

WASHINGTON CITY SIDLIGHTS

District of Columbia to Be Square With Uncle Sam

WASHINGTON—With the payment by the District of Columbia to the federal government next spring of a balance of \$7,252,229 on account of advances for special park improvements, the municipality will have completely discharged all indebtedness to the United States under the several acts of congress directing reimbursement for advances. This is shown by the annual report of the auditor, Alonzo Tweedale, submitted to the District commissioners.

During the year just closed the District reduced its indebtedness by reason of cash payments made thereon in the amount of \$1,986,350.23. Its total debt at the close of the year amounted to \$7,015,433.23, made up of the item referred to on account of advances for park improvements and \$6,929,150 of the bonded debt, which does not expire until 1914.

The report shows that the payment of \$621,521.71 to the United States on account of advances, general fund, for extraordinary improvements, closes the account made during the fiscal years 1901 to 1909, inclusive, for certain extraordinary projects of permanent improvement in the District. Total advances on this account amounted to \$4,144,696.35 and the interest charges thereon paid by the District to \$587,887.64.

"During the period in which the foregoing advances were made," it is stated, "there was expended on account of permanent improvements over eighteen million dollars, one-half of which, paid from District revenues, amounted to between nine and ten million dollars. All of these extraordinary improvements have been paid in cash from current revenues, without resorting to long-term loans, or permanent improvement bonds, which is the usual practice in other municipalities."

The District government, according to the report, closed the year with a balance in the treasury of \$75,875.24, and in the hands of the collector of taxes of \$45,694.55.

Crank Inventions for War Offered the Government

WITH the outbreak of war in Europe even more than the usual large number of crank inventions and ideas relating to war on land and sea and in the air poured in to the army and navy departments, and there is no letup in the flood. Most numerous of the recent inventions which have been sent to the departments in Washington are those relating to bomb-dropping devices. The bombs assume many ingenious forms. Some are loaded with a vapor which produces sleep, so that an enemy may be lulled to slumber and easily captured without loss of life and the suffering which comes from the explosion of bombs of more destructive character. One man suggested that the bomb be filled with printed leaflets that should make an appeal to an enemy, and so instill a spirit of fraternization and generosity, and thus produce the sentiment of peace.



There are also incendiary projectiles and bullets that, as the name and title implies, produce conflagration and are capable of creating havoc by fire. In the class of devices that are defensive rather than offensive there is the arrangement of huge mirrors set up at such angles that the approaching enemy does not see the opposing force behind these mirrors, but gets the impression of terrain, which is merely the reflection of that over which they are traveling. Then there are the electrical devices which betray the approach of an enemy, such as threads stretched across the country which on fracture communicate with signals or sound alarms indicating the location of troops. There are hidden platforms which can be so nicely adjusted that there will be an indication at headquarters of the strength of the enemy and its character, whether infantry, cavalry or artillery.

One invention has to do with what is described in the files as "composite armor," which may be of alternate thicknesses, or, as in one case, be mounted on powerful springs, affording no adequate backing for the attacking shell to penetrate. The projectile, it is represented, under such nonresisting target, will bounce back. Not all of the suggestions which are derived from unimilitary sources are valueless. Now and then there is obtained an idea which can be developed into something of practical utility. Such an instance is afforded in the case of the radio control of torpedoes, which was suggested by John Hays Hammond, Jr., and which has been under investigation on the New England coast under the encouragement of the war department, which has provided a searchlight to aid in the observations.

Poor Thomas Jefferson May Have to Move Again

WASHINGTON'S most artistic bronze statue—that of Thomas Jefferson by the French sculptor, P. T. David Aners—has had many locations since it was presented to the United States in 1834 by Capt. Uriah P. Levy, U. S. N., and may before long be told again to "move on," finding a final resting place in Monticello. For several years after the statue was delivered it remained in obscurity for some reason not explained, but it was finally placed in the semicircle in front of the White House, about where the fountain now stands. In 1874 it was removed to Statuary Hall in the capitol, and occupied a position between the plaster statue of Washington, after Houdin, and the statue of Edward Dickinson Baker of Oregon, where it remained for several years. It was then transferred to the rotunda of the capitol and placed between the pictures representing the surrender of Cornwallis and General Washington surrendering his commission, by Trumbull. After occupying this position for some time it was again removed and placed on the right hand side of the east entrance to the rotunda, opposite the statue of Washington, where it now stands, but just how long it may continue in this position is not certain.



