

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Home Part of White House Barred to the Curious

WASHINGTON.—While the main floor of the White House is open to visitors at certain hours every weekday, the second, or residential story, is carefully guarded against intrusion by the public, which, all the more for this reason, is intensely curious to know what goes on upstairs—how the rooms are arranged, what the furniture is like, and how the presidential folks spend their time when at home.



Fifteen years or more ago the White House was half office building. Today, however, the White House—thanks to its reconstruction by Mr. Roosevelt, at a cost of \$500,000—is the most admirably equipped and most comfortable palace in the world.

The White House now has ten bedrooms, the removal of the presidential business offices from the mansion to an annex having made space available for five additional guest chambers.

These five guest chambers occupy the east wing of the mansion on the second floor, four of them being directly over the historic east room. The fifth—adjoining the library—is immediately above the green parlor. All of the ten bedrooms, as well as the library, open upon a wide corridor which runs through the middle of the building from end to end.

If, walking along Pennsylvania avenue, one pauses for a view of the front of the White House, he may know that the suite of rooms occupied by the president and his wife is represented by the last five windows of the second story toward the right. In other words, the apartment in question is in the northwest corner of the building. It comprises two large rooms and one small one, the latter being used as a boudoir.

The presidential suite is decorated in blue and gold, and the walls of the boudoir are covered with pale blue brocade satin, in lieu of paper.

The government furnishes everything required for housekeeping purposes, and it is not desired that presidential property shall get mixed up with that of Uncle Sam. Even soap and towels are supplied, and, oh, the linen—such quantities of it, hemstitched and embroidered! The linen press of the White House is really quite a big room, its shelves weighted down under a wealth of whiteness.

The mistress of the executive mansion has no "wash list." Uncle Sam attends to that, as well as to the housecleaning. The kitchen department runs itself, as if by clockwork.

Wonderful Machine That Computes Tide Tables

A GOVERNMENT book, "written" in as peculiar a way, perhaps, as any other modern publication, is the constant object of reference of hundreds of navigators, engineers, hydrographers and other scientists, not only in the United States, but in all parts of the world. It is the annual volume of tide tables issued by the coast and geodetic survey, that is literally ground out of a machine.



The book consists of tables of closely printed figures, more or less unintelligible to the layman, but showing, to those who understand them, for the entire calendar year, the exact hour and minute of each day when the tide will rise to its crest and sink to its lowest depth in all the important ports that are bathed by the seven seas. The creation of these wonderfully accurate tables is not in the hands of a corps of seasoned computers, for the good reason that even the best of them would have to devote six months or more to the labor of computing tide tables for a year for a single port. Instead, the work is done by a great 2,500-pound machine of iron and brass which stands, like the vitals of a giant clock, in one of the rooms of the coast and geodetic survey in Washington. The mechanical tide computer is 12 feet long, but only 2 feet wide, and stands as high as a man. It is a seeming jumble of shafts, cranks, sliding plates, pulleys and chains, but each of the elements stands carefully in place as a very tangible representative of a far-away force of the sun or moon, and registers figures that indicate the pull which, months in the future, will result in the raise of millions of tons of water perhaps thousands of miles away.

When the tide tables for any locality are desired the numerous cranks on the side of the machine are set in accordance with "harmonic constants" for the place, already known from observation, and the figures for the tables are then secured by turning the principal crank of the apparatus. Whenever the indicator reaches a maximum or a minimum the machine is automatically stopped by an electro-magnet, and the operator merely jots down the hour indicated by one dial and the feet and inches by another. At the same time a moving fountain pen draws on a turning roll of paper a curve of the tide. In these ways the machine turns out in from ten to fifteen hours the work that would keep a mere human calculator busy for six months.

Ontonagon Boulder Now in the National Museum

EMPLOYEES of the Smithsonian Institution have finished a heavy job in moving the Ontonagon boulder from the institution to the new National museum. This large mass of copper has been in the possession of the Smithsonian institution since 1860.



The boulder is 3 1/2 feet long, 3 feet wide and 1 1/2 feet in its thickest part, and, owing to the great density of copper, weighs nearly three tons.

