

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS

National Capital Popular as a Summer Resort

WASHINGTON.—Washington has broken all records this summer in entertaining visitors. From all parts of the country people are flocking to Washington and when leaving are expressing the intention to come again soon.

Railroad and steamship lines have been doing unusually brisk business. Washington hotels are well filled. Some of them have been unable to care for all the patrons that have applied for reservations.

Not only in convention gatherings and by special excursions are these visitors thronging in Washington, but the individual tourist is here in larger numbers than ever before to see the sights of the national capital at his or her leisure and pay homage at the shrines of all trade organizations who each week receive hundreds of requests for information about Washington and its hotel accommodations from all parts of the country report that this season has been an unusually busy one along this line.

Army Medical Department Is Paying High Prices

IN THE rush toward placing the military forces of the country in a state of preparedness, the army medical department has been faced with some trying problems, but perhaps one of the most trying is the matter of obtaining medical supplies under greatly increased prices due to the European war.

An adequate idea of these prices can be gained by the statement that quinine, which formerly brought about 28 cents an ounce, now is selling around \$4 an ounce, although with fluctuations and in quantities for the army, it has been possible to purchase it around \$2 an ounce. Not long ago the navy was in dire need of quinine, which was obtainable in comparatively small lots only at the \$4-an-ounce figure.

Caperton's demand was finally supplied. Nearly all drugs on the market have made astonishing rises in price. Bromides are almost unobtainable, and permanganate of potassium, widely used as a disinfectant, is also very scarce.

The almost unparalleled demand for parchment certificates of commission to be given army officers, has led to a parchment scarcity in the war department, and this scarcity is chiefly due to the effect of the army reorganization act, which called for the promotion of hundreds of officers and the appointment to second lieutenantcies of no less than 1,000 men.

The demand for commission certificates is so great that the bureau of engraving has served notice that it will be unable to supply parchment for all these certificates and that it will be necessary to engrave parchment paper, instead. This fact reduces the contemplated cost of the bureau's material and work to \$5,000, instead of the \$12,000 originally estimated.

Plans for New Home for Department of Justice

DETAILED plans have been announced for the big office building at the northeast corner of Vermont avenue and K street northwest, which will be occupied on completion by the department of justice. The structure will cost \$3,000,000 and be the last word in public buildings suitable for housing a great corporation or a government department.

The building will be eight stories high, with a frontage of 148 feet on Vermont avenue and 145 on K street. There will be two entrances. The exterior will be of Indiana limestone for the first two stories and tapestry brick above, trimmed with the same stone.

The offices of the attorney general, his assistants and other administrative officials will take up on each floor a triangular space with frontages on both Vermont avenue and K street. In the rear will be a large court admitting light and fresh air and extending to the roof of the first story, where will be installed an extensive skylight over the main library.

In the cellar will be the machine rooms, among them one which will house the engines for working the vacuum-cleaning plant, and there will also be room for storage. There will be three electric high-speed elevators. The floors will be tiled, and composition flooring will be used in the offices. On the sixth floor will be the central telephone and telegraph stations of the department. There will be more than 11,000 square feet of floor space to each story, and the building is of a size which will for years fill the needs of the department, maintaining the smallest force in Washington of any of the governmental divisions.

The contract requires that the building shall be finished by January 30, 1917, and the department forces will move in shortly afterward.

Big Exhibit of Snakes in the National Museum

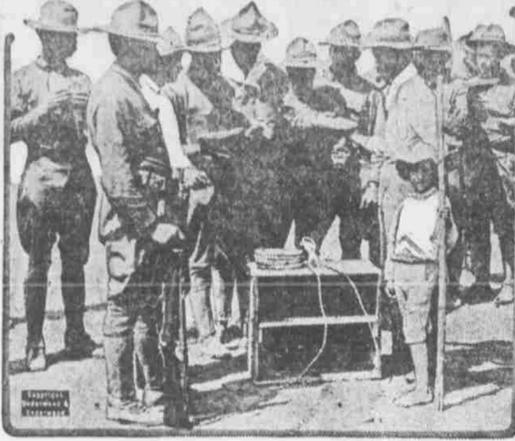
THE exhibit of snakes in the National museum strongly influences the large number of visitors who stray that way. Many persons who come upon it turn away with evident fear, usually saying something to the effect that they cannot bear even to look upon such things. Others linger around the glass cases containing the exhibits as though charmed by the spectacle.

