

NEWS OF ALEXANDRIA

John T. Redd Struck and Killed by Train.

HIS BODY IS NOT CLAIMED

Coroner's Jury Gives Verdict in Fatal Railroad Accident in Fairfax County—City Drinking Water Examined and Labeled Satisfactory—Negro Woman "Carves Up."

F. Clinton Knight, 63 King street, Alexandria, Va., is authorized agent and carrier for The Washington Herald. The Herald will be delivered daily and Sunday to any address in Alexandria for 40 cents a month.

WASHINGTON HERALD BUREAU, 63 King Street, Alexandria, Va., Oct. 29.—A coroner's jury, with Windsor W. Demaine as foreman, summoned by Coroner George C. Stuart, of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, Fairfax County, met at Demaine's undertaking establishment this morning and gave a verdict that John T. Redd was killed about 7 o'clock last evening, a quarter of a mile west of Seminary station, Fairfax County, by being struck by a northbound Southern Railway engine, known as No. 15.

The body, with the right leg completely severed, and a scap wound, was found beside the railway track about 6:30 o'clock last evening by John Sutfin, extra track foreman. The body has not yet been claimed.

Redd was about fifty years old, with a short, stubby brown mustache, and wore dark clothes with a whitest stripe, and black derby and black shoes. He wore a black four-in-hand tie, and a greenish black striped shirt. In his pockets was found a quarter, and one saw set, two carpenter's rules, two pocket knives, and one butt gauge.

A sample of the city water has been submitted by the Alexandria Water Company to William H. Taylor, a chemist, of Richmond, for examination. In his letter to the company, Mr. Taylor says the ammonium ammonia is rather high, a condition due to some slight mixture of vegetable matter. A tabulated analysis accompanies the letter, in which Mr. Taylor says the results indicate that the sample is a satisfactory drinking water.

West Jackson, a negro, "steamed up" to-night with "red-eye," and going to the home of Nettie Thouton, a negro, who lives in Fawcett court, started to carve up Nettie. Nettie was later taken to Alexandria Hospital, where Dr. Llewellyn Powell took fifteen stitches in her left breast. She will recover. Policeman Bell arrested Jackson.

S. H. Lunt, auctioneer, sold at public auction at noon to-day for L. P. Harlow, trustee, the house and lot known as 1811 Duke street. It was purchased by N. S. Greenaway for \$1,300.

Mrs. Ellen H. Darley has sold to George Arthur Harrison a house and lot on the west side of Patrick street, between Pennington and Wythe streets.

Capt. F. L. Slaymaker has sold for Mrs. Isaac P. House to Herbert W. Harrison a house and lot on the north side of Wolfe street, between Pitt and St. Asaph streets.

The Pythian bazaar at Odd Fellows' Hall came to a close to-night with the award of prizes. The remaining articles were disposed of at auction.

A meeting of the Holy Name Society will be held at 5 o'clock to-morrow afternoon in the Young Men's Sodality Lyceum Hall, when plans will be completed for taking part in the parade in Washington, Sunday, November 6. It is expected that about 250 members of the local division will be in line.

An examination was held to-day by the local board of civil service examiners for the position of rural free delivery carrier. Two applicants stood the examination.

A surprise party was tendered J. R. Mansfield at his home, 106 North Pitt street, last night, by officers and teachers of the First Baptist Church Sunday school in honor of his birthday.

The proposed ferry which will be operated between this city, Washington, and the Fifth Street steel plant, it is understood, will be placed in operation by the middle of December.

MUST FACE COURT TRIAL. Would-be Suicide Charged with Disorderly Conduct. When William Weaver, twenty-eight years old, of 424 O street northwest, recovers from the mental trouble which caused him to make three attempts to commit suicide Friday night on the Annapolis bridge, he will be arraigned in Police Court on a charge of disorderly conduct.

Weaver is a patient at Providence Hospital, where he was removed after trying to jump into a plover pit, throw himself before a moving car, and jump from the bridge.

New Engine House to Open. The citizens' committee on arrangements for the celebration of the opening of No. 2 engine house has called together for Thursday, November 3, at 3:30, in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. Letters have been sent by the finance committee to every business house in the territory between New York and Pennsylvania avenues and Ninth to Fifteenth street, requesting financial aid.

Requests Made to Children. The will of Mrs. Virginia C. Lewis was probated yesterday, providing \$50 bequests to each of her sons, Herbert K. and Mortimer C. Lewis. The remainder of her estate is left to her three daughters, Mary V., Florence E., and Clara E. Lewis. Frank H. Stickney is named as executor.

