Summer Life at the Nation's Capital Has Changed in the Last Few Years

Diversions of Uncle Sam's Servants Who Are Obliged to Remain on Duty at the Seat of Government During the Torrid Months...Suburban Clubs that Are Rendezvous of Officialdom

THE indications are that this will be another "war summer" at the American capital. "War summers" are an inovation of the past half decade, and it cannot be said that they are wholly welcome to the men whose duty it is to keep the wheels of the machinery of government turning properly. The "war summer" in its modern guise made its first appearance at the time of the Spanish-American war, and it was quite the most sizzling experience within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the hottest as well as the most beautiful city in the United States. Then came the summer when the Boxer revolt in China kept at their desks many officials who would otherwise have been away enjoying mountain or ocean breezes, and when the mercury in Washington performed almost as astonishing feats as it had while we were at war with the Dons. Now the chances are that the Russo-Japanese dispute will prevent many diplomats and other officials from wandering far from Washington this vacation season.

It was the Spanish-American war which made Washington an all-the-year capital. Previous to that time it had been one of the gayest cities and the center of national interest in winter, but well nigh deserted in summer; standing like a handsome mansion, tenantless, save for the caretakers. Since the early years of the century it has been the practice of Presidents to remain away from Washington during the major part of the heated term. There is, of course, nothing to require the presence of members of Congress, and all the more prominent officials of the executive departments were accustomed until a few years ago to follow the example thus set before them and repair to some popular resort at the approach of the torrid interval.

The exegencies of the conflict with Spain altered all this. Public servants from the Chief Magistrate down were obliged to sojourn in the city on the Potomac during one of the hottest summers in its history, and their enforced presence resulted in a radical change of sentiment which survived the passing of the clash of arms. On the one hand many persons were afforded practical evidence of the fact that although a temperature is frequently registered at Washington that is higher than prevails anywhere else in the country, the broad breeze-swept streets of the capital render heat prostrations fewer in proportion than in many other cities.

REMAIN AT THE THROTTLE.

On the other hand, the Nation's assumption of the position of a world power has rendered it imperative that many public men shall remain at the throttles of the engines of government almost the entire year, and all-year residents have introduced in the City of Magnificent Distances projects for keeping cool which have no counterpart anywhere else in the country. For instance, there are on file in the office of the army officer in charge of the Executive Mansion, complete plans for an elaborate ventilating system which could be quickly installed should any President find it necessary to remain in Washington throughout the summer, and which would fill the living and working apartments at the White House with an inexhaustible supply of iced air.

In both the government departments and private residences in Washington the long summer siege—the very warm weather usually continues for full five months—is prepared for as systematically as the Eskimo plans for his winter exile. In the various government offices the clerks are usually given a half holiday while a large force of workmen take up carpets, install electric fans, and otherwise contribute to the transformation from winter to summer guise. In each governmental workroom there is installed a water cooler, for which Uncle Sam furnishes the ice, and at the Capitol, when Congress has remained in session after the advent of warm weather, a thoughtful government has daily provided great tubs of lemonade for the fatigued lawmakers.

In private residences the donning of summer dress comes at the time the methodical housewife indulges in her spring housecleaning. Carpets give way to bare floors; curtains, portieres and draperies of all kinds disappear; reed or cane furniture replaces the heavy upholstered pieces, and pictures and bric-a-brac are shrouded in mosquito netting. But not all of Uncle Sam's best paid employes take this means of thwarting the heat. Some of them board up the doors and windows of their city homes and move to one or another of the exclusive suburban colonies which are scattered in Virginia and Maryland, short distances from the seat of government.

This scheme of high government officials to be near Washington, but not of it, during the heated term, originated about three-quarters of a century ago, when four of our Presidents successively occupied as a summer home the quaint old mansion Woodley, recently purchased by Senator Newlands, but which is now all but in the city of Washington. Grover Cleveland, when President, the late Mr. Whitney, and others of his cabinet members followed the plan still more extensively, but they went a little further into the country for sites for their summer homes—Mr. Whitney's former residence is now the Country Club—and finally the present-day officials have penetrated still farther into the picturesque and historic country where all roads lead to Washington.

Some of the members of the cabinet are always to be found in Washington during the summer, and these members of the President's official household and the diplomats who, from inclination or sense of duty, feel that they must remain close to their field of labor, show a strong partiality for the quaint little hamlet of Chevy Chase, situated in Maryland, some five or six miles from Washington. Chevy Chase might readily be mistaken for an English village, with its neat hedges of boxwood and attractive formal gardening. During the summer it has a distinct social life of its own, usually through the medium of open-air fetes.

CHEVY CHASE CLUB.