Just why Thomas Jefferson, third president of the United States (1801-1809), should change his location so often is rather peculiar; surely Thomas Jefferson of Virginia (1743-1826) and author of the Declaration of Independence and signer of the same, member of congress and minister to France, is entitled to have his statue located in some permanent and conspicuous place. The bronze of which the statue is composed, having been cast in Paris, is of a most excellent quality, having withstood the ravages of the elements for many years while exposed in front of the White House.

This statue of Jefferson was the first statue of artistic merit—in fact, the first statue of any kind—to be placed in Statuary Hall, formerly the old house of representatives, in the capitol. It was located there when General Hancock was acting as private secretary for General Grant. The bronze of which it is composed is of superior quality, and it is said that there is a suspicion of silver in the composition.

Secretary Bryan Beats Swords Into Plowshares

ANOTHER delicate hint to the European belligerents to cease their fighting is contained in a present which Secretary of State Bryan has made to each of the 29 ambassadors and ministers who have signed with him one of the Bryan peace treaties. Included in the number are the representatives here of Great Britain, France, Russia and Belgium, all of which countries are at war.

Recalling the Biblical text, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares," the secretary obtained from the war department a number of obsolete swords, the blades of which he had made into miniature plowshares. On them he had engraved the text quoted.

It is the secretary's hope that these plowshares be always on the desks of the diplomats as paperweights, as perpetual reminders of "the better way." The handles of the swords Mr. Bryan has had made into paperweights for the members of the senate committee on foreign relations, who passed on the peace treaties, while the scabbards were cut into short pieces, filled with lead and polished up so that they also may serve as paperweights of peace. The secretary also had replicas of the plowshares made of brass, nickel-plated, which he presented to the newspaper men who called upon him daily at the state department.



SCENE AMID THE RUINS OF BATTERED ANTWERP



Ruins of the houses battered and set on fire by the four thousand shells which the Germans sent into Antwerp during the bombardment. This scene is in the Rue de Peuple and is typical of many throughout Antwerp.

BLUNDER IS COSTLY

Belgian Regiment Almost Wiped Out on the Yser.

Germans by False Uniform Trap Worn Out—Only 100 Survive of 600 Men—Deep Water in Trenches.

London, England.—The Daily News describes the terrible experiences of one Belgian regiment during the battle on the coast when this regiment withdrew from Antwerp. Through an error it was given two days' drill and inspection, instead of rest, and then went into action again in the network of trenches on the banks of the Yser. The newspaper's correspondent in his dispatch quotes one of the soldiers in this body as follows: "There was a farm on our right and some of our men were firing at it when the door opened and three officers in Belgian uniforms stepped out, shouting to cease firing. We sent a detachment of men to the farm and they were swept away by machine gun fire."

Trench Filled With Water.

"Later we entered the trenches. They were full of water and I was firing for six hours, thigh deep in water. The German machine guns shot us out of crevices in a raised bank only a few yards across the river. The Germans then got into our cross trenches and fired down our lines. We had to run back. I was too sleepy to run. I must have fallen asleep and then we must have been ordered to advance. I was too tired to get up, but some one kicked me and I got up, as did the man in front of me. He immediately was shot through the head and fell back on me. I got up again. A shell burst near me and three men who were running past just disappeared."

In Trenches With Germans.

"I found myself running forward again with others with fixed bayonets onto the Germans, who were firing from our own trenches. We were 200 left from 600. They did not wait, but scrambled over the bank across the river. We crouched in a bit trench in muddy water. It was dark and we heard, we thought, Germans whispering on the river side of our bank only six feet away from us. The speakers were 300 Germans who had stayed on our side, fearing to cross the river under our fire."

Only 100 of Regiment Left.

"So we stayed all night. Neither they nor we slept. Some of our men who crept up the bank to look over were shot. Some of the Germans climbed over and we fired at their heads and arms as they became visible. A few made holes through the loose earth, through which we fired on each other. Then the French got around the end and there was heavy firing. We heard a few of the enemy slipping down to the river edge and the splashing of water. Then we scrambled over the bank and won. Only 100 of our regiment now remain."

