

HEARD and SEEN at the CAPITAL

And There Was Nothing Romantic About Him

WASHINGTON.—He was a mid-age man with a bulge to his vest that showed for a life of good dinners. His gray suit would have been a credit to the king's tailor—never mind what king—and his brand new panama was as fine a hat as ever came from Panama, seeing they don't make them there.

And while the man looked at the styles a couple of women who were loitering along because they were too early for the theater paused in the shadow where the arc light couldn't get at them and looked at the man. The one who was a double-barreled widow—two wedding rings in stock—knew exactly why the man looked in the window.

"I can read his type like a book. You can't tell me! He's a man who has been doing the primrose-daily net until his doctor has had to prescribe a moral diet of marriage and home. His following of the prescription will depend on whether or not he can stand the shock of those price tags."

"No such thing." The dissenting opinion was handed down by the other, who was obviously single, because—oh, well, maybe heaven, in its goodness, will explain some day why nature is allowed to make ugly women. "No such thing! I bet he's a good man, who remained single because he had his mother and sisters to provide for—and now that he is free, the girl he loved is no more—and he is standing there, breaking his poor, dear heart because he can't give her all those lovely things. And I bet he is saying to himself, 'Too late, too late!'"

"You poor simp! We'll be too late ourselves if we don't hurry up. So they hurried up. And when they were in their chairs and had turned around to see what sort of house it was going to be, about the first person their eyes lit on was the gray-suit man tucking his panama under his seat.

It is always advisable to know when you are licked. Humble pie may not equal the pastry that mother used to make, but it saves a lot of wear and tear on your immortal soul. Therefore: The women had to admit that perhaps—just perhaps—the man was neither a primrose nor a provider for mother and the girls, and that maybe—just maybe—he had been loitering, like themselves, until time for the play to begin.

How Washington Landlords Gouge Their Tenants

WHEN a brand-new population about the size of a manufacturing city like South Bend drops in unexpectedly upon a small-sized large town, already completely filled, such as Washington, there are bound to be a few crates of relatives in the consignment. Consequently the residential sections of the national capital early in the war had become an omnibus family reunion, wherein pop and mom soon were all fed up with visitors.

"Come and see us one day while you're here," they said over the telephone to me, with all the warmth of Charles Evans Hughes opening his front door and finding a delegation of California voters on the front stoop. Now, if they had only asked me to come up even for one night I might have given three rousing cheers. Not a chance. Still, I had no grudges; they're more to be pitied than censured.

I tucked around circles and squares enough to learn that in a war-time Washington there are, to wit: Hall bedrooms (or if-you-can-get-'em hall bedrooms) of an antebellum rental of \$10 a month which suddenly have puffed up into bellum if-you-can-get-'em at \$40 and \$50 a month; that very swaggar houses which recently were rented for \$10,000 a year now bring \$25,000 yearly; that one lady, who had an unfurnished apartment for which she paid \$90 a month, had patriotically rented the rooms, furnished, during the first war winter at a rate of only \$500 a month, pocketing \$3,000 for six months as her slight bit toward winning the war; that antebellum furnished apartments in the \$150-a-month class bring often \$350 and more a month in bellum days—that before-de-wah—oh wah—flats, unfurnished at \$75 now commonly are rented at \$250 furnished. About the only government priority certificate which a man of influence cannot get is a priority certificate for a room and bath.

It's safe to say that the only vacant thing to be found in Washington was the German embassy, which is still respected as an embassy, although empty—respected, one might say, a hoddended sight more than when it wasn't empty.—Frank Ward O'Malley in the Century Magazine.

Yellow Flag Has Roused Ire of Students

A COMPLETE conspiracy of silence, a destroyed yellow flag, a mystery—and coming events—are elements in what promises to be one of the sensations of the year at Central high school. The facts are these: At the intercity scholastic spring meet Central high did not participate. At Central they say the rules of the meet were such as to bar Central's best man.

In any event, early the other morning when the students began to arrive for school they were amazed to see floating from the top of the 60-foot steel flag mast on Central high building a yellow flag.

Consternation reigned. Whoever had placed the yellow banner on the halyards which were intended for the Stars and Stripes, had cut the halyards so the flag could not be lowered. Soon Jay Long, a Central athlete, was trying to climb the pole. Falling, his place was taken by a second-year man, Carl Stein of 625 Fifth street, northeast, who triumphantly brought down the yellow banner. It was torn to shreds, the students wearing the strips as lapel streamers.

But feelings of the students were mixed. Some laughed. Others raged. An order was issued by Principal Emory Wilson that no retaliation be attempted—but rumors about the school are that McKinley Manual Training school, otherwise known as "Tech," will find her steps painted yellow some morning—from which it is obvious that "Tech" is suspected of hauling up the yellow banner on Central's masthead.

Meantime the students say, "The yellow-flag episode does not represent 'Tech' spirit as a whole—it was a few of the students who put up the flag, if 'Tech' did it at all."

Dainty Uniforms Adorn Fair Society Women

RED CROSS service uniforms are quite numerous on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons in Potomac park, where Mrs. Donald Washburn, the former Miss Georgia Schofield, and Miss Carolyn Nash have established a tea-house, the proceeds to go to the Red Cross. This social and benevolent enterprise will operate two afternoons a week, when the Marine band concert is expected to bring the elite world to that particular part of the park from four to seven o'clock. In addition to the Red Cross service uniform, Miss Nash and Mrs. Washburn are both entitled to wear the khaki skirt, shirt and jacket of the national service school, of which they are graduates. This very popular uniform

of three years ago when the school opened is, however, much less becoming than the Red Cross veil of blue, gray or white. When not on duty at their new place of business, patriotic business, of course, with tea, toast and sandwiches at war prices, Miss Nash and Mrs. Washburn are just as modish as ever in their summer attire.

Miss Belle Baruch, daughter of "Barney" Baruch, who came to Washington for service at \$1 per week, and paid \$18,000 house rent for the season, is the only young woman of smart society entitled to wear the uniform of the Woman's Radio corps, patterned very closely to that of the English aviators.

High Sierra of the Yosemite



In the Yosemite.

If you go to Yosemite this summer, you should plan to visit the monster mountain climax of the national park of which Mount Lyell is the chief. This is no one-day hike with a luxurious public camp at the other end of it. It means taking enough camping-out equipment along to enable you to spend three or four nights in the open. But after all that is no great matter, for it so seldom rains in the Sierra that tents will not be necessary; comfortable sleeping bags, a coffee pot, a few tins, and a plentiful supply of food will be all that is necessary—besides, of course, a good guide. All equipment, including guide and horses, may be got in the valley.

The first night out from the valley should be spent in the celebrated Tuolumne Meadows where you may have plenty of trout for supper for the catching; the Tuolumne is a capital trout stream.

Lyell's Inner Shrine.
After an early trout breakfast, your outfit will travel up the river to the mouth of Lyell Fork, and, swinging around Johnson peak, will follow that beautiful stream miles up its long scenic canyon. Past Rafferty peak and Parsons peak on your right, and skirting long Kuna Crest with its frothing cascades on your left, you will find yourself at lunch time at the head of the canyon facing lofty shelves of granite, far beyond which loom glacier-shrouded peaks. These, as you will see presently, are Mount Lyell, 13,000 feet, and its flanking giants, McClure mountain on the north, and Rodgers peak on the south.

Scrambling up the granite shelf and over Donohue pass, your horses carry you through a vast basin of tumbled granite encircled at its majestic climax by a titanic rampart of nine sharp glistening peaks and hundreds of spear-like points, the whole cloaked in enormous shrouds of snow.

Presently—just how you do not know, so breathless is your gaze ahead—the granite spurs incline you. And presently your horses scrambling over impossible walls and shelves, looms above you a mighty glistening wall which apparently forbids further approach to Lyell's inner shrine. But even this the agile horses surmount and you find yourself in the summit's very embrace, facing glaciers and a lakelet of robin's-egg blue. This is the Sierra's climax!

Thousand Island Lake.
Passing south along the John Muir trail you cross the Yosemite boundary and in a couple of hours camp at Thousand Island lake in the shadow of Banner peak. Your day's ride has been seventeen miles, and, at day's close, you find yourself at a spot so extraordinarily wild and noble that you vote it worth the trip a thousand times had there been no Lyell on the way. For Banner peak, with its 12,975 feet of altitude and its remarkable beauty and personality, will remain a vivid memory to your dying day.

