

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Historic Washington Home Is to Go



WASHINGTON.—Steam shovels are eating their way into the birthplace of Nellie Custis, granddaughter of Mrs. George Washington and ward and adopted daughter of Washington. For years the shovels have been biting trainloads of yellow clay out of the fields of Abingdon—as this estate was named by John Parke Custis, son of Mrs. Washington—and this clay has been molded and baked into bricks for the rebuilding of Washington city.

ple though plain dwelling with the idea that later he would erect a house in keeping with his wealth and standing in the community. Abingdon, being a Custis home, was directly or remotely associated with nearly all the colonial and revolutionary families in Virginia and Maryland.

John Parke Custis was descended from John Custis, who came to Virginia from Holland in 1640. The son of this immigrant, John Custis II, built Arlington House in Northampton county, Virginia, naming it after Henry, the earl of Arlington, who, with Lord Culpeper, held Virginia under patent from Charles II.

Young Custis bought from Gerald Alexander 1,100 acres of land, part of which is now Arlington National cemetery. He built Abingdon House and there in 1779 Eleanor Parke Custis (Nellie Custis) was born. John Parke Custis, an aid on Washington's staff, died at Yorktown in 1781 and Washington adopted Nellie and her young brother, George Washington Parke Custis. The children thereafter made their home at Mount Vernon.

Nellie remained there till she became the wife of Lawrence Lewis, Washington's sister's son, and George Washington Parke Custis remained there till the death of Mrs. Washington, in 1802. Abingdon House is now occupied by the foreman of the brick-making company and his family.

Chinese to Adopt Western Calendar

THE adoption of the western calendar was among the many changes ordered in a decree issued by the cabinet in China, according to advice transmitted to the state department through the Chinese charge d'affaires in this city. The message also confirms the reported retirement of the prince regent and his return to the order of imperial princes, and the appointment of Shi-Hsu and Hsu Shih Chang as guardians of the emperor.



the year by the luna calendar, each year having 360 days, and the months having twenty-nine or thirty days, as the case might be. Every third year it was necessary to slip in an extra month so as to keep the season in place and the years running smoothly. Whenever a new emperor ascended the throne the Chinese began to reckon their years all over again. The day of the year, however, did not change with the coming of a new ruler, but it became that day and month of the first year of —, and the new ruler's name was given.

Chinese historians were compelled to work overtime keeping their dates straight, for it was no joke to reckon the date of an event which happened ten or fifteen hundred years ago when the historian had to figure out who was on the throne and what year of his reign the event occurred in. But all this is now to be changed.

Form of Court Oath May be Changed



THE bill recently introduced by Senator Burton of Ohio, which proposes to change the form of oath in federal courts and elsewhere under the jurisdiction of the United States, is in the hands of the judiciary committee of the senate and is now being considered with a view of early action upon the subject. The bill, of which Charles J. Bonaparte, the former attorney general of the United States, and Dr. Ira Remsen, president of Johns Hopkins university, are the sponsors, does not contemplate to change the religious character of the oath. The principal change which it proposes is the omission of the expression "So help me God" at the end of an oath and the substitution of

"promise" or "declare" for the word "swear" in the formula.

Since the introduction of Senator Burton's bill the attention of the judiciary committee has been called to the fact that several of the most progressive countries of Europe have materially changed and modernized the ancient and antiquated forms of the oaths used in judicial proceedings. No country as yet has gone quite so far as Switzerland.

The cantons of Zurich and Aargau took the radical step of entirely abolishing the oath several years ago, and the result has been so satisfactory that there is no desire to return to the old system. When the great council of the Canton of Vaud at its last session considered the draft of a new civil code, the abolition of the oath in any form from judicial proceedings was strongly urged, and, after an interesting debate, a provision abolishing the oath was incorporated in the new code, which went into effect on January 1 of this year.

Great Wood Waste a National Peril

A GREAT undeveloped industry, worth millions of dollars annually, lies at the doors of the people of the south and the far northwest in the immense wastes of wood incident to the manufacture of lumber.

An amazing statement of these wastes and the consequent loss in wealth and conservation of timber resources is made as a result of a two-year government investigation, not yet concluded, by F. P. Veitch, chief of the leather and paper division of the bureau of chemistry, and H. G. Donk, assistant chemist, whose preliminary conclusions have just been made public.



of naval stores, embracing turpentine, rosin, tars, pitch, rosin spirits and resin oils, having an annual value of at least \$30,000,000, may be obtained without boxing or turpentine a single live tree.

It is possible to recover from the wastes of the yellow-pine lumber industry (including dead-and-down timber) as much or more turpentine, rosin and resin oils as now are produced by the ordinary methods of turpentine from the living tree. The profitable utilization of mill wastes in this way would still substantially reduce the waste of the south and help to conserve the timber resources.

