at Georgetown, and on horseback they viewed the site together going over the whole area and examining the topography of the land Several conferences were held with the District Commissioners in the famous old Suter's Tavern, the mermaid of old Georgetown, a resort of gentleman planters and literati

It was in this tavern that the finished drawing was presented and unanimously approved L'Enfant was immediately appointed to superintend its execution and to begin work at once The details of the l'Enfant plan were essentially practicable, yet a hundred years in advance of the age It is small wonder that in spite of Washington's influence a steady opposition developed fanned by the arbitrary methods of l'Enfant and the ill-concealed jealousies of enemies

A necessarily drastic order that no one should build while the survey was being taken did not meet the views of land speculators and property owners, who saw large profits in their holdings The rule was necessary in laying out the Capital but it interfered with various axes the small fry had to grind. Soon the Commissioners were worked into the quarrel

Perhaps they had private ends also Anyway, they tried to hinder l'Enfant in every possible way His orders were countermanded a subtle insolence marked their attitude toward him and 'foreign,' 'foreigner' and 'subordinate' were but a few of the epithets hurled at him. A hundred eyes were watching for the slightest fault to base a charge on

The climax was not far off It came when one of the commissioners started the erection of a house directly across an avenue spoiling the vista. This act of open defiance was too much Courteously warning the daring official, l'Enfant, when no attention was paid to his warning, in the authority conferred on him by the offender and his associates, pulled down the house

His action was as a torch to gunpowder Enraged at the presumption of a "mere architect" presuming to take such drastic measures against the august commissioner, war was declared. The architect must be punished So complaint was made to Washington, who, grieved for the fate of his darling project, strove to reconcile the warring parties Finally the feud became so pronounced that for the sake of harmony against his personal wishes Washington was obliged to dismiss l'Enfant from his post as directing architect of the embryo National Capital

Washington did not forget the young engineer, however, and procured him many a private commission The steady influence of malicious stories and the long absence of the chief eventually caused the failure of the architect's firm When his affairs in New York were arranged, l'Enfant returned to Washington

Meanwhile, Congress had not voted l'Enfant remuneration for his services Andrew Ellicott, his assistant, succeeded him and was making what alterations he deemed necessary to the original plan. The changes were important, but by no means essential. The bulk of the work had been outlined.

It was through no fault of Washington that l'Enfant was not paid, for by the President's direction Thomas Jefferson wrote to the commissioners

'It is now proper that he (l'Enfant) should receive the reward of his past services and that he should have no cause of discontent I suggest that it should be liberal The President (Washington) thinks $2 500 or $3 000, but leaves the determination to you" Yet the years passed away and a dilatory Congress still refused to follow the recommendations of Washington and Jefferson and pay the just wage to the French patriot.

And now comes the saddest part of the whole sad story Charles Pierre l'Enfant was thirty seven years old when he left the work of designing the National Capital to others, 'the work that had been to him a labor of love and a work of beauty' He never recovered from this blow to his pride and ambition It seems to have broken his spirit.

A stranger in a new country, a voluntary exile through motives of the highest nobility, a mortified, disappointed man—for twenty years there is no record of him. After Washington's death, Alexander Hamilton was his only influential friend, and when he fell on the field of honor, l'Enfant was friendless President Madison attempted to assist l'Enfant by the offer of a professorship at West Point but for some reason l'Enfant returned the commission endorsed, 'Not accepted, but not refused."

