

TOWN WASHINGTON LOVED



THE RESIDENCE OF LORD FAIRFAX AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.



THE OLD GRAVEYARD SURROUNDING "GEORGE WASHINGTON'S CHURCH"

TREAT TIES WITH OIL

METHOD CONSIDERABLY LENGTHENS THEIR LIVES.

Idea is Comparatively a New One, But It Has Amply Demonstrated Its Value—Giant Bathtubs Used in the Process.

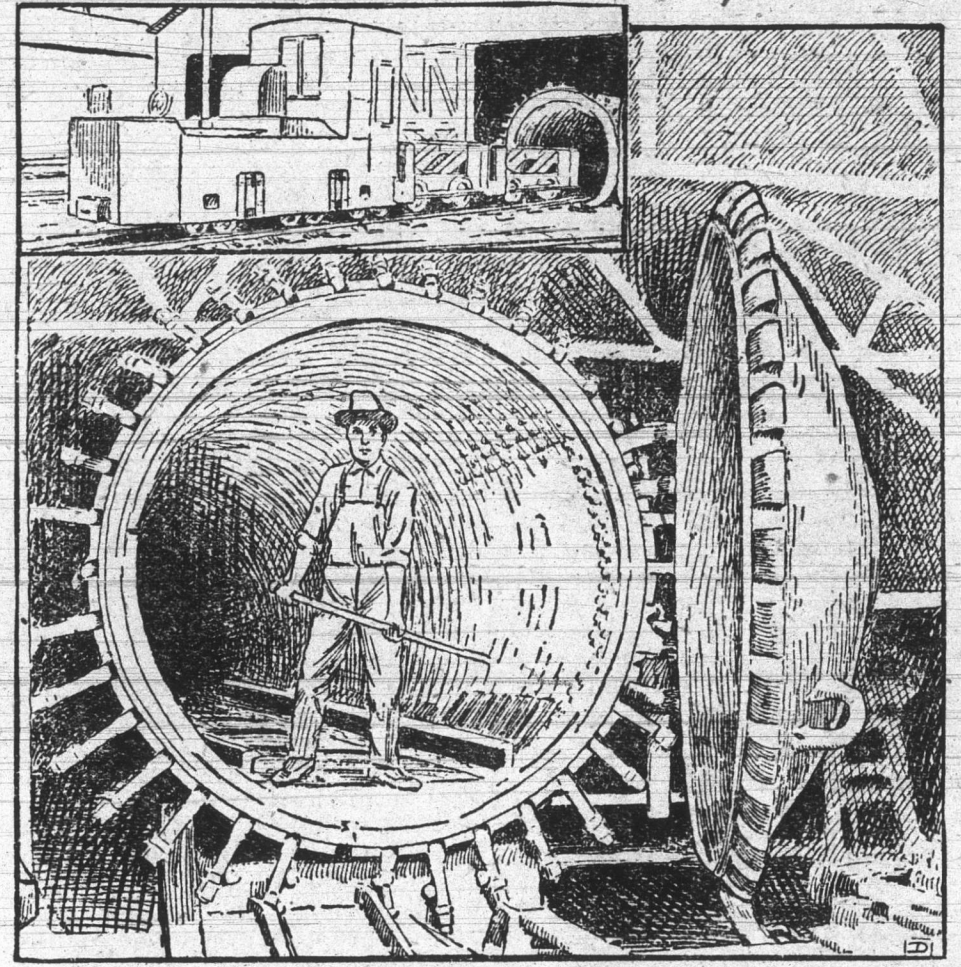
At Twenty-third street and the Blue river is a busy little industrial electric railway. It is quite unknown to Kansas City, says the Star, save as seen from car windows of passing steam trains, yet it operates over a narrow-gauge trackage of six and one-half miles. The trackage is in the yards of a creosoting company which was built to take care of a single contract. Its sole function is to give a creosote bath to the railroad ties on two divisions of a great western railroad system. Last year 1,213,000 ties were treated. It is estimated that the process doubles and even triples the tie's term of service. Thus the process is not only a great railroad economy, but a part of the nation-wide movement for timber conservation. There are two bathtubs at the creos-

sote bathing plant and there is nothing quite like them in Kansas City. The tubs, for instance, are 130 feet long and eight feet in diameter and hold a small railroad train.

