

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

Representatives Frequently Derelict in Duty

WASHINGTON.—"Papa, the man down there said they were in committee of the whole, but that isn't all of them, is it?" "No, son. There are only forty-nine present, and there are 435 members." "Then why do they call it committee of the whole house?"

Right here papa, not being a parliamentarian, was stumped and had to admit it to the boy. Others in the house of representatives gallery wondered with the boy, who unconsciously had displayed a bit of delicious irony at the expense of the nation's lawmakers. No house session in the last month has seen more than one-fourth of the total membership present, and "committee of the whole" is rather more of a joke than anything else.

In a short time the house of representatives has passed on at least three tremendously important pieces of legislation:

- The five-billion-dollar urgent deficiencies appropriation.
- The \$176,000,000 war risk insurance bill.
- The \$11,538,000,000 bond and certificate measure.

At no time during discussion of the last-named bill were there more than 75 members on the floor of the house. Rarely during the insurance discussion did more than 60 show themselves.

Washington, accustomed to anything in the way of congressional behavior, or misbehavior, has hardly raised an eyebrow at this queer, not to say naive, way of handling important national business. But the casual visitors with nothing better to do than to visit the house have frequently remarked on the situation.

A faithful handful of representatives have been fairly regular in attendance, but by far the great majority have not shown themselves at the capitol in weeks. "Illness in the family" and "necessary business" must be responsible, as alleged, for absences, because it is an off-year for elections.

Notable Gift to United States National Museum

THE United States National museum at Washington has recently received and put on exhibition a notable collection of swords, uniforms and miscellaneous relics of Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan. These mementos were a gift to the museum from George B. McClellan of Princeton university.

The swords, of which there are nine, are perhaps the most interesting feature of the collection. The most striking of these is a gold-mounted sword set with pearls presented to McClellan by a number of citizens of Boston in 1863, in recognition of his services during the Civil war. The scabbard is inscribed, "To Major General George B. McClellan, from many citizens of Boston, Feb. 5, 1863."

Another of the swords carried in the Mexican war is a service saber with a small piece of the hilt broken away. The donor of the collection writes: "A piece of the hilt of this sword was carried away by a bullet which slightly wounded General McClellan in the hand."

Among the other relics of this great American general are several uniforms, spurs, field glasses, revolvers, powder flasks, and a number of more personal relics.

Many Clerks Needed to Handle President's Mail

PRESIDENT WILSON'S mail bag is the largest in the world. Thousands of letters arrive daily, and every one of any importance must have the individual attention of America's first citizen. Of course, the president is not able to read all his correspondence himself. This difficulty is overcome by a carefully developed system by which the contents of the White House mail bag of any importance are laid before Mr. Wilson each day.

The work of selection falls upon a corps of confidential clerks, who open the letters and give them a first reading. Then they are carefully sorted. Many of them are simply recommendations for office. These, after courteous acknowledgment, are referred to the proper departments and placed on file until the matter can be taken up for consideration. Hundreds of the missives are purely formal, or contain impossible requests. These are immediately answered by the staff and signed by one of the president's assistant secretaries.

Such communications as the president ought to see are clearly briefed—that is, a slip is pinned at the top of each letter, and on this is a typewritten synopsis of its contents, telling who the writer is and what he has to present. Frequently the president is sufficiently interested by the brief to cause him to read the whole letter. Sometimes the communication is referred to a cabinet officer, in which case the slip is retained at the White House and filed.

Washington Watches Daring Military Aviators

DARING Italian military aviators, in two battle planes of lightning speed, and a giant bombing plane carrying ten passengers, gave official Washington a marvelous example of what the American aviation corps must do to strike Germany through the air. All three airplanes flew without accident from Langley field, near Newport News, Va., to Washington in less than two hours. The distance was approximately 120 miles, and the average height maintained was 7,000 feet.

In the great Caproni bombing machine, which has a wing spread of 85 feet and 525 horse-power engines, there were several government officials, who enjoyed the trip immensely, suffering no inconvenience whatever. After arriving here two of the airplanes thrilled thousands of spectators with feats of the air, which filled the highest officers of the signal corps of the army with undisguised admiration.

The exhibition ended with the flight of the great Caproni machine over the city, carrying a party of persons, and the "bombing" of the White House by one of the smaller machines with bouquets of flowers, dropped from a great height.

Officers of the army and navy who witnessed the landing of the three machines and the wonderful aerial feats which they later indulged in, did not hesitate to say that the United States has yet a long way to go before it can equal the aviation corps of Europe.