Grease Starts \$1,400 Fire. Fire which started in a pan of overheated grease on a kitchen range about 5 o'clock yesterday morning resulted in damage estimated at \$1,400 in the restaurant of George Nishopoulos, 214 John Marshall place northwest. The loss is covered by insurance. The building is owned by Samuel Bensinger.

Campaign Against Profanity. A campaign against profanity will be inaugurated by the Interdenominational Bible College at a special session to be held at the Walker Memorial Church at 8 o'clock this evening. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. B. E. Gordon, Rev. Sterling N. Brown, Prof. Jesse Lawson, Mrs. E. R. Dorsey, and James L. Nell.

Knocked Down by Auto. While crossing Fourteenth and H streets northwest, yesterday morning, Miss C. A. Baler, twenty-two years old, of 95 Massachusetts avenue northwest, was struck and knocked down by an automobile driven by Dr. L. E. Rautenberg, of the Farragut Apartments, sustaining slight injuries. Dr. Rautenberg removed the young woman to Emergency Hospital in his machine.

PLACES OF INTEREST

Library of Congress—Open 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. on secular days; from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m. on Sundays and certain holidays. During July, August, and September, closes 1 p. m. Saturdays. Public Library—Open 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; holidays, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays, 2 to 9 p. m. White House—Open 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. United States Capitol—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. Oceanic Gallery of Art—Open (free) Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, 9:30 a. m. to 4 p. m.; Sunday, 1:30 to 4:30 p. m. Other days, 2c admission. State, War, and Navy departments—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. (The original Declaration of Independence is in the library at the State Department). United States Treasury—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. United States Patent Office—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. United States Post Office—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. Washington City Post-office—Open all hours. (The Dead Letter Office is in the city post-office). National Botanic Garden—Open 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Fish Commission—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. Army Medical Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. National Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (Including holidays). Agricultural Department—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. Bureau of Engraving and Printing—Open 9 a. m. to 2:30 p. m. Washington Monument (800 feet in height)—Open 10 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (Elevator runs from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.). Smithsonian Institution—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (Including holidays). Government Printing Office—Open 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. Navy Yard—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. Southworth Cottage, 25th and Prospect ave. Key Mason—Home of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," 318 M street north. Government Training Office—Open 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Admission free.

IN THE SUBURBS. Arlington National Cemetery. Mount Olivet Cemetery. National Training School for Boys. Washington, D. C. Zoological Park (open all day). Rock Creek Bridge and Park. Cherry Ridge and Openings. Navy Observatory—Open 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mount Vernon (the home and tomb of Washington)—Open 11 a. m. to 5 p. m. United States Soldiers' Home—Open 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

ROAD TO ANTIETAM

Historic Ground Is Easily Reached by Automobile.

MAKES A DELIGHTFUL TOUR

Beautiful Scenery of Mountain and Vale, with Many Places Made Historic by Conflict—A Stop at Frederick Is Full of Interest, and Then the Road to Antietam Is Attractive.

By C. H. CLAUDY.

This is not a war story. It's an automobile tour. But the head and front of its interest, as distinguished from any other tour, is the civil war interest which attaches to the battle of Antietam and the military operations which centered about Harpers Ferry.

Who loves history, who can thrill at the memory of gallant deeds, and see, in imagination, the disposition of forces for a mighty battle—who can read, in monument of stone or plate of bronze, something of the sentiment which placed it, and the reason for its erection—who can tour, via motor, the more enjoyably, if there be something of historical interest, as well as great scenic beauty in the country through which he passes, this route is particularly recommended.

First Stop at Frederick.

The route which can be infinitely varied—is as follows: Washington, Ohney, Ridgeville, Frederick, Braddock Heights, Hagerstown, Antietam, Sharpsburg, Sheperdstown, Halltown, Bolivar, Harpers Ferry, Weverton, Knoxville, Jefferson, Frederick, and home again. And not a name of the lot without civil war interest—not a foot of the road you will travel over but that once raised clouds of dust to the feet of armies—sometimes two armies, almost at once, for before Antietam the rear guard of Lee's forces left Frederick as the advance guard of the Union army entered it on the other side!

You time your machine, fill her up with gasoline, oil and water, and set forth by way of the Seventh street pike. The run to Frederick, Md., Barbara Fritchler's town—is so well known and so often described that little need be said of it here, save that if the weather has been wet it is the part of wisdom to turn right at Olney and via Cookeville to the Frederick pike, and if it has been dry, then a left turn at Olney and a route through Laytonville and Damascus will furnish the best road. Cookeville means hills and rocks—the other route mud and sticks, if the rain has fallen to any great amount.