The narrow gauge tracks, over which the electric locomotive operates, extend through each of the bathtubs or giant retorts. A train of trucks loaded eight feet high with ties is run into the retort. The locomotive pulls away and the five-ton doors to the retort, or bathtub, are closed and bolted airtight with a great circle of screw bolts.

The train of ties then is deluged with the oil. The pressure pumps are started and at the end of two or three hours three and one-third gallons of oil has been forced into each tie. The oil then is drained off. An 80 per cent vacuum subsequently is created and for a period of one and one-half hours the vacuum sucks oil from the tie, until it is left impregnated with about two and a half gallons of the oil which is to act as an antiseptic against timber destroying fungi. Between 870 and 1,060 ties are treated at one bathing.

There are now about a hundred timber preserving plants in America, mostly in the timber regions. The larger per cent of the oil used is imported from England. It is obtained in a coal process.



Opening Up One of Two Huge Bath Tubs That Hold Railroad Ties at Creosoting Plant. The Tub Weighs Five Tons.

MEET NEEDS OF THE COUNTRY

American Electric Locomotives Differ From European on Account of Business Reasons.

It has often been remarked by Americans that European electric locomotives are built like watches, and the regret is implied that similar refinement in workmanship is not to be expected of the American mechanic. This to a certain extent is true. The design, construction and repairs of locomotives in this country have assumed simplicity as a keynote.

In this country it is a rule that the needs of economical operation are best conserved when the locomotive mileage is kept high, and this in turn means long intervals between overhauling in the shop together with the minimum of tinkering between trips. Parts so designed as to require extraordinary care and skill in fitting are not likely to survive either the heavy stress or the rapid wear of railway service, and a construction which involves their use should be changed in preference to the alternative of keeping the engine out of service while delicate adjustments are being made.—Electric Railway Journal.

WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE?

Oh, when I feel my engine swerve, As o'er strange rails we fare, I strain my eye around the curve For what awaits us there. When swift and free she carries me Through yards unknown at night, I look along the line to see That all the lamps are white.

The blue light marks the crippled car, The green light signals slow; The red light is a danger light, The white light, "Let her go." Again the open fields we roam, And, when the night is fair, I look up in the starry dome And wonder what's up there.

For who can speak for those who dwell Behind the curving sky? No man has ever lived to tell Just what it means to die. Swift toward life's terminal I trend, The run seems short tonight; Only God knows what's at the end—I hope the lamps are white.—"Will the Lights be White?" Cy Warren, in National Magazine.

Pioneers in Traction.

The first electric transportation motor and car were built in a blacksmith shop in Vermont about 70 years ago. The motor was used to run upon a circular track for exhibition purposes, but it proved an excellent advertisement of the possibilities of electric power. About the time that the Vermont blacksmith was scheming an electric car, Matthias Baldwin of Philadelphia was building a small model locomotive for use in the Peale museum. That locomotive was put to work running round a circular track and was watched with great interest by the people of Philadelphia, who had been hearing edifying discussions about the practicability of using steam to operate railroads.

SURE TO BE ALL ELECTRIC

Time Certainly Coming When Use of Steam as Power Will Be Given Up by the Railroads.

The time is coming when all railroads will be operated by electricity. Even now we are in the period of the swift speeding, powerful electric dreadnought of the steel highway. The New York Central railroad, part of whose system is operated by electric power, is having built for its terminal service six electric locomotives, to be the most powerful yet constructed.

They are being built at Schenectady, and will have a higher efficiency than any other high-speed locomotive yet constructed. They are to develop 2,000 horsepower for one hour. Of this the equivalent tractive effort is 14,000 pounds at 54 miles an hour continuously, or 20,000 pounds at 49 miles an hour at one hour rating. Each locomotive can haul a 1,200-ton train on a level track continuously at 60 miles an hour. Talk about pull!