Jimmy Gets a Dog

In a heedless moment the Kingthornes yielded to Jimmy's ardent and vociferous pleas and admitted that it might be possible to permit him to have a dog to play with. Up to that time they had been able to match his teasing by a succinct and comprehensive "No!" But now life was vastly different.

Every homecoming of the elder members of the family, if not greeted by "Didyuh bring my dog?" was halted with the wail, "When kin I have my dog?" or "What kind of a dog is it I'm going to get?" until the Kingthornes reached the stage where their opinion on dogs as a whole was so intense that it was wordless.

The situation led to dissensions also, for both Kingthorne and his wife accused the other of having been the one who said the fatal word of assent. The peace of the family was gone, and the more they argued the worse it grew. Of the lot Jimmy was the most injured, for with all the bickering because of a dog there wasn't any dog.

"You said I could have a dog!" he invariably blurted in the plaintively accusing tone before which all well brought up parents shrink.

When the Kingthornes had time to look for a dog they never could find an attractive one, and if they did see a possibility they lacked the time.

Sitting in her living room one afternoon conversing with visitors about green tomato pickles, Mrs. Kingthorne after staring from the window, gave a little shriek.

"Just the thing!" she cried. "How did it get there?"

"What?" demanded her caller. "There aren't green tomatoes growing out there!"

"Pickles?" repeated Mrs. Kingthorne, dreamily. "No, it's a dog. It doesn't seem to belong to any one, either!"

Everybody looked. The dog was most apparently youthful, because it still wobbled slightly when it walked, or, rather, rolled. For it was fat and globular, made still more so by a thick coat of woolly brown fur. From one end of the brown mass a pink nose stuck out and from the other end protruded a flay plumed tail. He really was too much like an ideal puppy to be quite true.

"There isn't a soul in sight," asserted Mrs. Kingthorne. "And nobody would let a puppy like that go for a walk alone, as it must be lost. It'll get stepped on or stolen or something, and to say it would send Jimmy into hysterics of joy, so, really, I think it is my duty to rescue the puppy, don't you?"

Everybody wanted to see the puppy at close range, so everybody said "Yes." Mrs. Kingthorne went out and brought the animal in.

"Don't dogs have germs and things?" demanded one of the visit oys. "It is likely to give Jimmy some thing, isn't it?"

That was why everybody followed Mrs. Kingthorne down into the laundry to see her give the walf a bath. He was very little and the tub was very big and the soap was exceedingly fluffy, so it took four of them to wash and dry him. Afterward he frisked in front of a grate fire and Mrs. Kingthorne admired herself extremely for finding him.

Jimmy, for some reason, was late, but presently Kingthorne arrived. He seemed a little dazed at the chorus of joyful shrieks and the bundle of brown wool that was thrust at him. "Well!" he murmured in a puzzled tone. "That doesn't look a bit like the one—"

"The one!" cried Mrs. Kingthorne. "What one, and what is it?"

The bell rang just then and Kingthorne went to the door. When he rejoined them he was leading by a leash an Alredale pup. A grown-up Alredale is without doubt the ugliest dog yet invented, but an Alredale pup transcends by a hundred degrees the ugliness of the grown-up Alredale. There is no use in trying to tell what Kingthorne's pup looked like, because if adequate words could be found nobody would believe the description anyhow.

Kingthorne spoke into the immense silence almost defiantly. "He's a bench dog," he said. "All my life I've wanted an Alredale—and I am sure Jimmy will be crazy about this one. So will you when you get used to his looks and appreciate his noble nature. That brown, woolly thing hasn't any class, my dear."

"Well, I like him!" cried Mrs. Kingthorne, indignantly. Jimmy slammed into the house just then. Something slammed in with him. It was an overgrown, calflike creature, all legs and tail and tongue, with a great ugly head, and its style of architecture was a combination of everything from early Greek down.

"He's mine!" Jimmy cried, proudly. "An ashcart man gave him to me, an' he's goin' to sleep in my room an' ever'body else. An' you said I could have a dog!" He gave a passing glance of disinterested scorn at the blooded Alredale and the toy woolly pup.

"I suppose," said Kingthorne, with a resigned sigh to his wife, "that we can chloroform our dogs?"

It is always difficult to argue with one who has a dog.

Adrift with Humor



The Other Man's Opinion.

"Who is that beautiful woman across the room?"

"Do you mean the stately looking blonde?"

"No, no. The pretty little plump one with the splendid teeth and the glorious eyes."

"You don't mean the lady near the piano?"

"Certainly not. I mean the fascinating little beauty who has just turned to speak to Sproggley. By George, she's a peach!"

"Oh, that one? Say, what's the joke?"

"Joke? There isn't any joke. She's the prettiest woman I've seen for a long time."

"Quit your kiddin'. That's my wife."

Along the Line of Least Resistance.

"Hello! Is that the information editor?" asked a voice through the telephone.