Across Braddock Heights. Frederick is dinner-town, and also feeding place for the machine, for the run to Hagerstown means two chains of mountains to surmount, and you must have plenty of supplies, as well as a full radiator. The way out is plain—the Frederick pike runs straight on and on and on—and almost immediately as you pass beyond the town limits you will see the mountains in the distance—hazed with blue and sketchy in the extreme, but at once a bar to progress and a lure of mystery—mystery of what lies beyond—tempting you onward. Nor, for all these apparently frowning heights, is the climb difficult. There is more frowning majesty in the appearance of these first of the Alleghenies, than there is of difficulty in the climb. The pike is a good road, the toll gates neither numerous nor expensive, and the climb, though it be full fifteen hundred feet, is long and gentle.

On the way up Braddock Heights, for such is the name of the first range, you will see much beautiful country and many farms, all prosperous. You will have a beautiful view looking toward the mountains, another over your tail-light, but save your breath until you surmount Braddock Heights. One minute you are still climbing—still going through the gap—the next, you can see over Maryland as far as the eye can reach, and you have castanets that clack where you should have feelers," as Diavolo said of Angelica, if you don't have a thrill or two chase themselves up and down your spinal column at this magnificent panorama—the "My Maryland" of the Marylander. The lens isn't made, the camera doesn't exist, the photographer hasn't been born yet, with which and by whom such a view can be compressed into a photograph or printed in a paper and do it even near-justice. There is only one way to see this view—go and look at it!

Attractions of Hagerstown. And then you go down, down, down, just as you have been coming up, up, up—and ahead is a second range of mountains to be gone over. The trip is short, steep, exhilarating, and the coast down on the other side to the pleasant little city of Hagerstown of interest as much for the supper which awaits you as the scenery through which you pass, for the mountain air, particularly at this time of the year, has a bite and a nip which breed similar desires in you, with food, for a victor.

Hagerstown is seventy-nine miles from Washington over the road you have come. Seventy-nine miles may not seem a long day's run to the tourist whose main idea is speed, distance and time made on the road rather than scenery, historic interest, and enjoyment. But if you have stopped in Frederick for dinner and spent an hour or two in the quaint war town, and climbed two mountain ranges and enjoyed the scenery, and if you, as you should, intend to be fresh for Antietam and Sharpsburg on the morrow, you will be quite ready for bed, a bath, and

supper in the inverse order of their naming here.

Sharpsburg and Antietam. From Hagerstown to Sharpsburg is fourteen miles of very fair road, running along a ridge, with farms on either side. But long before you come to Sharpsburg you will pass through a portion of the battlefield of Antietam, and will see what is, to many, one of the most pathetic sights the war has left as an aftermath—strays monuments, in cornfield, in by-path, in any and every direction, commemorating, by their silent presence, some brave dead done, some lives given for the preservation of the Union, some charge, some regiment, or company of individual. There are plates, too, of metal, with words upon their faces, the more striking that they relate in most matter-of-fact language, and little of it, some whole chapter of vital history.

Sharpsburg, through Bloody Lane, is reached in time, and here it is wise to get a guide to take you through the field. For only a guide can show you all the interesting points. And whatever else you miss, don't fail to see the Burnside Bridge, where 214 officers and men laid down their lives in five minutes, in that general's gallant attempt to throw his lines across the creek. And, by an odd coincidence, among those men who lived to tell the tale was that lieutenant colonel, Albert A. Pope, now dead, who was to father not only the good roads movement in this country, but make the bicycle popular, begin the pneumatic-tire industry, and play a pioneer's part in the making of that vehicle in which you now ride, be its make what it may. And on one end of the bridge you will find a monument erected by him to the memory of his dead comrades. And, further, by a freak of fate or destiny, the worst stretch of road in the United States leads to that bridge and that monument!

Return by Harpers Ferry. Your visit to Antietam over, you have four miles of none too good road to face, which will bring you to the Potomac and Sheperdstown, Va., which place you reach over a bridge. From there you can go two ways to Harpers Ferry, but via Halltown is the best way, since it is a good road, shady and beautiful. From Halltown is but a short distance, up through Bolivar Heights to Harpers Ferry.