Tradition says that l'Enfant now tried to push his claim before Congress He became a familiar figure in the corridors of the Capitol a man of medium height with intellectual features and courteous manners His quaint bell-crowned hat and blue frock coat of antique pattern but unmistakable French cut, were so distinctive that they identified him in the minds of the younger generation

One of those pathetic figures that a republic should make unnecessary, a petitioner for justice and a hearing this fallen soldier of fortune was a sad sight Now dependent on the charity of Dudley Digges of Chillum Castle near Bladensburg, Md, he lived at the manor From there he would trudge daily the five miles to Washington, the chimera of receiving tardy justice sustaining him all the weary way A sad sight surely for, as he himself said, 'Before that unfortunate affair I had fortune, friends and relatives Now all are gone"

But the end was not far In the seventieth year of his life June 4 1824 l'Enfant died and was buried in the garden of the estate, but no stone was put over the grave

The broken hearted l'Enfant was a derelict of injustice but to-day there is even a sadder fact connected with his history Now that his work is lauded and extolled when justice to his genius is accorded, he lies at peace indeed but in a pauper's grave which is marked only by a cedar tree that reclines over the bank of myrtle

What a record this, of a French gentleman of good fortune, family and education, who like his compatriots Lafayette and Rochambeau put aside brilliant prospects in France to aid us in the hour of our dire peril but to receive the shabby return of injustice and a pauper's grave! When in some one of the beautiful squares and parks made possible by his genius fair marble or a towering shaft commemorating the deeds of one who did true and laudable service in art and on the field of battle for us it will be also a witness that justice and the square deal are in reality ideals of the American people

The Republican South's Opportunity

BY SAVOYARD

THAT section of the republic designated in our political nomenclature as the solid South extending from the northern borders of Delaware Maryland West Virginia Kentucky and Missouri to the southern extremities of Florida, Alabama Mississippi Louisiana, and Texas, embraces sixteen States eleven of which seceded in the great revolution of 1861 They have thirty two votes in the United States Senate and are represented by 136 members of the National House of Representatives They have 168 votes in the electoral college where are chosen the Presidents of the United States and 336 delegates in the national political conventions where are nominated the candidates for President of the United States This glorious Union of ours has been a stepdame harsh rancorous revengeful to the South for forty odd years except the two terms of Grover Cleveland as Chief Magistrate It is now and all the time has been the policy of the Republican party to hold the seceding States as so many satrapies and the border Southern States are looked upon as very little better by the party that has a monopoly of the patriotism of the land and that professes to have a corner on the intelligence and the religion of the American people

The Republican party of the South was born a bread and butter brigade and as such it has lived. Prince Eugene, speaking of the dukes of Lorraine and of Bavaria declared 'Their geography prevents them from being men of honor and geography will not permit your Southern Republican to dilute his politics with very much principle The mission of the Republican party at the south is to gather the crumbs that fall from the party table at Washington I once knew a fellow in Kentucky who was given a two-gallon jug of good licker to electioneer for a certain candidate to county clerk He gathered unto himself a single boon companion and set the jug in the corner of the fence and made this oration Hell, what a harvest! and the laborers are how few! But your southern Republicans are really complaining of the harvest, while the laborers are all too many for the crumbs

But a great opportunity has come to the Southern Republicans If they can forget or if they will only suspend their jealousies on a count of the poor harvest and numerous laborers for two years or thereabouts they may be able to put the world in a basket and make the Republican solid South as formidable to the G O P in convention as the Democratic solid South was so long terrible to it at the polls That would be a great thing for the South, for the nation, and for mankind The next national convention of the Republican party will contain 952 delegates not counting Oklahoma and the Territories Of these 336 will be from the South Now if it be not profane to make the suggestion we will do it this way The solid South, New York, Pennsylvania and Indiana would nominate for the convention will not have to exceed 1 000 delegates no way you can fix it but strike out Indiana and insert New Jersey and you have the trick turned—besides there are other and numerous possibilities of combinations What a harvest—if the Republican South were only solid'

And there is the rub Twice, if not thrice, a solid South could have nominated John Sherman for President—the last time in 1888 Who that was there but remembers how Alger's forces augmented between Wednesday and Saturday of the first week With my own eyes I measured the Alger demonstration of Wednesday night, and it was less than 100 yards long On Saturday it was more than two miles long—all or nearly all, at the expense of John Sherman's Southern contingent Mr Sherman speaks of it with great bitterness in his book You that think John Sherman cold read his book and change your mind