Less than a mile from Chevy Chase village is the greatest rendezvous of the capital's official society in summer—the Chevy Chase Club. This, the most aristocratic organization of its kind in America, has as a home the rambling old farmhouse, to which the postmaster general and other members of President Monroe's Cabinet fled with valuable papers from the White House and the government departments when the British attacked Washington during the war of 1812. The clubhouse contains a most attractive smoking room and a cool and cozy ladies' parlor, and in summer the broad porticos are converted into open-air dining rooms. During the spring and, indeed, well into June, and then again in the early autumn, Chevy Chase Club is the center of interest for all those members of official society in Washington who go in for golf, tennis, cross-country riding and other out-of-door sports. The quaint clubhouse is the favorite scene for the hospitalities of Secretary Hay, and those other cabinet members who do not discontinue dinner-giving in summer, and President Roosevelt has been entertained there many times, as was, likewise, the late President McKinley.

Another popular form of summer diversion for the officials who remain at the governmental headquarters in summer, is formed in moonlight excursions down the Potomac on Uncle Sam's private yacht, the Dolphin. Formerly the trim little dispatch boat was held largely at the disposition of the President, but now that the Presidential pleasure fleet has been increased by the addition of the yachts Sylph and Mayflower, the Dolphin is left largely at the disposal of the members of the cabinet and the secretary of the navy. Admiral Dewey, and other officials usually entertain parties of friends on board on a number of pleasant evenings during the summer.

The national capital discloses in summer many phases of street life that, if not absolutely unique, are at least not present in anything like the same degree in any other city in the country. For instance, after 6 o'clock in the evening it is unusual to see a woman wearing any head covering on the streets, or in the street cars, and decollete gowns for street wear are not only popular but well-nigh universal. In summer, too, the street piano thrives in Washington as nowhere else on the continent, and the grinding out of this "barrel music" frequently has the accompaniment of dancing pickaninnies. WALDEN FAWCET.

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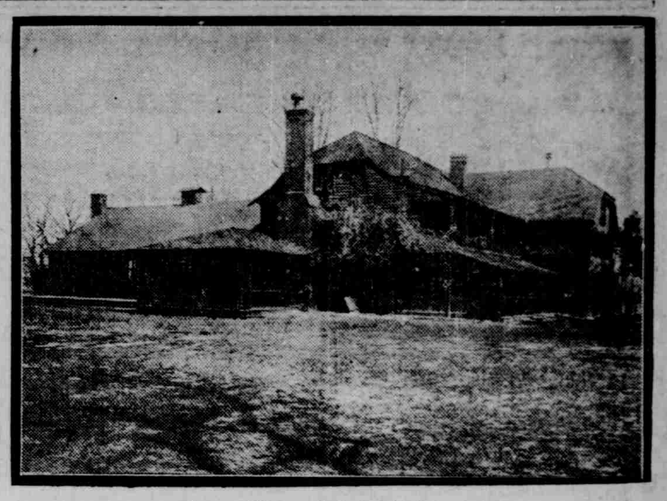
Smoking Room of Chevy Chase Club



Chevy Chase Club at Washington

Stories with Tinge of Local Color That Describe Various Incidents

How Mr. and Mrs. Bluegrass Were Entertained by Their Next Door Neighbors...Things That Happen in a Society Reporter's Life...A Scrap About Payment of Carfare

THEY came from old Kentucky, so that the manner of their entertainment, though entirely accidental, was entirely fitting.

They went in to call, one night last week, on their next door neighbors, who are as hospitable as though they themselves were bred in old Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, the next door neighbors, were delighted to see Mr. and Mrs. Bluegrass, and during the evening Mrs. Smith said that she wanted them to taste some of her good devil's food. So she went out and cut the devil's food and then sent James out after some of that good sherry.

James, manlike, seized upon the first bottle that came to his hand. Man seems to be a trusting creature in the matter of bottles; maybe he goes on the theory that any bottle's a good bottle, and if there were a million bottles in a row he would never think that his first choice might just possibly be a wrong one. So James made no investigation, but took the bottle, poured the contents into a decanter and came back triumphant into the den with his little tray of glasses and his decanter.

Mrs. Smith does not drink spirits of any kind, but she took a glass of the sherry that James poured out and put it to her lips. James himself did the same thing, for the sake of his guests, through a recent sharp attack of indigestion had made him give up all alcoholic beverages for a time, under his doctor's orders. Mrs. Bluegrass sipped her wine and looked a little odd, but Mr. Bluegrass drank his with evident relish—so evident that James asked him immediately to have some more, and Mr. Bluegrass accepted cheerfully. The fifth member of the group, James's sister Susan, sipped her wine, too, after the manner of Mrs. Bluegrass, and, like that lady, looked a little odd; but Sister Susan is not strong on drinks, and the things that she knows about the different varieties are not enough to hurt her.

Mrs. Bluegrass was hardly out of the house before she grasped her husband's arm. "John, what was that they served—it tasted like—but it ce'tainly wasn't——"

"Yes, it was, too," affirmed John. "Just good old Kentucky whisky, and straight, at that."

"Whisky — straight — and cake?" mused Mrs. Bluegrass. "What queah ways these Northernahs have."

Back in the little red-lighted den Mrs. Smith was staring with wide eyes into the faces of sister Susan and James. "It tasted so queer, James—just for all the world—could it have been——" Susan hesitated. "Whisky" grunted James, gulping down a huge swallow of the fluid in defiance of the doctor's order. "Yes, whisky, straight."