For some time a mass of copper lay on the bank of the Ontonagon river in the upper peninsula of Michigan, where it was known for many years by the Chippewa Indians of that region. It was not until 1776 that the first white man, Alexander Henry, an English adventurer and trader, visited this remarkable specimen. During the next 75 years many explorers and scientists followed Henry's footsteps until the boulder came to be well known as a mineralogical curiosity. It was undoubtedly worth several thousand dollars, but its weight prevented anyone from taking it away.

In 1841 Julius Eldred, a hardware merchant of Detroit, bought this copper rock from the Chippewa Indians, on whose lands it was located, and, two years later, after many difficulties, succeeded in transporting it down the Ontonagon river through Lake Superior to Sault Ste. Marie, and thence to Detroit, where it was placed on exhibition for a short time. Soon after its arrival the government claimed it, and in 1843 it was shipped to Washington and deposited in the yard of the quartermaster's bureau of the war department, where it remained till 1860, when it was transferred to the Smithsonian institution. Some years later the government repaid Mr. Eldred for his time and work in securing this boulder, congress having appropriated \$5,646.90 for this purpose.

Uncle Sam Has the Biggest of Printing Plants

"OF all the governments in the world, the government of the United States tries the hardest to keep its people informed of what is doing. That is why this government printing office here in Washington is the biggest printing office in existence. The fact that the office uses more than 22,000,000 pounds of paper and more than 65,000 pounds of ink in a year in printing matter for distribution among the people is merely an index to the quantity of work turned out."

Cornelius Ford, public printer, head of the army of 4,000 employees in the great plant, was discussing his job and what it means.

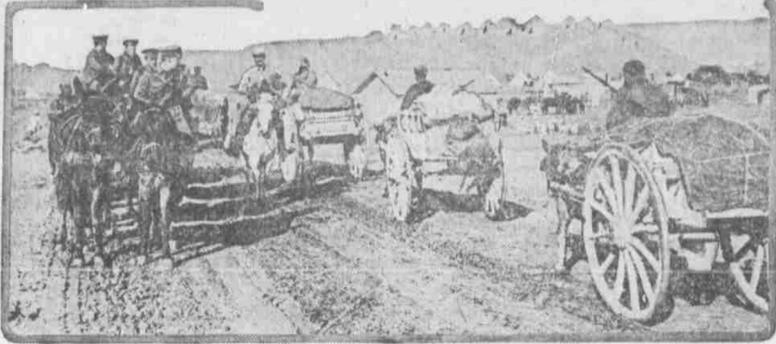
"Every activity of this government gets into the printing office sooner or later," he went on, "and the number of those activities is almost past counting. Every one of them has a direct bearing on the lives and the interests of some considerable portion of the public. That is why Uncle Sam puts the record in print, so all may read.

"The pity is that not all know how readily all this vast store of information may be obtained, nor how useful it may be to them. But the public is learning. The demand for government publications is growing fast. That is as it should be, for the people never can know too much about their own government.

"Of course, there is some waste. Sometimes an expensive publication will be put out for which there is only slight call, and thousands of copies will remain in storage for years, ultimately to be destroyed, but these instances are becoming rarer and rarer. More discrimination in ordering printing is being manifested by the legislative and executive departments, and the vigorous steps we are taking, through the office of the superintendent of documents, to inform the public of what we have on hand are resulting in a reduction of 'dead' stock."



BRITISH AND GREEK TRANSPORTS CONTRASTED



A curious contrast between the British and Greek transports is presented here. British Tommies look with interest at the small, two-wheeled carts used by the Greeks, which the former pass on the highway near Saloniki.

INTERNEED AT PALACE

Civilian Prisoners of War Well Cared for in England.

Correspondent Visits Britain's Military City and Discovers Why Captives Find Joy in Confinement—Have Theater Privileges.

By WILBUR S. FORREST.

London.—Alexandra palace, England's largest single internment camp for civilian prisoners of war, corresponding to Germany's Ruhleben, near Berlin, is the fascinating interesting British military city I was permitted to visit today. No other press representatives were there; and this is the first time a press man has been permitted to enter this camp.

