

WASHINGTON LETTER

SUMMER-DAY GOSSIP OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

EX-SENATOR HENRY G. DAVIS

The Democratic Vice Presidential Candidate Is Well Known and Liked in Washington—New Cabinet Officers—Other Gossip.

Washington.—Of all the men who have places on the national tickets none is better known or better liked locally in Washington than former Senator Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia. Senator Davis for many years has been a familiar figure in the streets of the capital and about the hotels. From his home in West Virginia Washington is the most convenient city of any size and hardly a week passes, winter or summer, without finding him here. His relationship to Senator Gorman and Senator Elkins and his business connections with John R. McLean and other district millionaires have brought him here even more often than would otherwise be the case. Seen in the company of any of these men he does not seem to be their senior, although there is not one of them to whom he cannot show a score of years in retrospect. He has the sturdy form and the springy step of a youngster of 60, and there is not a sign that can be observed of the encroachments of extreme age. An early life on the farm and hard work on the railroad undoubtedly have had much to do with this, and an abstemious life has had more.

With all his millions—and Senator Davis is credited with a fortune ranging all the way from \$20,000,000 to \$40,000,000 according to the imagination of the chronicler—he has never yet been known to indulge in extravagances of any kind. His tastes are as simple as those of Russell Sage. When he was in the senate and had rooms at the Arlington hotel the members of his family used to make their own dresses and a sewing machine was constantly running in their modest apartments.

Congressional Campaign Open.
The republican and democratic congressional committees are both hard at work here with headquarters established for the sending out of documents during the campaign. For campaign purposes the congressional committees are chiefly document bureaus and have been since they first began to take an active part in electioneering.

Away back in the seventies and the early eighties they had in addition the task of collecting funds from the unfortunate government employes who were expected to contribute a certain percentage of their salaries to the campaign fund of the party which happened to be in power.

Jay Hubbell, of Michigan, became notorious during the campaign of 1880 by his demands upon the government clerks and by the systematic persistence with which he brought them up to the captain's office to settle. Hubbell worked in harmony with the national committee, but he was chairman of the congressional committee and really achieved a reputation which he did not fully deserve.

That was before the days of the civil service regulations, which made the solicitation of campaign funds from government employes unlawful. It has been a good many years since there has been any suggestion of a scandal of the kind. A great many government officials contribute to the campaign funds of their party and their contributions are always welcome, but such a thing as solicitation is no longer known.

Mortons Republican Friends.
Washington is well pleased with the acquisitions to the cabinet which have been made within the last month. Both Secretary Morton and Secretary Metcalf promise to be among the most popular officials in the administration circle.

Paul Morton finds a great many friends in Washington whom he used to know well at the time his father was a member of the cabinet of Grover Cleveland. Curiously enough a number of these have followed his own example and have transferred their allegiance from the democratic to the republican party.

One of the first men whom Morton met when he reached Washington was his father's old private secretary in the agricultural department. The young man is no longer in the government service, but is one of the most successful business men in the District of Columbia. Of course Morton was glad to see him and after the first greeting the talk drifted to politics. Pretty soon the former private secretary began to make

complimentary remarks about the president. "I didn't know you had changed your politics," remarked the new secretary of the navy. "When did that happen?" "Oh, no, I haven't changed at all," was the reply. "I used to be a J. Sterling Morton democrat. Now I am a Paul Morton republican. It's all in the family."

Morton is going to take a house out on Massachusetts avenue just beyond the splendid mansions of Thomas F. Walsh and Larz Anderson, but a very modest establishment compared with those places and he is counted on to do a good deal of entertaining next winter.

The Third from California.

Victor Metcalf, the new chief of the department of commerce and labor, is enthusiastic over the possibilities of the establishment over which he presides. "It is bound to develop," he says, "into the most efficient and the most important department of the government. It touches almost every line of activity in the United States—the corporations, the laboring men, the miners, the manufacturers. Then it covers the question of immigration, which is bound to be one of the most vital and insistent questions before the American people for a great many years to come—to say nothing of the lighthouses, the coast and geodetic survey, the steamboat inspection service and the bureau of statistics. There is not one of these bureaus which is not destined to expand greatly, with the additional attention which they will all receive from being placed under the jurisdiction of a new department. I had rather be at the head of this department than of any other department in the government."

