NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Nation's Celebrities Gathered at Washington

WASHINGTON.—Washington is stealing Broadway's thunder. Time was when your country cousin went to New York and strolled up and down Broadway when he wanted to see the nation's celebrities. Now he has come to Washington. Strolling through the corridors of Washington's hotels in the course of a day, one wonders if there are any celebrities left in New York. The hero worshipers must have to confine their worshiping to the movie stars and chorus girls, because all of the literary and art high-lights seem to be in Washington.

Newspaper men of note have taken up their permanent headquarters in the national capital. The fourth estate is represented here by the cream of the nation's journalists, and lunch time at the Press club appears like a congress of famous journalists gathered to debate ways and means.

Famous artists, ranging from "Tad," who draws comics for the delight of newspaper readers throughout the country, to Henry Reuterdahl, whose marine paintings are welcomed in any salon, roam the streets of Washington.

The paragraphers have had their fling at fun in the senate and departments. Don Marquis has brought his "archie" here, while "F. P. A." has worried the mailman with his great number of contributions which go to make up "The Conning Tower."

The sporting men are not altogether missing. John K. Tener, president of the National league, has come here, and scores of other men in the spotlight of sport come and go, most of them coming here to join the aviation corps, which is regarded as the sporting war game.

All of these are the "foreign celebrities." There are, of course, Washington's own celebrities. It is a busy day for the "hero worshiper" who comes to town these days, and there are lots of sprained and strained necks when the passengers board the trains at the Union station.

Find Relief From Strenuous Work in Sports

AMERICA'S administrative officials have to play. They could not stand the strain of the onerous task of war-making if they did not. All of them have their hobby. President Wilson is a golfer of no mean ability. He has never played to any great extent in public, but those who know his game claim it is "corking good."

Secretary Lane golfs a little, but he gets most of his exercise out of the morning setting-up exercises which Walter Camp conducts three or four days a week for high officials.

Postmaster General Burleson likes to do some fishing. Week-ends, when it is possible, he slips away to a stream in the Blue Ridge mountains or to Chesapeake bay and gathers in the "finny tribe." Newton Baker may be secretary of war, but he is strong for the water. Coming from the inland he is perhaps the greatest mariner in the cabinet. Secretary Baker finds great delight in going down the Potomac river in the Mayflower or the Sylph, and he takes a river trip whenever he finds himself going just a little bit stale.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo gets away from Washington when he begins to tire. In the Pennsylvania mountains, with his family, he takes long walks into the country.

Of the senators and congressmen there are a score or more of real golf enthusiasts and they can be found almost any afternoon at one of the Washington country clubs. Many of the Western legislators go in for driving and riding.

Every official has some form of diversion which he finds time to practice. There need be no fear that the members of this administration will go stale, for they have recognized the value of recreation in times when the burden of war is heavy upon them.

Chemists and Scientists Do Work in Secret

HIDDEN behind a clump of trees in the outskirts of the city, Washington has a house of mystery. It is officially recognized and officially protected. Within the walls of this mysterious house no stranger ever peeps. It is the United States bureau of standards.

On the edge of the wood there has been erected the greatest war laboratory in the world—the bureau of standards. Within this building there are scores of chemists and scientists working day and night upon inventions to aid America and the allies in the conduct of the war. The most eminent of America's scientists have been gathered for work there.

No one is allowed to enter the buildings until he has secured credentials from the highest official in charge. No outsider knows what goes on within. There are a score of great American engineers at work there now, just completing an airplane engine which will make the American airplane the strongest and swiftest that ever entered into battle. Rumor has it that these engineers locked themselves up for a week to design the engine. Officially no one even knew the engineers were at work there.

Naval and marine constructors and inventors are quartered there. What they are doing no one knows, even though everyone believes they are struggling with a device which may stop the ravages of the German U-boats.

Munition experts work there. Perhaps some great and powerful explosive will be the result of their labors.

The bureau of standards is situated far enough away from the town, so that most people forget its existence. It is the most mysterious place in Washington. What will come out of this "House of Mystery" no one knows. Perhaps one day the instrument which will end the war may be built behind those walls.

Mementos of Admiral Farragut Placed in Museum

IN THESE stirring times when every American citizen is a potential national hero, special interest attaches to any memento of the heroes and patriots of our past wars. Some striking objects commemorative of the life and services of one of the most romantic and inspiring figures among the list of great American naval heroes, Admiral David G. Farragut, have recently been received at the National museum here as the gift of the estate of Loyall Farragut, son of Admiral Farragut, and placed on public exhibition.