"Yes."

"Please tell me how many inches there are in a meter."

"Haven't you a dictionary in your house?"

"Yes, but it's less trouble to call you up and ask you."

Thought of Columbus.

Bill—And when you slipped on the icy pavement and your heels flew out from under you, how did you feel?

Jill—Oh, I felt like Christopher Columbus.

"Why, how's that?"

"I was a little uncertain just where I was going to land."

AS TO LUCK.



First Pessimist—I wonder if anybody's as unlucky as I am. I never have any luck at all.

Second Pessimist—Hub! You're lucky. It's better to never have any luck at all than to be always having bad luck, like me.

Art.

Can the tenor sing? We do not know. His face says, though.

Helping Him Out.

Mrs. Gotham—Your cousin's legal practice, I suppose, doesn't amount to much yet?

Mrs. Lakeside—No, I'm sorry to say. We relatives do all we can, but, of course, we can't be getting divorced all the time.

Once Enough.

Bilkins—So you didn't go to the masquerade ball?

Wilkins—No; I made a fool of myself there last season. When the masks were removed I discovered that I'd wasted a whole evening and \$20 spooning with my wife.

Lack of Public Spirit.

"Did you read about the \$500,000 pearl necklace that the Philadelphia banker gave his bride the other day?"

"No."

"Goodness! Don't you ever try to keep posted on the important happenings of the day?"

The Lazy Way.

Mrs. Crawford—Why don't you use the new paper bag cooking?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—I would, but I thought it was as easy as getting meals in a paper bag at the dining room table.—Jude.

Very Warm.

News—The temperature is expected to rise in Nevada.

The climate of Nevada is becoming warmer.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

IMPORTANT PRE-INCA FINDS



Dr. Simon Bingham, assistant professor of Latin-American history at Yale university, who set out in 1911 to find lost cities of the prehistoric period in Peru, has returned quite satisfied with the results of his expedition. With him were Prof. Louis Bowman, geologist; Kai Henschen, topographer, and H. L. Tuttle, archaeologist-engineer.

The expedition found one of the lost cities covered with a confused mass of platforms about 5,000 feet above the valley of the River Urubamba. The explorers were attracted to the plateau by Indians who told them of marble relics there. A goat path led from the valley to the plateau, which was almost surrounded by precipitous rocks. Professor Bingham says:

"We found ruins of buildings of most palatial construction of white granite, or, as the Spanish historians called it, marble, some of which were more than ten feet above ground. There were the first white men, I fancy, that had ever seen this city since the time of Pizarro, 400 years ago. The stones of the houses were beautifully jointed and the cutting was perfect. The buildings were made without mortar. The foundation stones were very large, some being eight feet wide, six feet deep and twelve feet long.

"The city is called by the natives Maccha Pichu. My pre-Inca remains are much more interesting and denote a higher civilization than the Inca relics."

KAISER A BUSINESS MAN

If all the rulers of Europe should make a bid for the title of "business" monarch, it would undoubtedly go to the emperor of Germany. He is an untiring worker, and loves work better than all else except his army. Nobody can be in Wilhelm's employ, whether he occupies an important position in the army or is servant in the royal household, and be an idler.



His rational mode of living is one of the main reasons for his ability to do so much work. Though he has a beautiful palace in Berlin the royal family live most of the time at Potsdam, a suburb, so that the emperor can work quietly. He goes into the city every day by means of a fast-flying auto car.

He meets the empress at eight o'clock and they breakfast together. The meal usually consists of coffee, rolls, butter and cold meat.

By 8:30 he is seated at his desk in his study, which belongs to his royal suite, where he has absolute quiet. Here he is awaited by his adjutants. A glance at the room shows that this is a "business office," not a lounging room for a king. On the wall are hung a few interesting but simple pictures. The polished floors are covered with a few handsome rugs, and there are several tables used for documents and typewriters. The secretary is always ready for work when the emperor reaches his desk at 8:30.

He is a hustler in the fullest sense of the word, and has such an appreciation for American energy that when he wishes to compliment Americans he says, "I can use only Americans for my work." He is a thorough business man, and has studied all the important industries of Europe and America.

TO BRAVE BRIGANDS AGAIN



Miss Ellen M. Stone who, ten years ago, while a missionary in Bulgaria, was for six months a prisoner in the hands of brigands, who held her and her companion, Mrs. Katerina Stupanova Telika, for ransom, is arranging to return to Turkey in the capacity of a missionary. Miss Stone is completely recuperated in mind and body from her terrible experience of a decade ago.

Miss Stone says she is interested in some pending legislation in congress and that as soon as this is settled she will go abroad. She is hopeful for the success of the mission in Turkey.

Miss Stone was held captive in Turkey for six months.

one of a party of six. Tamoko they were but Miss Stone's mountain lair.

It was as if she had cate Turkey.

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