SURE OF DINING IN PARIS

Discovery in Officer's Pocket Illustrates the Confidence of the German Army.

Antwerp.—The absolute confidence of the German army in its ability to reach Paris is illustrated by the discovery in the pocket of a Prussian officer who died in a Brussels hospital of a manuscript German-French vocabulary, containing the following in the two languages: "Which is the way to the Place de l'Opera?" "How far is it to the Moulin Rouge?" "Is the Louvre open now?" "Give me three chickens, two bottles of champagne and three bottles of very old brandy."

Lack of Laborers in Bombay.

The prime feature of the labor problem in Bombay is the increasing shortage of the supply compared with the growing demands for labor. The causes of this are various and the chief effect appears for the present to be a growing indiscipline of labor in proportion to its growing independence. Laborers are drawing higher wages but so far from improving their poor standards of service in return for them are drifting comfortably in the opposite direction. It is argued that as population increases this matter will right itself. Government points to education and a corresponding rise in the standard of comfort as the remedy.

GERMANS DIE LIKE HEROES

Little Rear Guard Stood Ground Against the French Till Last Man Perished.

Rome.—Recognition is given German discipline by Luigi Barzini, war correspondent with the French of the Corriere Della Sera, in a recent article on the fighting about Chambry. "Along the road of Chambry a story of a combat of man against man was told by the dead," wrote Mr. Barzini. "A troop of Germans who had been left behind to guard the rear, and had taken cover in a ditch along the road, offered resistance to the very last—the last dead Frenchman lay three meters from the ditch. Then the storm passed over them and killed the last one. Stabbed through and through with the bayonet, the German soldiers lay against the embankment in a row. Bent bayonets and broken rifles spoke of the violence of the desperate struggle."

"The first in the row was a sergeant. It seemed that even in death he still uttered commands. Another group of dead lay about the body of the officer who had been in command. The similarity of expression on the faces of the dead was striking. Only the uniform told the private from the officer. There was a sort of fraternity among them in death. The dead Germans still had their knapsacks on their backs, were splendidly dressed, and appeared to be ready for parade."

BULLETS FAIL TO KILL HIM

British Army Officer Has Many Close Calls From Death in Battle Line.

London.—Lieut. A. C. Johnston, well known as Hants county's premier cricketer, is beginning to believe that he bears a charmed life. He has been sent home wounded from the front, but he said he considers himself mighty lucky to be even alive. He had many narrow escapes from death. The day before he was wounded the nose of a shell hit a wall six inches over his head. Shortly after a bullet hit the ground a half yard ahead of him, glanced up and hit him on the body, only bruising him. Then a bullet hit him over the heart, "but it was spent," and he picked it out of his breast pocket and sent it home to his wife as a souvenir. His final escape came while he was sitting on the steps of a house. Half the building was blown up and he was not even touched.

HEALTH MOVE BY BRITAIN

Three Consulting Physicians Assigned to Duty With Expeditionary Force in France.

London.—The British Medical Journal states that the war office has appointed Sir John Rose Bradford, Sir Wilmot Herringham and Sir Albroth Wright consulting physicians with the British expeditionary force in France. Field Marshal Earl Kitchener, the Journal says, also has decided to appoint a special army sanitary committee to advise the army council on all questions pertaining to the health of the troops.

LOSS TO REIMS \$200,000,000

Insurance Companies Estimate the Damage Caused to City by the Germans.

London.—The correspondent of the Morning Post, who has just returned from Reims, telegraphs from Paris that the insurance companies estimate the damage to Reims at \$200,000,000. More than twelve hundred civilians were killed in the streets and houses during the month's bombardment. About one-fourth of all the buildings were destroyed. The most severe damage was in the best portions of the city, where the finest and most historic buildings are located. The cathedral is a ruin. Forty thousand of the city's population of a quarter of a million still remain, mostly living in cellars.

Wiped Out Baratarians.