More than 3,000 enemy aliens, rich and poor, from all parts of the world, are living at Alexandra palace, North London. Hundreds of Croats and Poles from Pittsburgh and Detroit, captured on their way home to fight; well-known European musical artists, interned while performing in England; Germans and Austrians taken from ships in the Atlantic and the North sea, and Austro-German directors of big British firms, together with alien inhabitants of England, some of 30 years' residence, make a unique and remarkable colony—for the duration of the war.

There is no social distinction in the three battalions of a thousand men each. Military discipline prevails. It affects the English-German aristocrat and the lowliest Pittsburgh steel worker alike. A company of British soldiers guards the palace, which in peace time serves as a London Coney Island, or White City.

There are benevolent societies, directors' meetings, institutes of painting, drawing, sculpture; a theater that would do credit to Broadway, workshops for dozens of trades, a fully equipped hospital; schools, post offices, football and Swedish drills; laundries, mammoth spotless kitchens, stores and shops, commodious bath-rooms and dozens of other things inside the barred wire inclosing this multitude.

"They are making the best of it and it is my duty to let them enjoy life to the limit of military possibilities," remarked Col. Froud Walker, a British regular army veteran of twenty years in the Orient, who is the commandant.

DAUGHTER OF EARL CURZON



After the war is over, there is very little doubt that the social register of Great Britain will be considerably altered, the younger generation coming into its own. Among the most popular members of this set of the nobility of England is Mary Irene, the heir presumptive to the barony of Ravensdale. She is the eldest daughter of the earl and the late Lady Curzon. She was born January 29, 1896. Her mother who died in 1906 was Mary Victoria Letler, daughter of the late Levi Zeigler Letler of Chicago.

BIG ROOSTER KILLS CHILD

Fowl Attacks Little John Seaman While Feeding Chickens at His Home in California.

Los Angeles, Cal.—John M. Seaman, two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seaman of this city, is dead at Ontario following an attack by a large rooster at the ranch home of the child's grandparents.

John and his mother visited at the ranch. The chickens were a novelty to the boy, and he was anxious to feed them. With prodigious bravery that was thought only childishly cute he accomplished his desire. A few days ago he was engaged when a large rooster jumped at the little fellow and buried its spurs deeply in his scalp.

LONDON IS MORE ENGLISH

Directory Shows That Many Teutons Have Deserted Capital Since Outbreak of War.

London.—Kelly's Post Office London Directory for 1916 carries practically as much weight as ever. Last year it weighed 14 pounds 14 ounces, and the loss of 50 pages, largely due to the disappearance of many Schmidts, Schneiders and other bearers of Teutonic names, has not meant any loss of emaciation. About 3,500 pages remain.

The Schmidts have made a notable exodus. In the London section their number is reduced from 48 to 22, while in the country and suburbs their strength is now only eight as against 18 last year.

Many small tradesmen have given up business since the 1915 directory was compiled. In the London trades section there is a column less of bakers, representing a falling off of about one hundred, but most of the names that have gone are German. In the country and suburbs section there is a drop of about sixty bakers for the same reason. At a time when Great Britain is believed to be a nation of shellmakers the lists of 27 ammunition makers and eight cartridge manufacturers look very modest.

Sixty-nine new trade headings are introduced. They include two makers of periscopes.

SHIPS TO DEFY TORPEDOES

Our Future War Vessels Will Be Proof Against Them, Is Opinion of Experts.

Washington.—Future American battleships will be able to survive the explosion of a single torpedo against their hulls, regardless of where they are struck, in the opinion of navy experts. Experiments which have been in progress for more than a year have demonstrated that two or more torpedoes must find their mark before these ships can be sent to the bottom.

The two superdreadnaughts and two battle cruisers congress has been asked to authorize this year will be assigned on this plan. Battleships 43 and 44 have added interior construction resulting from the study made of the question of torpedo defense since the outbreak of the European war, but later ships will have even increased provisions in this regard.

The experiments are continuing and officials expect further information on the subject to be developed. Details of the work are regarded as confidential, but it is known that some experts are hopeful that a type of construction will be evolved which will greatly reduce the effectiveness of either mines or torpedoes against heavy ships.