Leaving Thousand Island lake the next morning you may return as you came—four days; three nights. Or, far better, if you can spare the time, you will linger an hour or two in front of Banner before starting, and, again, an hour or two in Lyell's inner shrine; you then may camp at the head of Lyell canyon, spend the next night at Tenaya lake for the sunset and the early morning, and jog leisurely back to the valley—five days; four nights.

Thus will you taste, in addition to the stirring beauty of the incomparable valley, the glory of the High Sierra in its noblest expression.

QUEER CUSTOMS IN BORNEO

Norwegian Explorer Writes of Some of His Experiences in That Island.

Quaint customs in darkest Borneo are described by Dr. Carl Lumholtz, Norwegian traveler. Doctor Lumholtz says, in part:

We met six natives who had been hunting the rhinoceros in the west. The horn of the animal when powdered is in great demand by the Chinese as a medicine, and fetches a high price. Such an expedition may last for two months. The hunters carry no provisions, and live on sago and what animals they can kill. When there is a scarcity of food they frequently go three or four days merely on water, and stay the pangs of hunger with tobacco. I was told that a man would tackle a rhinoceros with a spear single-handed, though the beast is very difficult to kill.

One day we were surprised by the arrival of a Saputan chief with two companions in a boat. They brought with them a dog, a blowpipe for darts, and a recently killed pig.

Not far from the Muller mountains we camped upon the Upper Kasao river, which is inhabited by Saputans. They are a crude, friendly people, who, a hundred years ago, were mere cave-dwellers in the mountains to the east.

At Saputan I had the good fortune to take a cinematograph picture of the ceremony of the piercing of a chief's ears. It is their privilege to wear a tiger's tooth inserted in a hole in the upper part of each ear. The chief was seated and a board was placed behind his head. Friends and supporters assisted in the operation, which consisted of an empty rifle cartridge being forced through his ear. Blood streamed down, and the man, apparently of a very robust type, seemed to be near fainting. A medicine man was hurriedly summoned, and he clapped his hands over the ears and then, opening them, produced a small stone. This he threw into the river.

I was told that this stone was the supposed cause of the chief's illness. The scene was brought to a dramatic conclusion by the exhausted chief being ignominiously carried away on the back of a young man. During the afternoon more pebbles were produced by the same sleight of hand, and a pig was killed in order to appease the bad spirit which had caused the chief's illness.

The Dyaks of the Upper Mahakkan are friendly to strangers, and as the great rapids down the river form a natural barrier they seldom receive visitors, and are little changed by outside influence. The Mohomedan Malays, for instance, have never been able to extend their influence above the rapids.

Luckily for the Dyaks, and incidentally for ethnology, these natives possess a fine muscular development. The women are well formed and move with grace and freedom. The headhunting part of the native religion has been practically suppressed by Dutch influence, and so far as I could ascertain the last case of the kind in this region was at least five years ago.

TALES FROM BIG CITIES

This Lad Is Eager to Fight for Democracy

NEW YORK.—Lieut. Joseph S. Smith, author of "Over There and Back" and "Trench Warfare," both written as the result of three years' experience with the Canadian and Scotch armies, has been in France for some time in his American uniform. A few weeks ago he received a letter from his twelve-year-old brother Paul, which he enclosed in his last note to some friends in New York. "I think it is a pretty good letter to come spontaneously from a boy of his age. If that is the spirit of the American boy, then God help the Hun." The letter follows:

"Dear Brother Joe: I write to you especially to thank you for the dollar bill you sent by mother and to ask you some questions. I bought four Thrift Stamps with it. Every copper saved is a shot at the kaiser (I hope). I read your book and enjoyed it greatly. I am recommending it every place I go.

"I wish you would write some outlines (not a story, as I wish to make my own story) about the tenderest thing you ever saw an ALLY soldier do. (The reason for underlining the word ally is because a German soldier never does anything tender. I guess you know that.) We are hearing good news about what the allies are doing to the Huns. I hope it is true. (We hear it daily in the newspapers.)

