

# SEARCH FOR THE SEA SERPENT;

# ITS SURPRISING CONCLUSION.

Remarkable Tale of a Voyage That Led to Many Seas and Many Lands in Pursuit of the Awful Monster, of Which All Had Heard and Many Had Seen, They Readily Swore.

Still More Remarkable is the Success that Ended the Weary Quest and the Astonishing Character of the Fearsome and Hypnotic Dragon that Lured Men to Their Doom.



By DON MARQUIS.

I SAID to myself, "Not for glory nor pelf, but for sweet humanity's sake, I will hie me forth to the south or the north to slaughter the great 'Sea Snake.'"

So I talked and drank with many a crank, grog-seasoned sailor-dog, For each one swore that he knew it of yore and could prove it by the log; One said that the sheen of its hide was green and its tail was covered with scales, And another one said it had fins on its head which it flung to the breeze like sails, And each as he talked breathed hard and caulked the hold of his stomach with booze, And under his breath told tales of a death deep down in the ocean's ooze. But each one lied, all shifty-eyed, for never a son of the sea Could answer me flat, through his tarpaulin hat, the place that the monster might be.

So I turned me away in a sore dismay from the buzz of their rummy boasts To follow the trail of the slippery tale round the rim of the world-wide coasts— North, north, where the grim, green bergs loom dim through the hovering shrouds of haze, Where the Northern Lights rule the silent nights and the sun-dog rules the days, And the headlands lift through the blown spin-drift that freeze on stack and wheel.

And current and floe swing to and fro with their grip on the grinding keel, Then south against the wide, warm gulf-born tide sweeping up from the mid-earth line, South, south, past the shores of the green Azores, and the surf-rimmed Isles of pine, Over seas that the Night soothes to peace with the light of the Southern Cross hung low, Where the ripples that break from the screw-shredded wake are afire with the phosphorus glow; West, and west, through the gates of the rock-flanked straits in the path of the dying sun, Past the rock of time to the dreaming clime where the East and the West are one, And on with the wind to the ports of Ind where the junks of Hongkong throng— To the East with the sweep of the oars that leap with the swing of the Malay's song.

Thus I followed the trail of the serpent tale through the tracks of the circling sea, But never a scale of the serpent's tail was if ever my lot to see; Though often a spar, seen from afar, awash in the tumbling tide, And tangled with weed, seemed the thing indeed, with his tentacles lashing wide, To the North, to the East, to the South, to the West, past hungry reefs and bars, Through channel and bay where the waters play with the purple-pendant stars; Past coral isles where the ripple smiles on the breast of the locked lagoon; Through sullen coves where the mad buoy-bells clang forth their warning tune; By eerie coasts where the gibbering ghosts of the tars came aboard in the dark To tell me their tales of wrecks and gales and the dainty tastes of the shark; And though many a salt swore he sank through the fault of a flip of that playful fin, There was never a soul could show me the goal that my wandering prow would win.

Once with canvas spread, though the wind lay dead, the Flying Dutchman came, And I spoke her fair of the serpent's tale—and the captain knew the same; But the captain lied, all shifty-eyed, with the glee of a thrice-damned soul. For he said that it dwelt in the icy belt to the south of the earth's South Pole, Then I turned me home through the circling foam from my quest of the great Sea Snake.

And I shook my head in disgust and said that the thing was a fishy fake— But my long voyage past, I found it at last on the sands of a summer resort! By Neptune! I swear that I found it fair—'tis the summer girl, in short, There's the sea-symph's grace in her sunwashed face—there's the dance of the waves in her eyes, And low and sweet is her voice as the beat of the billows of Paradise; But the witchery of the feline sea lurks veiled in the lure of her glance, And that rippling note in her bare, brown throat was the snare of the siren's charms.

For fast in the coils of her briny coils that the bold-lipped breakers kiss The wrecked heart lies of the wight unwise who would know what the Sea Snake is.



## Not Altogether Sad is the Lot of the Washingtonians Who for One Reason or Another Must Spend the Heated Term at Home.

EVERYBODY can't retreat from the city during the hot weather. There are a goodly number whom circumstances compel to stay in town during the sultriest portion of the summer, and others again who are not guided by necessity, but by an abiding conviction that it's "hot all over" and that there is "no getting away from it."

With that portion, a preponderating one, certainly, of Washingtonians, composed of persons who, from one cause or another, cling to base as it were, the consideration of what advantages are offered in or about the city for spending short and agreeable outings becomes prominent.

There are the suburban resorts reached by the electric cars or by the river steamers.

Prominent among these are Cabin John Bridge, Chevy Chase Lake, River View, Marshall Hall, Mount Vernon, Chesapeake Beach, Great Falls, Arlington, Falls Church, Colonial Beach, Old Point Comfort, Virginia Beach and Bay Ridge.

The electric cars on the sultry nights are crowded with people on pleasure bent, and, as the greater number of these are women in gay attire, the brilliantly lighted conveyances present

glowing masses of color as they whirl along in the dark. They wind by picturesque routes to Cabin John Bridge, Chevy Chase, Alexandria, Arlington, Falls Church, Chesapeake Junction, and Mount Vernon.

At Cabin John Bridge, with its array of sparkling lights amid the trees, music, and various amusements that keep up their whirling of fun, a very animated scene is usually presented. Excellent order prevails here, as in all other resorts about the city patronized by the respectable class of citizens. Children are especially favored, and

never tire of the moving pictures, the scenic railway, and other like recreations. Young people may be discerned wending their way down to the canal that glides silently far from the lights and revel. Here they may hire a row boat, and enjoy the beauty of the night. Perhaps the moon wrinkles her visage in the waters of the canal, and reveals the river below, and the beautiful surrounding sylvan scenery.

A number of persons are devotees of the river, and think they have missed that moonlight light that does not find them steaming or sailing over the broad

and placid Potomac. The steamers that ply on the noble stream, present animated views at that hour of the evening when they are preparing to go off with their load of passengers, bound for River View, Marshall Hall, or some other popular resort. The band stationed in an elevated perch over the street, preparatory to embarkation, strikes up whenever a promising lot of people dismount from the electric cars, and make for the boat piers. Those who go down in the evening do not comprise those family parties which may be seen during the day trips lugging along great

basketfuls of provisions. The evening excursionists are of a less domestic and more Bohemian character. They are mostly young men and women, with a sprinkling of older folks with children. A trip down the river on a fine evening is evidently enjoyed by all. There are so many moving objects to attract the attention. Before the boat starts there are the new arrivals who are always in a hurry, and who tumble over everybody else on the decks before they finally settle themselves in their seats. Then there are the "wharf rats" engaged in fishing, or idly contemplating

the boats or exercising an unfortunate dog which will probably find a watery grave at their hands.

Especially are the longer river trips—those to Colonial Beach on the Randall Line steamers, and to Old Point Comfort and Virginia Beach, by the Norfolk and Washington steamers—delightful. To the Washingtonian who spends his or her summer at home these trips never lose their interest and pleasure. Perhaps they have taken them scores of times, but they are always ready and willing to go again whenever opportunity offers.

There is considerable promenading, both in the city proper and surrounding country, these hot nights. At Chevy Chase Lake there is dancing, and here may be obtained refreshments. Concerts are also given of an excellent character.

The evening concerts of the Marine Band at the White Lot and Capitol have grown to be a summer institution in Washington, and attract large crowds of persons who come to hear, see, or be seen. The summer girl is known to favor the Capitol concert, so that it is needless to say that in consequence, the attendance is much larger here. The facilities for going to Chesapeake Beach have placed the delights of salt water bathing within an hour or so of Washingtonians, and a good many take advantage thereof.

The fishermen do not mind the heat, evidently, in the pursuit of their darling sport. They go out in boats or sit on a treeless bank oblivious of the sun and the flies. They are to be seen in the neighborhood of Long Bridge, and the Aqueduct, and afford a truly wonderful example of devotion that is worthy of a better cause.

For those who are fond of beautiful scenery a trip up the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal on the steam packet "Louise" as far as Great Falls offers great inducements. The little launch that makes this journey is generally crowded with passengers.

## They Find Sweet Relief From the Sweltering Rays of the Sun in Trips to the Cool Suburbs or in Excursions On the River.

# THE HOTTEST AND COOLEST SPOTS IN WASHINGTON.

(Continued from First Page.)

great clouds, choking and blinding the struggling human beings.

Steamers are provided with three gangs of stokers each working eight hours. When a gang is summoned from its row of dirty bunks, far below the water line, the men are hustled down the long flights of winding stairs to the rearing "hoses aloft," where the great open doors of the rows of furnaces glow red through the gloom and swirling clouds of coal dust. Before each door stands a man shoveling coal into the great maw as fast as his arms will move. Hither and thither through the long passageways between the furnaces men are hurrying with wheelbarrows loaded with fuel for the stokers.

The stokers wear merely stout shoes and a pair of thin pants. The other portions of their bodies are directly exposed to the furious blasts of heat. Sweat trickles down their faces and bodies and mingles with the coating of black dust. From head to foot they are as black as Nubians. In the red glare their black figures look ghastly and spectral. And here in this tomb of almost superhuman toilers, scores of men toil and burn out their lives eight hours at a stretch for wages which would be considered pitifully small even by a day laborer on shore. Frequently some poor wretch falls in his tracks on the hot iron floor, either dead or utterly exhausted. An almost inhuman boss commands his companions to carry him up from the stoke hold, and he is ceremoniously dragged up the iron stairs with as little care for his welfare as though he were a dog. But the coolest place in the city, or

rather what is claimed to be the coolest, is the Weather Bureau. No matter what the temperature, or how hotly Old Sol may be beaming down upon the building, it is delightfully cool there. The weather man has that all arranged. He fixes it all up when he gets down to his office in the morning. The clerks may perspire until their collars and shirt fronts are completely wilted, but ask them what the temperature is and they will grin sweetly and you know it is all right—they are cool enough.