"PLEASE FIND MY MATE"

Baby's Shoe Travels 6,000 Miles in Effort to Locate Its Mate.

Ely, Mo.—A baby's shoe, which has traveled more than six thousand miles through most of the states of the Union, arrived recently at the office of the American express here, having been sent by the agent of the company at Virginia.

On the sole of the shoe is written "Please find my mate," and that explains the shoe's long journey. American express agents all over the country have been trying for months to locate the missing shoe.

The journey was started at Chicago and has led the shoe through the entire South and most of the western states. It will be sent on its journey from Ely in a day or two if the mate is not found here.

PROFIT IN CATCHING MOTHS

Iowa Couple Make \$500 a Year With Very Little Trouble and Find Pleasure in It.

Nevada, Ia.—Mr. and Mrs. O. Floyd Hiser of near Nevada have an avocation providing a daily hour of pleasure and \$500 profit a year. Trees on their farm long have been the habitat of a colony of the cato cala moth.

They catch the moths and butterflies and sell them to museums, collectors and laboratories for prices ranging from 5 cents to \$1 a piece. Several times they have received orders from abroad.

The Hisers follow the pursuit only early on summer nights. They mark trees with white cloths to attract attention and then spray a solution of sugar and stale beer over the foliage.

Preached 50 Years; No Pay. Columbus, Ind.—Rev. A. H. K. Bean, ninety-eight years old, a pioneer United Brethren minister, who served 50 years without accepting remuneration of any kind, is dead at his home in Hartmansville, near here. He retired after a stroke of paralysis.

GETS WIFE BY ADVERTISING

Virginia Man Carries on Courtship by Mail and Then Marries Woman in Indiana.

Hymers, Ind.—Thomas Bond Buchanan, aged forty-five, a wealthy farmer of Petersburg, Va., advertised for a wife and he found one. After a few months of courtship by mail he came here to see his sweetheart. Each was pleased with the other's manner and appearance and they were wed.

The mean distance of the earth from the sun is 92,800,000 miles.

IN THE CITIES



Chicagoan Cures All Ills by Sleeping in Chair

CHICAGO.—Why pay doctors' bill when you can sleep in a chair? Here with Matt Roeder, an employee of the Caxton School Supply company, advances a theory which he says he developed by aching an ape.



"One year ago," he explained, "I was a physical wreck—rheumatism and stomach trouble. Unable to sleep, I rode electric cars and took long walks at all times of the night. This soothed me for the time, and early one morning, while on a journey to Lincoln park, the idea occurred to me to imitate the ape in his manner of rest. His body stiffly erect, he supports his head between clenched fists when sleeping. All of the vital organs are left free. So I abandoned my bed and began sleeping in a hard, straight-backed chair. Every muscle in my body ached when I began, but I was determined to give it a fair trial. At the end of a month I tried the bed and got up in the morning feeling more wretched than ever. Then I went at it in earnest and in six months the only thing that affected my stomach or nerves was the sight of a bed. I was practically cured.

"At first I slept in a chair at the store. Then I discovered all-night shows, and I decided to introduce the cabaret feature into my sleeping. Three hours of sleep under such conditions is equivalent to ten hours of rest in a bed, and there is little possibility of developing diseases of the stomach, heart, or muscles.

"I formerly weighed about 160 pounds. Now I weigh more than 190. In the year I have saved considerable sums in room rent. I use a room merely to keep my clothes in.

"I go in order to three all night theaters, and am known to the manager of each. The show is hardly through before I fall to sleep. I sleep ordinarily from 1 o'clock to 6:30 o'clock, then walk to the store and take a bath. At 7:30 I eat a hearty breakfast and am fit for a hard day's labor. The early part of the night I employ in long walks.

"Society may cling to that evil institution, the bed, as long as it wishes, but I am forever done with it."

Policeman in Brooklyn Runs Down Strong Clue

BROOKLYN.—Persons chancing to drop in at the Amity street police station the other day were almost overpowered by the identical clue that led to the arrest of Raymond Barone of Brooklyn on a charge of burglary, although no one recognized it as a clue. They called it something else.