BRITISH LINES MAKE ADVANCE

Important and Costly Changes Which Will Add Greatly to Their Present Efficiency.

It has been decided to banish "dead" buffer wagons from British railroads. "Dead" buffers are a survival of the early railroad days.

Their absolute rigidity, which is said to have helped to shorten the life of a wagon through shunting operations, has been the cause of their undoing, and they are to be superseded by spring buffers, which for some years have been rapidly finding favor with all companies. Goods in transit are not as liable to be damaged where these are in use and in addition there is an added lease of life to the wagons. The change is the outcome of regulations made by the railway clearing house authorities, and it is expected that no fewer than about 50,000 "dead" buffer trucks will be banished.—London Tit-Bits.

Non-Magnetic Rails.

According to our contemporary, the Engineer, in order to accommodate the increasing use of track and signaling circuits on railroads, with the necessity for bonding joints, points and crossings, and separating rail sections to form the desired electric circuits, it is proposed by a German engineer to use non-magnetic rails. The non-magnetic track rails are made of nickel steel containing about 18 to 20 per cent of nickel, and they are inserted at desired points in the ordinary magnetic track for controlling signals, brakes, etc., from the vehicles. For light railroads, the whole of the track may be formed from these rails, which do not affect the action of the weak electric current used in controlling the railroad.—Scientific American.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

HUNTING TROUBLE



When you start out to inquire— Whether Brown called you a liar, You may in your indignation Think you're doing something bravely To preserve your reputation. But give heed a moment gravely: When you start on such a mission Wildly threatening to send Your defender to perdition You are not a hero, friend— You are merely hunting trouble.

When you start out, gentle lady, To discover naughty, shady Things your husband has been doing, Or of which he is suspected, You may think you are pursuing Sins that ought to be detected. But the truth you seek may hurt you And in setting forth to get Sweet revenge for outraged virtue You may find to your regret That you've merely hunted trouble.

Those who search for sorrow find it; Every door has hid behind it. Trouble in some shape or guise; It may be imaginary. Thin, inconsequential, airy. But he finds it there who tries. What a world of useless sorrow Might be headed off tomorrow If by prayer or through petition 'Twere arranged so that Suspicion Should have neither ears nor eyes.



Practical Suggestion.

"Whatever are we going to do with nine chafing dishes?" exclaimed the bride when she and the groom had at last been permitted to look at the presents.

"We might exchange two or three of them for a couple of skillet and perhaps trade the rest in on a sack of flour and a peck of potatoes."

He May.

"A man who deliberately avoids marriage so that he may not be called on to support a family is the personification of selfishness."

"He may be that, but he may also be sparing both the public and himself a lot of unprofitable trouble."

A Penalty.

"Beautiful married women," says one of the philosophettes, "are not happy."

This is one of the penalties of a social code that makes it ungentlemanly to tell a married woman that she is beautiful.

He Should Remember It.

Scientists have found that a grasshopper can jump 200 times its own length. This fact should be remembered by the collegian who thinks he is going to be needed in the world because he has broken the jumping record.

A Kind Retort.

"If I ever have a son I hope he will inherit his father's brains, but I should want my daughter to have my beauty."

"Why should you wish your son to have such an advantage?"

No Chance.

"Brooks says he and his wife hardly ever engage in conversation."

"What is the matter?"

"The lady is generally so busy doing a monologue that conversation is out of the question."

A Sign of Progress.

"Do you think people are really making any progress? That we actually gain in knowledge and worthiness?"

"Certainly. Why, hardly any woman bleaches her hair now."

How Could She Help It?

"Do you ever think that your marriage was a mistake?"

"Yes, often. One of the men whom I refused is getting as large a salary as my husband is drawing."

It Seems Strange.

One sometimes wonders why it is that the first words of some people's babies do not happen to be: "Get the coin."

There's a Reason.

"He seems to be able to dress mighty well."

"Yes. He travels and has an expense account."

WOMEN have done much at Alexandria, Va., to preserve the relics of the days of George Washington. It is not the capital of the nation, despite its name, that is richest in intimate associations with the life of the first president, but Alexandria, which stands midway between Mount Vernon and the city of Washington.

