

## ENTERING PORT ARTHUR.

It is Something Akin to Sailing Through a Picture Frame of Rocky Bluffs.

Getting into the harbor of Port Arthur is something like an Alice in Wonderland trick. One sails through a picture frame—the rocky bluffs at the mouth, barely wide enough for a stout ship to squeeze through without lacing—wondering how there can be room for a ship to anchor between the frame and the picture itself, a small hamlet somewhat Swiss or Norwegian in homeliness. But once behind the frame the wonderland unfolds. The small basin of water becomes a lake-like body, delightfully protected behind sheltering cliffs. The little hamlet reaches out into two big towns, one on either side.

The old town to the east contains the older Russian buildings, barracks, storehouses and the like. Here also now are the small Japanese shops and the poorer classes of Japanese dwellings, semi-Japanese in construction, with the ramshackle Chinese quarters on the outskirts.

The new town to the west is an open, modern European or American residence section, built largely by the Russians in the palmy days, imposing government buildings erected by the Japanese, a hospital, a shady park and a well run modern hotel.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## MARINE JUNKMEN.

Carrier Snails Load Their Backs With All Sorts of Refuse.

The carrier snail is to the sea what the junkman is to the land. It receives its name from its habit of carrying foreign objects on its back. Nothing comes amiss to the carrier snail if it is not too big. Castoff shells of small mollusks, bits of broken coral, tiny stones and even fragments of broken glass dropped overboard from passing vessels are cemented firmly to the edges of the growing shell, nor is this curious creature satisfied when the shell is completely covered, but continues to add to its collection by fastening new pieces to the old ones already piled upon its back until it is no longer able to move beneath its burden.

As it is an inhabitant of tropical waters swarming with voracious fish, crabs, etc., there is method in its madness. Its hungry enemies pass it by, unable to distinguish it from the rocks and shells on the sea bottom. Some of the snails show a preference for tiny pebbles all of one shape and equal size, others accumulate only shells of one kind, and one picked up off the coast of Japan had its portable house entirely roofed with glass.—New York Press.

## Curious Anticipations.

Many peculiar anticipations have been cited against patent applications. At one time a congressman took the patent office a lock invented by one of his rural constituents. The lock was an exact copy of a lock figured in "Price on Locks," showing the lock used on a gate of ancient Thebes, thousands of years before Christ. The congressman, after examining the illustration which was shown him by one of the officers, exclaimed that he didn't care who that fellow in Thebes—he certainly stole it from his constituent. On another occasion an application for a patent was filed for a flower basket whose construction corresponded in detail with the Scriptural description of the ark in which Moses was placed in the bulrushes, which we are told in the second chapter of Exodus was an ark of bulrushes daubed with slime and with pitch. This is also probably the first recorded instance of a re-enforced concrete structure.—Scientific American.

## Books and Beeches.

At a sale in New York a bibliophile said: "Book is a word that comes from the German buche, or beech. But what connection has a book got with a beech? I'll show you." The bibliophile led the way to a superb Caxton that had just been sold for \$3,800. "This volume, you see," he said, "is bound in boards—not pasteboards, real boards, beech boards. That is how all books were bound when printing began. Yes, when printing began in Germany, each incunabulum, or early book, was bound in lichen in beech boards half an inch thick, covered perhaps with leather, tipped and clasped with brass and studded with precious or semi-precious stones."

## Told Him So.

"See here, landlord," said an angry tenant after he had signed the contract for a year, "this house is full of sewer gas." "Yes; that's what I told you." "Told me?" "Yes, you asked me if there was gas in every room, and I said there was."—London Tatler.

## Where They Parted.

Meyerbeer and Rossini, in spite of all their rivalries, were the warmest of friends.

Rossini once said, "Meyerbeer and I can never agree." When some one in surprise asked why he replied, "Meyerbeer likes sauerkraut better than he does macaroni."

## One Method.

"Do you always keep a smiling about your daily duties?" "Naw; I look grouchy. Then I ain't asked to do no extra work."—Washington Herald.

## SAVAGES AND CLOTHES.

Their Carefulness About Their Raiment Was Not Appreciated by the Missionaries.

Ardent missionaries were trying to convert the natives of a village in unclad Africa to modesty as well as to Christianity and for that purpose provided them all with more or less complete outfits of clothes. The natives were delighted and spent several days simply in parading in civilized garb through the one narrow village street.

But when Sunday arrived and the blacks thronged to the weekly church service, carrying the new clothes in bundles under their arms, the missionaries were dismayed and feared some kind of barbaric outbreak. But since there seemed to be the usual mingling of curiosity and reverence on the part of the natives they decided to ask no questions until after the service. There was a normal quiet until just as the sermon was begun.

Then suddenly a huge chief, who had been squatting with his face toward the open doorway, leaped to his feet with an exclamation.

Immediately the others of the tribe did likewise, crying, "The sun—the sun!" unwrapped their bundles and proceeded to put on their clothes.

"What does it all mean?" inquired one of the white teachers.

The old chief turned to him with equal amazement. "Of course," said he, "we could not wear our beautiful ornaments when the rain might come and spoil them."—New York Tribune.

## KILL OFF THE RATS.

It's a Mighty Big Job, but Black Death Looks on and Waits.

"The pneumonic plague is due to the marmot. The marmot lives in the Lake Balkal region. Kill it off—and it can easily be killed off—and the pneumonic plague will disappear forever."

The speaker, a bacteriologist of the University of Pennsylvania, resumed:

"The bubonic plague is due to the rat. Kill the rat off and the bubonic plague will disappear. But to kill off the rat?"

He made a gesture of despair.

"A litter of rats," he said, "numbers thirteen. Of these six will be done. A doe rat will have her first litter at the age of three months and thereafter another litter every six weeks all through the year, winter and summer alike. Thus if every member of these litters survive the progeny of one pair of rats in a year would number 25,000.

"They don't number that, of course, but they number something like it, and if our millionaire philanthropists don't help us to exterminate our parasites—our rats and mice, our cats and dogs—if they don't help us to exterminate all animals save those that are of direct value to us—why, some day another black death will nearly, will perhaps completely, exterminate civilization."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Applied Science.

When James Russell Lowell was minister to England he was guest at a banquet at which one of the speakers was Sir Frederick Bramwell. Sir Frederick was to respond to the toast "Applied Science." It was long after midnight when the toast was proposed, and several speakers were still to be called. Rising in his place, the scientist said:

"At this hour of the night, or, rather, of the morning, my only interest in applied science is to apply the tip of the match to the side of the box upon which alone it ignites and to apply the flame so obtained to the wick of a bedroom candle."

A moment later Lowell tossed a paper across the table to him bearing these two lines:

Oh, brief Sir Frederick, would that all could cater!

Your happy talent and supply your match!

## Easy Enough.

Just before the capture of Savannah General Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the depot at Chicago to take the cars east on his way to rejoin his command. The general, being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped on the steps of a car, but was stopped by an Irishman with:

"Ye can't go in there."

"Why not?" asked the general.

"Because them's a leddies' car, and no gentleman 'll be goin' in there without a leddy. There's wan sate in that car over there if yees want it."

"Yes," replied the general. "I see there is one seat, but what shall I do with my staff?"

"Oh, yer staff!" was the reply. "Go take the sate and stick yer staff out of the windy."

## Wasn't a Bit Impressed.

The chief of the clan of McIntosh once had a dispute with a London cabbie over the fare.

"Do you know who I am?" the highlander asked angrily. "I am the McIntosh."

"I don't care if you are an umbrella," retorted the cabbie, "I'll have my rights!"

## In For It!

First Small Boy—We'd better be good. Second Small Boy—Why? First Small Boy—I heard doctor tell mother to take plenty of exercise.—Woman's Home Companion.

## Wanted No Favorites.

She—I will have no smoking in this house. Do you understand? He—Yes, please extend this prohibition to the stoves.—Baltimore American.

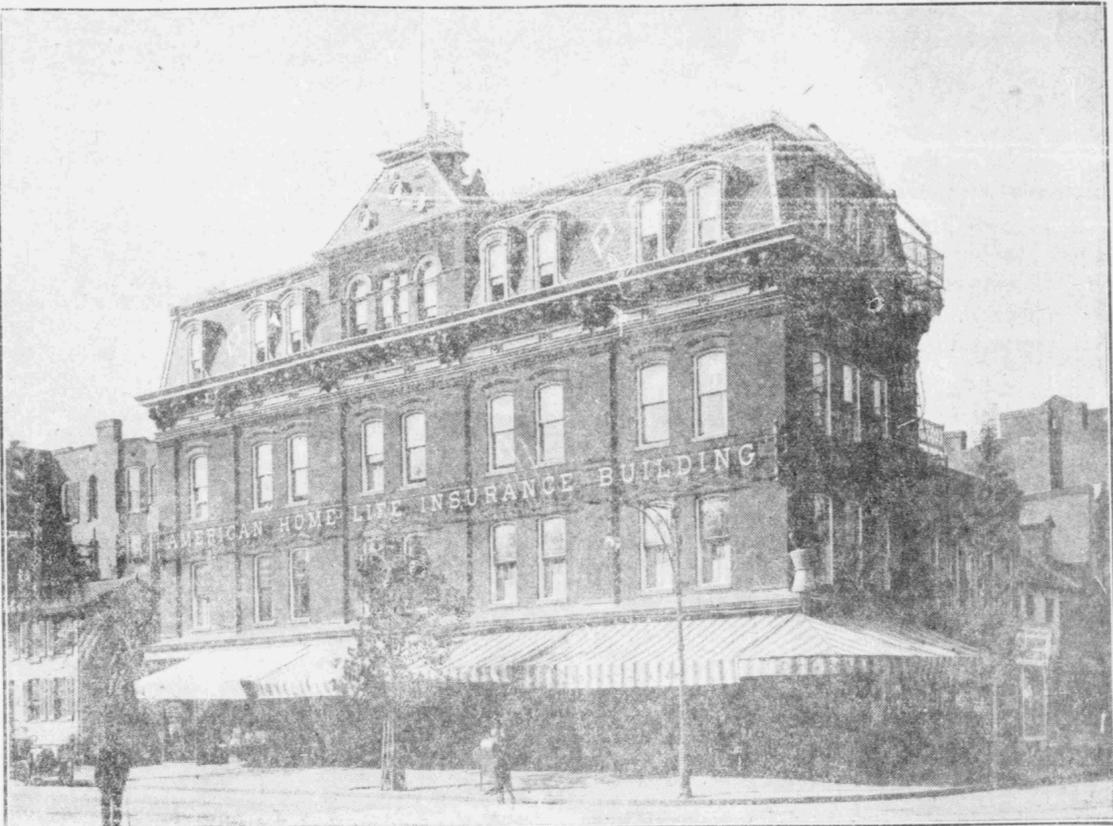
## The Whole Show.

"What constitutes a first class society drama?"

"Three acts, six gowns and nine epigrams."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

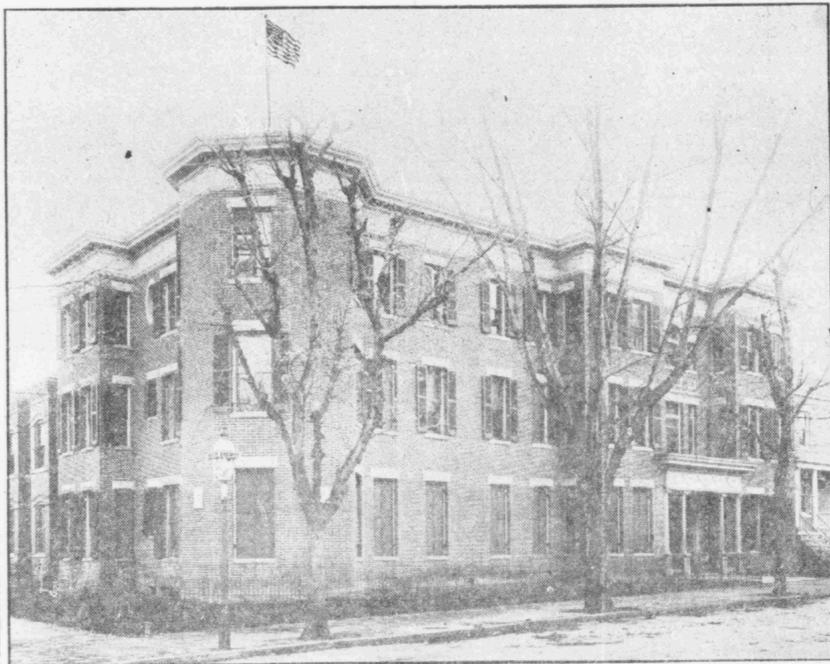
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The colored Americans are to have an up-to-date first-class hotel with every modern convenience with buffet, barbershop, kitchen, billiard parlors, office, lobby and waiting room, automobile to convey guests to and from the Union Station, etc.

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Nathaniel Ruffin, a well known citizen is sole manager.

Ever since the foundation of this government the colored citizens of this city have been in need of a first class hotel where families and guests from other cities may go with impunity and with reservation. Thousands of the best and well known colored people have visited this city and do visit it now, but they have no place of dignity to go with their families and feel at home. Dr. Booker T. Washington, about a year ago made a special plea to the Negro Business League of this city to see to it that a hotel be erected for the accommodation of the colored people; that when he, Dr. Washington, comes to the city he is compelled to go to some private home.

The Lexington Hotel.

has been erected at the southwest corner of twenty-first and L streets, northwest. It is a beautiful three-story edifice to contain every modern convenience and accommodation for guest.

## THE LEXINGTON HOTEL.

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The dining-room which will be large and commodious with a seating capacity for one hundred and fifty guests.

The barber shop will be managed by a first class tonsorial artist with every modern convenience. The billiard parlor, office, lobby and waiting room will be unsurpassed. The waiting parlor will be on the first floor, handsomely furnished.

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There will be at least two private bath rooms connected with the suite of rooms on the second and third floors.

The Lexington Will be Conducted on the Basis of Any Up To Date First Class Hotel.

The banquet hall which is so much needed in this city for the accommodation of first class visitors and patrons will be one of the features of this hotel. The automobile will run to and from the Union Station to the hotel for the accommodation of the guests. This has been just what the colored Americans, who visit here. Whenever a person intends to visit the city, a card to the manager of the hotel will be promptly re-

sponded to, and the guest or guests be driven immediately to the hotel in the hotel's automobile, which will meet any train that comes into the Union Station or Steamboat wharf.

The creation of this hotel in the city of magnificent distances will be an honor as well as a benefit to the colored people. Almost any city in the South has a first class hotel and the people in Washington have determined not to be behind in meeting the demands of strangers and visitors.

Capital Stock.

The company is incorporated with a capital stock of fifty thousand dollars, of this amount the company has decided to sell fifteen thousand dollars of it. A greater opportunity has never been offered the people of this city, who are enterprising and wish a good investment.

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is Mr. Nathaniel Ruffin, a well known citizen of Washington, who is known to the president of the United States, to the cabinet officers and other public men of character and influence. He needs no introduction to the people, because he is prominently connected with some of the best, strongest, and leading organizations in the city. For honesty and integrity and influence among his people no better man could have been selected for the position of manager. The country is asked to keep its eyes on The Bee for advertisement and full particulars, of the opening of this new up-to-date hotel and for other particulars address Nathaniel Ruffin, manager, of Lexington Hotel, 21st and L street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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