Mrs. Smith flung herself on the davenport. "Oh dear!" she wailed; "whisky and cake—won't they think we're queer?"

Early next morning sister Susan made an informal call on Mr. and Mrs. Bluegrass. In furtherance of a deep-laid scheme concocted at the Smith breakfast table, she explained playfully that they had departed from custom and served their guests with good old Kentucky whisky just to make them feel at home. "It sounds so stupid to say that James made a mistake in the bottle," said Mrs. Smith.

But in spite of the explanation Mrs. Bluegrass still thinks these Northerners are "queah."

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She was a stout, pleasant-faced lady, and her diamond earrings, her handsome lace collar—worn over a shirtwaist—her much beflowered hat, indicated prosperity. Her speech indicated that the prosperity had not come down to her from a line of Vere de Vere ancestors, but was a matter of recent acquisition.

"Yes," she was saying confidentially to the woman beside her, "I'm goin' to meet Loula Mae down in town an' go with her to get her gradjuation gown fit on. I know I allus feel so funny when I says 'gown' for 'dress,' but Loula Mae says that's what everybody says nowadays, an' I suppose she knows; but land sakes, that's what we uster allus call our nighties. Loula Mae's gradjuation gown it's goin' to be real lovely—it's of muslin de soir, with a berthy of real lace; I seen some lace that I really thought was much handsomer, but this cost a lot more, an' so I told Loula Mae we'd better pick on that. Loula Mae she's very bright—yes'm, she's very bright, indeed. She's through with the grade schools now—or she will be soon as she gradjuates—'n her paw'n me was talking the other night, an' we just about concluded that we wouldn't send her to the High School at all—we'd just send her right on to some cemetery. Yes'm, I think it would be just as well to get her into some good cemetery right away."

And then the car shot on, and so did Loula Mae's mother.

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There is one man in Indianapolis who would every bit as soon pay his own street car fare—and maybe sooner.

He swung on a Pennsylvania car at Sixteenth street the other day and was greeted by three of the men he knew who formed a little group on the back platform—Jones, Brown and Robinson. After a moment's conversation the newcomer entered the car and sat down, well up in front.

The conductor did not come for his fare, and it was not until the car rounded the corner at Washington street that Mr. Northside woke to the consciousness that he was still clinging to the little brown ticket that he had got ready against the coming of the conductor. As he stepped out on the platform he remarked conscientiously:

"Here's my ticket, young man; you forgot to count me in."

"I didn't forget you; your fare was paid all right," responded the conductor.

"Paid? Who paid it?" demanded Mr. Northside.

"Some fellow on the back platform."

The next day Mr. Northside caught sight of Jones as he entered the car. He dropped down into the seat beside his friend, and when the conductor came by Mr. Northside tendered two tickets.

"Here! Let me pay my own fare," said Jones.

"It's all right, conductor; go on," said Mr. Northside. Merely paying back my debt—you paid my fare yesterday, you know," he remarked, explanatorily, to Jones.

"Paid your fare, nothing," returned Jones. "Must have been some one else. I never paid your fare."

That evening, on the way home, Brown sat himself down beside Mr. Northside in the car. "Well, if it wasn't Jones it must have been Brown, I guess," thought Mr. Northside; so he was ready with two tickets when the conductor came by, and in response to Brown's objection he answered aloft:

"Paying off a bad debt—you see, you paid my car fare yesterday."

"Not me," returned Brown. "Of course, if you want to pay my car fares it goes with me all right; but I'm not guilty of paying yours."

Of course, after that Mr. Northside knew it must have been Robinson, so when he met that gentleman on the car a few days later he yanked out two tickets instead of one and bestowed them on the conductor before Mr. Robinson could get his hand into his pocket.

"Confound you, Northside, I don't want you to pay my fare," was Mr. Robinson's gracious acceptance of Mr. Northside's courtesy.

"Well, then, you haven't any business to pay mine," responded Northside as he opened his paper.

"Pay yours? I never paid your fare."

"Oh, yes, you did," returned Mr. Northside securely. "You paid it the other day when you and Jones and Brown were out on the platform together. You see, I've tried both the other men already, and neither of them paid it, so I'm certain of my man now."

"Well, you're just out another fare, that's all," replied Robinson, "because I never paid your car fare in my life."

Mr. Northside reflected a moment with a downcast look. "Well," he said, "I've used up three tickets to pay back one, and I'm still owing one somewhere—but this finishes it. Whoever paid my car fare is out one ticket, and he can stay out for all I care."

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The society reporter's life isn't all beer and skittles; in fact, to tell the plain, unvarnished truth, it isn't even half beer and skittles. She has troubles of her own, what with keeping Mrs. A.'s party entirely out of her column, and putting in enough about Mrs. B.'s party to satisfy Mrs. B.'s difficult taste. But there is always the silver lining to the cloud, and the funny experiences help the hard-working society reporter to worry through with the dreary ones.