Alexandria played no small part in the formative years of Washington's youth and early manhood. A representative Virginia town, it stood then and for generations later for all that was best of colonial standards. Its people had much to do with the molding of Washington's character, and Washington richly repaid Alexandria, or Belle Haven as it was first called, by his never failing concern for its welfare and advancement.

Probably no surviving structure in Alexandria harbored Washington within its hospitable walls more frequently than the old Carlyle house, and certainly none was more directly associated with the foundation of the military side of his life. Strange as it may seem, for many years this historical landmark has been hidden away behind the battered front of Alexandria's once noted hotel, the Braddock house, occupying one corner of the inner courtyard, shut away from the public gaze and denied the outlook of the broad approach which it once enjoyed in the days of its well nigh baronial importance. Until a few years ago the Carlyle house was largely used as a storage place by a local dealer in colonial antiques, but a few patriotic Virginia women saved the building from further indignity, though not entirely from danger, as the old furniture found a new abiding place within the still more inflammable Braddock house, adjoining.

In 1732 John S. Carlyle imported from the Isle of Wight the stone of which the house is built, and he absorbed for part of the foundation a portion of an old fort which had been built many years before for the protection of the English traders at Hunting Creek, as the place was then known, against the Indians. The barracks of that ancient defense became the cellar of the Carlyle house, and in those cool, dark, dry retreats were stored in Washington's day the bulging casks, cob-webbed bottles, and delicious old hams for which Virginia has long been noted.

Another part of the old fort forms the plaza at the rear of the house upon which the broad central hallway opens. It was upon this plaza, in the far away days, that the Carlyles and their guests gathered on summer evenings to discuss the questions of the time or to pass the hours chatting over a heartsome glass amid the soothing smoke of the fragrant Oronoko. It was there the young people watched the moon rise over the river and took their pleasures in the decorous manner of those days.

Then, the gardens ran down to the river's bank and overlooked the docks at which the trading craft were moored—trading craft that came from over

the seas to barter the silks and riches of the east and the tropic abundance of the West Indies in return for the famous tobacco with which Alexandria's one big warehouse was filled. That was a period of bounteous hospitality and courtly grace.

On the right of the broad hallway is the large drawing room. In Washington's day it was finished in gold and white, and there on many occasions he took an active part in ball and festivity and led many a fair Virginian through the stately steps of the minut and the less exacting reel. The hallway itself, if tradition be correct, is not without its sentimental interest, for it was at the foot of the beautiful staircase of solid mahogany that Washington awaited the coming of the lovely Sally Fairfax upon a particular evening and while escorting her into the ballroom offered her his heart, which she rejected.

On the opposite side of this same hall is the blue and white room, which was John Carlyle's particular retreat. Within that room Washington received his commission as a member of General Braddock's staff in 1755. What that meant to Washington we can only partly divine, but there is no doubt of its significance to us as a nation because of what it taught him of the fighting ways of the British soldier.

From the broad portico of Mount Vernon Washington saw Braddock arrive with his transports and his regiments of red coated soldiery and pass onward to Alexandria, nine miles above, coming with the splendid traditions of the king's troops and with all the martial fanfare of regulars. As a leader of the local provincial troops Washington had won for himself a creditable renown, but here were soldiers supposedly of sterner stuff and higher military capabilities.

General Braddock promptly accepted the hospitable invitation of John Carlyle and established his headquarters under the roof of that gracious host, the little blue and white room becoming the council chamber in which were planned the preparations for that memorable but ill fated campaign against the Indians. Washington's previous experience as a leader of local troops against the savages made him welcome at those conferences and his keen judgment and practical advice earned for him Braddock's admiration and the invitation to serve upon the British general's staff. It is enough to add that in the trying work that followed the British records testify that "the Virginia officers and troops behaved like men and died like soldiers," and Washington came out of the strife unscathed and riper for the far more serious task that lay ahead of him.

