

# NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



## Old Fort De Russy May Be Partially Restored

WASHINGTON.—Restoration of Fort De Russy in Rock Creek park sufficient to preserve the outlines of the parapet, ditch, bastions and other features as it stood during the Civil war may be an outcome of the G. A. R. encampment here. Lieut. George Carr Round of Manassas, Va., who was designated to arrange for the reopening of the war-time signal stations during the encampment, wrote to the board of control of Rock Creek park requesting permission to open a station at Fort De Russy. Certain improvements were necessary before this site could be utilized and Lieutenant Round proposed that they be made with a view to permanently preserving the fort. In addition to other things, Lieutenant Round proposed that the present roadway up the fort hill be extended to encircle the entire fort outside the ditch and that sufficient brush be cleared away to show the landscape to passing visitors in carriages and automobiles. He suggested that an old-time "crow's nest" or signal station be built in one of the tallest trees near the fort and be preserved as a feature of the Jubilee encampment of the G. A. R.

Lieutenant Round had signal stations in operation during the encampment at Soldiers' Home, Fort Stevens, Georgetown Heights, Fort Richardson and Fairfax Seminary south of the Potomac. Concerning the appropriateness of permanently preserving Fort De Russy, he stated: "I respectfully submit that Fort De Russy is one of the most interesting objects in the park and could easily be made a particularly picturesque feature. It must be about the highest point in the park. It was the most prominent fort in the line of fortifications which confronted General Early's Confederate army which attacked Washington in 1864, much stronger in natural position and range than Fort Reno on its left and Fort Stevens on its right. But for Fort De Russy, Early's veterans in gray would no doubt have entered Washington by the Rock Creek valley."

## Uncle Sam Promotes the Out-of-Door Movement

A REALIZATION that the members of his big family should be encouraged to live more in the open air seems to have come suddenly to Uncle Sam. For he has done more, perhaps, in the past twelve months to stimulate and encourage the out-of-door movement than in any other equal period of time. First came the bid for a greater recreational use of the national forests, and now the general land office has completed a sale, without precedent, of sites especially for villas on the banks of the beautiful Flathead lake in Montana.



To attract larger numbers of vacationists to the vast forests owned by the government, the forest service secured legislation that permits the leasing of sites for summer homes for as many as 30 years for merely nominal rentals. This arrangement, which went into effect last spring, makes worth while the erection of substantial improvements, and has already greatly increased the number of persons sojourning in the forests in the summer season. In many of the forests applications to lease five-acre tracts are pouring in, and dwellings from simple log cabins to pretentious homes are springing up in mountain glens and by river banks and lake shore. In order to determine just what the forests present in the way of attractive sites for summer homes and facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, mountain climbing and other outing activities, the forest service is now making a recreational survey of the domains over which it has control and will list and publish the data as rapidly as possible. Now, it is realized most of the applicants for cottage sites are persons who happen to be familiar with the forests. When the data now being collected are available, however, city-bound souls who long for the woods but have neither the means nor the time to make long searches for satisfactory sites will be able to choose just about what they wish without stirring from their doors.

## Feast on Ham Cooked in Ink to Settle Dispute

FOR four years two prominent Washington men have quarreled over the question whether a ham cooked in ink is better than one cooked in champagne. The champion of the ink-cooked ham is Frank Conger, former postmaster here. The champagne side of the gastronomic argument was taken by "Tony" Richardson, a local real estate man.



The other day an experiment took place at "Shoemakers," retreat of statesmen, artists, publicists, and literary lights. Prof. "Gus" Noack, analytical chemist, was called in as expert. Eight quarts of each liquid were used. Mr. Noack arranged the gas stove and made sure that the ink man had not substituted grape juice had not substituted grape juice. He did not maintain that the ink adds to the delectable flavor of the ham. But neither does the champagne. I would not advise epicures to drink the ink in which the ham is cooked. But I will eat the ham cooked in the ink to prove that no part of the ink substance is absorbed by the ham in cooking, and that the man who has been jollying himself with the idea that he obtains a champagne flavor from ham cooked in champagne is merely working his imagination overtime and ought to be a war correspondent and not a chef or bon vivant.