The society reporter found a silver lining the other day when she went to report a wedding. Just exactly as there are all kinds of people, so are there all kinds of weddings to join the all kinds of people, and this wedding was one of the other kind. The house was half of an unpretentious little double dwelling with cheap lace curtains at the window and glaring paper on the walls. On top of the glaring wall paper there were still more glaring Crayons or "the family," and especially awful rendition of a staring-eyed small boy, done in colors, so fascinated the eyes of the society reporter that she found it difficult to tear her gaze away from it as she took down statistics about the gift of the groom, and the wedding gown, and the out-of-town guests. The frame of the picture was edged with smilax and at one of the lower corners was stuck a great clump of ferns tied with trailing green ribbons. "An' now there's somethin' else I wisht you would say in your article," said the mother of the bride, after she had finished a detailed account of the function, which was as elaborate after its fashion as the weddings of greater social importance. "I wisht you'd put in something about little Johnny. You see little Johnny he fell in the canal last winter when he was out skatin' and he was drownded—yes'm he was drownded. And he was awful fond of his sister, little Johnny was, an' she don't like to leave him out of her weddin', so we put most of the decoration around his pitcher, and to-night they're goin' to stand there while the ceremony's announced. They's going to be American Beauties stuck in with the ferns—they're out in the ice box this minute— and we thought, her and me, that it would be real pretty if you was to say something about little Johnny, who fell in the ca-nal and was drownded, and who is in heaven, smilin' down from his pitcher frame while the words of the beautiful, but pathetic ceremony was said—make it just kind of nice and easy like that, you know, so that 'twill read pretty."

The society reporter did not smile then; she merely told, with tears in her voice, about the peculiar ways of city editors, who cut one's copy so, and about how things were left out for lack of space, and the other misfortunes that are apt to befall the choicest points of a story, but she promised for her own individual part to do the best she could for little Johnny and the bride. And the bride and her mother now undoubtedly think dark things about unfeeling city editors, who will not permit mention of little Johnny, who is in heaven, in an account of a wedding.

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There is at least one person who enjoyed the recent flood and its consequent unpleasantness and that is a genial old colored woman who is cook in a family out in the northeastern part of town. The old woman is a genuine Southern darkey and her ideas of hospitality are very like those held by her kind "befo' the wah."

Most of the people in the vicinity are dependent upon the city for their water supply, but the kitchen over which Dinah presides happened to be furnished with a pump connecting with a driven well, which its owners are wont to declare furnishes the best water in town. After the flood the city water was, of course, undrinkable, and early in the morning of the first day after a neighbor appeared at the kitchen door and asked Dinah if she might have a pitcher of water. Later on another neighbor came, and as the news drifted about the neighborhood that the So-and-So's were very nice about obliging all their neighbors with water from their fine driven well a perfect procession of neighbors came across lots, through the alley gate, or around the house, all with the So-and-So kitchen as their Mecca. Not only that day, but on the succeeding days, did they come, and Mrs. So-and-So puzzled a bit over it. "Of couse, I'm perfectly willing for them to have all they need," she mused, "but it seems to me that they can hardly be as saving of water as I myself would be under like circumstances. The Blank's cook has come over five times to-day, I declare, and it does seem odd to me."

Half an hour later Mrs. So-and-So happened to be in the pantry when she heard a neighbor's voice in the kitchen. "I've come for another pail of that good water, Dinah—can I have it?"

"Kin youall have it, Mis' Brown—sutt'nly yo' kin; jes' as many mo' as you wants. Seems like youall's folks must drink pow'ful liddle watah, yo' comes so seldom. Ah know Mrs. So-an'-So she'd feel huht ef she thought yo' was stintin' yo'self o' watah—astin' kin yo' hev it lak yo' didn't know yo' was welcome to de whole well. Set down an' rest yo' hat an' coat, won't yo', Mis' Brown, 'n lemme get yo' a glass o' Mis' So-an'-So's grape juice—hit's pow-ful good, I tell yo'? Wellum, Ah'm sorry yo' won't stay; come in soon agin, Mis' Brown, an' make yo'self free of de watah. Kin you see down de steps? Yessum; yo're sutt'nly mos' welcome. Come ag-in."

"Well, it's no wonder," murmured Mrs. So-and-So in the pantry.

Some Little Stories of Interest Written by a Careful Observer

Outspoken Gratification at the Returning Vogue of the Tan Shoe...A Story of the Best Man...A Fresh Air Commotion...The Little Girl's Grocery and Other Stories

Now that tan shoes are in vogue again much outspoken gratification is heard here and there on the reappearance of decorative footwear. "I don't know how other people feel about it," remarked a citizen who claims to be glad every day because he was born a sentimentalist—"but the revival of the tan shoe has made this spring a more light-hearted festival to me than I have enjoyed for several years. Without any enlightened knowledge of color, I freely confess myself the slave of color—my spirits go up and with bright-hued objects coming and going—the flashing by of red and yellow-wheeled wagons always lifts my mood into more buoyant conditions. The more gay grocery carts I see in a day's march the better I feel at the end of the day

The Cheerful Tan Shoe.