Metcalf is the third man to be chosen for a place in the cabinet from the Pacific slope since the admission of California. The first was George H. Williams, of Oregon, whom Grant made attorney general and tried to make him chief justice of the United States, but whom the senate refused to confirm as chief justice. Williams was commonly known as Landauet Williams on account of the handsomely upholstered landauet in which Mrs. Williams used to drive about Washington to the envy of less fortunate women. After his retirement no Pacific coast man held a place in the cabinet until McKinley appointed as attorney general Judge McKenna, who served on the ways and means committee with him in the house and who, curiously enough, represented the same district in congress afterwards represented by Mr. Metcalf. McKenna is now a justice of the supreme court.

The Public Printing.

The subject of economy in printing is one that is bound to come before congress before long in such a way that it will have to be settled. President Roosevelt at the last session of congress brought the matter sharply before the legislative leaders and he also called the various executive departments up with a round turn of the screw. Steps are taken to diminish the constant stream of publications that is stantly flowing from the government printing presses.

The printing bills of the United States are something out of all reason. Documents are turned out by the ton on all sorts of subjects and on every conceivable excuse. To say that three-fourths of this stuff was ever read by anybody would not be perhaps an extravagant estimate. Of course every document is read by somebody, but there are not many that are read by any except a very few. Tons upon tons of printed matter are stowed away or thrown away year after year without having been of the slightest benefit to anybody.

Senators and representatives have learned to use documents in the same way that they use garden seeds from the agricultural department. They bundle them off indiscriminately to constituents whose names happen to be on political lists. Occasionally documents sent out this way reach an appreciative destination. More often they are thrown aside or—if they are bound in boards—transformed into scrap-books.

It is proposed now in some of the departments to put a nominal price on all publications issued so that whenever a document is sent out it will be sure to reach somebody who cares at least enough about it to pay something. Such a policy would not make the document business self-supporting, for the price fixed would be simply nominal, but it would surely tend to lessen the volume of printed material.

Benefited.

"Has your son benefited by his stay abroad?"
"Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "When he used to say the weather was bad he now says 'the climate is beastly.'"—Washington Star.

Truthful Bessie.

Mrs. Tooker—And Bessie must have some tea the same as the rest. Do you take sugar, Bessie?
Bessie—Yes'm—when nobody ain't lookin'.—Boston Transcript.

NEW SUMMER MATERIALS

THE curious new shades of blue-green are lovely, especially in taffeta trimmed with quaint ruches and worn with big leghorn hats, with Romney strings. A curious amount of black and yellow is worn. Yellow has, of course, been a very favorite shade in Paris, and it certainly looks quite effective in a crowd, surmounted by a big black tulle hat and a black feather and chiffon pelerine.

Taffetas changeants of soft and supple quality really take in a variety of exquisite shadings. Wonderful satin dresses are also worn in the daytime, and many were seen at Ascot. Quite beautiful are the vieux rose and green effects with pretty fichus of chiffon of the same shade, and a chemisette of fine lace. With these the "Eighteenth Century" hats, with lace strings holding down the brims, are worn.

Some entire frocks of white crepe de chine and crochet have stood out by themselves with great distinction at several of the most recent big functions.

There is a new make of coarse woolen lace which looks extremely effective on a pale rose or deep cream cloth. There is no doubt that in a climate like ours we should always get one or two light cloth gowns for the summer. Some of these effective laces and embroideries are worked in with gold and silver threads which enhance the magnificence of the frock. The cult of the magnificent is thoroughly understood, and nothing is too good (for those who can afford it) for the toilette de reception, etc. Real lace, costly embroidery,



A PRETTY SUMMER GOWN. Made of Muslin and Trimmed with Taffetas and Lace.

and wonderful, painted chiffons or beautiful silks, not to speak of exquisite handwork, go to make up the dainty confections of to-day. Even the parasols are perfect studies in colors and fabric. Quite charming are some of the plain silk shades with encrustations of beautiful embroidery or lace, or medallions of hand-painted silk outlined with narrow lace insertions.

In the matter of evening dress we

continue greatly attached to the pointed "Eighteenth Century" bodice, all sorts of attractive berthas and tuckers, and, above all, to the wearing of costly lace. Possessors of genuine old lace may, indeed, congratulate themselves, for lace of every make, and in the shape of tuckers, flounces, insertions and edgings, is used in the greatest profusion on nearly all the best evening frocks.

No doubt there is an increasing desire for plain white satin of thick



SMART WALKING GOWN. Made of Pirie-Finished Cloth.

make—a kind of duchesse satin of soft finish—for evening wear.

Some of the newest gowns are velvet en princesse, and embroidered with cut leaves; occasionally they are further decorated with precious stones. White and vieux rose seem to me to be the favorite evening shades just now. Once again there is a craze for old brocades, but these are not stiff.