At five o'clock the hams were cut and about seventy-five persons present partook of the meat, nobody knowing which he ate. The advocate of the champagne-cooked ham was asked to pass judgment. He insisted he could taste a bare flavor of champagne, but admitted that he had not tasted ink. So he decided for himself, and Professor Noack handed Mr. Conger a bill for eight quarts of champagne under the terms of the wager.

## Newton, in Spotless Attire, Runs Steam Shovel

THE modern way of "breaking ground" for the construction of a government building was shown at Eighteenth and F streets when Byron R. Newton, assistant secretary of the treasury, officiated at the beginning of the excavation for the new home of the interior department. The assistant secretary didn't pick up a shovel and turn a bit of earth in the old-fashioned way. Instead Mr. Newton, who was clad in a Palm Beach suit and a spotless pair of canvas shoes, climbed aboard the high platform of a huge and greasy steam shovel and pulled a wire which dropped several hundred pounds of dirt into a waiting wagon.



He was photographed in the midst of this hazardous task and when he clambered down it was ascertained he had moved about the greasy interior of the big steam shovel without getting so much as a speck on his suit or shoes. The building, when complete, will cost approximately \$2,000,000, which is more than a half-million under the limit set by congress. It will house all branches of the interior department and will be a magnificent eight-story structure.

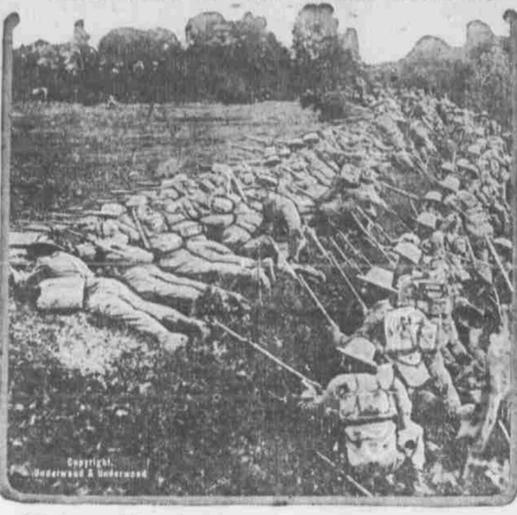
**Friendly Advice.**  
"And here is my photograph."  
"Now, girlie," said the reporter, "I have described you as lovely, graceful and beautiful. Why take a chance at spoiling it all by printing a photograph?"

**The Genial Adviser.**  
"Who's the man with no raincoat, umbrella or rubbers?"  
"That's Snooks, the celebrated writer on preparedness."—New York Mail.

**Some Difference.**  
"Now, dis am de question, pahsun," stated Brother Shipnaw. "When de millennium comes will folks quit working?"  
"No, sah!" replied sage old Parson Bagster. "Dey will quit bein' worked."

**Not True to Nature.**  
Young Spooner—"Don't you think this picture looks like your sister?"  
"Little Bob—Nah! It just looks like her when she is havin' her picture taken."—Kansas City Star.

## BERSAGLIERI IN THE CARSO REGION



Detachment of Bersagliers, the crack infantry of the Italian army, outlying at the outskirts of a forest in the Carso region. They had been hidden in the thickets seen at the back of the picture and, upon the approach of the Austrians, came out to meet them.

## BRAVEST OF BRAVE

Mine-Sweeper Risks Life Every Time He Puts to Sea.

Work is Never Mentioned Because Information Would Be Valuable to Enemy—Always Engaged in Forlorn Hope.

