

AND GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Washington Explorer Finds Strange Cave Men

WASHINGTON.—Caves hewn in the solid rocks of sugarloaf mountains, sometimes to the depth of 150 feet, large enough to hold from 1,500 to 2,000 people. Men who think nothing of running 40 and 50 miles a day without taking a drink of water.



People who never set eyes on fruits or vegetables. Towns of 5,000 to 6,000 inhabitants, in which there is not a building, the people living in holes in the earth. A land of no shadows between 8 a. m. and 5 p. m. A nation in which women are never seen.

These are some of the wonders described by Frank Edward Johnson, the explorer and lecturer and contributing editor of the National Geographic Magazine, who arrived in Washington in an absence of almost two years, spent among the troglodyte tribes of Terra Tunisia. Mr. Johnson gave out his first interview since his return to the United States, after reporting to the National Geographic society in Washington.

While in Tunisia Mr. Johnson conducted extensive researches among the Roman cities, and traced the old Roman highways, which have been for centuries by the shifting sands of the Sahara. He succeeded in following for 300 miles the route of the road that was built from Carthage to Magna and to Alexandria nearly two thousand years ago. The trip just concluded," said Mr. Johnson, "I came into a more intricate and with the innermost lives of the peoples of the extreme southern than ever before, and I had an unequalled opportunity to study them more than any foreigner has ever enjoyed. There are probably more than one hundred thousand of these people in a section hitherto supposed to be almost uninhabitable. They are pursuing an exceedingly primitive life.

All the troglodyte strongholds are difficult of approach. Their warriors could see the enemy approaching for many miles, unless they came by night, and then the zigzag path that led up to the great walls, worn smooth by centuries of hard use, with a surface like polished marble, was too dangerous for a stumble meant sudden death on the rocks hundreds of feet below. It is difficult even for the mountain goats born and bred there."

Capital Folk Scramble for Rent-Free Houses

LET'S a scramble on among several hundred Washingtonians for rent-free houses during the summer months in the city's most exclusive residential districts. Few people outside the capital realize that there are in this city scores of beautiful and costly homes which are turned over to caretakers, sometimes without rent, and with coal, gas and electric light bills paid. On some occasions, even, caretakers are paid a nominal sum to live in the houses.



Now is the season when these caretakers are the busiest. Those who have had these positions in the past are the most active and they besiege almost daily the various real estate offices in the city. For this business is one of the hardest for real estate men to look after. In the first place they must be able to judge character "on the jump" and be able to pick men and women who would be capable and honest. Then after selecting the names of applicants the agents have to investigate their standing and trustworthiness. In the selection of the tenants widows almost always have first choice. A good widow with children is always regarded as the best caretaker.

While the occupation of caretaker grew up originally when Washingtonians left the city for the summer it has extended to another branch now—that of furnished houses for sale or rent. For instance, if a public official who has lived here several years suddenly becomes a "lame duck" and moves back to the farm" his Washington home is for sale. Often it is difficult to sell the place immediately or even to rent it. As a result a caretaker is selected. This party is given possession of the house, but is required to keep it in tip-top condition and to show it to prospective buyers.

Army Needs Rifle Ranges for Civilians

PROBABILITY that citizen soldiery may be called to national service has led to a national board for promotion of rifle practice of the war department. A statement explaining the need of rifle ranges for practice, which has been made possible by the present congress in providing for the free distribution of rifles and ammunition to civilian rifle clubs and school cadets.

"Again we are faced with the possibility of sending untrained youths from their homes to the battlefield," the statement says. "Recruits can be taught to march, drill, and take care of themselves in the field in a comparatively short period, but such is not the case with the care and efficiency of the service arm. A long step in the right direction was taken by congress when it enacted a law, through a paragraph in the army bill, authority for the war department to issue rifles and ammunition to certain civilians.

A fundamental principle of national defense that citizens should be able to use the service arm. Rifle instruction is the keynote of a defense of Switzerland. If we were to train our citizens in the proportion as that small republic, we would have about 3,000,000 trained expert riflemen.

A serious handicap to the proper development of this movement is the lack of rifle ranges. With the growth of cities and the increasing value of generally rifle ranges have been swept away. Therefore, unless the rifle ranges and ammunition is followed by the construction of ranges civilians can practice such issue will not accomplish the results desired by the government."

Large Lot of Plants Grown by the Government

IN CONNECTION with its investigations, the Smithsonian Institution under some years ago the collecting of a series of cactuses. Not only specimens, but many examples of living plants were secured.

The problem of the care of these plants while under observation through the co-operation of the department of agriculture, which has a special greenhouse No. 7, at 4th and B streets northwest, has been solved. Today a veritable veritable garden in it, filled with all strange desert plants, especially from North and South America, of which there are perhaps a neighborhood of five thousand.



The collection has much to attract the ordinary visitor. No such collection has so many unique and rare species. Each pot contains a card giving the key number to record books giving the history of each specimen. The collection contains about twenty-five species of the night-blooming cereus, several plants of the so-called bishop's cap, and some striking specimens of Turk's head cactus.

The photographer of the National museum makes photographs of the plants when any special features are to be noted, thousands of which are being distributed by the department to the various botanical societies throughout the world.

Directly under the charge of E. M. Byrnes, superintendent.

BOAT OF ROOSEVELT EXPEDITION THAT CAPSIZED



This is the boatload of natives, part of the Roosevelt expedition in South America, that capsized in the Duvida river, one man being drowned. The photograph was taken by Leo Miller, one of the naturalists of the party.

BLOODY DEEDS DONE

Pirates, Pestilence and Storm Have Scared Vera Cruz.

Buccaneers of the Spanish Main Have Plundered and Burned and Committed Other Atrocities Repeatedly in Ancient Port.

New Orleans.—Bloodshed is not new in Vera Cruz. In fact, no city on the continent has witnessed such devilish cruelty, such plundering, burning and ravaging, as has this place of the "True Cross." Since Cortez landed in 1518, there has been a succession of strife and pestilence which can be paralleled in few cities in the world. Bepistolated buccaneers, in all their awful glory, have raided the port time and again; it has been a point of vantage which has called forth the lustiest fighting in the many civil wars that have swept Mexico and it has always been selected as the landing point for foreign foes, writes Paul Norton in the New Orleans Times-Democrat-Playgune.

Whenever any of the numerous pirates who preyed on the rich shipping of the Spanish main wanted to "sing the beard of the king of Spain" they would attack Vera Cruz. Lorencillo, a famous pirate of the early days, with 800 of his cutthroats, slipped by the sleeping cannoneers at the fort, surprised the town, killed thousands, outraged its women and stripped the city of its valuables. Hundreds of persons were driven into the cathedral, men, women and children, black and white, and held prisoners. When the doors were opened four days later most of the inmates were dead from suffocation.

As the gateway through which all the commerce with Spain was conducted, there always were great stores of valuable property on hand. This was true particularly just before the sailing of the galleons, which usually traveled in fleets owing to the menace of pirates. By learning of the schedule of the galleons the buccaneers generally dropped in when the supply of treasure was great. Nicolas de Aguilante, another highwayman of the deep, pillaged the town some years after the visit of Lorencillo. He enriched himself with \$7,000,000 in silver awaiting transportation to Spain. By way of appreciation he took prisoners 300 of the citizens of the town and marooned them on the Sacrifices Islands, patches of sand not far from the coast, where they died of starvation. The anniversary of this calamity is observed by memorial services to this day.

While the blood of thousands has flowed through the streets of this ill-fated port, the toll of war and violence is insignificant in comparison with the deaths that have come from pestilence.

Until 1850 the city was surrounded by a mighty wall. This great bulwark may have saved the city on a few occasions from attack, but cutting out the healthful sea breeze made it a pest hole compared to which Guayaquil is a health resort. Yellow jack in all its terrors was never absent. Smallpox, bubonic plague and the other offspring of the dirt and squalor of the middle ages were always present. It was only in recent years that modern sewer and drainage systems were installed, which, with other sanitary precautions, has changed the place from a death-dealing focus to a health resort.

The harbor at Vera Cruz has little natural protection. Before the building of the present breakwaters the northers which characterize the Mosquito coast dealt the struggling city almost as severe blows as did the pirates and the diseases. Modern engineering now protects the city and gives a limited area in which the ships can anchor behind the seawall.

Due to the hatred of the Spaniards, Vera Cruz once was ground to powder. At the close of Mexico's war for independence, in 1821, the Spaniards still held the fort of San Juan de

Ulta in the harbor. Learning that he soon was to be ordered to evacuate, the commander hauled his heavy guns to the city side of the fortress and fired into the town until all his ammunition was expended. No building in the place was undamaged. So great was the havoc that it was with difficulty that the lines of the streets were re-established. As there was no warning of such action, the inhabitants were forced to flee to the sand dunes which surround the city, after the hail of solid shot had begun. Trails of blood led from the choked gates of the ill-starred town.

In 1838 the French bombarded the place. In 1847 General Scott favored the Veracruzanos with a terrible bombardment.

In 1859 Benito Juarez was besieged in Vera Cruz by the troops of Maximilian.

In 1861 the French fleet again took the place. During the revolutionary period, which was almost continuous previous to the opening of the regime of Porfirio Diaz, this port and its revenue always were objectives. During the Madero revolution, for the first time, a period of civil strife passed, during which Vera Cruz was unmolested.

DROVE SHAH FROM BERLIN

Rumors of Brusque Imperial Action Lent Credence by Watch Kept on Potentate.

Odessa.—It is rumored here that the recent return of the former Shah of Persia was the result of pressure brought to bear upon him by the Russian ambassador at Berlin, where the Shah has been for several months undergoing treatment for diabetes. It is understood that Sir Edward Grey was told by Russia that she would not tolerate any further attempt on the part of the Shah to regain the Persian throne and thus cause another grave disturbance.

A Russian adjutant attached to the suite of Mohammed Ali is keeping a vigilant watch on his movements and



Sir Edward Grey.

on the comings and goings of the Persian emissaries. The Shah is very quiet and secretive.

Loose Suit for Damages. New York.—After three minutes' deliberation, a jury decided against Mrs. Lena Israel, who sued her step-father, Isaac Goldman, to recover \$5,000 damages for spanking her four years ago.

Remove Brick Wall to Save Man. Mohogon, N. Y.—Adolph Hartloy, weighing 267 pounds, could not be rescued when he fell and stuck in a narrow arway until part of a brick wall was removed.

Watch Saves Man's Life. New York.—A gold hunting case watch saved Rudolph M. Hoffman's life when a highwayman shot at him. The bullet wedged itself in the watch.

SEA COOK GETS BIG EARFUL

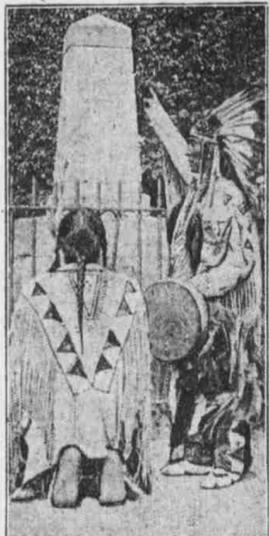
Five-Year-Old Baby Empties Horse Liniment Into It and Things Happen.

The old man, who had just returned from a long voyage, went straight to his home, No. 5207 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn, to enjoy a sleep on dry land. young Julius discovered a bottle of horse liniment, very potent, and was impatient to put it to some good use.

INDIANS AT PENN MONUMENT

Many of Blackfeet Tribe Pay Reverential Respect to Memory of Great Man at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa.—A dozen Blackfeet Indians from the Glacier National park reservation, in Montana, visited Philadelphia recently en route home from the Striner's convention, which they attended in Atlanta. The Indians visited Penn Treaty park and enacted a tribal peace ceremonial before the Penn monument in perpetuation of the memory of the founder of the City of Brotherly Love and his fa-



Indians Honoring Memory of William Penn.

mous peace treaty with the Lenape which was signed on that spot in 1683.

This photograph shows Medicine Owl, "Spirit of Medicine" man of the Glacier park tribe, and Chief White Wolf, paying their reverential respects to the memory of Penn. Medicine Owl is shown praying to the "Great Spirit of Peace."

THIS STORY IS UP TO DATE

Electric Creatures Besiege Ship in Gulf Stream, Sailors Assert on Reaching Port.

Boston.—A remarkable story is told by the crew of the British freighter Rochelle. According to stories by several of the men, the delay was due principally to electric fishes, otherwise known as torpedo fishes, which were attracted by the steel plates of the vessel, and fastened themselves by hundreds against her bottom and sides.

The steamer was in the Gulf Stream, north of Cuba, when she began to slow down. The officers were unable to explain the change in the progress of the craft. Several sailors said they felt a tingling sensation about their feet and finger tips. The steamer was held back strangely. Members of the crew became alarmed. A sailor looked over the side and says it was plastered with strange-looking fishes. They were two or three thick along the port side under water. The starboard side also was covered.

As the Rochelle moved north and got out of the warm waters of the stream the fishes dropped off and the vessel resumed her speed.

"Follow Your Hunch." Chicago.—The Natural Science club at a meeting devised a program of thought vibrations to save the 12,000 persons in Cook county who are contemplating suicide according to Coroner Hoffman.

Second Appendix Cut Out. Mount Hope, N. Y.—The appendix of Frank Davis, removed ten years ago, grew again and had to be cut out a second time to save his life.

tortured sea cook threatened to carry away the fo'c'sle of the house, until the neighbors washed out the liniment with olive oil. A Norwegian hospital doctor did not think the harm would be lasting.

\$25,000 for Half Interest in Bull. The Lawson

HAPPENINGS in the BIG CITIES

Orang-Outang Ties Knot in Half-Inch Iron Bar

NEW YORK.—All the big orang-outang of the Bronx zoo, is going to have a new house with three-quarter-inch steel bars instead of his present one-half-inch iron stays. Following his transfer from Hagenback's in Berlin to the zoo on May 5, All passed a few sluggish days and then awoke to the fact that he has a reputation to live up to—the reputation of being the biggest orang-outang in captivity.



It became evident at once that the cage fixed up by Keeper Fred Engleholm was a misfit by several sizes.

All tested his prison the other day and tied a fair imitation of a bowknot in one of the half-inch iron bars. Then he bent most of the remaining bars, opening more or less terrifying holes. Engleholm realizes that if All should get out, the gruesome tale of Edgar Allan Poe of what happened in the Rue Morgue would be uppermost in the minds of most folk, and there would be a great deal of unpleasantness. There is no danger of All's getting out before his new cage is ready. The bulk that goes with his 215 pounds cannot be squeezed through the openings he has made. But there is enough peril to make the keepers wary of going too close within the fence inclosing the cage.

In a playful mood All, who has a nine-foot reach, measuring the extended arms across the shoulders, poked his hand through the bars, took hold of Engleholm's jumper and gave a yank. The buttons yielded. The orang-outang tore the garment from the man's back and jumped with it to the big boom in the upper regions of the cage, where All skins the cat and turns giant swings.

All's palms are nine inches broad, and Engleholm's arms are covered with black and blue spots where All has given him playful slaps.

Engleholm has been successful as a trainer of monkeys and apes, but All has not profited from his instruction.

Hagenback, it is said, got rid of the animal because he was too stupid or too intractable to learn. Until they learn his traits the keepers will deal guardedly with All.

Happenings When Clocks Were Set Ahead an Hour

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"General Chaos," known and famed wherever the sun shines, strolled into Cleveland bringing eastern time with him and covered the bodies of nervous persons with goose flesh. Sixty perfectly good minutes were lost, and when the hunt for them began arguments without number were started.

Taxicab and transfer companies caught the brunt of the debates, and wildly excited patrons, nervous for fear they would miss their train, talked time with chauffeurs and drivers until the situation in some instances became almost alarming.

In front of the Hollenden hotel a large woman, whose expression betokened authority, backed a boy-sized chauffeur against his machine. "Are you running by eastern, central, sun time or guess?" she inquired.

"We are showing a complete line of time this morning. Take your pick," answered the youth. "But I'll tell you the truth, I'm running by guess today." A real tragedy: A waiter in a luncheon room got home at midnight and set his alarm clock ahead an hour, setting the alarm for 4 a. m. His roommate came in an hour later, set the clock ahead another hour, thinking his sleeping companion had forgotten. The waiter showed up for work an hour ahead of the new schedule.

Bill Smith wouldn't turn his watch ahead Friday and he waited five minutes longer in the morning for a car because the rush hour extras had gone.

The boss awoke as he sneaked into the office and glanced significantly at the clock.

He missed an engagement at ten o'clock because he was out when his caller arrived at eastern time.

The picking was slim at lunch because eastern time diners had swallowed the goodies.

He was to meet his wife at two and give her tickets to the matinee. Wife missed the show because Bill showed up at three.

Bill arrived home to a cold dinner because wife had adopted eastern time, and—perhaps she remembered the show she missed.

"Corpse" Raids an Alleged Gamblers' Stronghold

CHICAGO.—In Forest Park the dust lay thick upon the road. Occasionally it was stirred by a passing automobile, but more frequently by some funeral cortege on its way to the cemetery. At Twelfth street and Hannah



avenue William McGurn operated a saloon. In the room above the bar on the second floor there were telephones, racing charts, playing cards, poker chips and dice—until the other day. Mr. McGurn, according to Charles W. Peters, chief deputy sheriff, was a cautious man. He acted on the theory that an ounce of prevention was worth a court full of lawyers.

So cautious was he, according to Mr. Peters, that all about his saloon at a radius of two miles he stationed "lookouts." These "minute men" furnished information of the approach of all strangers.

For some time Mr. Peters had his eye on Mr. McGurn and the little room above the saloon. The chief deputy sheriff polished up his star and went to the home of his assistant, Virtus Rohn, 5007 Washington boulevard. "Virtie," said Mr. Peters, "I have some bad news for you."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Rohn.

"You're dead," announced the deputy sheriff. "You died this afternoon. I'm arranging for your funeral now. We're going to have a regular procession."

"Good night!" said Mr. Rohn, or words to that effect. But Mr. Peters was determined. Thirty minutes later an automobile hearse, equipped with a coffin and other necessary paraphernalia, drew up in front of the house. Six black-clad "mourners" occupied another machine. The other automobiles were filled with "pallbearers" and friends of the "deceased." The "lookouts" were decamped.

Suddenly the mourners became active. "Corpse" and "mourners" raided the saloon.

"I said we'd 'pull' this place if we had to 'kill' a man to do it," said Mr. Peters.

City Hall Cat Actually Has a Correspondence

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—It is not often that a cat's mail becomes so heavy that he must have a secretary, but this is the fact with Strike, the pet feline of the electrical bureau at city hall. Strike actually has a correspondence—purely a social correspondence. It developed through no effort on his part, but because persons visiting this city happened to see him and admired him and his tricks so much that they have insisted upon sending him letters and postcards on leaving here. His daily mail amounts to two letters and three or more postcards.

Of course, Strike does not actually employ a secretary, but his mail became heavy and had to be answered. Strike can do a lot of intelligent things, but he cannot write, so Jim Rourke, an attaché of the bureau, has to act as Strike's secretary.

Although Strike cannot read, he appears fully to understand when one of his letters is read to him. He assumes and maintains a position of careful attention as each letter is read. If the letter is one in answer to a letter he received, he appears particularly attentive. His objections are noted by dragging his paw over the floor.

Strike is a truly wonderful cat. He came into the world as a very lowly, uneducated feline, but has so improved his mentality that he is now a feline of high degree. He was a kitten when he first entered the electrical bureau, to him through the fact that during the strike of the electricians he was the only animal in the building who was not affected by the strike.