"Another thing I wish to ask you. I have been reading about Charles Muev, eleven-year-old war hero, who has been in some of the biggest battles during the war. Also I have been reading about John Traverser Cornwell. Why do not true American boys have the same chance? Mother says I couldn't handle a gun. But did John Traverser Cornwell handle a gun?

"You might think I am silly, talking this way, but I mean it. This war stands for democracy and many other things. Why cannot people who want and stand for democracy and wish democracy to be the ruler, fight for it? Another thing, I fully realize that there are plenty of ways right here at home that I can do to help make the world safe for democracy, but other boys have actually fought for it, so why couldn't I? Think it over and then write and tell me what you think.

"Well, I hope you have barrels of luck, and send you barrels of love. Lovingly, your brother Paul."

Fortune's Favors Showered on Elderly Man

BALTIMORE.—There is in the Methodist Home for the Aged in this city a tall, slim, erect old gentleman, who dresses with extreme neatness in blue serge and has a merry twinkle in his blue eye, who hears that he may receive a fortune of 540,000 pounds (about \$2,250,000) from England.

B. Goffard Fuller is the man's name. He is eighty-two years old.

If the news he gets proves to be true, he may have to divide that sum with an uncle, Carroll Ireland, he says; but, in any event, he and that uncle are the only heirs. He says that the news which leads him to think he may get the money, although he smilingly confesses that he is not counting on it much, comes in the form of a letter from C. A. Kerr, a London attorney, to the effect that the English courts are at last ready to settle the estate.

It is time they were, if Mr. Fuller's story is correct. Here it is: Mr. Fuller's mother told him that her father told her that her grandfather, Nathan Ireland, Mr. Fuller's great-grandfather, was the earl of Hadlough in England. He made his brother the successor to the title and married a lady of large fortune. They lived happily together for 20 years and then the lady died. There was difficulty about settling the estate.

Nathan Ireland came to this country, accompanied by his eighteen-year-old son. Both fought in the Revolutionary war. The son married a Miss Spear of Pennsylvania. They had three daughters, the eldest of whom, Eleanore, married George Fuller of Baltimore county, after whom Fuller was named. She was Mr. Fuller's mother.

Throughout her life and the lives of other heirs, says the elderly gentleman of the Methodist home, the legal fight for the estate was continued. Heirs in England fought for it, too. Now all have died except Mr. Ireland and Mr. Fuller, and Mr. Fuller had 13 brothers and sisters. He does not understand the legal technicalities which may be involved in the settlement of an estate which has been in dispute for 100 years, but is firm in saying that Attorney Kerr's letter informs him that settlement will be made.

New York Youngsters Have the Martial Spirit

NEW YORK.—Down in the heart of New York city's famous Ghetto 18 youths, all sons of enemy aliens, have formed a military company "to get the kaiser." No sinister influence hovers above these boys. No stern visages of disgruntled parents frown on their military preparedness. They are permitted to have full sway in their daily preparation to "lick the kaiser." Their daily "camp routine," Sunday included, runs something like this:

Report to "Captain Pete" at eight o'clock (some of them often report on empty stomachs, as the fathers of these lads are not always steady providers).

Manual of "arms" and "gun" drill (mother's dilapidated but sole broom oftentimes disappears before she has the chance to use it in the mornings).

Morning hike at 9:30 o'clock (certain court-martial in case the hike is missed). Immediately the alleys and vacant lots of the Ghetto take on imaginary topography of No Man's Land. Dirty gutters become evacuated German trenches; open sewers are occupied by helmeted Sammys (a tomato can and a rock and the tin hat is made); balloon observations are "made" by the use of a parachute fashioned out of a square bit of rag with the ends tied by strings to a rock—wadded and thrown into the air and the parachute descends gracefully to the ground.

Oh, yes; the enemy! The corner cop, the stingy ice man, the truck driver who doesn't like kids and the barkeep who gives small measure must bear the brunt of the "company attack."

Noon-time mess. Another uncertain meal and a most hazardous period for the vendors. Pretzels and crackers disappear from neighborhood bars, and lucky is the storekeeper who is not "nicked."

Tired, but happy, the Ghetto company is dismissed by Captain Pete and again the members are faced with life's more serious problem—that of getting a meal before turning in for the night.