In 1876 the South could have nominated Morton or Conkling if it had been solid in the Cincinnati convention Grant's administration was bent on the defeat of Blaine, and that was why Blaine got little support at the South If any Hayes' administration had no use for Blaine and that was why the South opposed him in 1880 Arthur got the South in the convention of 1884 but Blaine was nominated

In 1880 it is quite likely that Sherman would have been nominated if the South had stayed put As Secretary of the Treasury he had the bread and butter and used it for all it was worth but as Sheridan said to a prime minister in the English Commons The Thanes flee from thee doctor so the Southern brethren deserted Secretary Sherman at Chicago in 1880 1884 and 1888 Mark Hanna had the South and the North too, in his vest pocket in 1896 There was no contest in 1892 or 1900 or 1904

The year 1908 is the Republican South's opportunity—if it will only be solid With 336 votes in convention all the possibilities will be in sight It could nominate the angel Gabriel or a yaller dog, and as between those two aspirants you can bet your bottom dollar the Republican South will be for the dog as against the angel every time Let us take a glance at some political history In 1864 Abraham Lincoln nominated Andrew Johnson for Vice President because Johnson was a Southern man, and if Lincoln had lived he would have made the Republican party a national party something it has never been one moment of its entire life of fifty two years or Mr Lincoln, in the attempt would have gone the way Grover Cleveland went, thirty years later and that is more than likely Lincoln appointed three Southern men to his Cabinet—one from Maryland one from Kentucky, and one from Missouri—all real Southerners though anti slavery men

Gen Grant appointed to his Cabinet Creswell of Maryland Marshall of Virginia and Ackerman of Georgia Each served less than one year He made Ben Bristow Secretary of Treasury and got mighty tired of him when he prosecuted the whisky ring so relentlessly and the rum-jumping contingent of New England tried to nominate him for President in 1876 Hayes appointed D M Key of Tennessee Postmaster General and upon his resignation he appointed Horace Maynard to the vacancy but Maynard was no Southerner There was as much difference between him and Parson Brownlow as there is between a potato that grows in the soil and an apple that grows in the air Brownlow was as Southern as the oara plant or cabbage pot licker Maryland was as Northern as mince pie or doughnut Every attribute and every impulse Brownlow had was Southern his individuality was as Southern as Ben Tillman's Maynard was as Yankee as Caleb Cushing and very nearly as smart And so we can scarce credit Maynard as a Southern appointment though he is charged to Tennessee Garfield made W H. Hunt of Louisiana Secretary of the Navy, and he held the position for about a year Upon his retirement, Chandler of New Hampshire, got the job and the rest of the Cabinet was altogether Northern Ben Harrison appointed Noble Secretary of the Interior but he was no Southerner, though charged to Missouri McKinley made Gary of Maryland, Postmaster General and he was even less a Southerner than Noble In Roosevelt's Cabinet are Hitchcock born in Mobile of Vermont parents He is a citizen of Missouri, and Southern in nothing in the world except personal integrity As for Mr Bonaparte, he should not be charged to the South. Leaving out the border States, there have been five Southerners in Republican Cabinets, and these include that Yankee incarnate, Horace Maynard The others—Marshall Key Ackerman, and Hunt—had a combined, an aggregate, service of about four years How is that for sectionalism?

Grover Cleveland a Northern man from skin to core and from crown to sole was President two separate terms an experience no other President has had Here are the Southerners he called to his councils in the Cabinet—real Southerners, men the South herself would have chosen—Thomas F Bayard John G Carlisle, L Q C. Lamar, Hoke Smith, David R Francis Hilary A. Herbert Norman J Coleman William L. Wilson, and Augustus H Garland The South was even more favored by him in diplomatic appointments than in Cabinet advisers All our other Presidents together never appointed one-fifth as many Democrats to office as did Mr Cleveland When he was President that section was a full sister in the family of the union Now she is a foster child, and so far as concerns the official family a contemptible satrapy Take the miserable case of Crum and lick the hand that smites

