

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Talk of Man and Affairs at the National Capital.

JACOB RIIS AND THE SLUMS

Negro Hovels That Are Worse Than the Slums of New York or London—New Chaplain of the Senate.

Washington.—Jacob Riis has stirred the dry bones of local Washington as they have not been stirred in many a year before. He has brought them face to face with a condition which has prevailed for a generation of the irredeemable of which long use has degraded the possibilities.

There are in the District of Columbia 100,000 negroes, a large proportion of whom live in destitution compared with which the slums of New York and London are luxurious. The extraordinary part of it is that this destitution is right in the midst of the city, within the very shadow of the white house and next door to the most costly mansions of the town.

Every square of the city is bisected by alleys, 15 or 20 feet wide, many of which are built up with miserable shanties rented at exorbitant rates to the poorer negro population. These hovels belong to some of the wealthiest citizens of Washington and in some of them, hardly big enough to shelter a family of pigs, three or four families of human beings are huddled together in indescribable filth and penury.

The death rate among these wretched creatures is simply astounding. Mr. Riis puts the mortality among infants less than a year old at almost 55 per cent. There is no death rate equal to this anywhere else in the civilized world. If it were among white people there would have been an outcry about it long before this, and the alleys would have been cleaned out like the pest they are; but the victims are negroes and in this town with its southern atmosphere and northern callousness the negro has no rights which the white man feels bound to respect.

The landlords get 25 per cent. on their investment as a rule and dividends like that close the eyes and ears to suffering.

An Era of Reform.

Now that Riis has taken Washington to task there is bound to be a reform of this alley evil. For there are a few thousands of Christian people in the District who will never let the matter rest until the plague spots have been swept away. It may be that nothing will come of it until public sentiment has forced congress to take the question up and legislation is enacted which will wipe the hovels off the face of the earth. Of course the owners of the shanties will oppose the reform, for it will mean the loss of thousands of dollars to them and they will have to invest their money in some other way—which is always a nuisance—but sooner or later the change must come.

It would not be strange if the president, who is a great friend of Riis, were to call the attention of congress to the matter in a special message; for he is not accustomed to let smug respectability stand in the way of what he knows to be right.

The most astonishing thing about this whole business is that the disease and wretchedness of the alleys finds their way inevitably into the very finest homes in the city. Nine-tenths of the domestic servants of Washington are negroes and a large proportion of these come from the alleys. In many instances they drift back to the alleys hovels every night to sleep. The peril that thus creeps into the homes of the city can hardly be exaggerated.

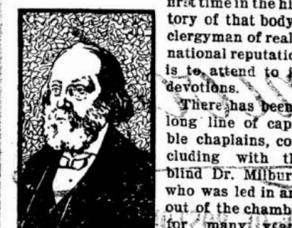
Domestic service in Washington is less expensive than in any other city in the country. The wages that are commonly paid would not be considered for a moment in any other community, but the colored people who perform the service are alley denizens. To wipe out the alleys means an increase in the cost of living for them and an increase in the cost of living must result in a corresponding increase in wage.

Chaplain of the Senate.

Edward Everett Hale is to be chaplain of the United States senate. For the first time in the history of that body a clergyman of really national reputation is to attend to its devotions.

There has been a long line of capable chaplains, concluding with the blind Dr. Milburn, who was led in and out of the chamber for many years, but now the place is to be filled by one who ranks in intellect and reputation with any one of the members of the body which he serves.

Dr. Hale is now an old man, but he



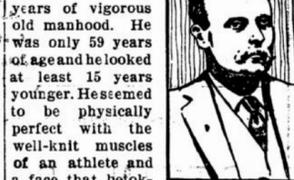
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is vigorous and husky as most men of half his years. His marvelous voice, it is true, has lost a little of its strength and volume, but his shaggy lionlike head is as impressive as ever.

While the silk waist, the waist of taffeta, the pease de sole, the ombre silk and the crepe de chine, and all the other fancy evening fabrics are dainty and desirable in every way, still it must be told that, after all, it is the wash waist which holds first place in popularity, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

Death of Procter.

There is something peculiarly pathetic in the sudden taking off of John R. Procter just at this time.



John R. Procter

Procter was poor almost to the limit of poverty. He has given his life to the public service, doing work in which he took an absorbing interest. His salary as civil service commissioner was one of the smallest on the government pay roll, but small as it was it was the only income he had and for ten years he had denied himself ordinary comforts in order to make both ends meet.

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WASHABLE WAISTS

Heavy, soft, washable waists and Glassed White Cottons Are the Material for the Material.

The new cotton waists, far from being expensive, are positively high in price, and some of them are as dear as velvet, while a great many make taffeta seem like 30 cents in matter of cost.

These very expensive cotton waists are in cheviot, in cotton canvas and in very thick marseilles. They come in very heavy weight and are as warm as wool.

In the tubular shirt waists can be counted the heavy new mercerized stuffs, with a wonderful glory of finish, and there can be mentioned the glassed white cottons, with bronced figures, which cannot be told from brocaded satin at a distance.

The cotton canvases come in all colors and are really wonderful in the perfection of their weave. They are loveliest in Gobelins and in wood brown, and in Indian red. But, for that matter, they look well in any shade. They look very soft, but when taken in the hand they will be found as heavy as the stoutest wool.

With the advent of the heavier cotton fabrics, the objection to wash shirt waists in winter has been waived aside.

All waists, thin and thick, have the full blouse effect directly over the belt in the middle of the front. But this pouch, instead of being wide and heavy, is narrow and rather pointed, so that the figure is not visibly thickened thereby.

Sleeves are made in all sorts of ways, but perhaps the prettiest is the debutante's sleeve which shows a fullness as far as the elbow, where it is met by a very deep cuff which extends down to the knuckles. This cuff must be unbuttoned to admit of the hand slipping through.

Another sleeve, just as pretty and more in favor, is the sleeve which is the genuine shirt waist sleeve with narrow cuff. The cuff fastens with a long point which laps over and is caught with a little button or with a hook.

It must not be supposed that the fancy for embroidering these heavy cotton waists has driven out the openwork fad, for on the contrary there are more waists trimmed with openwork than ever. A great many of these have lace pieces set in, with the foundation cut out beneath the lace; while others have the lace applied and a little hem stitching is used around each lace piece. Wheels of Indian manufacture can be bought and applied to the yokes of waists, while, for the nicer waists, the Mexican thread wheels are ideal.

HE QUIT HOLLERING.

Saw by His Portrait How He Looked When Doing It and That Was Enough.

On one of his trips west, Frederic Remington, the artist, made the acquaintance of a cowboy who was called by his associates "Hollering Smith." In appearance, relates the Philadelphia Post, the man was typical of his kind, and Mr. Remington made several studies of him, both in repose and when in his favorite pastime of "hollering." Later, when back in his studio, the artist embodied a rather close portrait of the exuberant Smith in several drawings for a magazine, most of them showing him in a state of eruption. Later Mr. Remington again visited Smith's neighborhood, and on the afternoon of his arrival was approached by that worthy bearing one of the pictures torn from the magazine. Pointing to the central figure, he said:

"Say, is that me?"

"Well," replied Mr. Remington, guardedly, "I got the idea from you, of course, but—"

"Oh, it's all right," broke in the man; "no offense if it's me just say so."

"Well, yes; it's a fairly close portrait of you."

"That's what the boys at the ranch said. I look like that when I holler, do I?"

"I think you do."

"Well," said the man as he slowly returned the leaf to his pocket, "if that's the state of the case then all I've got to say is that Hollering Smith has hollered the last holler that he'll ever holler. Hereafter when I celebrate I blow a tin horn. I don't consider that no man has a right to look like that—not around amongst white folks, at least."

Japanese Brains.

The Japanese have attracted so much attention and admiration by their remarkable progress in the ideas and practice of western civilization, as well as by their native genius in art, that the results of an investigation of the brain weight of the Japanese people as compared with Europeans must interest everybody. For ten years Prof. Taguchi of Tokyo university has been studying the brains of his fellow countrymen. He shows that with adults the brain weight compares favorably with that of Europeans of similar stature, and may even be slightly superior. There is one striking difference, however, in the fact that the Japanese brain grows more slowly in infancy and early youth than is the case with Europeans. As a Japan, as everywhere else, there is found a positive relation between brain weight and stature, that is, the larger brains, generally speaking, go with the larger bodies.

To Parsa Pineapple.

Nobody likes to remove the eyes from a pineapple, but it can be done in a very short time if it is first cut into slices. The slices can then be easily and quickly pared.

THE TONGUE IN DISEASE

As an Index to the Internal Disorders It is Almost Infallible.

The physicians of ancient times, who were pretty acute observers, and knew more than some of their scientific successors of the present day are wont to believe, placed a good deal of reliance on the indications of disease which are furnished by the tongue. Even yet an inspection of the tongue is one of the routine practices of the physician in his professional visits, says Youth's Companion.

The tongue not only tells of the condition of the stomach and digestive organs, but also gives much valuable information regarding the state of the blood and of the nervous system. In simple indigestion due to want of tone in the stomach and intestines the tongue is "brown" and "fabby," the edges showing indentations from pressure against the teeth; the surfaces covered with a thick white fur with a yellowish or brownish tinge.

In chronic disorders of the stomach and other digestive organs the tongue is usually more or less dry and its surface has a glazed appearance, with a patchy whitish or brown coating.

In irritable or inflammatory affection of the stomach the tongue is elongated and pointed; dry, of a bright red or brown color, and its surface is sometimes cracked, or furrowed. The furrowed tongue is also indicative in many cases of kidney disease, or perhaps of state of irritability of the nervous system.

In febrile conditions the tongue is almost always coated and more or less dry, the degree of dryness often increasing with time and the height of the fever. In protracted typhoid and typhus fevers and other affections in which the vital forces become greatly depressed, the tongue is covered with a brown or blackish fur, is dry and hard, and the surface seamed with deep cracks.