First in interest among these objects is a jeweled sword inscribed, "Presented to Rear Admiral David Farragut by members of the Union League club, as a token of their appreciation of his gallant services rendered in defense of his country. New York, April 23, 1864." This sword was sent to him on board his ship Hartford about a year after he had succeeded in opening the Mississippi river to navigation through its entire length for the federal navy and supply ships.

Other objects among the mementos of Admiral Farragut received by the museum are three pairs of epaulets, a chapeau, a cap, a belt, a shoulder strap, and eight naval insignia. The collection also includes a fine portrait of the admiral by William Swain, a number of photographic portraits of him, and several paintings representing notable scenes in his career.

Admiral Farragut was undoubtedly among the greatest naval commanders in the world's history, and his life and patriotism are inspirations to all Americans.

IN A NUTSHELL

Ore from Bolivian tin mines is being smelted at a new plant in Chili.

A phonograph attachment makes a new clock speak the time every quarter-hour.

Machinery has been invented for shredding waste paper into an acceptable substitute for excelsior.

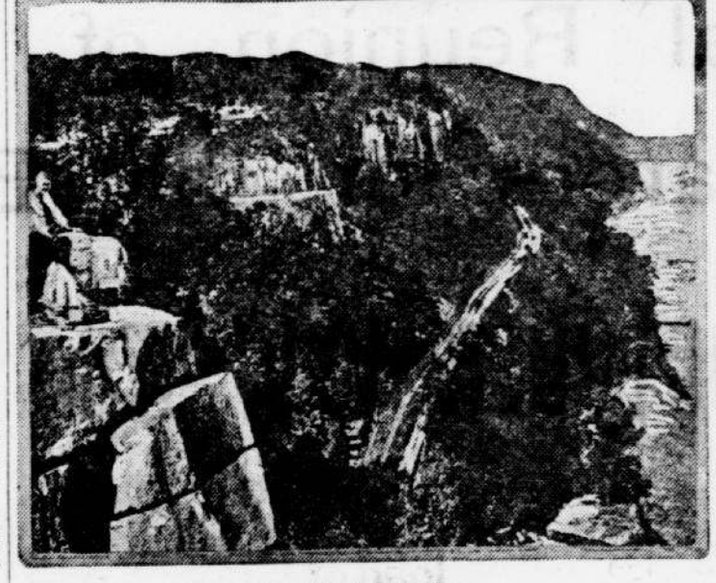
Carbonic acid gas is used in a machine of European invention to spray mortar or plaster on a wall and hasten its setting.

A figure of a horse which, by machinery, goes through all the motions of a bucking broncho, is a newly invented device for amusement parks.

Pennsylvania rivers in the vicinity of coal mines are yielding about 250,000 tons of coal annually by dredging the coal having been lost through the now obsolete washing process.

A tubular container for ink has been patented which re-inks typewriter ribbons by being distributed through a roller over which the ribbon passes while still on the machine.

Up the Hudson River



Palisades of the Hudson.

WHEN you do the seemingly commonplace thing of buying a ticket for a sail up the Hudson, you are embarking on no commonplace thing at all. For rest assured of this: You are about to travel the most beautiful waterway in all the civilized world, Zoe Beckley writes in the New York Mail.

There are mighty rivers in Africa, they say, that take the breath away for sheer solitary grandeur. And the Amazon, with vast and sinister forests. And Florida streams, mystic and weird. Virginians point with pride to the broad Potomac with its fine estates and quiet reaches.

Come with me, will you, for a little voyage from Desbrosses street to Albany? And from the economical vantage point of a $2, nine-hour trip, let us see some of the things that make this "Empire" river so lordly—and so human.

At the left hand, as we start north, are the Hoboken docks, not pretty perhaps, but touched with interest because of the huge interned German ships that had almost taken root at their piers.

The sweet green promontory of Stevens Point, where the institute is, sticks out defiantly from between terminals and warehouses that try to choke it. Yet the castlelike homestead of the Stevens family manages to keep its look of aristocratic serenity, despite the crowdings of commercialism.

At Weehawken, where trolley cars now zigzag so nimbly up the heights, is the spot—then a picturesque and grassy ledge; now merely "opposite West Forty-second street"—where Hamilton and Burr met on the "field of honor" in 1804.

The boat goes so fast that in a minute it seems we are passing Riverside drive, which some day will be conceded the loveliest street in the world.

Now we pass the district of cliff dwellers—thousands of tall houses rising out of the trees, as it seems, from the river. To me these apartment houses, each one homing more families than some small villages, are a feature of thrills and beauty.

Cliffs Little Changed.

The real, unspoiled loveliness of the river begins here, where the still rural looking Fort Washington point reaches out toward the magnificent rise of the Palisades at Fort Lee.

Barring the few homes that now peep out through the trees at the top of these 500-foot cliffs, there is not such a precious lot of difference between how they look today and how they looked when George Washington and his staff watched from them the destruction of Fort Washington on the eastern heights nearly a century and a half ago and lined out a retreat through the heart of Jersey.

The appeal of the Palisades is fresher each time you sail past them. As the steamer purrs along, you need only narrow your eyes a little to shut out things close at hand, and pretend it is 1609, and that you see Indians lying prone upon the flat rocks high above the river, watching Hendrick Hudson beating northward in his tiny caravel.

Since the Palisades have become part of the state park, New Yorkers are getting better acquainted with them. But until lately hardly one person in a thousand knew the wooded wonders of this 16-mile strip, its primeval ravines, its streams and forests, its wildflowers and the fair fields that sweep back from the little old hamlets at the top.

Artists hunted them out, and a few hardy campers explored the wilderness they found. But to this day there is more untouched ground along these Palisades for New Yorkers to play in than in any other territory within a hundred miles.

Under the shaft-like walls, and close to the rim of the river, between Fort Lee and Piermont, is a row of tiny white tents with boats drawn up, gaily painted canoes and little sailboats.

Bare-legged kiddies run out hoping for "waves" as our steamer passes, and the campers wave and halloo.

On the right, the end of Manhattan island is marked by a high rise of wooded land and that famous creek in which was lost the intrepid Dutchman who tried to swim it "in spuyt den duyvel" to warn the farmers up country that the British had landed on Manhattan isle.

Notwithstanding the squealing railroads that now trestle it where it joins the Hudson, Spuyten Duyvel still keeps a good deal the look of a pretty country.

Just north of Spuyten Duyvel is a mountainette, which used to be called Tibbet's hill and had a fortification, now replaced by the tall shaft of the Hendrick Hudson monument. The story goes that the little Half Moon was attacked at this point by Indians.

Before the Majestic Palisades.

The lovely wooded hillsides we now pass on the east bank are where the rich men of Riverdale have their homes and where the picturesque convent of Mount St. Vincent peeps out from the trees.

If the day is clear you can glimpse a large castlelike house which was built by Edwin Forrest, famous tragedian of a generation ago. It now forms part of the convent, and is headquarters for the American branch of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent.

The Palisades now grow more and more majestic, and the east bank of the river is cool-looking and clad with trees through which the houses in the suburbs of Yonkers begin to peep.

If you were tired and hot at the beginning of the trip, you are rested by this time despite yourself. There is something in the very width of the Hudson and the calm of the great cliffs to the west and the vast sweep of water as, far ahead, it swells into the Tappan Zee, that blurs remembrance of city cares and makes body and mind relax.

The boat puts in at Yonkers and gives you a chance to see a suburb that is a thriving city. You learn that this old Dutch town, only 17 miles from the battery, has 90,000 population and is full of lively business interests.

On the Hudson's west bank nestles the quaint, neat landing of Alpine, beginning at the river's brim and straggling up the precipitous wooded hill. You can almost smell the damp greenness of the forest, quiet and calm on the weekday, but abloom with picnic parties every Sunday from early morning till way past dark.

For this is all state park property now, free to the people and protected from quarrymen. You can't quite see the village proper from the river, for it is at the top of the cliff, a bit back from the brink, a sweet, rustic hamlet, as remote from the world as though it were indeed an Alpine community.

Perched on the green brow of the Palisades at this point are some lovely houses, and two or three artists' studios clinging to the woodsy walls further down.

North of Yonkers and Alpine the country is more beautiful with every mile.

Who Invented Ice Cream?

While it has been confidently asserted for many years that "Dolly" Madison, wife of the president of the United States, invented ice cream, the truth of the matter is that this delicacy was introduced to the English aristocracy of the eighteenth century by a London confectioner named Gunther, who may or may not have been its inventor.

Origin of Various Dogs.

The Russian borzoi and the Sicilian hound had their origin in the Cretan hound, which is still common in Crete, and it and its cousin, the Ibaza hound of the Balearic islands, which came from the ancient Ethiopian hound, which was a domesticated wolf. The collie or shepherd dog seems to come down direct from a small wild dog of the paleolithic period.—C. R. Eastman in Museum Journal.

Sirens Ancient and Modern.

According to ancient Greek legends of mythology, the sirens were a sort of sea nymphs, beautiful creatures with musical voices, who frequented a certain locality in the Mediterranean sea, and by melodious song turned the heads of mariners and lured them to their destruction. Hence, by a figure of speech, the turn has come to be applied to bewitching females who charm men by their musical voices and fascinating ways.

How About Other Senses?

"The sense of direction is so strongly developed in the average man," stated Prof. Pate, "that he can rise in the middle of the darkest night that ever was, unerringly find his way clear through the house to a burglar-proof safe, work the combination without a light, take out a bottle of hair restorer and drink heartily of its contents by mistake for the cough remedy which stands on the little table beside his bed."—Kansas City Star.

Glass Making an Old Art.

Fragments of wine vases as old as the Exodus have been discovered in Egypt. The art of glass making was probably known to the ancient Assyrians. In the New Testament glass is alluded to as an emblem of Brightness.

PUBLIC ROADS

ROADS REDUCE LIVING COST

Make for Prosperity More Than Any Other National Undertaking, Says Alaskan Engineer.

"Good roads, more than any other national undertaking, make for the prosperity, happiness and contentment of the people," declared Col. W. P. Richardson, engineer in charge of highways in Alaska. "This is particularly evident at this time, when in every large city there is protest against the high prices of food. In my judgment, good roads, more than any other agency, will help to solve permanently the high cost of living. Transportation, of course, is at the foundation of prices. It is truthfully said that where there is inadequate transportation food prices mount high. We know that in cities prices are greatly in excess of those in rural districts and it is all a matter of transportation and distribution. If we have good roads, we can get our products to market. If

Good Road Over Rocky Mountains.

we haven't, we cannot. Products on the farm are worth nothing if they cannot find a market. I am convinced that the most important governmental work is in the improvement of the roads. In this day of motor trucks it is much easier to haul products to the cities or to railroad terminals than it was a few years ago, but we must have good roads to do it. There is not the slightest doubt that good roads many times over pay for themselves. They are a fundamental economic necessity.

"The initial outlay in the building of good roads may seem large, but it is small in comparison with the benefits that accrue. In Alaska we have approximately 900 miles of improved roads, varying from the ordinary country dirt road to the best kind of macadam. In Nome there is a stretch of road over which in the summer time thousands of tons of products are hauled."

POOR ROADS ARE EXPENSIVE

Mistaken Idea That Improved Highways Are Solely for Benefit of Automobile Owners.

Poor roads are very expensive things for country communities. The farmer who thinks that improved highways are mainly for the benefit of those who drive automobiles should reflect on the results of a recent investigation by the department of agriculture, which finds that the cost of hauling farm produce over ordinary country roads is 23 cents a ton mile, whereas over hard-surfaced roads it is only 13 cents. —Youth's Companion.

OPERATION OF A ROAD DRAG

Use Pokiest, Laziest Kind of Team and Let Them Have Their Own Time—Just Keep Moving.

Do not wait for anything; build a drag and get out onto the road.

Drive very slowly. Use the pokiest, laziest team you own, and give them their time. Just so they keep moving they will be going swiftly enough. After you have used the drag a year, and have learned when to drive rapidly and when to drive slowly, you can carry a whip or drive a mettlesome team.

Vetch as Cover Crop.

An expert says that winter vetch does best as a cover crop if a little rye is seeded with it. One bushel of vetch to one-half bushed of rye per acre is about right.

Bad Habit of Cow.

Once a cow finds out she can get over an old fence there will be trouble perhaps for all time.

Rats Are Expensive.

Fifty rats on a farm will cost the owner $100 to $300 a year.

Care for Milk.

The milk should be removed as soon as drawn to the milk house, and strained and cooled to the proper temperature at once.

Cleanliness Counts.

No need to wear white trousers in the dairy—blue ones can be washed just as often. It's the cleanliness not the color that counts.

Poor Economy.

Hiring a cheap mechanic to operate an expensive tractor is poor economy.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

HELEN'S EFFORTS TO SAVE A CLEANER'S BILL RESULT MOST DISASTROUSLY

Mabel Herbert Urner

"Dora, I am going to clean some things in gasoline. Don't light the stove until I'm through," cautioned Helen.

"I was just goin' to put on an iron for them doilies," grumbled Dora, who never took an order without some objection.

"Well, they can wait. Now, don't strike any matches. Get me that big pan you use for the starch."

In the bathroom Helen emptied the whole half gallon of gasoline into the starch pan and dipped into it her chiffon waist.

The filmy material wilted down as it soaked up the fluid. Her hands in rubber gloves, she swished it around, held it up to drain, and pinned it to the shade before the open window.

After dipping a lace collar and the net yoke and sleeves of her gray taffeta, the gasoline was still clear enough for something else. While she was at it, she would clean those pink satin slippers.

Even with the open window, the stupefying fumes were now sickeningly strong. Hastily, with held breath, she immersed the slippers, brushing them with a soft nailbrush.

The soiled gasoline she always saved to use again after it had cleared by standing, but now, too dizzy to pour it back into the small-mouthed bottle, she emptied it out into the washbasin. Then, escaping from the bathroom, she closed the door on the stifling fumes.

"Here, Dora," as she took the starch pan out to the kitchen, "wash this out well. This gasoline bottle's empty—I'll put it here on the lower shelf. Be careful not to use it for anything else."

When, a little later, she went back to the bathroom, the waist, except for the thicker parts around the neck and sleeves, was almost dry. It was beautifully white. Had she sent it to the cleaners, they would have charged $2 and done it no better.

It was now after three, and she was anxious for the things to dry quickly so there would be no traces of odor when Warren came home.

He had repeatedly forbidden her to use gasoline, insisting that he would pay any amount of cleaners' bills rather than have her take chances with this inflammable fluid.

The dress on the towel rack she rearranged so the air could get to the yoke and sleeves, but the slippers on the stone ledge outside the window were still quite wet.

She had just examined one and set it back when a lighted cigar butt, tossed from a window above, fell straight into the pink satin toe.

A sizzling flash and the gasoline-soaked slipper was aflame. For a second Helen stood petrified. Then, jerking up a long-handled bath brush, she thrust it off the ledge. But it was too late! The blaze had leaped to the thin lace waist.

Screaming for Dora, she hurled the waist into the bath tub and turned on the water. But now the dress had caught and the flames were leaping up the tiled wall.

Dora, bursting open the door, stared panic-stricken, then rushed back shrieking: "Fire! Fire!"

The water, now filling the tub, extinguished the waist; but the dress, which hung on the towel rack, was still ablaze. Frantically Helen tried to poke it down into the tub with the long-handled brush. Then, reaching over to turn on the shower, the flames caught the lace of her kimono sleeve, saturated with the gasoline fumes.

She might easily have smothered it with the heavy bath mat, but now, paralyzed with terror, she ran wildly out, too frightened even to scream. Blindly she dashed through the hall door that Dora had left open.

After that everything was a dazed blur. The draughty elevator shaft fanned the flaming sleeve as she flew stumblingly down the encircling stairway. Excited voices, rushing feet and Dora's still piercing shrieks of "Fire!"

Someone caught her. Something heavy was thrown about her. The rest blurred into oblivion.

* * * * * * *

"I've sent for her husband," it was a woman's voice, lowered to a discreet whisper.

"She'll soon be all right," a man's voice, deep and restful.

For several moments after the consciousness of the voices, Helen, still clinging to the sheltering darkness, kept her eyes closed.

A sharp pain in her shoulder. Someone was bandaging her arm. Then she realized that the man bending over her was Doctor Marden, whose office was on the first floor.

"You're all right now," reassuringly, as he met her bewildered gaze. "Drink a little of this," raising her head to the glass.

Dropping back on the pillow, she saw Dora and Mr. Thompson, their superintendent, at the foot of the bed. Standing just back of the doctor was Mrs. Reed, who had an apartment on the floor below.

Still dazed, Helen again sought refuge in the protective darkness of closed eyelids. The heavy odor of iodoform added to her sense of strangeness. Her mind was struggling to bring order and clearness from her chaotic thoughts.