One hundred years ago an American flotilla was on its way from New Orleans to exterminate the piratical colony of Barataria, which was located in the labyrinth of waterways at the mouth of the Mississippi. This band, under the leadership of John and Pierre Lafitte, had long been a menace to trade and shipping along the gulf coast. The outlaws were forewarned of the coming of the Americans, and when the latter arrived they found the pirates at their batteries and the Baratarian flotilla drawn up in order of battle. The contest was sharp, but ended in the rout of the outlaws. Their village was burned, their vessels seized, and many of the band carried back to New Orleans as prisoners. Thereafter the Baratarians, as an organization, vanished from history.

SPARTAN RUSSIAN COLONEL

Kissed His Dead Son and Continued to Give Orders to His Troops.

Petrograd.—The Russian Journal Svet tells the following story of the Spartan conduct of Colonel Loupoukhine. He was listening, after the first great battle of Galicia, to the reading of the report of his regiment's casualties. "We have lost 200 killed and wounded," he was told. "How many soldiers killed?" demanded Colonel Loupoukhine. "So many." "How many officers killed?" "Only one." "What is the name of this officer?" "Lieutenant Loupoukhine." "Not a muscle of Colonel Loupoukhine's face moved." "Where was the officer killed?" he asked. "The place was indicated. He went to the body of his dead son, dismounted from his horse, kissed the forehead and lips of his child, made the sign of the cross, remounted, and continued giving orders."

COUNT RAZES OWN CHATEAU

Husband of Cincinnati Girl Directs Artillery in Dismodging Germans on His Estate.

Paris.—The Countess de Chambrun, formerly Miss Clara Longworth of Cincinnati, a sister of ex-congressman Nicholas Longworth, has received a letter from her husband, who was at one time a French military attaché at Washington, and is now an officer of an artillery company at the front. In his letter Count de Chambrun says: "I am now having the great pleasure of directing the artillery fire against our own chateau, and I take great enjoyment in seeing piece after piece come down." The De Chambrun chateau is near St. Mihiel, where a stubborn struggle has been going on for six weeks, since that point has been occupied by the Germans.

IGNORES KAISER; SAVES ARMY

Ruler Reported to Have Advised Suicide for General Who Disobeyed His Orders.

Paris.—The entire German left wing would have been annihilated during the battle of the Marne if General von Hausen had not disregarded the Kaiser's orders, declares the War-Gazette in sensational reports from Berlin. When the battle was going against the Germans the Kaiser commanded the left to continue the advance, but von Hausen, realizing his flank was strongly menaced, refused to obey. "When the news reached the Kaiser of the Prussian guards' retreat from Vitry-le-Francois he said bitterly: 'Is General von Hausen still alive? A Samurai would have committed suicide.'"

STORIES From the BIG CITIES



Most Exclusive Eating House in Houston, Texas

HOUSTON, TEX.—Hunger has a new destroyer in an institution opened in Houston. It is the Police cafe. Although located in the automobile shed at the jail, this is one of the most exclusive eating houses in the city, since none but officers can eat there. The initial feed was served at six o'clock Sunday evening. Sixteen uniformed men answered the call.



In some mysterious way it became known among the friends of the officers that they sometimes found it difficult to get away from the station for their meals. Straightway contributions of cooking utensils and provisions began arriving. When a sufficient quantity of both had been received, preparations for the initial spread were started. This was served, as stated above, Sunday evening.

Fortunately for those who dined, an expert cook is numbered among the men at the station. Albert Granger, chauffeur for Chief Davison, is the accomplished one. That he is no slouch was evidenced at the close of the repast, when he was voted chief cook, and in addition, he was honored with the title of "sergeant."

When the bluecoats were invited into the shed, Granger waved them to their places at a goods box, with a flourish of a frying pan, from which he was emptying brown pork chops. Another pan contained eggs. With these were served coffee in tin cups, with real cream. Cookies came last.

There was something almost miraculous about it all—like the loaves and fishes. Although every man of them ate to his full capacity, there were gathered up at the close several baskets full, which were carefully stowed away in the big iron safe in the desk sergeant's office. The storing indicated that the performance was to be repeated.

George Payton has been appointed chief forager. He has procured an ice box for the perishable things (from a friend of the force), and a few more knives and forks and tin cups. He is also supposed to keep a lookout for juicy lamb chops, legs of mutton, kegs of oysters and other things of a like nature.