The architectural student will find much to interest him and to warrant study in the Carlyle house. The old windows, the doorways, the primitive cupboards, chairboards, doorsteps, cornices, molding, etc., are exquisite in taste and rich in quaintness and elegance of detail. There they are as they were in Washington's time, and in common with the rest of the mansion are regarded as among the best specimens of the so-called colonial style.

In February, 1752, a market was in-

stituted in Alexandria and the citizens were justly proud of their enterprise. The market place then lay directly in front of the approach to the Carlyle house and that same mart of country produce was intimately identified with Washington's domestic life at Mount Vernon and was one other means of displaying his common sense. We of today know but little of the hardships of that colonial period, and feasting was not always as abundant as the story book would have it. Rev. Mr. Weems, that chatty chronicler of the times, tells us that Alexandria then boasted more rightly of its beauty than its means of charming the palate.

"The neighborhood of Belle Haven was not a desert; on the contrary it was in many places a garden spot, abounding with luxuries. But its inhabitants, the wealthy, were not wise. By the successful culture of tobacco they had money. And having filled their coach houses with gilt carriages and their dining rooms with gilt glasses they began to look down upon the poorer sort and to talk about families."

"Of course it would never do for such great people to run market carts! Hence the poor Belle Havenites, though embosomed in plenty, were often in danger of gnawing their nails. And unless they could cater a lamb from some good natured 'cracker' or a leash of chickens from the Sunday negroes were obliged to sit down with long faces to a half graced dinner of salt meat and journey cake."

"This was the order of the day, A. D. '59, when Washington, just married to the wealthy young widow Custis, had settled at Mount Vernon, nine miles below Belle Haven. The unpleasant situation of the families at that place soon reached his ears. To a man of his character, with too much spirit to follow a bad example when he had the power to set a good one and too much wit to look for happiness anywhere but in his own bosom, it could not long be questionable what part he had to act."

"A market cart was instantly constructed, and regularly three times a week sent off to Belle Haven filled with nice roasters, kidney covered lamb and veal, green geese, fat ducks and gobblers, chickens by the basket, fresh butter, new laid eggs, vegetables and fruits of all sorts. Country gentlemen dining with their friends in town very soon remarked the welcome change in diet. 'Bless us all,' exclaimed they, 'what's the meaning of this? You invited us to family fare, and here you have given us a lord mayor's feast.' 'Yes,' replied the others, 'thank God for sending a Colonel Washington into our neighborhood.'"

Cut Off.

The world is well aware that a stern kaiser has forbidden his officers to dance the tango or to go to tango parties. They say that a young lieutenant met a friend in the streets of Berlin the other day and embraced him with fervor.

"I'm dying of loneliness!" said the lieutenant.

"What!" said the friend, "lonely in Berlin!"

"Just that," returned the other. "You can't go to anybody's house any more. They all dance the tango."—New York Evening Post.

ner? You're extremely kind. At Sherry's? What? And a bottle? (Surging interest in the entire staff.) It's awfully kind of you. Well, say Tuesday at eight. But really I—

City Editor (in his everyday voice)—I have some work here, McAddister, when you are quite through talking to yourself. That telephone has been disconnected since morning.—Puck.

Dangerous Mistake.

A hobby is all right, as long as you don't mistake it for a principle.

HAD THE STAFF GUESSING

New Reporter's Monumental Bluff Almost Deserved to Succeed, But He Overlooked One Point.

The New Reporter (going to the telephone and ostentatiously starting the machinery)—Hello, central! Let me have 2745 C, please. (A pause.) You giddy little thing! No, I said twenty-seven. Twenty-sev—Hello! Is that 2745 C? Is Mr. Sawgertees Devoy in the office? Will you tell him that Mr.

Jefferson McAddister would like to speak with him? Yes, that's the name, McAddister, journalist.

(The other reporters listen in awestruck silence.)

The New Reporter—Is this really Mr. Devoy? My name is—Ah, you recognize my voice? You perhaps remember that I interviewed you yesterday? What's that? Best report? Oh, thank you! You're very kind. I tried to make it so. Has anything turned up in regard to that case since noon? Well, sorry to trouble you. Eh? Din-