Well the Republicans of the South can change it if they have got the grit and that means magnanimity, a quality the brethren down there have not been very strong on in the past by the way Of course, if Roosevelt will take the nomination, that settles it regardless of the South He says he won't have it but he said he would not have the Vice Presidency, and was just as emphatic then as he is now It is especially true of politics that no man knows what a day may fetch forth There is all the difference in the world between the past and the future, between the grave and the womb We all know what fills the grave, but nobody knows what is in the womb—not even Teddy

If Mr Roosevelt could have his way Elihu Root would be his successor but that cock won't fight, and Mr Roosevelt never yet supported a failing cause never advocated an unpopular thing It takes a Grover Cleveland to do that Mr Roosevelt will not urge Mr Root The man who beats the bucolic Fairbanks will get the nomination and my advice to the Southern bread-and-butter brigade is to go to the convention solid for somebody and stay put.

It would be a novel spectacle for the North and a novel experience for the South Let us hope that the unexpected, the impossible, will happen and the Republican South be somebody

"More Diamonds, Please."

From the Champagne Standard

The well authenticated story goes that at a dinner party the other night after the ladies returned to the drawing room, the hostess her broad expanse tinkling with diamonds leaned back in a great tufted chair and shivered slightly A footman went in search of the lady's maid.

Francoise" said the magnate's lady, with languid magnificence 'I feel chilly, bring me another diamond necklace."

Just "Stubbs"—Stubbs of Kansas, Who Campaigns Over Telephone

Special to The Washington Post.

Topeka, Kans, Sept 8

EVERY FEW years Kansas produces an especially picturesque statesman Of course, all the time and forever it has odd and interesting people, but at intervals comes a figure to overtop the rest for a while

This time it is Stubbs—Walter Roscoe Stubbs, Quaker, six feet in his stockings broad, red-headed, with a smile that can light up an auditorium to the topmost gallery, and a voice that can keep pace with the smile He is a member of the Kansas house of representatives was speaker of the last session, is a candidate for United States Senator—but his fame does not rest on things of that sort

Stubbs—no one in Kansas ever refers to him as Mr Stubbs—was unheard of two years ago He had been busy building railroads, and took no interest in politics

He had several hundred men working for him, and his work trains were scattered from the Rocky Mountains to Chicago His contracts ran into millions and he was kept busy looking after them

Then one day there was a political rebellion against the Republican governor, and a party of men met to discuss means of defeating him for renomination Among them was Stubbs

We'll just go to the people," he said 'and here is my contribution'

He threw $500 on the table. Such a gift was unprecedented, and it made him a leader at once He established headquarters and engaged the services of a bright young man as telephone caller

Then he began his campaign All day long, day after day, he called up farmers and township managers in every part of Kansas

'Who like it,' was his explanation. 'Who pays any attention to a letter? But a long-distance call from Topeka can't be ignored The farmers will think it means something"

The bills for telephone tolls ran up into hundreds of dollars, but Stubbs did not stop He talked and talked, received reports and opinions, and when the convention met he had a majority of the delegates for his candidate, the present governor, E W Hoch

Stubbs was the chairman of the convention He had never presided over a body of 800 men before, and he was plainly embarrassed as he took the platform Instead of making the usual speech he said

"Well we are here for business what do you want to do?'

The legislature met and Stubbs who had run for the lower house and had been elected, was chosen speaker The same directness that had characterized his convention work was seen in the management of the house's affairs and he was clearly the leader

But after the legislature adjourned things rather got away from him He was busy with some big contracts and before he knew it the convention this year was organized against him

He tried his best to control it, but vainly and a ticket was nominated that did not suit Stubbs Since then he has taken the role of a question asker

He called a meeting at Topeka and all those who were with him in the fight gathered to discuss campaign plans

'I'll give $500" said he again and laid his check on the table

Others added to the amount until a fund was raised that would run another campaign

The Republican platform in Kansas was silent on the anti-pass proposition, also on the 2-cent fare matter also on the assessment of railroads Stubbs formulated some questions to ask of the candidates for the legislature and the State officers to determine their positions on these subjects