The rattlesnake division seems to hold the greatest interest for visitors and there is a magnificent, or atrocious, specimen of the diamond rattler displayed in a scene representing his natural haunt. This specimen is six feet five and a quarter inches long. The middle of his body is as thick as the calf of a large man's leg and it does not taper down to slim proportions as in the case of most members of the snake tribe. Its general appearance, it is wicked and justifies the repute in which it is held.

One of the attractive specimens is a harlequin snake, a small and quite slender fellow with alternate black and red bands each about an inch long and each separated from the other by a narrow band of yellow. If one will pause to read the descriptive card this is the information it will convey: "Notwithstanding its harmless appearance, popularly indicated by its snail head, the harlequin snake is one of the most deadly poisonous snakes. Fortunately, cases of bite from this snake are rare, owing to its gentle disposition and the smallness of its mouth, but the bite when inflicted is very dangerous."

In the exhibit one will find excellent specimens of the India cobra, bonobon constrictors, a python 30 feet long, the gopher or the Indigo snake, the summer green snake, chicken snakes, con snakes, coach-whip snakes, blacksnakes, the brown king snake, the scarlet snake, Boyle's chain snake, the ordinary chaco snake, which is to be found around Washington; the ball snake of Arizona, the western pine snake, the pilot snake of the Southern states from South Carolina to Florida, the fox snake of the middle West, the hog-cosed snake, the spreading adder, the water snakes and the large garter snakes.

CHINESE PIE MAN WELCOME IN CAMP



The Chinese pie man and his little son are among the most welcome visitors at the camp of the United States soldiers in Mexico. Pie is not included regularly in the menu prepared for the boys, and when they are given an opportunity to buy a few pies on the sige they never let the chance slip.

HOW AMERICAN YOUTH GOT THE FRENCH MEDAL

Wounded Driving Ambulance He Is Given Highest Military Honor.

ARE DOING A GREAT WORK

American Ambulance Drivers' Remarkable Experiences Shown in Extracts From Letters to Friends and Relatives in This Country.

New York.—About 250 young Americans are engaged in driving in the different services of the American Ambulance hospital in Paris. Some idea of the great work they are performing is contained in extracts from letters sent to relatives and friends in this country. The latest of these communications was from William M. Barber, twenty-one-year-old son of J. A. Barber, lawyer of Toledo, and one-time judge in the Ohio courts.

Young Barber is now recovering from a serious wound received in the performance of his duty at Verdun, where he displayed such exceptional bravery that he was decorated by the French authorities with the Medaille Militaire, the highest medal for military valor in France.

Young Barber started from this port on May 6 and was wounded on June 25. His captain, Lovring Hill, in reporting his case to the Ambulance hospital, said the boy was driving his ambulance with three wounded soldiers at midnight along one of the most dangerous roads at Verdun.

He was forced to stop by shells bursting ahead of him. During a lull in the firing he started again, when a shell burst a few yards away. Many small fragments struck him, one penetrating a lung and another his side. Notwithstanding his wounds he went on until he fell, showing, as his captain said, the most splendid pluck, doing dangerous work with enthusiasm and coolness.

Recovering from the effects of his wounds, Mr. Barber wrote from his post in the American Ambulance hospital the following letter on June 30 to his parents:

Tore Side and Legs.
"Dear Folks at Home, Abroad and Grandma:

"Four nights ago I had a pretty narrow escape. I can mention no names here, but this is the gist of the story: 'I was driving my car, with three wounded soldiers in it, along a road that was being shelled. Well, I got in the midst of a pretty hot shower, so I stopped my car and got under it. A few minutes later I supposed it was blowing over, so I got out. I had no sooner got out when I heard one of those big obuses coming, the loudest I had ever heard. I ran to the front of my car, crouching down in front of the radiator. When it burst it struck my car.