Liverpool.—In comparison with its population, Liverpool has given more soldiers, sailors and war workers to the nation than any other part of the empire. The bravest of them all are the mine-sweepers. The mine-sweeper earns, but he does not get, a Victoria cross every voyage. He is always engaged in a forlorn hope, a work so dangerous that it is a wonder he returns safely to his home so often. It is not alone in the Irish seas that he is risking his life so that ships may pass to and fro in safety; in the North sea, no longer the German ocean; in the Dardanelles, in the English channel and the Arabian rivers and Persian gulf, you will find Liverpool sailors engaged in the perilous task of mine-sweeping, and so rendering easier, one cannot say easy, the work of our submarines, destroyers, cruisers and battleships.

At present the British grand fleet is resting in a spot unknown even to the censor, for strange as it may appear, there are scores of telegrams which pass between the fleet and the admiralty, and messages from our armies, which reach Whitehall without the censor passing a line of it, or, for the matter of that, even seeing a word of it.

These messages record in so many curt words the day's doings of an arm of the fleet. Sometimes the admiralty and the military authorities consider that it is worth while sending these messages to the press; more often than not they don't. One of the messages seldom published is the work of the mine-sweeper. To announce that so many mines had been cleared on such a day in such an area would be valuable information to the enemy.

Competent authorities estimate that Germany has scattered about ten thousand mines in various waters controlled by the British fleet. Although a large number of them have undoubtedly been laid by trawlers flying neutral flags, many of them have been just thrown into the water at Heligoland, at Ostend and at different points of the Baltic, and allowed to drift out with the tide, in the hope that they would sink one of the British ships of war or ships of commerce.

In the Baltic alone Denmark, Norway and Sweden have picked up hundreds of these mines which have been washed on their shores unexploded. And yet for her vast expenditure of over five million dollars in sea-mines, Germany has little or nothing to show beyond the destruction of a few trawlers and a few neutral ships, as in rare cases where British trading ships have been sunk by drifting or stationary mines, the damage done has been of a more or less harmless character. The mine-sweeper, as one of the most valuable sections of the navy, can claim full credit for this.

Most of the work in clearing the seas of mines is done by trawlers, which usually act in pairs. We have quite a large fleet of trawlers and drifters engaged in this work, which is one of the reasons why fish is so scarce and dear. They set out at night, so as to be in their working area by daylight, then they fish for mines by a long rope stretched between the two trawlers. Proceeding at a very gentle pace, they lift the mine, which is usually about a foot and a half or two feet below the surface.

It is no uncommon thing to find half a dozen stationary mines brought to the surface by one rope. Once in sight a well-aimed rifle shot explodes them, then the trawlers proceed with their work until another shot is needed.

## SAILOR HOLDS THE CHILD

After Two Hours He Gets Tired and Takes the Wail to Police Station.

New York.—Edward N. Doughty, a sailor attached to the U. S. S. Tallahassee, walked into the Adams street station the other day carrying a baby. "I was standing at Washington and Sands street when a blonde young woman asked me to hold this," he explained to Lieut. McCormack, depositing the child on the desk. "I held it for about two hours."

Doughty described the woman as being about twenty-four years old, five feet three inches in height and weighing 140 pounds. The child was sent to the Cumberland street hospital.

Chicken Has Three Eyes.

M'Kinley, Wis.—Max Shuster of this village claims the most remarkable treck chicken ever hatched in this vicinity. The bird was hatched on Shuster's farm, and while it had but one head, that fine top piece is decorated with three eyes, two combs and a bill and a half.

## HAS CHARMED LIFE

British Colonel Goes Through Terrific Dangers Unscathed.

Passes Uninjured Through Battle in Which 1,500 Men Fall, Only to Be Hit When Enemy Could Not See Him.

Melbourne, Australia.—Col. J. W. McCay, leader of the Second Victorian Infantry brigade in the attacks on Gaba Tepe and Cape Helles, Gallipoli, bears a charmed life, according to the remarkable account telegraphed here by an Australian newspaper correspondent at Alexandria, Egypt.