"When the cheerful tan shoe went out, it seemed to me that I had lost a friend. With me, they never did go out, for my wife can tell you that I have always sneaked around in them at home, and have reveled in the deed. Now that we can all wear them boldly, we are a happy family. Show me a prettier sight than these dozens of little tan-legged girls, skipping about in tan slippers; or a prouder object than a small boy, beautiful in a brown suit and new yellow shoes. Men and women in linen clothes and tan shoes are among the most refreshing sights the summer offers; and nothing can be more diverting than the excruciatingly yellow shoes which some awkward lads and lasses wore irrelevantly with green clothes, say, or pink frocks. The tan shoe brightens the shopwindow, enlivens the sidewalk, decorates the golf or tennis ground and adorns the piazza. No, I haven't any relatives in the shoe or leather business; I merely enjoy the tan shoe, and sincerely hope it is here to stay. Tan cloth 'gaiters' were fashionable when my mother was young, and I remember how pleased we children all were when my father would bring mother several pairs of pretty French tan or cream-colored gaiters."

"Jim's jest th' best man that ever lived—yes, he is; he's jest the best man that ever lived. Lots o' men wouldn' let their wives take in washin'—no, they wouldn't; they'd make an awful fuss—that's what they would; but Jim—he never makes no fuss 'bout nothin' what I do—no, he don't. He jest lets me wash—Jim does—an' he never says a word. Jim ain't got no health—an' he can't help that, pore feller; he lost his job, Jim did, seven years ago—an' then I took in washin'—an' then his health kep' on gittin' bad—an' I bought him doctor-stuff an' doctor-stuff—but it ain't done his health no good—that doctor-stuff ain't. Pore Jim—he ain't ever got able t' hunt another job—an' you can't blame him—no, you can't, when he ain't got no health.

The Best Man.

"An' Jim's such a quiet, peaceable man—he don't go a-ramblin' off, like some other men—ceptin' when he goes a-fishin', er a-huntin', er a blackberry a-picknin' like that. Jim jest sets aroun' th' house an' smokes—an' in th' evenin's he leans over th' gate, an' smokes, an' talks to people a-passin'. Jim jest stays roun' home an' plays with th' dog an' th' parrot—t' make me laugh whilst I'm a-washin' an' a-ironin'. Jim's awful full of fun—'f he ain't got no health.

"Only fault Jim's got—I jest know he's th' best man that ever lived—is when money gits skeerce, Jim threats t' hang hisself. Yes'm, he threats to hang hisself in our woodshed—an' it nearly drives me crazy. Lan', I'd kill myself washin' 'fore I'd drive Jim to hang hisself. Our grocerman acts up kind o' mean, sometimes—an' he come in one day, an' he heard Jim threat t' hang hisself—an' he said: 'Go ahead an' hang yerself, Jim; I'll give yi' th' rope'—wasn't that mean an' low-down? An' Jim—he's so good—he never said a word back—not a word. Jim's th' best man a-livin'—yes, he is."

About 5 o'clock one cool evening recently a suburban street car, at its terminal station, contained only one man who was making the round trip, just to see the green fields along the route. When the car stopped, in came a rather pitiful-looking ten-year-old boy, with a good, honest, obedient face, however. After him climbed in a bright, fat, very gayly-dressed colored lady, with two gayly decked little girls. All three had on pink silk shirtwaists, much lace-trimmed, and large hats, much be-flowered and be-fruited. A whistle blew not far away; and the motor conductor came in the car, saying:

A Fresh Air Commotion.

"You people will have to sit close in here now—there'll be about forty factory men in here directly." Numbers of men were then seen pouring out of factory gates across a field, and making for the street car.

The gayly-dressed colored lady's nose turned up, she began to flutter her hands and say things. "Goodness gracious," she said; "if all dem workin' men iz a-comin' in this yere cyah, we'se got ter have some o' dese winders open—I can't stan' der close aih in dis cyah wid all dem workin' men in der greasy close—I can't stan' it."

Then the big black lady waved her hands at the obedient, depressed-looking little white boy, who was ragged, and had big holes in the knees of his shabby stockings—"Boy," she demanded—"you jes' hustle roun', an' open some o' dese yer cyah winders—fo' dem workin' men gits here—we all 'll be smuddered in heah wid all dem duhty workin' men. I'se des boun' ter have some fresh aih in dish yere cyah."

The obedient white boy jumped about briskly and let down four or five windows; so the pink silk flowered black lady, and the pink silk flowered little black girls reveled in fresh air when the factory men, with their baskets and pipes, crowded on the back platform, on the seats and in the aisle of the car.

Even along the by-ways of commerce, in the lanes and hedges of business life, as it were, the all-pervading element of the unique will have its way.

The Little Girl's Grocery.

"Talk about odd groceries," said a man who spends nearly all his time tramping around the outskirts of the town, "I know where there is a grocery kept by a little girl—yes, sir—she is not out of her teens yet, and is not up to my shoulder—a little bit of a quiet, mouse-like looking brown-eyed girl—little Sue.

"Whenever I go out in her part of town I always drop in to see how little Sue is getting on; and little Sue's grocery stock seems to be right up to the mark in everything. Little Sue, by the way, was started out in life by her mother—'Big Sue,' all their relatives called her—as a schoolteacher. They were all farm people, successful farm people, for generations back; and Big Sue was determined there should be a schoolteacher in the family, so she gave little Sue city advantages in schools and colleges, with the idea of finally evolving a schoolteacher. But the plan did not work out in that direction at all. Big Sue herself must have had a grocery bent—perhaps from some grandfather who had kept a country store—and, in the summer, when camp meetings were in progress, she would leave the farm to run itself and open a refreshment stand near some camp-meeting ground. A rude booth would be built, with shutters all around; and there Big Sue—little Sue always with her—would sell red-striped stick candy, peanuts, colored lemonade and sliced watermelon to the campers. She served good hot fried chicken dinners and coffee, too, to people who visited the camp-ground. At night the shutters would all be closed in, a lounge and mattress would be pulled out from under the refreshment counters, and there big Sue and little Sue would sleep. These happy exciting weeks behind the counter, so much to be heard and so many people to be seen, made due impression on little Sue; and when the school-teaching project came up, little Sue balked—she didn't want to teach school—she wanted to keep a grocery. Big Sue is indulgent, so she set little Sue up in a nice little corner grocery. Little Sue had a love. I've heard; but she got rid of him. She would rather keep grocery than keep house. It's a true story, this is; but I'll not tell you where little Sue's grocery is."

A Study in Brothers.

The trim, natty little light-colored matron at a suburban railway station was evidently in a bad humor. She was sitting on a bench, plaiting her hair; and as she pulled the shining black plaits tight, she grumbled mildly, in a very pleasant, well-educated and engaging fashion:

"Men are so pampered—that's what they are—and I get tired of it, so I do. We haven't got room in this station, on the women's side, to turn round; no, we haven't; when I want to plait my hair, the toilet room is so crowded that I have to come and sit outside the door. And, on the men's side, the other day, the railway company went to work and enlarged the whole place, toilet room and all. They don't need it, and we do; that's why they got it, I suppose."

The listener suggested that, in many respects, the world seemed to be altogether made for men.

"So it is—so it is," the little blue-gowned, white-aproned matron agreed; "and what do men do—what do they do? Lots of them are too trifling and bad to live—yes, they are. Of course, there are plenty of good men, too; but why don't women get pampered some, I'd like to know. Women now work as hard as men; and some of them work harder. I know a yellow girl—just my color—Belle's her name; and Belle's got nine brothers—she's the only girl. Belle teaches school, too—and works awful hard. And do you think those nine brothers help Belle any? No, they don't. And do you think those nine brothers bought a home for their poor old father and mother in their old age? Indeed, they didn't. Belle saved money, and Belle bought a house and lot—a shelter for her old father and mother—and Belle teaches school, and takes care of her old pappy and mammy—while the nine brothers run all over creation enjoying themselves, spending their money on themselves and having a fine time.

"Don't tell me about men," the little matron said; "I know them like a book. Of course some of them are good—but there's Belle's nine brothers—what do you think of them?"

The Tinman's Library.

Into an old book shop on a pleasant May afternoon came a big, fat, red-faced, gray-haired, gray-bearded, rather blowsy-looking German, in his shirt-sleeves, and wearing a yellowed old straw hat—a battered old hat which looked as old as some of the yellowed old books in the shop. The blowsy old man engaged in a low, deeply muttered German conversation the proprietor of the book-shop, who had hastened forward to meet him with the air of a merchant greeting a familiar and assured customer. Numbers of books, large books and illustrated books—were taken down from the shelves and searched out from behind counters, to be spread before the old German, who soon, with charming, childish absorption, opened the largest ones on the floor, and, on his knees, eagerly ran his spectacled, faded, but keen old blue eyes over their contents. Prolonged deep German mutterings went on over the rusty old volumes, which were carefully, closely inspected and compared by the old man. Finally a choice was made, money changed hands; and after nosing into various other piles of old books all around the shop, the quaint customer went out, clutching his big book under his arm. Then the book dealer talked. "That old man," he said, "has a big library, several thousand volumes, in a room over his tinshop, right around the corner. He is not well educated either in English or German, but he is crazy—simply crazy for knowledge—and he comes here every day of his life—in the afternoon—just about this time, and buys a book. I'd be rich if I had fifty customers like that old tinshop man. The books he buys are histories and high-class geographical works, travels and the like; he wants to know the world he lives in.

"Yes—he has a wife—no children—and he says she scolds him awfully every day—when he comes home with his book. But he says she always kisses him then, and winds up with: 'Ach, books is de bad habit; books is de bad habit.'"

The Judge Rewarded.

San Francisco Call.

A certain judge who possesses a degree from a leading university dropped in one day at a new thirst resort, incidentally to see the decorations of the place. When the judge entered one of the barkeepers was discoursing to a customer upon the beauty of a stained glass window.

"Dat window," he said, "is the handsomest one in any joint in town. I don't know what dat Eye-talian on it means. Wish I did."

"That motto," said the judge, obligingly, "is 'Dum vivimus vivamus,' and means, 'While we live, let us live.'"