Taking your car down through the quaint old town of Harpers Ferry, where John Brown had his brief day, and where his life and his fort are commemorated in a monument, you will think you are in some other clime than an American one, for the sleepy little place, with its old, old houses, reminds one more of some old world hamlet than a West Virginia town. And when you leave it, by way of the bridge almost forgotten to the rear, until the last sight of the beautiful, rocky, mountainous wilderness is left entirely behind.

And now your trip is done—save the return. You will find fair roads, mostly hilly, roads back to Jefferson, and from Jefferson to Frederick is a fine stretch of pike, wide and clear and smooth, over which you can fairly fly. And when Frederick, too, is a thing of the past, and you are once more rolling into Washington, you will consider that this tour, a total of 175 miles, is well worth while in historic interest, as well as scenic beauty.

CENSUS IS TRIMMED FOR MINNEAPOLIS

Durand Censures Work of Two Enumerators.

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"The overcounting in the two districts resulted almost altogether from the repetition of visits to lodging houses and hotels. Not content with enumerating all the people who were present in such lodging houses and hotels on the census day or on the day of the first visit of the enumerator, these enumerators counted very large numbers of people who were not present at the first visit or on the census day, but who came to these lodging houses, subsequently."

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Hagerstown is seventy-nine miles from Washington over the road you have come. Seventy-nine miles may not seem a long day's run to the tourist whose main idea is speed, distance and time made on the road rather than scenery, historic interest, and enjoyment. But if you have stopped in Frederick for dinner and spent an hour or two in the quaint war town, and climbed two mountain ranges and enjoyed the scenery, and if you, as you should, intend to be fresh for Antietam and Sharpsburg on the morrow, you will be quite ready for bed, a bath, and

supper in the inverse order of their naming here.

Sharpsburg and Antietam. From Hagerstown to Sharpsburg is fourteen miles of very fair road, running along a ridge, with farms on either side. But long before you come to Sharpsburg you will pass through a portion of the battlefield of Antietam, and will see what is, to many, one of the most pathetic sights the war has left as an aftermath—strays monuments, in cornfield, in by-path, in any and every direction, commemorating, by their silent presence, some brave dead done, some lives given for the preservation of the Union, some charge, some regiment, or company of individual. There are plates, too, of metal, with words upon their faces, the more striking that they relate in most matter-of-fact language, and little of it, some whole chapter of vital history.

Sharpsburg, through Bloody Lane, is reached in time, and here it is wise to get a guide to take you through the field. For only a guide can show you all the interesting points. And whatever else you miss, don't fail to see the Burnside Bridge, where 214 officers and men laid down their lives in five minutes, in that general's gallant attempt to throw his lines across the creek. And, by an odd coincidence, among those men who lived to tell the tale was that lieutenant colonel, Albert A. Pope, now dead, who was to father not only the good roads movement in this country, but make the bicycle popular, begin the pneumatic-tire industry, and play a pioneer's part in the making of that vehicle in which you now ride, be its make what it may. And on one end of the bridge you will find a monument erected by him to the memory of his dead comrades. And, further, by a freak of fate or destiny, the worst stretch of road in the United States leads to that bridge and that monument!

Return by Harpers Ferry. Your visit to Antietam over, you have four miles of none too good road to face, which will bring you to the Potomac and Sheperdstown, Va., which place you reach over a bridge. From there you can go two ways to Harpers Ferry, but via Halltown is the best way, since it is a good road, shady and beautiful. From Halltown is but a short distance, up through Bolivar Heights to Harpers Ferry.

Taking your car down through the quaint old town of Harpers Ferry, where John Brown had his brief day, and where his life and his fort are commemorated in a monument, you will think you are in some other clime than an American one, for the sleepy little place, with its old, old houses, reminds one more of some old world hamlet than a West Virginia town. And when you leave it, by way of the bridge almost forgotten to the rear, until the last sight of the beautiful, rocky, mountainous wilderness is left entirely behind.

And now your trip is done—save the return. You will find fair roads, mostly hilly, roads back to Jefferson, and from Jefferson to Frederick is a fine stretch of pike, wide and clear and smooth, over which you can fairly fly. And when Frederick, too, is a thing of the past, and you are once more rolling into Washington, you will consider that this tour, a total of 175 miles, is well worth while in historic interest, as well as scenic beauty.

CENSUS IS TRIMMED FOR MINNEAPOLIS

Durand Censures Work of Two Enumerators.

Nearly 5,000 names which were improperly enumerated in two districts of the Census Office, and the revised population of the Twin City, as given on Wednesday, is 301,681, a gain of 38,000 over 1900. In connection with this announcement, Census Director Durand yesterday gave out the following statement: