

# GOSSIP FROM WASHINGTON

**A Budget of Terse Comments from the National Capital.**

**The City Recently Honored a Man It Had Once Vilified--The Work of "Boss" Shepard Recalled by His Death.**

Washington.—"Boss" Shepard's body was brought back to Washington a few days ago, and it was buried with all the honors the District of Columbia could bestow.



Alex R. Shepard.

Twenty-five years ago the living "Boss" Shepard quit Washington to seek his fortune in Mexico, denounced, vilified, branded throughout the United States as a public looter. With the exception of William M. Tweed, it may be doubted whether any other American ever gained quite so widespread a reputation as an instigator of municipal corruption.

Shepard was governor of the district in the old days when the district had no territorial form of government. He was practically a dictator. No man ever more justly earned the title of "boss." He had full swing, and he used his power to make over a city which up to his time had been anything but a credit to the nation of which it was the capital. Poorly paved and poorly graded streets, mud, distance and discomfort were the most conspicuous characteristics of Washington. Shepard was about 40 then, a vigorous, pushing, hard-headed fellow, who had begun life as a plumber, and had the executive capacity of a successful contractor. He was afraid of nothing. He set out to improve the city. He straightened streets, leveled grades, tore down obstructing houses, rode rough shod over traditions, sentiment and private interests; and when he had completed his work he had fashioned a city which has grown to be the marvel of the world.

But in the process he made enemies; and some of his friends made money. Then the inevitable happened. There came a scandal, a congressional investigation, denunciation, exile. Shepard went to Mexico. He became a mining monarch with his own little principality set in the midst of the Cordilleras leagues from civilization. The capital grew apace, the wonderful foresight and courage of the man became evident to all. He had won wealth and he was preparing to come home to enjoy it, when he died.

**Judge Holmes and the Negroes.**

It was a curious chance that Oliver Wendell Holmes should have been chosen to deliver the opinion of the supreme court the other day in the negro suffrage case.



Judge Oliver W. Holmes.

Justice Holmes is not only the son of the Boston poet who wrote tellingly against slaveholding, but he was himself the subject of one of his father's most popular war time essays. He is the "Captain" to seek whom, wounded, the gentle poet traveled south, embodying his experiences in one of his most charming bits of prose. Now it falls to the captain's lot to announce the decision of the supreme court that there is no hope for the colored brother who is debarred from voting under the newly-devised constitutional restrictions of the southern states.

Justice Holmes, although next to the youngest member of the supreme court, is already regarded as one of its greatest acquisitions. He is an accomplished jurist. That goes without saying of a man who has been chief justice of the Massachusetts supreme court as well as a professor in the Harvard law school.

The new justice is in great demand as an after-dinner speaker. He is witty, graceful and altogether delightful. He is in great demand, too, socially. It is acknowledged that he and Mrs. Holmes have scored the most marked social success which is to be credited to any new comer in Washington during the season just closed.

**Position of Minister Bowen.**

Herbert W. Bowen, who has won reputation the past few months through his connection with the Venezuelan affair, is about to return to Caracas, where he has been stationed for some time as minister for the United States.



Minister Bowen.

For four months Bowen has occupied an anomalous position. He has been in Washington as representative of Venezuela in her dispute with the European powers while still carried on the rolls of the state department as United States minister to Venezuela. Thus situated he has become an international figure and has

acquired a prominence which does not in any degree fade him; for Bowen is to be credited above all things with assurance and self-confidence. His superb trust in his own destiny has undoubtedly had much to do with the reputation he has won in his conduct of the Venezuelan negotiations.

It is not so many years, however, since that same assurance came near getting him into serious trouble. His first diplomatic experience was as consul to Barcelona, Spain. He was appointed by President McKinley just before the war with Spain. A little later the rank of the office was raised to consul general and Bowen's name was sent to the senate for promotion. Then charges were brought against him. It was said that he had been getting excessive fees for his share in the exportation of jackasses from Barcelona, and an attempt was made to hold up his confirmation. Bowen got busy and hastened to Washington. Without waiting to confer with his friends he hunted up the commerce committee of the senate, which had his nomination under consideration. He insisted on a hearing and he got it. He lectured the committee for delay, denounced his accusers and altogether made so unfavorable an impression that the committee, who were indifferent at the start, became strongly prejudiced against him. They were on the point of making an adverse report out of "pure cussedness" when Bowen's friends got wind of the affair and, after much difficulty, straightened out the tangle. It took any amount of skill and tact to bridge the matter over.

**Traits of Secretary Moody.**

William H. Moody, secretary of the navy, is probably as close to President Roosevelt as any other man in public life. Moody is comparatively new in the president's good graces. He was hardly known except by general reputation to Mr. Roosevelt up to the time he was asked to go into the cabinet, but no sooner had he taken his seat at the cabinet table than his sturdy qualities began to tell. Moody is not unlike Roosevelt physically, mentally and morally. He is of the same stocky athletic build. He has the same pugnacity in bullet-shaped head and fighting face. He has the same clean ideals of public life and the same fearlessness in working for what he believes to be right. He is quick, impetuous and always ready.

Moody was prosecuting attorney for Essex county, Massachusetts, before he came to congress, and he made a reputation then as an aggressive reformer. He cleaned out a gang of boodle aldermen in Lawrence, the principal town of his district. They put detectives on his track, threatened his life and did everything in their power to intimidate him. But he stuck to his work tenaciously and put several of his antagonists behind the bars. He is as fearless now as then. He is willing to take any chances that come to him.

**A Valued Desk.**

One of the most treasured relics of the white house is the desk which stands in the private office of the president—the old room that used to be devoted to cabinet meetings under the old regime but which is now one of the private apartments of the president's house.

This desk was presented to President Hayes by Queen Victoria nearly 30 years ago. It was constructed from the timbers of the historic Arctic ship Resolute, which had as extraordinary an experience as ever falls to the lot of a vessel.

The Resolute was a British boat which sailed in 1852 for the Arctic regions in search of Sir John Franklin and his missing crew. She was frozen up in Arctic ice and her captain and crew were forced to leave her to her fate, escaping themselves to England. Abandoned though she was, without a soul on board, she drifted safely a distance of 1,200 miles buffeted and pressed by ice; and at last, four years later, she was picked up by an American whaler, stanch and seaworthy as ever.

Congress did a very graceful thing. A resolution was passed authorizing the purchase of the Resolute from those who saved her, directing that the ship be fully repaired and equipped at an American navy yard and requesting of the British government that the United States be allowed to restore the Resolute to the service to which she formerly belonged. An appropriation of \$40,000 was made for the purpose and the vessel was formally transferred to the queen of England on December 16, 1856, being taken to Cowes by express request of the queen for that purpose. The queen displayed the greatest interest in the event, and so did the English people. The vessel was decorated with flags, the American and British ensigns flying side by side.

Twenty years later the old ship was broken up and by order of the queen a desk was made from its timbers and sent to the president.

LOUIS A. COOLIDGE

# HAPPENINGS IN NEW YORK

**Men and Events That Are Making Gotham History.**

**Theatricals and Sports, Wealth and Poverty, Frivolity and the Churches of the Eastern Metropolis.**

New York.—Stuart Robson at the time of his death was about to play a role that would more have endeared him to womankind than any he ever attempted.



Stuart Robson as "Mr. Pipp."

"The Education of Mr. Pipp" is the most successful series of pictures drawn by C. D. Gibson. It was dramatized—the first time in the history of the stage when a play was made out of a lot of pictures—and Robson, with his squeaky voice, with a stooping posture, with his inimitable conscious shyness, would have made more than a foil for the lovely creatures who were to have played the "Misses Pipp."

Robson was a loveable fellow. He should never have separated from Crane. Who that saw them can forget the two together in "The Henrietta," or fail to regret the grasping nature of managers who, even with the prices of tickets almost doubled, think two good actors one too many for one company?

"The Henrietta"—it sounds almost like ancient history now. You remember the character of the old Wall street man, Van Something-or-Other? That was an audacious stage attempt to portray a famous character from real life. It was W. H. Vanderbilt whom Crane represented. Point was given to the play by the fact that W. K. Vanderbilt had just made his disastrous venture into Wall street, and had been good-naturedly warned by his father to keep out. Young Vanderbilt had not, of course, like the villain of the play, tried to ruin the plans of his own father. That was merely a dramatic possibility. And it wasn't so very many years afterward that Wall street saw one day, with more amusement than alarm, the son of another famous financier openly bearing one of his father's specialties. So "The Henrietta" was only prophetically an exaggeration.

**Bob Fitzsimmons' Money Gone.**

The sporting public was surprised to learn upon the death of Mrs. Bob Fitzsimmons, once the beautiful Rose Julian, of the acrobatic stage, that her big husband is now in straightened circumstances.



Fitzsimmons Finds a Master.

It had been supposed that the Fitzsimmonses were well to do. Mrs. Fitz always looked out for her husband anxiously, and Bob has not been wild and unmanageable like most of his fraternity, but has shown himself fond of quiet domestic life. The former champion's own story is that he invested in copper, which would be enough to account for very complete and satisfactory poverty.

Down at Bath Beach there stands a pretty cottage which looks as if it might have been built for a bank cashier. Here the Fitzes lived in supposed affluence. The house is probably worth some \$10,000. The property was in Mrs. Fitzsimmons' name, and as she died suddenly and made no will, her husband has only a life interest, the children being the heirs.

That is the financial outlook for the man who has made more than \$500,000 in the ring, and who has been one of the most wonderful fighters of the age. For while Fitz was not long champion in the heavy class, people are in danger of forgetting that he is about the only big man living who could and did train to middle weight limits and meet all comers. The man who, after beating Jack Dempsey in the middle weights, could go out of his class and do up Creedon, Maher and Corbett, was a wonder.

**The Romance of a Country House.**

Bare farmland in 1893, in 1898 the finest country house in America, in 1903 left to decay if it will—such at five year intervals are three memoranda of the condition of Anson Phelps Stokes' famous "Shadowbrook" in the Leuox (Mass.) hills.



Just a Country Cottage.

The estate is between 600 and 1,000 acres. The house is 400 feet long, rather low and rambling in proportion to its great length, though, of course, not really low. It is 125 feet wide at the widest point, the intersection of the great two-story hall. There are 40 "master bedrooms," besides rooms

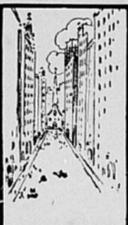
for servants. In all, over 100 rooms are provided for the mice and the destroying hand of time. There is a music room 60 feet by 40; the exterior is of stone and "half-timber," the beams blackened by black torches to simulate age. Such a house cannot be sold; people who buy million dollar country houses "ready made" are not numerous. It cannot, for similar reasons, be rented. It cannot profitably be turned into a hotel. The bedrooms are too large, the dining room not large enough. It is useless, except to the original owner, unless even to him when he tires of it.

Four years ago Mr. Stokes suffered an accident while riding horseback that compelled the amputation of a leg. No longer able to sit a horse, he removed to a new house upon Long Island and took to yachting for outdoor amusement. So the great house, its first coats of paint hardly yet shabby, stands vacant, a costly object lesson to those who are putting up bigger country houses such as no one can afford to buy.

In a single decade the "limit" of this costly game has been so raised that where a few years ago Shadowbrook, costing a million dollars, was with the possible exception of Biltmore, America's "crack" villa, the finest to-day, Mrs. Clarence Mackay's, represents an expenditure of about \$5,000,000 in house and grounds.

**The Fate of Trinity Building.**

Down at the head of Wall street, where Trinity church lifts its beautiful spire into the air, vainly trying to overtop the business buildings that surround it, where smiles one of the most beautiful little graveyards in the world, there rises at the right an ancient looking ivy-grown building that reminds me now as I look at it that the freaks of trade are almost as fanciful as those of country house builders.



The Spire of Trinity Church.

"Trinity Building" the great pile is called. People suppose that it belongs to the church, possibly has some connection with it. The gothic details of the architecture lend themselves to the thought, but it is not so. Here is a beautiful building that looks like a cloister and that is a hive of lawyers' and brokers' and real estate dealers' offices. It was designed by Upjohn, the architect of Trinity church and was built at the same time, 1853. For years it was H. B. Claffin's store. Then it was cut up into offices. Richard Croker had offices in it as long as he had any offices at all in this city. It was the home of the real estate exchange, scene of many exciting deals in the Aladdin growth of the city. Now it is to be supplanted by a 20-story structure, that will tower above the spire of Trinity.

Across the street from the church is a solid-looking nine-story stone bank. This and the Tribune building were the first of the sky-scrapers; when I came to the city they were the only two, the wonder of the city.

The new sky-scraper is to be the home of the Equitable life. The "old" building of this corporation goes back not much if any more than 20 years. It covers a whole block front of 200 feet, and is ten stories high. For years after 1880 the government maintained on its roof the weather bureau service, for which one of the tallest structures is necessarily selected.

Ten years ago the Pulitzer building of 22 stories, including the dome, was begun for the World. For a time it was the tallest in New York. Five years ago the Equitable was flanked by another insurance building 22 stories high. Three years ago the Park Row "Syndicate Building," 32 stories, counting the great towers, pushed its way up into the clouds, a high mountain of masonry, surpassing everything of its kind in the world. Truly, to march in the procession one must be alert.

**New York is Coaching Mad.**

Never have I known such a coaching season. Though wealthy people of leisure are departing in shoals for Europe, there are still seven coaches—"public" coaches, if one can stand the prices—running out of New York.



Wednesday is Ladies' Coaching Day.

It is a curious fact. Anyone who has driven four horses professionally will testify that it is work; yet Messrs Hyde and Howlett make daily runs in alternation between New York and Lakewood, 70 miles away. That is "sporty."

Sporty also in another way is the run of the Westchester coach of George E. Dodge to and from the Westchester Country club every Wednesday. The start and finish are at the Plaza hotel—that unfortunate nine-story affair which is to be pulled down in its youth because it isn't tall enough to pay. And the sensational thing, on Wednesday only, is that the coach is on that day reserved for women—even to the driver's seat.

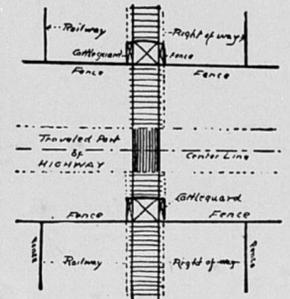
To see that coach bowl down through the crowded drives of Central park, dash across the thronged trolley-car infested Fifty-ninth street and draw up with a flourish and a tap-ta-ta at the door of the Plaza, driven by a 90-pound girl sitting away aloft as serene as can be—why it surely is a sight worth seeing. And once a week it shines for all. OWEN LANGDON



# ABOUT CATTLE GUARDS.

**Changes in Locating Them Recommended by a Special Canadian Commission.**

A special commission, acting under the Canadian department of railways and lands, has been studying the question whether the present arrangement of cattle guards can be improved. Some points have not yet been disposed of, but on one a distinct recommendation has already been made. The commission thinks that those at the crossings of public highways should be located differently. In the accompanying diagram, which Engineering News finds in the official report, the left hand half represents the ordinary usage, while the right hand half shows the proposed plan. Inspection will reveal this difference: Hitherto the cattle guard has



IMPROVED CATTLE GUARDS.

been located on the railroad side of the boundary between the company's land and the public highway, whereas it is now suggested that it ought to be outside. These are some of the advantages which the change is supposed to possess:

In case of wandering animals feeding along the roadside, their attention will be directed away from the right of way of the railway instead of finding an opening into which their curiosity tends to lead them, as is the case under the ordinary arrangement.

It reduces the length of crossing upon which animals can gather, as is their tendency in some localities. At the same time, it does not impair the usefulness of the highway in the least, since the part thus fenced in is not used for travel.

It will be additionally effective as a crossing signal, and prevent teams under the guidance of irresponsible drivers from turning down the track. Of this there are several disastrous instances, particularly in reference to the old pit guard, as well as others.

It offers no inducement for the animals to go on the right of way, because there are apparently only the track, ties and ballast (protected by a guard) to the right or left, while there is the regular highway with no hindrance left open to them, with an apparent open gateway which curiosity will tend to lead them to choose.

In case of cattle being met on the crossing by a train, as is frequent, the fences will act as a shelter behind which the animals will dodge, instead of, as now, making a rush for the opening which the guard is called upon to protect.

# CLEAN DAIRY UTENSILS.

**Never Lose Sight of the Fact That Sunlight Is the Greatest of Microbe Destroyers.**

Milk utensils should be made of metal and have all joints smoothly soldered so there will be no seams where filth may accumulate, says Dairy and Creamery. Never allow them to become rough or rusty inside. Do not haul waste products, as skim milk and whey, back to the farm from the butter or cheese factory in the same cans used for delivering the milk. Use old cans for this purpose. Clean all dairy utensils by first thoroughly rinsing them in tepid water; then clean inside and out with a brush and hot water, in which a cleaning material is dissolved; then rinse and lastly sterilize by boiling water and steam. Use pure water only. After cleansing keep utensils inverted, in pure air and sun, if possible, until wanted for use again. In this paper much is made of sunlight. This is because it is a microbe destroyer. They cannot live and flourish in the sunlight. Darkness is life to them and disease germs. Sunlight and the drought of a year ago last season destroyed nearly all the hog cholera germs in the corn and swine belt, and this season that disease is very rare there. The most dangerous and unwholesome room in the average dwelling house is the parlor, where it is kept darkened to keep the carpet from fading or for some other trifling matter. It just swarms with evil microbes of many kinds, as those of sore throat, a hacking cough, a slight fever, bowel troubles and numerous other ailments. "Sunlight for sweetness."

**A Maxim for Dairymen.**

Do not to others as you would have them do to you is a maxim for dairymen especially. It is applicable to the treatment of dairy stock. Smite the milk cow with the milking stool, and she will retaliate by giving less milk. Set your best feed and give her the rest, and she will tell you of it. Put her in a cold stable, and she will give you cold comfort in return. But do the opposite of these things and she will fill the milk pail and help fill your pocketbook.—Dairy and Creamery.

# ROADS AND SCHOOLS.

**Some Valuable Suggestions Offered by New York's Superintendent of Public Instruction.**

The advantage of good roads to dwellers in the country districts lies not alone in greater ease by which crops can be transported to the distributing centers and towns. They play a great part in the education of the children of these districts, inasmuch as the more the children can be drawn together in large central schools the better can they be educated. With a number of small schools scattered over the rural districts it is too expensive to provide much more than instruction in the rudimentary branches, but if the children can be brought together in large central schools, the cost of instruction is divided among a greater number and more branches can be included in the curriculum. As is pointed out in the following extract from the report of Superintendent of Public Instruction Charles R. Skinner, of New York state, it is impossible to bring the children together unless the roads are in good condition.

"The arguments thus far advanced in the commendable agitation for good roads have not considered the welfare and comfort of our school children as a factor.

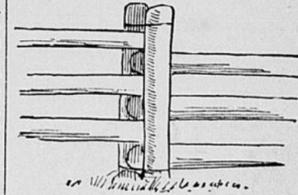
"The farmer is told that good roads will put money into his pocket by saving his horses and wagons, that the value of his farm will be enhanced and the trip to town or to church will be a pleasure rather than a burden. The merchant is assured that his trade will mightily increase if good roads lead to the village. The bicyclist knows by an occasional run over rare sections of well-built highway what comfort would result if good roads were the rule instead of the exception. Those who are able to indulge in the luxury of automobiles also see pleasant visions. Nothing, however, has been said about the children as they go through the mud and dust, up hill and down, from their homes to the school-houses, one to three miles distant. Is it unreasonable to believe that these men and women of to-morrow would prefer well graded, macadamized roadbeds to the miserable pretenses for highways which now disfigure so much of our landscape? It is not difficult to imagine the country school a much happier and busier place if the children could gather after pleasant walks along well built and well kept highways.

"What to do with our country schools is becoming a serious problem as the years go by and the rural districts become more sparsely settled. When more than 30 per cent. of our rural schools have an average daily attendance of less than ten children something should be devised to put a stop to such needless waste. Combination of resources and capital cheapens production and results in an improved product. It is the opinion of educators that a reasonable application of this principle to our rural school problem would result beneficially. With the present condition of country roads the transportation of the children to central, well equipped schools is practically impossible during most of the year. Good roads would remove a serious obstacle to this most important step forward in the improvement of our country schools. The boys and girls of the country with one accord demand good roads, that they may enjoy school privileges equal to those of their brothers and sisters in village and city."

# DURABLE RAIL FENCE.

**An Idea from Tennessee Which May Be of Some Help to Farmers in Other Sections.**

A good plan on fencing is here described. This method is taking the lead in this country. For rail fencing



STRONG RAIL FENCE.

none excels. I will try to describe it as best I can. Set posts as for plank fence. Lay a stone on the inside of the fence, set a short rail on the stone. Then fasten wires around the posts at top and bottom. Place a rail on top wire and bottom wire to hold the posts in place. Then fill in rails.—Roscoe Torbett, in Epitomist.

**Keeping the Cows Healthy.**

The best remedy for a sick cow is to keep her well. We believe in prevention of sickness for humans and other animals. Drugging and dosing is mighty unsatisfactory business at best. Plain common sense, mixed with a few hygienic rules of health, will go far towards keeping a herd in condition. Pure water, clean quarters, unspoiled food and not too much air too little, care at calving time, shelter in bad weather—these are a few general principles to remember. Within five years the writer has had but two sick cows, in a herd of 25; one had milk fever, resulting from carelessness, but this case recovered. The other cow died from retention of placenta, and might have been saved by prompt attention. We never had a sick calf nor a case of abortion. An ounce of prevention is better than a doctor's bill.—Rural World.

The collar should fit the horse and the hame should fit the collar.