"Say," replied the barkeeper, "ain't dat great! I'm mighty glad to know what dat spiel stands for."

The next day the judge being in the same neighborhood, again entered the resort to get some refreshment, when the barkeeper cheerily greeted him:

"Good mornin', professor. Glad to see you. Say, I'll give you some good whisky dis time."

Cycling in the Alps

...By... C. F. SIMOND

A FEW years ago the above heading would have caused the general run of cyclists to scoff and remark: "Cycling in Switzerland! Whoever heard of such madness? One goes to Switzerland to climb mountains and scale heights inaccessible to the cyclist, but to bicycle in Switzerland, why the idea is absurd!"

This, as I say, was what nine persons out of every ten used to reply when I, in answer to the inquiry as to where I had spent my holiday, would say that a bicycle tour in "la belle Suisse" had again proved so attractive to me that I had once more wheeled through the Alps much to the benefit of my general health.

But now as every cycling season comes round, more and more frequenters of Switzerland who have hitherto only cycled at home, include their machine with other luggage when starting for their yearly visit to that lovely country of snowy mountains, forests, lakes, rivers and waterfalls.

It is a well-known fact that a trip to Switzerland creates an insatiable desire to revisit the country at the first oportunity, and I think this would be proved were any of my readers to try a short tour there this year. In Switzerland, as in nearly every other country, one can keep one's expenses within very reasonable limits if one has not the desire to frequent the best hotels, but Switzerland has the advantage over most other countries from the fact that it is essentially a land of hotels, and where the catering in all classes is reduced to a veritable art. Be careful always to fix your inclusive terms beforehand, otherwise the "extras" very often assume considerable proportions, but no doubt to the genuine touring rider, such a hint will be out of place.

THE QUESTION OF LUGGAGE.

The postal arrangements throughout Switzerland are as near perfect as possible. One can send almost any weight by post, so that there is no need to overburden either machine or rider with unecessary luggage. By dispatching this in the morning before starting the day's ride, to one's destination for the night, one will find one's luggage delivered the same day, always providing one has been careful to send off the parcel before the morning post has gone. This can be usually ascertained from the hall porter and in case one is not sure of one's actual hotel for the following stop, the luggage can be sent poste restante. Then again, telephonic and telegraphic communication all over Switzerland is very extensive and complete, so that one can easily engage one's room for the night by telephone.

I usually carry sufficient on the machine for a night's stay in case of emergencies and have even on some occasions, where I have not been certain of the roads or accommodation, sent my "gladstone" to a destination some three or four days' ride ahead, and carried my wants on the bicycle; but then, personally, I do not object to a little extra weight, whereas some think a very light load an absolute sine qua non for a cycling tour.

Some years ago, before brakes claimed as much attention as they very rightly do now, we used to trail a log of wood some three yards behind the machine affixed to the saddle pillar by a piece of string. This is a most effective method of retarding the bicycle and a useful "tip" to bear in mind in case of need.

THE MACHINE.

As regards the mount itself, be sure it is in good condition, and understand it thoroughly. There are now competent repairers in almost every town of any pretensions at all in Switzerland, but it will save considerable time and expense to remedy any small defects oneself. I cannot too strongly urge a low gear, 60 at the most, and even for a tandem one of 70 is ample.

By the way, this latter form of touring is strongly to be recommended for Switzerland. It is quite a fallacy to imagine that the turns are too sharp on the passes for a multicycle. Of course, care is required when descending strange roads, but then I cannot recommend Switzerland to reckless riders! A tandem is so handy if there be any pushing to be done, especially if one rider happens to be of the fair sex. Of course, in a mountainous country like Switzerland there is bound to be a certain amount of walking, although on most of the passes the gradient is hardly ever of the "side-of-a-house" order and can often as not be negotiated with little extra exertion.

I would recommend intending riders to study their Baedeker before starting on their tour, for there is nearly always a gradual and a stiff ascent to a Swiss pass, and, of course, it is preferable to leave the longer and more gradual approach for the descent.

The Upper Engadine is a case in point. Enter it from Italy by the stiff ascent to Maloja, and then you have a clear run of over seventy-five miles, which is a very slight decline the whole way to Martinsbrucke, the Austrian Swiss frontier. Think of seventy-five miles' grind and a few short, sharp miles' descent, brakes on hard all the while as an alternative!

SOME OF THE ROUTES.

And now I shall give you a few routes with the "right" order of tackling them. I assume that my readers are all members of the C. T. C. The advantages to be gained at the various frontiers are very great.

It is very advisable to have a little cycling over the plain of Switzerland to get one in good condition for the passes. Therefore start riding directly the train deposits you in Switzerland; let us say for argument's sake at Bale.

From this town we shall ride straight to Lucerne, which makes an admirable starting point for a number of excursions, and as the St. Gothard is a pass made famous by its wonderful railway and tunnel I propose to attain the Alpine fastnesses by this route.

Take the steamer on, or ride round the lake of the four Cantons to Fluelen and find yourself at the entrance to this celebrated road. One can ride a good part of the twenty-six miles up the valley that brings one to the northern end of the tunnel Goeschenen, and whence it is but a few miles to Andermatt via the celebrated Devil's bridge. From here there is a choice of three Alpine routes and by following my itinerary it is possible to see all in turn.

Continue over the St. Gothard pass through Ariolo, the scene of a great landslip, and thence down the Faido valley on a perfect road to Bellinzona. Now make for Lugano, situated on the lovely lake of that name, and whence you are bound to take the steamer to Porlezza, there being no road in this direction round this pretty little lake. Before embarking, however, pass the customs on the quay, and give yourself plenty of time for this maneuver.

Porlezza to Menaggio consists of about five miles gradual ascent, and then, what cannot be avoided in that case, a somewhat stiff descent of a couple of miles. The road round the lake of Como, on which Menaggio is situated, is splendid, and proves a very interesting and picturesque ride to Colico. The route now leads through Chiavenna, and mounts, for the most part, to Casaccia, at the foot of the Maloja pass, above referred to, the frontier having been negotiated en route at Castasegna.

Although on occasions one cannot get through the requisite formalities in a very little while, it is always advisable to allow one's self plenty of time when a frontier is to be included in the day's work. From Casaccia there is a stiffish ascent to Maloja, and now before us is the valley of the upper Engadine.

A good road runs along several mountain lakes to St. Moritz, and by continuing straight along this valley one descends the seventy-five miles of splendid road above mentioned to Martinsbrucke. Here we cross the River Inn into Austria and start a climb to Nauders.

HIGHEST ROAD IN EUROPE.

At this small town commences the Stelvio route, the highest road in Europe, and well worth the long climb to its summit, which is seldom altogether free from snow. The run down to Bormio on the Italian side is superb and unequaled anywhere in the Alps.

To re-enter the Engadine, we must leave this valley and negotiate the Bernina pass. This is not at all a difficult one and once the summit is reached there is a splendid run down to Pontresina, with the wind invariably at one's back.

The beauties of the Julier and Albula passes render it difficult to decide which to take, but I think on the whole the latter is more to be recommended. Both ultimately lead to Tiefenkasten and are equal in respect of roads and gradients. The scenery is to my mind more changeful and awe-inspiring on the Albula, however.

From Tiefenkasten to Thusis by the Schwyn road is my favorite pass, although quite a small one, in Switzerland. It vies in engineering skill with the more renowned Via Mala, but personally I consider it much its superior as regards scenery. Anyhow my readers can make the comparison if they choose, for the latter pass commences where the former ends, namely, at Thusis, and a morning can be very pleasantly spent in exploring the Via Mala as far as the second ridge, beyond which there are not such remarkable points of view. Thusis to Bonaduz is due north and good running, and from here we follow up the Rhine valley and are able to ride nearly the whole way to Chiamut at the foot of the Oberalp pass.

Up and over this brings us again to Andermatt, and we continue right through this village to Realp, leaving the St. Gothard road on our left. There is a good two to three hours' walk beyond Realp over the second highest carriage road in Europe, the Furka pass, but a grand zigzag descent the other side to the world-renowned Rhone glacier and valley well repays the climb. Down this latter is a grand run, and this is an attractive route to the Simplon and Tete Noire passes, Zermatt, Champunix, the Lake of Geneva, etc., and strongly recommended.

SOME OF THE SCENERY.

I propose, however, to keep to the Bernese Alps by scaling the newly constructed Grimsel pass, which ascends the mountain sides in long zigzags with magnificent sweeping turns at either end.

From the summit, past the famous Falls of the Aar, at Handeck, to within a few miles of Meiringen (where there is a short hill to climb) is practically a "coast" for those who approve of this method of riding, and it really is a magnificent and exhilarating ride.

Meiringen to Lucerne by the Brunig pass is child's play after the higher passes, but none the less picturesque for that. The surface, too, resembles a cinder track, especially on the Lucerne side, which town we enter from an opposite side to that by which we left it, after a comprehensive Alpine tour including in all ten passes.

From Meiringen an alternative route to Bale would have been via Interlaken (for the Jungfrau, Lauterbrunnen valley and Murren), Thun, Berne Bienne, the Munster Thal and Delemont.

All the Bale-Calais or Bale-Paris trains stop at Delemont so there is no need whatever to ride the few miles separating this latter place and Bale and which, owing to the traffic, are badly cut up.

To give minute details as to distance, altitudes, gradients, hotels, etc., would here be out of place, the more especially that the capabilities and energies of every rider differ.

Armed with one's Baedeker and this little resume, a very jolly, inexpensive and health-giving trip of from a fortnight to a month's duration can be arranged and I am sure that anyone who loves grand scenery and grand roads (what cyclist does not?) could not do better than give Switzerland a trial this year any time between June and September, inclusive.

The earliness or lateness of the seasons vary so much from year to year that one cannot say positively, but July and August can be relied on as the best months for such trips as I have outlined.

Home Life of the Japanese

THE Japanese wife and mother prefers to spend her afternoons at home with her children, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. They all go out together, if only into the tiny garden. Nothing in the house can compare with the outdoors. In spring and summer they are out nearly all day. The women