The colonel has just returned to the firing line after a fortnight in hospital, having been hit in the leg by a stray bullet in the dark after going through terrific dangers unscathed.

In the attack on Gaba Tepe, Colonel McCay was in one of the first barges to touch Turkish territory, and he jumped into water chest deep. When the first landing party had seized the forward trenches Colonel McCay went back to the beach to meet the second units and to show them the way.

On the climb down the cliff his cap was knocked off, and on picking it up he was surprised to find a bullet-hole through rim and crown.

Seriously had he replaced the cap on his head than it was snatched off again, the bullet this time entering the crown and coming out above the peak. The brigadier decided to carry the cap in his hand for the remainder of the distance.

He conducted the second line into position, and then went back for the third, a bullet passing through his sleeve in the course of the journey.

On returning to the occupied trenches Colonel McCay left his body exposed while examining the position with his field glasses. One soldier becoming exasperated at his leader's daring, called out: "Don't be a fool! Come in here out of the wet!"

The brigadier smiled and answered, "Oh, it's all right; they can't hit me!"

Just at that instant a bullet knocked the walking stick from under his arm. Colonel McCay calmly picked up the longer piece and continued his observation. Then he sat down on the parapet and directed his fire, with bullets buzzing all around him. It seemed impossible that any man should be able to remain unharmed in such a dangerous position, but for two hours enemy marksmen tried in vain to move him.

Then came instructions for the Victorian brigade to move on. With concealed field guns and hidden riflemen pouring a hail of missiles directly in front it seemed to be a matter of impossibility for any single soldier to advance. But Colonel McCay, carrying only a broken cane, pointed the way and asked his troops to follow him.

"He just stood up in the middle of that storm of shot and shell as if only grasshoppers were flying past him instead of bullets," remarked one Daylesford man in referring to the incident.

"He looked serious, but was no different to what we were accustomed to see him on parade at Mens. Then he said, 'I'm going to my stick. You can follow me with your rifles if you like. Are you coming?' Someone called out, 'My blooming oath!' And after that it was a race to see who would have his bayonet at work first. The brigadier finished a good second. The first man up was killed."

Seven days later came the fight at Cape Helles, in which the Victorian brigade re-enforced the attacking party. Once more Colonel McCay appeared to be invulnerable. Bullets plucked his clothing right and left, but none touched his skin. Between brigade headquarters and the firing line was an dangerous passage 40 yards wide. As officers crossed this space they afforded the Turkish marksmen much the same kind of practice as is enjoyed by crack shots in "running man" competition.

Officer after officer was winged or killed as he crossed this spot. Major W. E. H. Cass, Colonel McCay's brigade major was already down with a bullet through the chest when his chief made his first crossing. A machine gun traversed the position, even commanding a bush which provided the only piece of cover on the way. A periscope which the brigadier carried in his left hand was hit on top first, and then at the opposite end. Finally the remaining portion was whisked out of his hand, the concussion causing a sudden numbness. Colonel McCay got across safely, however, and covered the same ground four times more during the afternoon.

Once a bullet broke off short what remained of the stick, and the brigadier threw the other part away. A soldier subsequently picked it up as a keepsake and talisman.

Out of 4,000 odd men who went into battle behind Colonel McCay, it is believed that 500 were put out of action. In view of these figures it will be possible to form some opinion as to the extraordinary good fortune of the commander. The firing ceased as much as it ever does just now in Gallipoli—and under cover of darkness Colonel McCay retired from the firing line to arrange for food and water to be sent forward. This was at two o'clock. The man who had been an exposed target all day for the best shots of the sultan's army was hit when they could not see him.

## THIS SKELETON IS PUZZLE

"Peculiar" Teeth and a "Massive" Jaw Has Queer Find Near Crater Lake, Oregon.