Considerable interest cannot fail to be aroused in the spot which is designated by the title of "the coolest spot in the summer" and the coldest in winter." Were you aware that such a place really existed? It does exist, and it is in the very heart of the city. Even on days that may well be termed record-breakers for their heat, there is a delicious coolness about this peculiar place that makes it positively cold. At all hours of the day and night a strong current of air whistles through it, often strong enough to carry one's hat sailing away at a great rate. Even at times when there appears to be not a particle of wind blowing in the streets or any part of the city this mysterious and strong current of air is constantly rushing through the place.

The long alley which forms the stage entrance at the National Theater claims the above title, and it certainly deserves it in every particular. Possibly not more than 100 persons out of the entire population of Washington have heard of the peculiar coolness of this alley, yet it is passed by thousands of people every day. Theatrical folk all over the country, however, have heard of the place, and when in town pay the

alley a visit, particularly if they happen to be here in warm weather. This alley extends in a circuitous course between E and F Streets. In some places it is quite wide, and in others it narrows down until a person standing in the center of it may touch both walls with his

arms outstretched. It is flanked on both sides by lofty buildings, which cut off the sun's rays entirely. In summer more delightful places could be imagined after a walk in the hot streets than this alley. In winter it still bears out its name of the coldest spot in the city.

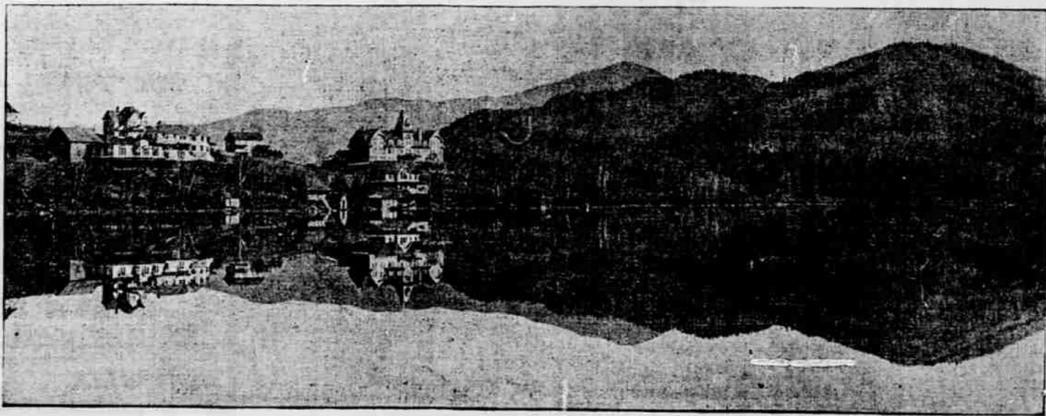
Whenever there is a snow it banks up here higher than in other places, and when the weather is cold at all the temperature in the stage entrance falls to regular Klondike depths. The "Halls of the Ancients," on New York Avenue, also claims the distinction of being one of the coolest spots in the city. The moment one enters the building the remarkable change is felt. It is almost like stepping out of a barge oven into an icehouse. Mr. F. W. Smith, the president of the institution, says that the place was never known to grow

warm since it was built. At all seasons of the year it retained its same enjoyable coolness. It is cool for the reason that it is constructed almost entirely of stone and heavy masonry. There is one room in the place, known as the Atrium, which is exceptionally cool. The ceiling of this apartment is thirty-three feet high, the floor is entirely of stone, and there is a large opening directly up to the sky in the center, which carries off all heat that collects under the ceiling. Below this shaft there is a recess in the floor, in which is a small fountain. No more ideal place to rest could be imagined. Mr. Smith contemplates opening this portion of the Halls for half price and serving ice cream there to his patrons.

Another of Washington's most delightful places in summer is the Washington Monument. Inside the shaft the summer's heat never penetrates, and there is a tremendous current of air rushing through the great obelisk continually. Imagine a smokestack 550 feet high! The monument, with its windows open at the top, is practically that. Its suction of air would be sufficient to give draft to one-half of the boilers in mills, electric lighting plants, and other places in the city. One need never fear of suffering from the heat while in the monument. Heat is unknown there.

One of the coolest street corners in Washington is that in front of the Raleigh Hotel. Although the sun may be beating down upon the sidewalk there in the afternoon with relentless fury, there is always an excellent breeze blowing from some direction that offsets the sun's power. In the evening this corner is one of the most popular

MIRROR LAKE IN THE ADIRONDACKS SHOWING REMARKABLE REFLECTION.



hotter places in the city.