The station fairly reeked with the odor of Roman cheese, to which the smell of limburger is as attar of roses or the breath of clover-ked kine. The odor escaped into the open air, and strong men, passing on the sidewalk, staggered.

The odor first assailed the nostrils of Policeman Russell of the Amity street station—"Choosy" Russell his fellow bluecoats call him, because of his having three arrested cheese thieves in the last three months—as he passed Petrillano & Grillo's Italian cheese store, at 154 Columbia street. The three arrests that gave him his sobriquet all were made there and Russell sniffed suspiciously. There was no possibility of mistaking the smell for anything else on earth save Roman cheese.

Because of the frequency of burglaries in the cheese store, which have necessitated his going inside in the dark, Policeman Russell had provided himself with a helmet such as is worn by the French soldiers when attacked by asphyxiating gas. Now he donned the mask and commenced investigating.

A low moan from a big bread box outside the store caused him to lift the cover. There, curled up inside, together with 12 cakes of Roman cheese, he found Barone almost overcome. He was limp when he arrived at the Amity street station. Lieutenant Stionstadt, an authority on cheese, debated whether to use a pulmotor, but Barone revived and called hoarsely for water.

The reserves were sent for the 12 Roman cheeses and all were given stimulants to revive them upon their arrival.

St. Paul Cat Adopted Building Site for His Own

ST. PAUL.—When workmen began razing the old German-American National Bank building at Fourth and Robinson streets to make room for the Merchants' National Bank building they found a black cat in possession. He blinked his green eyes, arched his back and purred in such a friendly manner that the workmen immediately became attached to him and shared the contents of their dinner pails with him.



Tom was no ordinary cat. Falling plaster, the thunder of brick and timbers being hurled to the street caused him no fright.

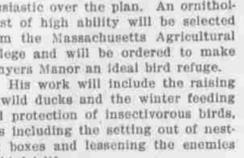
When the last brick and the last piece of timber had been removed Tom was left without a home. Thereupon the house wreckers departed and soon the house builders appeared. One story after the other of the new building began to go up.

One day a black cat nobody recognized stalked unafraid through the corridor of the first story. He opened his large, frank eyes as if perfectly at home, but a little surprised at the changes that had been made in his absence.

No one challenged his right to be there, and Tom became as good a friend of the house builders as he was of the house wreckers. He has been in the building ever since.

Bird Sanctuary of 1,500 Acres at Greenwich, Conn.

GREENWICH, CONN.—E. C. Converse, multimillionaire, will make his 1,500 acres here into a bird sanctuary to aid the national movement for the conservation of bird life. Mr. Converse and George A. Drew, manager of the big estate, Conyers Manor, are enthusiastic over the plan. An ornithologist of high ability will be selected from the Massachusetts Agricultural college and will be ordered to make Conyers Manor an ideal bird refuge.



His work will include the raising of wild ducks and the winter feeding and protection of insectivorous birds, this including the setting out of nesting boxes and lessening the enemies of birds' life.

A bird census will be taken at the start and comparisons made as the work progresses. Special attention will be given to the increase of insect-eating birds. Now 34,000 fruit trees are protected from their insect enemies by spraying. This work of spraying will be lessened materially when the birds fill the orchards.

Quail and grouse will be protected from human hunters and other enemies. Systematic feeding will prevent deaths by starvation in a severe winter. Wild ducks will be raised upon an extensive scale and measures taken to make the lake of 16 acres especially attractive to wild breeding pairs. The red squirrels which now infest the great stretches of woods will be kept in check.

SHOULD MAKE NITRIC ACID.

Dr. Horace G. Byers, head of the department of chemistry at the University of Washington, is urging the United States government to establish plants for the manufacture of nitric acid, which is absolutely necessary to the making of explosives. At present we are dependent upon the nitrate beds of Chile for our entire supply, which would be cut off instantly if communication with Chile was broken. The Birkland-Edye process of extracting nitrogen from the air is widely used in Europe, but it would be impossible for private capital to use it here, because the product could not compete with the stuff imported from Chile. But in case of war it would be necessary to get enormous quantities of it.