Many members of the house and senate were present, and they were visibly impressed with the efficiency of the Italian machines and the skill of their pilots.

ODDS AND ENDS

Four things in India are held sacred—cows, snakes and monkeys. One-tenth of the 2,000,000 inhabitants of Uganda are Protestant Christians. A refrigerator made of concrete cools by the action of water flowing over the sides of the device. Novel snow plows of recent invention for automobiles are carried on sled runners in front of the forward wheels.

A million and a quarter horses and mules have been exported for war purposes since the fall of 1914. The Mexico City town council has ordered the arrest of any person caught speculating in theater tickets. It is said that Germany contributes about \$3,737,000 a year for the support of her ruler, Austria-Hungary \$4,507,000 and Turkey \$5,000,000. Pressed steel is crowding out other materials—gray iron, malleable castings, wood, brass and aluminum—in the manufacture of automobiles.

QUEER STORIES OF NEW RUSSIA

Elementary Mentality of the Masses Demonstrated by Amusing Examples.

FISH MADE FREE BY TROOPS

How Pretty Woman, With Dogs and Red Ribbon, Turned Hostility to Enthusiasm—Man With Red Umbrella Becomes Personage.

Paris—Political happenings have succeeded one another so rapidly in Russia that French correspondents there have had little time to do more than occupy themselves with them, and descriptive articles from those journalists have been few regarding the effect of the revolution on the mass of the people and its results in the provinces and among the peasants. One or two articles, however, have appeared which throw some light on the mentality of the Russians, regarded as so different from that of other Europeans.

Robert de Fiers, associate editor of the Figaro and now attached to the headquarters staff of the Roumanian army, has had months of study of the Russian troops serving in conjunction with those of Roumania. Here are some anecdotes from his latest article: There is a fine lake somewhere in the south of Russia which is connected by a channel with a smaller lake, where huge carp are raised. The channel was barred by nets to prevent the carp from passing into the larger lake, and, as food does not reach the troops in the district too plentifully nor in great variety, the officers were glad to vary their mess with the fish.

One day some hundreds of soldiers were gathered in a meeting—one of those meetings which have become a regular institution in the Russian army this year—plunged in deep discussion. Suddenly—there was a rush toward the lakes and, with cries of "Sloboda!" "Sloboda!" ("Liberty!" "Liberty!"), the men began to pull out the barriers and nets and destroy them. The officers wished to prevent the destruction, but the soldiers took little notice of their reproaches beyond crying "Sloboda! Sloboda for the fish!"

A noncommissioned officer explained the matter. "Fish are God's creatures as men are. Like them, they have the right to liberty. But men can talk and so have made the revolution, while fish are dumb and can never make theirs. It is, therefore, our duty to aid them because it is contrary to nature to pen them up in order to capture them and easily kill them."

A personage and Didn't Know It. A middle class functionary, a man who occupied a modest position in one of the tax-collecting offices and who was imbued with the narrow, bureaucratic, reactionary spirit generally found in that class, chanced to go out one day with a red umbrella under his arm. A group of manifestants going to a meeting begged him to open his umbrella. He willingly complied, and at

once found that his bright umbrella—red being the revolution's color—made him a personage. Women threw him flowers, children were lifted up for him to kiss, and he was at once made president of the meeting.

When that was over he was conducted in triumph to a banquet, and there, too, he made an eloquent speech, having discovered himself an orator without having ever suspected it. Finally he was conducted to his home at a late hour by several thousands of his free but not enlightened fellow-citizens. From that day, after inscribing his name on the revolutionary committee, he has never gone out without his red umbrella, always open.

For months every material, from silk to the commonest cloth, colored red, has been sought for and made into cockades, flags, streamers, etc. The smallest fragment of red serves as an excuse for a manifestation. Here is a story of a squad of Russian soldiers, a pretty woman, a pet dog, and a bow-knot of red ribbon.

The pretty woman was walking up and down the platform of a little station crowded with soldiers. The men, whose opportunities of seeing a pretty woman had been limited for many a month, gazed in admiration and were prepared to make a manifestation in her honor. But suddenly their feelings showed a change and cries of discontent began to be heard. A group of soldiers went up to the woman and severely upbraided her because a bow of red ribbon was fastened over the ear of her Pomeranian dog. Such a use of the symbol of revolution was shocking, they said, as it showed a wish to ridicule the great movement. The soldiers shouted, shrieked, and jumped about excitedly, to the utter astonishment of the pretty woman and of the Pom.

But the woman extricated herself from an embarrassing position with the guile of a true daughter of Eve. She took the ribbon from her dog's head and placed it in her own hair. Once more the crowd changed its tone, and it was amid enthusiastic cheering that she, and the dog, took the train a little later.

A certain general was suspected by his men of being only lukewarm toward the new movement, so a delegation of soldiers waited on him to ask him his real opinions.

"I'll tell you just what I am," he said to them, "and you can tell it to every one. I look upon my men as my children and so have no reason not to tell them the whole truth. I am a Maximalist anarchist. After that I am sure you won't want any further details."

The men went away delighted. They declared to the regiment that had sent them: "The general is absolutely all right. He is so tremendously revolutionary that we couldn't even remember the name that he said."

Logic of Freedom.

Two soldiers had happened to speak to a general and one had used the term, "your excellency," as was the custom before the revolution. The other soldier afterward rebuked his companion for such a lapse from new principles.

"You said 'excellency!'" "Well, of course I said 'excellency.'" "But don't you know that now you mustn't say 'excellency!'" "And why mustn't we say 'excellency' and more?" "What? Why? Because we have made the revolution, and now we are all free."

The first soldier was silent for a minute, and then remarked: "But since we are all free, we are free to say 'excellency' if we like to."

The other soldier, in turn, reflected for a minute, and then declared:

"That's true, after all. The moment we are free we can do what we like. It's that, you see that's so difficult to understand. But as that's really so, I am going to say 'excellency' myself." Then he added:

"But, all the same, it won't be the same thing as before."

Ludovic Nadeau has found time to send to the Temps some anecdotes about events in Petrograd after the great revolution: In the early days of the revolution a strange-looking street-sell made his appearance on the Nevsky Prospect. As he wore a scarlet cap, a crowd soon gathered. He was offering pamphlets at 50 kopecks apiece, and could hardly hand them out quick enough. The natural inference would be that the work treated of the revolution, but, as a matter of fact, it was a "History of Buddhism," bought, doubtless, for a nominal sum as a publisher's remainder. One soldier, as he carried away his bargain, was heard to say: "I can't read, but lots of comrades in the barracks can."

Before the revolution, people bathed naked in the Neva, but outside the town. Now they are bathing, entirely stripped, within the town, and walk about on the bridges and quays between the French and British embassies. The men of 1793 were christened "sans culotte," (without trousers), the men of 1917 are "sans calecon," (without drawers).

The Petrograd soldiers, anxious to instruct themselves and occupy the leisure that the revolution has given them, are great visitors to the museums. Their anxiety to investigate everything leads them to pass their hands over the pictures and caress the statuary, (often marking it with their nails). Notices have been put up bag-

not heard in a few moments, a little cold water thrown on the outside will accomplish it.

Knots Not Interesting.

In one educational museum of Japan is a great frame of the most beautiful knots, tied in silken and golden thread. This had formed a part of Japan's exhibit at a certain world's fair. For six months this wonderful collection had hung upon the wall, and only two visitors had noticed and inquired about it.

ging contractors to touch nothing. The French and curator of the "Ethnographic" Museum recounts that his staff, caretakers, cleaners, etc., has petitioned the government for the suppression of his office, on the ground that a curator is useless in a museum, that he does nothing, costs money, and is of no service, as they who carry the keys, wield the feather brooms, and clean the floors are the real curators.

How to Be a Civil Engineer.

In a manufactory the workmen by a body waited on the civil engineers to tell them that, "the old order having passed away, there must be no more slavery. Everyone must work in turn. So you will kindly some of you go down into the mines, and others fire the engines."

"And who will do our work?" asked the engineers.

"Some of us will take turns in your offices."

"But what will you do there?"

"The same as you—sit around, sharpen pencils, and smoke cigarettes."

On Sunday, July 8, M. Naudem saw a crowd moving along the Nevsky Prospect, carrying banners, half blue, half yellow. "That's all right," said a middle-class citizen to him. "Revolutionary red seems to be going out of date." When the column had approached, it proved to be composed almost entirely of soldiers, enough to form two or three regiments. Their banners for the inscription "Long Live the Government!" which seemed to show that it was a patriotic manifestation, but others had "Long Live the Ukraine!" "Long Live Independent Little Russia!" "Long Live the Independent Ukraine!"

The soldiers belonged to the Petrograd garrison and were natives of Little Russia, manifesting their desire to be enrolled as soon as possible in the purely Ukrainian army that is being formed in the south. No one interfered with their separatist demonstration.

Some soldiers whose bearing was anything but martial, were taking up too much room in a trainway to please the female conductor, who raved them vigorously with all the extraordinary authorities which women in Russia always display toward men. "You soldiers! Go on! You only have soldiers' clothes, that's all!"

"It's a shame to treat a poor wounded man like this," murmured one of them.

"You wounded?" retorted the conductor. "If you are wounded it must be in the left nostril and by a cork from a bottle!"

These illustrations of Russian temperament are declared to indicate the difficult task Kerensky confronts, to direct such a people and to keep them steadily in the path that he would have them follow.

COW GETS ARMY RECOGNITION

Soldiers Permitted to Own Animal, Paying Upkeep From Ration Savings.

Washington.—Soldiers in the army not only may keep a cow, but they can feed it at government expense, provided they consume the milk, says a ruling of the judge advocate general. The decision was rendered on the question of whether feed for a cow kept by a detachment of soldiers for the production of milk for the detachment mess could legally be purchased from the ration savings, in view of the regulation that "such savings shall be used solely for the purchases of articles of food."

ACTIVE RED CROSS WORKER



Mrs. Funston, widow of the late General Frederick Funston, is one of the leading workers in Red Cross work.

The widow of one of the country's greatest soldiers is doing more than her share in urging practical aid for the soldiers and sailors.

Vienna Not on Danube.

Vienna is popularly misunderstood to be on "the beautiful blue Danube" river, but that mighty stream in its long course to the Black sea really encircles the city some miles from its center. A canal winds through the heart of the city and connects with the Danube below the Prater, Vienna's great playground.

The works of Thomas Kempis were written in Latin, but they have been translated into the language of almost every civilized people.

STORIES from the BIG CITIES

Bill of Big Denomination Staggered Hotel Clerk

SEATTLE.—It's all right in the latest novel, of course, but in real life the night room clerk at the Washington hotel, So when a suave stranger approached the desk shortly after midnight the other night, laid down a \$1,000 bill and asked that it be changed, the clerk put up a stall.

"I'll have to send for the auditor to open the safe," he told the stranger. "Will you kindly wait?"

He called one bellboy and sent him for the auditor. Then he called another and whispered to him to summon the police.

The auditor was slow in arriving, the stranger grew fidgety and picked up his bank note, thrust it in his pocket and walked out. But if the auditor was slow the police were not, and as the stranger went out at the door the detectives entered.

"Follow him," the room clerk hissed. "Follow and arrest him. He's got a \$1,000 bill."

The detectives took the stranger to police headquarters, where he was asked to explain.

"My name is Charles M. Gallagher," he said, "and formerly I was proprietor of the Antlers hotel here. I just wanted to get a bill changed and do not see any reason for my arrest."

But the detectives didn't believe in \$1,000 bills either, so they looked up for the night. The next day Gallagher explained further that his father, a multi-millionaire oil operator and pearl fisher at Sydney, Australia, had had a little more than \$2,000 in currency the day before when a man didn't know stopped him on the street and asked him for smaller denominations for two \$1,000 bills. "I didn't know there was anything wrong with a big bill, so I accommodated him," he added.

The police department heads, in the meantime having heard of no \$1,000 bills, and Gallagher having two perfectly genuine ones to verify the story, set the man at liberty with the advice to put the money in a bank.

Colored Gentleman Had Grievance Against Cat

NEW YORK.—The colored population in the Black Belt of Harlem has their wordy affairs just the same as other cave dwellers of this town, and when they are aired in court the comedy is better than on any other day.

The other day Wellington Washington, a Pullman porter who collects between New York and Pittsburgh, revealed the animal life in the law where he resides. He appeared as witness against Mrs. Sadie Johnson, whose tiger-eyed miscege was accused of shortening his life by at least ten years. Mr. Washington produced evidence in a high and indignant tone explaining that the cat started the trouble by robbing his ice box of something but the ice.

He said that he caught her when it was too late and admitted that he had hit her in the forehead, spat fire, whistled through her teeth and gave other evidence of supernatural annoyance. "You were not bitten, were you?" asked the court. "Was she bit?" exclaimed Mr. Washington. "Did she bite me up? Ah! she say she ate me alive. Den she kicked me a swack in mah leg lah lah break it." "Well, now," said the magistrate, "cats don't kick, do they?" "No, you think they doan," you honoh," answered the defender of the box, "cause you'll never see'd dis murderin' cat. She ain't no kitty lah y'know; she's a Shetland pony, bulldog cat, dat's what she is. She ain't no purrin' beast; she's a spittin' devil wid a bad look."

Just as soon as Washington Bell, a negro prisoner, was remanded for trial in another court he called to a keeper and asked for pen and ink. The keeper hesitated and asked what letter was so important that it must be written before he got to the Tombs. "Ah! tell 'em 'surt what it is," replied the inmate Washington. "Ah want ter write to my folks in Cal'ina 'an let 'em know 'ah'm in 2,000 bail. Law man, when dey heah dat der ey'all help get 'em out from dey heads. Some bail."

Remarkable Speech Made by Man Convicted of Crime

DETROIT, MICH.—Louis Carter convicted of stealing automobile parts, fainted after Judge Jeffries had sentenced him to serve 90 days in the William Saunders, alias Charles Parker, convicted of the murder of Dr. Schreiber, knowing the judge must impose a life sentence on him, made a speech.

"Before going to prison, I wish to express my profound sympathy for Schreiber's widow and her son while they are here in court," said Saunders. "I am sorry this ever happened, but I am willing to pay the penalty. Your honor has given me a fair and impartial trial and the assistant prosecutor has tried the case fairly and without animosity. The detectives in charge has treated me fairly and my lawyers could not have done more for me. This is an unfortunate matter all around," said Judge Jeffries, moved by Saunders' apparent sincerity, "but the court, you know, has no discretion. However, I can give you your choice of Jackson or Marquette prison."

Plea to be sent to Jackson prison instead of Marquette are common but Saunders, with only a moment's hesitation, chose Marquette. "I am ashamed to be sent where my fellow-conspirators are already serving their sentences," he said.

Saunders, thirty-four years old, and prematurely gray, is the oldest of the four charged with the murder of Schreiber, a saloonkeeper.

Sad Echo of World War Heard in Chicago Court

CHICAGO.—With the thousands of Belgians who fled their motherland when the Germans overran it, were the Hamens. They came to America and that brings the story down to the time when Attorney Felix J. Streyckmans, also counsel for the Belgians, appeared in Judge Henry Dolan's court on behalf of William Hamens. She was suing one William Bristorfeldt for \$250.

"I think this woman should be allowed to sue as a 'poor person,' because she is a Belgian refugee," said Mr. Streyckmans.

"Kindly state your reasons why she should be allowed to sue without costs," said Judge Dolan.

"I will give you my reasons," interrupted Mrs. Hamens. "When we came here my husband went to work. We saved our money. We hoped to go back to Belgium when the war was over. My husband was finally able to buy a team."

"Then his health gave way. I was compelled to sell the team. William Bristorfeldt bought it for \$250. He paid me only \$20, and now I want the rest. My husband is still sick. We need food—my babies are hungry," said she. She showed the judge a picture of her nine children.

"You have nine good reasons for wanting that money," said the judge. "I grant the plea."

HERE AND THERE.

The Venezuelan government has prescribed a standard of purity for butter, and has forbidden the use of any that is adulterated.

The heating element in a new device for creating trousers while they are being worn is placed inside the legs of the garments to avoid danger of burning the outside of the fabric.

Textile experts in Europe have succeeded in treating wool yarns by a process similar to the vulcanization of rubber, giving them a bath of sulphate of soda at high temperature.

MRS. WM. ASTOR CHANLER



One of the American women who have kept green the memory of the Marquis de Lafayette and the great service he rendered this country in its early struggle for life is Mrs. William Astor Chanler, who has devoted much of her time and energy since the war began to aiding the French in their great struggle.

Mrs. Chanler has been interested in hospital and relief work in Paris, but her special charities have been the Lafayette fund, which provides comfort kits to French soldiers, and the French heroes' fund. It was the latter fund, of which Mrs. Chanler was president, that purchased the birthplace of Lafayette in France to be preserved as a museum.

How to Cut a Bottle.

A simple method of accurately cutting a bottle is to place it upon some level foundation and fill it with linseed oil to the point at which you desire the line of separation to occur. Then take an iron rod of as great a diameter as will pass into the bottle, make it almost white hot, and dip it into the oil. After the lapse of a few moments a sharp crack is heard, and the bottle is found to be neatly cut as if with a diamond. If the bottle be very thick and the cracking sound