In scarlet fever one often sees the "strawberry tongue," the surface appearing unnaturally red and dotted with small elevations, after the clearing away of the white coat.

The tongue is tremulous in cases of great weakness, of temporary nervous excitement, of shaking palsy, and of lead-poisoning; it is protruded with difficulty in apathetic mental states, in cases of paralysis, and when it is dry and hard, as in lowered conditions of the vital forces.

When the tongue is unusually red it generally indicates weakness; when it is bluish in hue it points to defective circulation of the blood from weakness of the heart or extensive lung disease; when it is very pale it is a sign of anemia.

KEEP THE WINDOWS OPEN.

There Should Be a Constant Supply of Fresh Air to Preserve the Health.

You would not think of drinking stale or poisoned water, would you? You know that if you were to be shut in an air-tight compartment death would result. Of all the necessities to life, you can live longer without any of them than air. Impure air and darkened apartments are the cause of an untold number of deaths annually. You know that on a sunless day, with a close atmosphere, you are out of sorts at the best, if you are lucky enough to escape physical ailments, while you are mentally depressed. But once let the sun shine brightly and clear the atmosphere how different, how much better you feel in every way, says a household exchange.

When you are tempted to close up the house as tight as it can be made, remember these things, and don't do it, especially at night. Keep the windows in the sleeping apartments open enough to at least give you sufficient fresh air. A cold room does not indicate that it is healthy, far from it. A sleeper will soon breathe up all the fresh air in a room, and if there is not a constant supply of fresh air, he simply breathes over and over again the poison thrown off by his lungs. And the breathing of this vitiated air only tends to lower the temperature and vitality of the system so that it is not as capable of withstanding the rigors of winter. Fresh air is heating to the body; in fact, upon it depends the combustion of the fuel in the body and by which we are kept alive, which we should always bear in mind.

Even with open windows during the night, bed chambers and bed clothing should be thoroughly aired each morning, and allowed all the sunlight possible. During sleep, not only do the lungs throw off more poison than during the day, but it is especially so with the body in its relaxed condition and when the pores are all open. During sleep the body should have plenty of covering; better to have too much than not enough, both to induce deep slumber and to keep the skin moist and the pores open that they may have the opportunity to rid the system of poison. Bear in mind that death would follow the closing of the pores.

Fresh air in cold weather will cost money, as more fuel will be required, but it will be economy, for if it does not save sickness and doctor bills, and which it most likely will do, you will feel better and the stronger for it.

Sincerity Versus Flattery.

Never give encouraging commendation unless it is deserved, says a writer for the Pittsburg Gazette. Fully one-half of the nice things that are said are not really meant. "She sings very badly, poor girl, but one can't tell her so." Certainly one cannot, but one can keep silence. The whole question of helpful praise resolves itself into this—to say what one thinks, pleasantly and without exaggeration and deception, and if there is nothing good to be said, to say nothing.

Matches from Sweden.

Sweden sent three-quarters of 4,000,000 gross boxes of matches imported into this country in 1902.



RANK IMPOSTOR.

Relative—Notice that you have at last got acquainted with your next-door neighbor, who has lived alongside of you for the past ten years.

Mrs. D'Avon—Yes, we were introduced to each other at the Pyramid of Egypt, and I found her a delightful companion. We became very intimate.

Another War Rumor.—Priscilla—Lieut. Higgins seems to be rather attentive to Miss Elderly of late.

Milcent—Yes; and she is evidently skirmishing around trying to precipitate an engagement.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SEASONABLE DIPLOMACY.

Mr. Heehaw—Umph! This weather ain't wuth seein'. Anybody kin git pestered in this cold weather!—Chicago Daily News.

No Kick Coming.—The warbler faced the audience and thus sang trite and true: "I cannot sing the old songs, As once I used to do." "Was then a gallery scoldist Called out from his high pew: 'Amn, old gal! get busy now, And give us something new.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A DISAPPOINTED HUNTER.

Little Willie—Say, pa, it must be awful to be a poor orphan boy and know that Santa Claus won't bring you a bicycle, a sled, a cannon, a knife, a box of tools, a watch and a lot of oranges, candy and nuts for Christmas.—Chicago Daily News.

For Good.

Maud—I understand you are about to lose the young pastor that has been preaching for you the last year or two.

Mabel—Yes; he's going to be married next week.—Atlanta Constitution.

Man of Ability.

"I hear he is a man of ability in many lines."

"Yes—culpability, incorrigibility and undesirability."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Provoking Witch.

"Why does Amelia hate Cholly so?"

"Why, when she told him she could never learn to love him, he insisted that one was never too old to learn."—Pack.

QUITE CONSIDERATE.

"Must you go so early?"

"Yes, I think I must. I know the other girls are just dying to discuss my engagement, and I don't want to spoil their pleasure."—Chicago American.

Far-Fetched Objection.

Glady's Beautifirl—Oh, but mamma objects to kissing!

Jack Swift—Well, I am not kissing your mamma, am I?—Town Topics.

Two Doses Daily Enough.

Hewitt—Grout used to be a big eater, but now he has only two meals a day.

Getting Acquainted.

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