"It was only hurt a little. I was not disfigured in any way. It tore my side and legs a little.

"The French treated me wonderfully. I succeeded in getting the next American ambulance driven by Wheeler (a great boy), who took me to the city of —, where our post is. Here I was given first aid, and the medical chief personally conducted me in an American ambulance, in the middle of the night, to a very good hospital. They say I have the best doctor in France — in Paris.

"Well, I woke up the next day in a bed, and have been recuperating ever since. Everyone is wonderful to me. General Petain, second to Joffre, has stopped in to shake hands with me, and many are my congratulations, too, for, above my belt hangs the Medaille Militaire, the greatest honor the French can give anyone. Really, I am proud, although I don't deserve it any more than the rest. Please excuse my egotism.

Just as Good as New.
"In three or four days I go to the hospital at Neully, where I can have every comfort.

"Of course you won't worry about me. I will be just as good as new soon, and really this is true.

"The Germans peppered the life out of my car. No one goes over the road in daylight, but the fellows brought me back the next day a handful of bullets taken from it, and said they could not get me a bustle more if I desired them.

"For three days I was not allowed to eat or drink, and could hardly move in bed. My spirits were high, too. I will try to write better and take more pains. Goodbye. WILLIAM. "Neully-sur-Saone, July 10, 1916." "Dear Folks: "Well, I am here and fine. This is a wonderful hospital, and they surely treat you great. I am just getting back to normal and have no temperature. The doctors here are the best in the world and surely know their business.

shrapnel bursting all around! Every time he heard a whistle he'd dive under his car.

A Narrow Escape.

"Two brandardiers were killed right alongside of him and he wasn't scratched. Well, we got the tire on in a jiffy, and he went off. Just as he got to the end of the town one lit behind him and wounded the three 'blesses' who were inside, but didn't touch him at all. That was the worst night we had, really.

"Our French lieutenant found two shrapnel balls in his clothes, but he wasn't touched. Waldo had put his pocketbook in his left hand breast pocket for the first time in his life that night—a shrapnel ball went clear through it and all the clothes, but he wasn't touched. Two men were killed right beside him.

"The night of the 20th poor Barber got wounded—a piece in his lung, one in his stomach, and a large chunk, as big as your fist, out of his back. However, he is getting on very well and is very happy, as he had the distinction of being the only American ambulance driver to have ever received the Medaille Militaire. The whole section is also very proud and happy—proud that one of us got it and happy because he is all right and is getting well.

"I rolled" all day the 27th, covering 180 kilometers and carrying eighteen 'couches' and six 'assiss' all night, so I had twenty-six hours of rolling. Of course, I stopped for a bite of lunch and supper. Then I rolled every night until we quit.

"We are now back on 'repos,' and we're all dead tired. Everybody's car has holes or mudgnarls or something smashed. Mine was very lucky, and is whole and intact with the exception of a section of the rear mudguard about a foot long, which was beat up by an artillery wagon. Half the section went into Paris yesterday for forty-eight hours, permission granted for the good work we had done, etc. The French lieutenant gave the other half of us a dinner last night, which was very good fun at which he announced that Mr. Hill had been elected again. That, being his third citation, will give him a palm leaf, and that Jackson, Clark, and I know you'll be very pleased. I also would receive the Croix de Guerre.

"When he called out my name I was so darned surprised that I must have looked at him very queerly, because he said, 'Yes, you.' I asked Bill why I got it later, and what he said meant a great deal more to me than receiving the C. G. However, I know you'll be pleased.

Reign of Terror Over.
"The reign of terror is over and it all seemed like a bad dream. I've still got a black and blue spot on my leg where the brick hit me, but that's all, thank the Lord. I hope we don't strike anything like that again.