It has been a magnificent season as far as the best dresses are concerned. At the same time the girl on a small allowance can invest in most effective muslins, quaint chine silks, and many inexpensive fabrics which can be made up in the 1830 styles, and with the always popular fichu which covers such a multitude of the amateur's defects in dressmaking! With a fichu and well-cut waistband one can really do wonders.

Washing white oriental satin and crepe de chine has many possibilities for the intelligent amateur to get variety at small cost. After several visits to the cleaner these fabrics can be dyed navy blue or brown, and these are distinctly good colors for evening wear.

Of course for dancing and really hard wear nothing beats taffeta, and if you get a fairly good one it need not be lined; then it cleans and dyes admirably. You can always make a change by having two or three different colored fichus with waistbands to match.

ELLEN OSMONDE.

Summer Fashions of Paris

PARIS.—Fashions over here at the moment are what the Americans would call "just lovely." There have been some very smart weddings and receptions, and the toilettes have reached the height of magnificence.

But for races and morning wear there is a furor for the simple tailor frock, with new short basque coat showing the small sleeves, and giving the idea of great plainness; and this neatness is observable in the linens and serges destined for morning wear.

But for the moment in the middle of summer, we do not wish to think seri-



DAINTY SUMMER EVENING GOWN. The gown is of pale blue Liberty, draped bodice with collar of Valenciennes lace, embroidered with gold paillettes and pale shades of blue, gray and green. The skirt is gathered and has two boucans of Valenciennes lace, embroidered like the collar, and a band of gold tulle.

ously of these smartly-cut but rather severe clothes. I only mention the fact because these small sleeves and plain-fitting garments show an upheaval in fashions; and the difference between the modes of three months ago and those of three months hence promises to be considerable. In my opinion, the tailor is right to desire a change, for



PLAYING UNDER THE TREE.

I've a new play to play with me,
And this is what it is:
I'll make right here, 'longside the tree,
A village just like this.
Now that's the church, and that's a house,
And there's the blacksmith shop;
Oh, I forgot the church's spire!
I'll put one right on top.
And now, another house I'll build,
Where mamma lives with me;
This room I'll have with dollies filled,
A table set for tea.
Now, for my garden! Stick—and stick—
I'll put a fence around;
Then lots of flowers I like I'll pick
And stand them in the ground.
These are for cows—just coming home—
And driving them is Nell;
Oh, good—here's Nell!—the cows have come!
And there's the supper bell.
—Rhoda Dendron, in Good Housekeeping.

THIS STORY HAS A MORAL.

It's About a Little Stranger Who Now Is "the Nicest Girl on Eukin Street."

That's what they call Drusilla now, the other little girls who live on Eukin street—which isn't mentioned in the city directory, but which is a real street just the same. But when Drusilla first came to live on Eukin street the other little girls didn't so call her. In fact, they called her "that horrid new girl," instead. And Drusilla got to hear of it, somehow, and felt just as unhappy as you or I would do in similar case.

Now Drusilla isn't horrid she never was horrid, never was anything but a nice, sweet, sensible little girl. The other girls only thought she must be horrid because they didn't know her, and didn't want to take anyone else into their "set." All the other little girls on Eukin street—which is such a short street that nearly everybody living on it knows everybody else—had known each other since they could remember. They thought it would be "just awful" to have another little girl walking to and from school with them, playing on and about the lawns and the empty lot they all shared in common during vacation season, taking part in all the fun. Therefore they snubbed Drusilla, without stopping to think about it. When she walked down the side of the street on which they were playing they all crossed to the other side; and when she shyly smiled at them they just looked ugly, instead of smiling back. In fact, Jimmie Murphy did say that he believed his sister Annie put out her tongue at Drusilla, one day, but Mrs. Murphy said she could scarcely believe one of her children could be so rude and ill-bred as that. And Annie didn't say anything; only her cheeks were very red.

It was the very next day that all got acquainted with Drusilla, and it came about so simply. The little pet puppy dog that Jennie Crews was trying to bring up ran away by itself and didn't come back at all. And Jennie almost cried as the twilight darkened; it did seem so awful to think of that poor little, dear little, dog out alone in the dark, hungry and cold, and as miserable as could be. But Puppkins never came back, although she called and called him, and all the other girls

went over to visit Jennie in the evening, to try and cheer her up. They were all trying to play merry games and pretending they were not thinking of the puppy at all when there came a gentle little ring at the door-bell. And there on they step—they all rushed to the door, hoping it might be somebody with the puppy—stood Drusilla, and she had a little brown bundle in her arms.

"He was crying in a corner of the vacant lot, just crying like a baby," explained Drusilla, all smiles and blishes and friendly excitement and shyness, "and I knew he was your puppy, so I brought him home."

"Come in, dear, and play with the others," said Mrs. Crews, appearing behind the eager group of little girls who surged about the puppy and came near to forgetting his new friend. And she gently drew the little stranger, who would have slipped off silently, in among the rest.

Ten minutes later they were all playing again, with the puppy safely, warmly tucked up in his basket, and Drusilla was as merry and lively as any of them. And now—though all this happened but a few weeks ago—they call Drusilla the nicest girl on the street," as I told you.

Of course she was just as nice from the beginning, only they wouldn't give her a chance to show it. And—well, if you have any "new little girls" in your neighborhood, children, you might bear this true story in mind.—Chicago Record-Herald.

SOME TRUE DOG STORIES.

One Shaggy Little Canine Saved a Train and a Big St. Bernard Rescued a Miner.

Twenty-five dollars for a dog collar seems like a waste of money but there is a shaggy little canine out in Colorado who earned a collar costing that amount, and so long as he earned it himself nobody need care. It was this way. One stormy night, a few months ago, the dog's master was aroused in the middle of the night by a furious barking, and, upon investigating, discovered that a burning bridge on the railroad near by was the cause of the disturbance. Back and forth from the house to the bridge and from the bridge to the house the excited dog ran, becoming quieted only when his master dressed and visited the scene of the fire, which he did just in time to flag a long freight train, thus saving it from destruction. For his wise act in saving the train \$25 was sent to doggie's owner, and the entire amount was spent on the fine collar which he now wears.

Prince Leo, a monster St. Bernard, living in the Arkansas range of Colorado, is another wonderful dog. So many wonderful things has Prince Leo accomplished that his master lately refused an offer of \$20,000 for him. One of this dog's remarkable acts occurred during a blizzard in February, near the Little Louisa mine. A workman had been sent some distance for a can of machine oil, but the storm increased with such fury that the man was unable to return, wandering about the mountain side in a dazed condition, until finally, exhausted, he fell and lost consciousness. Alarmed at the workman's prolonged absence, Prince Leo was called, given the scent and dispatched to search for the miss-



THIS DOG SAVED A TRAIN.

ing one. Hours passed. The storm increased until an awful howling hurricane with sleet and snow swept every foot of the mountains and canyons, and all hope for the return of either the man or the brave dog was abandoned. However, at nine o'clock that night Prince Leo's barking was heard at the mine cabin door, where he was found with his unconscious burden. Once inside the cabin the faithful beast refused to allow anyone to touch his charge until he had succeeded in licking the sufferer back to consciousness.

And here's the story of a common, big, yellow dog, who has lately been arrested. It is so—arrested by the Mexican authorities charged with being a smuggler! This dog's owner, a cunning Mexican, has for months used the animal in evading the customs laws by tying to the dog's neck a basket in which contraband goods were placed. The canine was taught to sneak with his load through the river boskets and across the border into the United States, thus escaping the alert eyes of the government riders who patrol the line. At last, however, the animal was captured with evidence of guilt in his basket, and now he is in prison with his master. Poor fellow! He only did what he thought was his duty, but the law is strict as to smugglers, and no doubt this dog will be severely punished.

What child living in the cities is there, asks the Chicago Record-Herald, who does not despise the dog-catcher? Well, the other day one of these miserable dog-catchers took from the door of a poor family their sole guardian and comfort, Zip, the children's playmate, and dragged him off to the pound, where he was to be killed just because his owners were too poor to purchase a tag for him. Pleadings at the pound availed not, but an officer of the Humane society heard of the occurrence, and after looking into the matter and finding that Zip was really useful as a watch dog, interceded with the mayor, and in consequence carried to the pound-keeper, much to the children's glee, a regular pardon for their companion, who trotted home happy, bearing in his mouth a huge bone which the officer gave him. This is, perhaps, the first case on record where a dog has received an official pardon, regularly signed and sealed.

White Elephant Is Sacred.

A white elephant is considered sacred in Siam, and when one shuffles off this mortal coil it is given a funeral grander than that accorded to princes of royal blood. Buddhist priests officiate, and thousands of devout Siamese men and women follow the deceased animal to the grave. Jewels and offerings representing much wealth are buried with the elephant.

Many Castles on the Rhine.

The most picturesque and ancient looking river is the Rhine. It has 72, venerable castles on its banks.