Every candidate has been quizzed. Some of them have ignored the question some have answered equivocally, but most of them have given answers that they are in accord with the reform movement headed by Stubbs When the legislature meets these will be organized and Stubbs is likely to have a working force that will make him a power in the legislature, if it is not sufficient to carry him to the Senate

Stubbs went into a picture store in Kansas City a few weeks ago and looked with interest at some oil paintings

'How much?" he asked

"Those are very fine' replied the dealer 'We are asking $200 each for them'

'And how much for framing?'

'Well they ought to have frames that would cost $50 each, though we can frame them for $35"

'I am surprised," said Stubbs 'I thought they would be about $5 each, frames and all

He laughed heartily at his own mistake

"But these are by the best artists" explained the dealer, scandalized

He then launched into a long argument to show that the pictures were worth the money

"Oh, well I didn't mean anything wrong," said Stubbs, with another laugh. 'Just frame up three of 'em the best you can and send 'em to me at Lawrence, Kans My name's Stubbs

Once he was competing with several other contractors for a $3,000 000 job of railway building The contractors met in Chicago to consult with the president of the road

All went to the president's office one morning and talked the matter over Finally the wearied official said

'Gentlemen I am going to lunch You will have to let this go until to-morrow"

Of course, they left, and all went down in the elevator together As they came to the second floor, Stubbs stopped the elevator

"Have to see a man," he explained. Good-morning

As the elevator returned, he entered and in a minute he was back in the railway president's office The official looked up surprised.

'I thought——" he began

Yes, I know" said Stubbs with his smile. 'You don't care to meet us all at once Let's talk it over together"

They talked it over Stubbs went out with the president to lunch. Likewise he landed the contract.

When the meat trust troubles were up last winter he called on President Roosevelt and frankly told him of some experiences of his own in getting meat for his laborers In a week there was a new line of investigation and it brought results

Stubbs—the name cannot be forgotten, and the personality behind it is likely to be prominent for some time to come

The Traveling Lecturer and His Wife

BY STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

"WHAT little I've seen of my family, I like it remarked the traveling lecturer 'The other day, when I was waiting for a train at St. Joe, I got to thinking real seriously, and to save my neck I could remember hardly any woman I'd met for a long time that I thought as much of as I do my wife

"My family consists of a wife and two—no three no, by gracious, that's right, there are only two of the children. Well two or three, anyway I remember distinctly that one time when I was home—I can remember that just as well as if it were last year—I saw three children playing in the yard and I asked my wife if they were all ours, and I forget what she said It was yes or no and spoken with a good deal of what seemed to me unnecessary indignation, but I forget which

'Some time ago I met a man who knew my wife when she was a little girl He had gone to school with her I was mighty glad to meet that man, and I nearly pumped him to death about that little girl schoolmate of his who is now my faraway wife It was almost like meeting her again to have him tell me about her He said that she was a nice little girl, which confirmed exactly the impression my few visits with her had given me I was glad to know that those who had known her better had the same opinion Also I met a lady in The Siding, Wyo, who has seen my wife twice during the last two years, and who was with her once for two whole days at a convention That was genuine luxury This lady was considerably more intimately acquainted with my better half than I am having seen her a great deal more, and it pleased me very much to have her confirm also the good opinion I have been on the verge of forming concerning her for years and years

"One time about three years ago I was booked in a town where things had a decidedly homelike air Everything about the burg was strangely familiar Even the tufts of dead fennel growing between the planks in the sidewalk seemed to nod pleasantly and with an air of camaraderie as I tugged my suit cases over their heads I went to the hotel That alone, of all the places in the town appeared unfamiliar Yet it was an old structure and it struck me as passing strange that if I had once visited this place I did not know every crack in every slop jar in the house Yet I didn't.