"I can't explain my feelings about it, except that I was terrified absolutely, and how I managed to go out night after night, and on an average of three trips a night, I don't know. The psychology of the thing is extraordinary. There were certain spots in the road where you felt perfectly safe, and others where I just had to make myself go through. Verdun, though under continual shell fire, was always a blessed relief. In fact, I slept like a baby there one night from nine until twelve before I started. Everybody says the same thing. You can't imagine the strain you're under. Everybody was snoring at each other all the time about nothing, just from want of sleep. I've slept from about ten until five during the day, at least I always did. Some of the boys used to get up for lunch, but I slept instead, and was glad of it, because I lasted much better at night that way.

SOLDIERS SINK WELLS
The scarcity of water in Mexico has proved one of the biggest problems for the army men to solve. Some of the soldiers at Pershing's headquarters at Coloman Dublan, Mexico, have sunk a well in the camp. Here most of the drinking water is obtained. The water from this well is not like the water from the spring wells in the mountains and is not cold, but it is free from germs and that is the main essential.

"I got out to crank it, just got going, when the next one and—something hit me on the ankle and knocked me over. I got up, found my leg all wet and no feeling in it, so I concluded I was wounded.

"I got in the car and started back to Verdun to get it fixed. I got about three hundred yards away and then began to feel things in it, so I felt it again. It seemed all right, and my hands weren't red, so I concluded I wasn't wounded, and it must have been a piece of brick that hit me, so I turned around and went back again, and some more shells arrived. Found Dawson, and we took to a shell hole, and lay there about fifteen minutes.

"Barber and Johnson were lying under their cars just in front of us. It let up for a while and we went on to the post. Found another man changing a tire in front of the post, with part of the front of his car gone. He invited me to aid him. I couldn't refuse, but I never felt so like killing a person in my life. The crazy idiot, sitting there changing a shoe, with



Soy beans have been successfully grown in Connecticut, reports the experiment station at New Haven. The beans have a high commercial value as fodder, and the plants are also seed improvers.

Bring Six to Twelve Times as Much as Before the War in England.

London.—Prices of merchant steamers have taken another advance of 10 per cent. At the present time such vessels as are on the market are selling at from six to twelve times as much as they would have brought before the war; and in spite of the high prices owners are not anxious to sell, so high are present freight rates and so profitable as a result is the shipping industry.

STORIES From the BIG CITIES



Adventurous Career of Charleston's Old Chimes

CHARLESTON, S. C.—While the old world boasts of many famous bells and chimes, to which clings the association of romance and poetry, there are no bells in the world that have had a more adventurous career than those of St. Michael's, at Charleston. The well-authenticated story of the bells composing it have crossed the ocean no less than five times—once as a heap of twisted metal.

The St. Michael bells were cast in England some time before the Revolutionary war and brought to this country. When the war against the old country began the Charleston peal was sent back to England so that it might not be injured. Upon the conclusion of the war the Charlestonians clamored for their bells, and it became the duty of our first minister to Great Britain to see that they were returned. His negotiations were successful and the bells were, with much ceremony, reinstalled in the church.

Their next adventure came with the Civil war, when the steeple of St. Michael's was made a target for the guns of the besiegers. The bells were removed for safety to Columbia, but when the army of Sherman occupied that town the sheds of the yard of the statehouse wherein the bells had been stored were broken into and the bells smashed into fragments, the sheds being fired.

The bells were not, however, completely "done for." At the close of the war the pieces were carefully gathered and shipped to Liverpool, together with directions as to how they should be recast, the specifications being taken from the record of St. Michael's, which showed where the bells had been cast and the proportions.

It was found that the firm of bell-founders which had cast the bells in the first place was still in existence, consisting of descendants of the original firm. The records of this firm showed that the proportions of the casting corresponded with those of record at St. Michael's, and so, under those circumstances, the recasting of the bells was not so difficult a matter. Accordingly, for the fifth time, they crossed the ocean and were set up at Charleston.

His House Was Burning, but He Obeyed the Law

CHICAGO.—Anton Schermeng lives near Jacob Reff. Jacob wanted to take out naturalization papers and he needed a witness, so he gave the government officials Anton's name. Several days ago an officer of the court served Anton with a summons which contained many "thereof's" and "where-ases."