Fairport, Cal.—George E. Good of La Pine and E. H. Lister of Grant's Pass, Ore., report finding a skeleton at Prospect tavern, near Crater lake. The skeleton is normal in every way except the lower jaw, which is massive and in which the teeth are set crosswise to the usual setting.

A party of geologists from Columbia university examined the skeleton and were unable to account for the strange position of the teeth or the abnormal size of the lower jaw.

Squirrels Should Worry.

Greenfield, Ind.—Squirrels on a preserve in Jackson township have become so numerous that they are annoying the farmers. On one farm they have gnawed and defaced the signboard—"Game Preserve. No Hunting on This Farm."

## AMERICAN DOCTOR IN RUSSIA



That women should be doctors on the battlefield is something unusual, but that an American woman physician should volunteer her services to the Russian medical division and actually serve at the front as a medical assistant to a Siberian regiment, is something extraordinary. This American woman doctor (name deleted by censor), probably attached to the American hospital at Petrograd, has been with a Siberian regiment that has battled its way to the gates of Cracow, and has accompanied the retreating regiment into the interior of Russia. Now that the czar of Russia has taken supreme command of the Russian armies she expects that her regiment will soon resume the offensive. She is seen here on horseback.

# INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

## Grand Rapids Man Studies Fishing in Parlor

GRAND RAPIDS.—Several years ago, when the outcome of a fishing trip to Michigan was entirely a matter of conjecture, Leo F. Troy, better known among his piscatorial associates as "Hard Luck" Troy, because of the frequency with which he returned from angling excursions without results, conceived an idea which has since made him quite famous.



In the parlor of his residence he installed a glass tank 2 by 2 by 5 feet. The installation was made in the fall of the year. In the tank he placed several large and small mouth bass of medium size and members of other fish families common in the north temperate zone. All winter long during the day and at night he cultivated the acquaintanceship of the fish. Once firmly established in their good graces, Troy took steps to solve a problem which had perplexed him for years and which is the cause of disappointment for the average unsuccessful angler. He wanted to know the most expeditious way to bait a hook with a minnow in order to catch bass. With this idea in mind he dropped several chub minnows in the tank.

In a moment they had disappeared. Several more were dropped, and Troy was surprised a moment later to see one of the number, minus its tail and badly cut, belly up toward the surface. A second later it disappeared in the maw of one of the bass.

Observations were continued, and Troy eventually learned that the bass would never take the minnow tail first. So on his next excursion, instead of thrusting his barb through the head or nose of the minnow, he caught it about the middle and just under the back fin, thus giving a bass a chance at the head. The difference in hooking soon showed results, and when Troy finished the trip he had succeeded in catching more and better bass than he had on any other trip of his career.

## Wonder of Golden West Is Found in Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES.—One wonder of the Golden West was discovered in Los Angeles one morning recently by Arthur J. Reed, a tripper from Denver, as he was enjoying his first night's sleep in California. Reed went to a movie show on Sunday night. He saw a jungle film. Giraffes, tigers, lions and elephants frisked across the screen, charged, slew and gobbled their prey. His back hair bristled as he later pulled the covers up to his nose and sank back into his pillow.



Horrible dreams outdid the movie's flickering films. Reed was being pursued by countless "denizens of the impenetrable jungle fastnesses." The climax came at last. A huge African elephant cornered Reed. On one side was a cliff a mile high, on the other a bottomless cave. The G. O. P. African elephant probed his person. He felt its hot breath as its prehensile proboscis probed his person. The elephant stepped in to deliver the coup-de-grace. Raising its trunk until it touched Reed's hands it forced down his guard and, leaning over—

Bit him on the left shoulder! ! ! !

In frightful agony Reed woke, threw on his clothes and charged out onto Main street. There was a policeman, so he felt sure of protection.

"Where's the nearest hospital?" begged Reed. "I've just been bitten on the shoulder by an elephant."

At the receiving hospital Dr. Louis M. Kane heard Reed's story in all its awing details. On Reed's left shoulder was a red spot the size of a jitney bus fare.

"Are you a stranger here?" asked the surgeon.

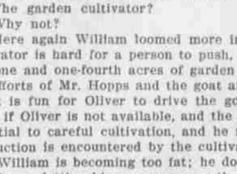
"Yessir," moaned Reed.

"That explains it," concluded the doctor. "You were bitten not by an elephant, but—

"By a ferocious flea!"

## Kansas City Goat Proves to Be Good Farm Hand

KANSAS CITY.—The business ability of Oliver Hopps was in question. Oliver, eight years old, traded his bicycle, which was known to have a cash value of \$12, for a goat, harness and wagon of unknown worth. Crosby Hopps, who had just motored home to the summer place of the Hopps family, at Seventy-fifth street and Santa Fe avenue, looked astounded at his son's bargain.



But a trade is a trade, and there was the goat, and a nice new tan harness. Also there was the lawn mower and a good start of grass waiting his immediate attention. He declared now that it was an inspiration which prompted him to put them together. The trial was more than successful. William, though just a plain scrub goat, in of stock design, and it was fun for him to drag the lawn mower along, and a large area of their five-acre tract that is in grass ceased to be a cause of dread.

The garden cultivator?

Why not?

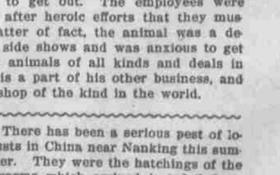
Here again William loomed more important as an investment. A hand cultivator is hard for a person to push, but for the goat it was easy to pull, and one and one-fourth acres of garden are kept in splendid shape, through the efforts of Mr. Hopps and the goat after business hours.

It is fun for Oliver to drive the goat, but Mr. Hopps can manage him alone if Oliver is not available, and the goat walks along about as fast as is essential to careful cultivation, and he never balks nor stalls unless a solid obstruction is encountered by the cultivator.

"William is becoming too fat; he does not have enough to do," observed Mr. Hopps, letting his eye rove over the little farm. "Next year I will have to plan a little more garden for his benefit."

## Now You Can Pawn Your Pet Animals in New York

NEW YORK.—Among the curious industries or sources of livelihood in New York city is an animal pawnshop. As you take a watch to an ordinary pawnshop to raise money on it, so you may take a watchdog to the animal pawnshop. Recently a man did this, getting \$20 on a dog that was easily worth \$50, the pawnbroker said. But he was a trick dog which had been taught to open doors. So in due time he opened a door and let himself out while letting the pawnbroker in. D. Potter, who is the trainer for the New York Hippodrome, owns the shop. He takes camels, lions, elephants, any animals. There are no charges for interest on the loan, the only charge being for the keep of the animals, among which at almost any time are dogs, monkeys, bears, goats, cats, coons, foxes, parrots, canaries. At one time he had 40 trick donkeys in pawn. The profits arising from the charges for feed and care are enough to make the institution pay. Once he had a lion in pawn which broke his chain in the stable and went roaring around trying to get out. The employees were nearly scared to death, and it was only after heroic efforts that they mustered courage to capture him. As a matter of fact, the animal was a decrepit beast that had served his time in side shows and was anxious to get away from them. The proprietor trains animals of all kinds and deals in them, so his line of pawnshop for them is a part of his other business, and he has thus come to have the only pawnshop of the kind in the world.



Quick With the Answer.

Misses—Bridget, how many times must I tell you not to answer me back?

Bridget—Shure, mum, an' jist as many times as ye go sassin' me in the first place.—Boston Transcript.

The Result.

"What do you think? Algernon went to see Mabel and she observed his collar was turned down."

"Well?"

"So was he."

Impressive Array.

"How did that diplomatic document impress you?"

"As a splendid procession of words that took a remarkably long time to pass a specified point."