'At the lecture that night I particularly noticed a careworn woman sitting near the front row of seats Something familiar in her face caught and held me all through the evening I tried to lecture to the usual leaden-faced mummy who sat back by the third row of posts but my mind, accompanied by my eyes would involuntarily turn back to the tired patient, lonely looking woman in the faded coat

'On the woman's face I saw a reflection of my own perplexity As plainly as print ever said anything her eyes and the little pucker between them, kept repeating Where have I seen that man before Certainly I have known him somewhere and some time' There was just the most delicate mixture of pleasedness in the half-recollecting look as if the faint and elusive association of days had been in some way tinged with pleasant things The same feeling was commingled with my own quandary

At the close of the lecture a number of persons as is the kind custom of audiences came about me to stake hands, thank me, and extend congratulations or what they called my excellent work. The little lady with the nice eyes and the puzzled look stayed just a tiny bit in the background, hesitant, blushing, yet wistful

'Finally, feeling that we might both feel better if we relieved the suspense and embarrassment by speaking I pushed through the circle and extended my hand, which she seized eagerly, yet timidly

'No sooner had she done so than, with a cry of joy, she flung both arms around my neck, buried that tired little head on my rumpled full-dress shirt bosom, and cried out

"'Jim—Oh my Jim my Jim' I know that wart on your knuckle!"

And, would you believe it? That woman was my wife and the reason of the strange familiarity of things in that town was the fact that it was my home town This fact also cleared up the mystery of my ignorance regarding the hotel interior

When the committee found this out they were highly amused and one of the older members after scratching his bald head for a little bit slapped his leg and declared he remembered when I used to be there and that if they had known I was only Jim Jones that used to sweep out Hankins' grocery he would never have thought of having me try to make a lecture right there at home. Fortunately I already had my fee

"On returning to the hotel to pack my grip I noted again the town's name, on the letterheads I had been using and I remembered very clearly that it was the same place where my alleged home was located

"It was a shame not to go home with my wife and take a look at the children, after all those years of absence, but—I am a lecturer and in order to make the next date in time I had to leave on the 10 30 train to the next junction point where I should change cars for Hayburg

"Sometimes I forget whether I'm sending money home or paying alimony, and when people ask my wife why she doesn't get a divorce, she asks, in surprise, what she needs with one

"Recently however, I had the worst surprise of all I noticed placarded in a window in a town where I changed cars and had to wait a good while a lecturer of the same name as my own fore and aft. This at once disconcerted me as I foresaw considerable confusion and perhaps damage to my business by reason of the fact that two persons of exactly the same name were engaged in a business in which much is in a name I determined to investigate this matter Noting by my watch that I had a full half-hour before train time I went to the town hotel and asked for the lecturer I was shown upstairs to a small room occupied by a tall young man, who rose courteously but with dignity to meet and greet me

When I had broached the subject of my call and made myself known, the young man's face twitched nervously his eyes filled, and he fell on my neck with the glad cry, "Father!"

'Now who would have expected little Jim—my baby Jim—ever to grow up, and of all things in the world take to the business that had made his home life one long widow and orphan tragedy?

'Sometimes I think I'll quit I write a letter to the bureau telling the management that I have determined to get out of the game, as I am old and have served my time. For reply they send me a list of the attractions that are to comprise the lecture course at Stringtown next winter or the chautauqua at Toadmere next summer and inform me that my work is still satisfactory So what can I do?"

Away down in my heart somewhere lies buried a human feeling or two pathetic remnant of years of hardship If I dared dig I would find fatherly and husbandly heartaches enough to fill the whole world with grief, so I won't dig I know that once it hurt terribly, and that if I let myself get to thinking again it will hurt past bearing While I have gone about the world with a song of sunshine and good cheer on my lips I have often been a whited sepulcher, for my own heart was often at the dying point with sheer dreariness and love-hunger I have stood up on the rostrum and told people how cowardly and foolish it was to be anything but good and brave and then gone to a miserable hotel room or boarded an ill-smelling train and fought with quivering lip and rebellious heart to keep the old Adam from bursting forth in my desolation and