Among the neighbors Anton discussed the summons, and all agreed that dire things would happen if he failed to appear at the time stated. At ten o'clock sharp Anton walked into the office of Commissioner Lewis Mason in the federal building. He appeared nervous. The commissioner was busy and paid little attention to the man. Anton shifted about from one foot to the other and twisted his hat in his hands. He glanced frequently at the clock.

"Quit that fidgeting around; you make me nervous," said Mr. Mason. "Sit down."

Anton walked over to Mr. Mason's desk and said: "Can I use your phone?" "Well, I don't know. I don't like the public to use it unless it is important."

"Well, I am kinda nervous, but you see I am anxious about my wife and children. I don't know whether they got out."

"Out of where?" "Just as I was leaving home my house caught on fire, but I didn't have time to stop. I could see the smoke as I came down on the car, and I was wondering if anybody turned in an alarm."

When Commissioner Mason recovered he called the fire department and learned that Schermeng's home at 1439 Washburne avenue had been somewhat damaged by fire, but his family had escaped.

Willie Lost His Bar License After One Big Day

CHICAGO.—Eight-year-old Willie Rock took his first fling at high finance the other afternoon and cleaned up 50 cents. Willie was left alone with his grandma at 7246 Euclid avenue, and the kind old lady proceeded to give her pet grandchild a lecture on how to be thrifty.

"This so inspired Willie that he started a lemonade stand in front of his house and posted a sign on a tree near by: 'Ice cold lemon; two cents a glass.'"

The temperature was over the 90 mark, but Willie stayed on the job until the ice melted and no pennies came in. The young plutocrat hated the idea of meeting his grandmother with empty pockets, so he hurried into the basement, hauled out a case of real beer which belonged to his father, Frank D. Rock. Then he changed the sign on the tree to read: "Swell beer sold here. Two glasses for five cents."

Directly across the street plasterers, hodcarriers, and carpenters were at work on a new apartment building. One of the workmen spotted the sign, and didn't believe that he read correctly, for he knew he was working in one of the driest zones in Chicago. Prohibition absolutely. But he bought a glass, then two more, and finally secured a bottle. The rest of the hodcarriers and plasterers were informed of the oasis across the street, and immediately rushed to Willie's stand.

In the stampede Willie made 80 cents, which he carefully pocketed and promptly handed over to Grandma Rock.

"Did you make all that on lemonade?" asked the old lady, smiling. "Aw, nobody wants that; I gave my customers real beer, and it sold like the dickens!"

Grandma revoked Willie's license right there. The young Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford had sold for 80 cents a case of beer which cost his father \$1.20.

New York Society Folk Now Go Out "Atmosphering"

NEW YORK.—New York society has discovered a new fad. It's just like going on the stage incognito, or slumming without getting arrested, or in a sporty sense, "getting the game without the name." It is called "atmosphering" and consists in appearing individually and collectively in the tango dances, village groups, mobs, ballroom or street scenes of the motion pictures.

A little persistence, good looks, ordinary human intelligence and—above all—the visual tangible evidence of an extensive and costly wardrobe are, as a rule, all that are required to land a girl or man at least in a one-day job at some studio or outdoor location. The \$5 bill that goes with it is, of course, a rather meaningless feature of the slant—but think of the larks. And then there is always the joy ahead of some day seeing one's moving likeness on the screen of a Broadway motion-picture house. What a grand surprise to the regular people of "our set" to lead them innocently into a theater and watch their delicious surprise when they see you right there, big as life, and far more unattractive in the movies.

Every motion-picture manager in New York has come to know them—these "atmosphering" society amateurs, some of whom tell heartrending tales of how badly they need the \$5 that goes with the little card to the director. Some of them are actually in demand, because when it comes to dresses they're straight from the best modistes. And they will show up at a faraway country location with a promptness made possible only by high-power limousines that defy storms, bad roads and the problem of curbs.

Of course, they take the fee which some less well-equipped aspirant for film work doesn't get. But they would just as eagerly pay for the privilege as get pay for doing stunts.