She heard Mr. Thompson murmur something to the doctor and tiptoe heavily from the room. Then the telephone rang and Mrs. Reed whispered, "I'll answer it."

"Does your head ache?" asked the doctor.

As though to locate the confused throbbing pain, Helen raised her hand to her head. There was a blood-chilling feel of crisp singed hair. Then a leaping terror as her fear-stiffened fingers groped over her face.

"No, your face isn't touched," comforted the doctor, divining her fears. "You got off very easy—gasoline is dangerous stuff. Does that bandage feel too tight?"

A slam of the outer door. Though her face was to the wall, she knew it was Warren who burst into the room.

The next second he was kneeling by the bed. The vague dread of his stern reprehension fell from her as she felt his encircling arms.

"It's all right, Mr. Curtis," the doctor's voice was quietly reassuring. "Only a slight burn under the arm."

"How did it happen?" huskily.

"Cleaning something in gasoline."

"Gasoline!" groaned Warren.

"Yes, they will use it. Your wife ran out into the hall—worst thing she could have done. If Mrs. Reed hadn't thrown a rug about her it might have been serious. Everybody else seemed paralyzed."

Mrs. Reed! So she owed her rescue to Mrs. Reed! The words throbbed in the blurred blackness before Helen's closed eyes.

With awkward, unsteady fingers Warren was smoothing back the singed hair.

"She's suffering a little from shock. I'll leave some quieting powders in case she can't sleep. You can give her one at nine and repeat in an hour if necessary. I'll call in the morning to dress the arm."

The doctor gone, Helen for the first time looked up at Warren. He was strangely white and haggard.

"Oh," faintly, "they frightened you when they 'phoned."

"That's all right—don't think of me. Does your arm hurt?" still smoothing the crisp, roughened hair.

Her head moved in denial, not wanting to admit the pain.

Mrs. Reed, who had been waiting in the other room, came to the door. "You don't need me now, Mr. Curtis, but if you should later—just 'phone down."

"I won't attempt to thank you, Mrs Reed," Warren rose from the side of the bed. "There are some things you can—"

"Oh, please don't speak of it. I'm very glad I was able to do something. We had almost the same accident in our family—I suppose that's why I thought of the rug."

He was following her to the door. Their low murmured voices came from the hall.

Helen's turmoiled thoughts were rehearsing the tragedy. The bathroom. What damage had been done? She had visions of a heavy repair bill—of the tiled walls and porcelain tub cracked by the flames.

Warren was again by the bed, but she did not look up. Just then it seemed easier to lie there with closed eyes. Now that they were alone she was struggling against a hysterical desire to burst into tears. She yearned yet dreaded for him to comfort her.

There was a long silence. He was holding her hand, stroking slowly the unbandaged arm. From the street came the rhythmic clatter of hoofs and the receding rumbling of wheels.

"Well, Kitten, how about the gasoline? Is one lesson going to be enough?"

Helen nodded, biting her lips for steadiness. Another silence. Then she asked, quiveringly:

"Dear, the bathroom! Did—did I injure the walls or ceiling?"

"Haven't looked," briefly. "You're all right—that's all that counts. Any damage is dirt cheap if it'll make you leave that infernal stuff alone."

"Oh, I'll never use it again," choking back a sob. "I'll never even have it in the house."

"All right, Kitten, I won't rub it in. A jolt like this is pretty tough on both of us." Then, with relieving humor, "Well, you won't have to frizz your hair for a while. You've made a pretty good job of that."

A Reasonable Supposition.

The farmer alleged a freight train of the defendant company had hit one of his mules. "Now, Mr. Jones," said the attorney for the corporation to the aggrieved party, who occupied the witness stand, "will you kindly tell the court whether or not your mule was on the track, the property of the defendant, when hit by the train?" "Well, sir," replied Mr. Jones, "I didn't witness the occurrence, but I suppose things must have been about as you say. This was a pretty bright mule and I reckon if that train had took out after him in the woods which fringe their track there where he was killed he would have got behind a tree."—Macon Telegraph.

Aid in Threading Needle.

If you are troubled to thread a needle take a white envelope, stick the needle through, draw it down until eye is visible and you will thread the needle like magic; the white surface of the paper sets the eye into relief as if it were magnified. An envelope is better than paper, as it holds the needle more securely.

Cruel Hint.

"Are those field glasses any good?" "Indeed they are; you can even see Bob's new mustache with them on clear days."