"Bill" Whips Handsomest Policeman of Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—A fine figure of a man indeed is Patrolman John Albright, tall, erect and dapper. His shoes are always shined, his uniform always pressed, and never a wrinkle does it show. The other day he had his beat changed. For several months he has been patrolling along Alameda street, not a prominent place for a handsome officer. An ornament to the city, that was Patrolman Albright until the night he asked to have his beat changed, and that was because of a goat.



The goat is named "Bill" and reigns in the five-story stable of Charles Fuller, ex-police commissioner, at Jackson and Alameda streets. A few days ago Patrolman Albright was proudly strolling along Alameda street near Jackson in the dusk of the evening, head up, and airily and skillfully he twirled his club.

Behind him there came a scurry of hoofs, a terrific blow, and Mr. Albright thought a switch engine had gone wild through the street and struck him. He touched the ground 12 feet away, and "Bill" was upon him. He drew his club, "Bill" withdrew, set himself and charged again.

"Bill" followed the rules of accepted strategy in war by following up his victory. Whenever the officer tried to rise, "Bill" was at his rear, aiming for any conspicuous point left open to attack.

About forty feet from where the battle was in progress there was a fence, and near the fence was a bench. The officer made for them, but as he gathered himself for the jump, "Bill" gathered in. He caught a very solid portion of the officer's body with his horns, and instead of alighting on the bench and safety, the patrolman went right on over the fence.

Muddled, ragged and limping, Policeman Albright went to the station "Sergeant," he said, "I want my beat changed."

Always Carries Fresh Eggs to Give Away as Tips

NEW YORK.—A man who attracted attention by reason of the generous size of the checks on his suit, and carrying a rosewood case, entered the barber shop of the Vanderbilt, and, after selecting an operator, carefully deposited his box near a hatrack. Having been released from the chair, he strolled about the room, putting on his collar and necktie, the while, and finally said to Miss Mae Lewis, the head artist of the manicurist department, that he would like his nails treated.



"But," he said, "I must warn you that I do not give cash tips; I give only fresh eggs."

"Surely!" repeated Miss Lewis. "Eggs!" gasped Miss Lewis. "real, fresh, newly laid eggs. You do not know what a treasure such a thing is in New York. I always bring a case of them when I come in from the country. Look!"

He brought over the rosewood case and opened it. On top, sure enough, was a layer of eggs. "I never travel without them," went on the stranger. "This case I have had made especially for carrying them. Now, having seen how highly I value these eggs, would you consider an egg a substitute for a tip?"

"You don't have to tip," replied the manicurist scornfully. "I'll be willing to fix your hands for the regular price."

"And what is that?" "Fifty cents!" he echoed. "Why, I should never think of having my nails done where they charge less than a dollar. Good-day."

And he put on his coat and hat, grabbed up the case, and stalked out, leaving everybody wondering.

Ragtime Player Conquers Piano in a Long Battle

CHICAGO.—At one o'clock in the morning Edwin Fridman, the "ragtime slugger," put all his weight behind the final chord of "This Is the Life" and toppled back into the arms of his trainers. He had triumphed in a 25-hour battle against a ferocious piano. William Slinger, the referee, tapped Edwin on the shoulder as he fell and announced him the winner. Then 300 music "fans" who crowded the Royal theater on Milwaukee avenue jumped into the Milwaukee pit and crowded about the victor.



Fridman had sustained a few injuries. His hands were badly twisted and his wrists were swollen. His eyes wore a far-away look as though focused on a distant feather bed. And his only answer to the shouts of the fans was a whistling obligato snore.

Stanley Busse and Philip Katz, the music slugger's seconds, were the first into the pit. They bathed his arms with alcohol and fanned him with towels, just like regular seconds.

Meanwhile attaches of the theater were administering to the defeated piano. During the battle it lost its top and front covers and its wires were knocked out of tune. Its condition is said to be critical.

The battler was not permitted to take both hands from the keys at any time during the struggle, and on two occasions the piano had him groggy. The long-distance piano fight started when "Clem" Johnson of 6120 Calumet avenue bet Edgar Schorr \$400 (it may have been stage money) that Fridman could play 25 hours without stopping.