Makers of Baby Vehicles Emit a Terrible Wail

ATLANTIC CITY.—The first thing happy young mothers know they will be strutting their babies in soap boxes or carrying them on their backs in Indian squaw fashion. Such, in effect, is the terrible warning uttered at a war emergency conference held by the National Baby Vehicle Manufacturers' association here.

The paternal United States government is using up all the materials that go to construct baby carriages—steel particularly.

One manufacturer asked, feelingly, if babies are not "essentials." All the perambulator makers expressed regret that the government has not recognized their product as among the essentials and has not acknowledged "its magnitude and importance." It was pointed out that a baby who has to walk when it is very young will surely become bandy-legged and peevish, that bandy-legged young women are ungraceful, and that bandy-legged young men do not make good soldiers—except, perhaps, cavalrymen.

A pessimistic manufacturer spoke of the importance of child conservation during the war, and declared there will have to be fewer babies for, certainly, there will be fewer baby carriages.

LOBSTER NOW LUXURY

Food Has Passed Beyond the Reach of the Poorer People.

Should Catch Small Lobster and Leave Larger Ones to Breed, Is Opinion Expressed by Expert.

The lobster has passed beyond the reach of the poor and has become a luxury only to be enjoyed by the rich. Every year the price of lobsters advances a few points, and even at the highest price offered it is difficult to obtain them. From Massachusetts comes the information that were it not for the catches in Maine and Nova Scotia, lobsters could not be had in Massachusetts, for the waters of that state have been fished out. In 1888, the Boston Transcript says, 1,740,850 lobsters of legal size were caught in Massachusetts. In 1914, only 16,138 were taken there. The opinion seems to be gaining ground in Massachusetts that a mistake has been made in dealing with the lobster industry. The small lobster has been protected, while the large lobster, which is the one which produces an enormous quantity of young, has been taken. This, it is held by some, is wrong. We should catch the small lobster, so it is argued, and leave the bigger ones to breed.

There seems to be some virtue in this contention, because in spite of the lobster hatching plants maintained by the federal government fewer lobsters are being taken each year, while the demand for them is continually increasing. This, of course, accounts for the high prices. It is also claimed that in planting lobster fry the federal agents have made serious blunders. The fry have been liberated in places where they have been subjected to the attacks of other fish, and few of the lobsters hatched in the government plants have ever attained a size where they could look after themselves. The experienced fisherman of the Maine coast has frequently called attention to the mistakes which were being made in lobster propagation and preservation, but as frequently happens in the making of laws, the opinions of men who know something about lobsters and their habits have been ignored, and the theorists have been the only ones consulted.

If the federal government should put a closed time on lobsters for several years and arrange with the Canadian government to do the same thing, it is reasonable to suppose that the lobsters would increase and this industry would regain something of the magnitude it has lost. But we have no idea that such a plan will be adopted. It would be strenuously opposed by the dealers, who now make large profits in the business, and probably by the fishermen also, who have considerable capital tied up in their fishing gear. What has happened in Massachusetts, where few lobsters are now being taken, must eventually take place in Maine, and unless some radical step is adopted the time is not far away when even as a luxury the lobster will become so scarce as to be beyond the reach of everyone save the epicurean of the plutocratic class.—Portland Press.

Fish Eggs.

The cod is estimated to yield 45,000,000 eggs each season. As many as 8,000,000, 9,000,000 and even 9,500,000 eggs have been found in the roe of a single cod. An eel was caught in Scotland some years ago which contained upward of 10,000,000 eggs. This, however, would appear to have been an exceptional find, and it is generally admitted that the cod is more prolific than any other fish. Though not equaling the cod, many kinds of fish are exceedingly prolific. More than 36,000 eggs have been counted in a herring, 38,000 in a smelt, 1,000,000 in a sole, 1,120,000 in a roach, 3,000,000 in a sturgeon, 342,000 in a carp, 383,000 in a perch, 546,000 in a mackerel, 992,000 in a perch, and 1,357,000 in a flounder. The oyster is also very prolific. It has been ascertained by recent observation that in the liquor of their shells small oysters can be seen by aid of the microscope—120 in the space of an inch, covered with shells, and swimming actively about. A herring weighing six or seven ounces is provided with about 30,000 eggs. It has been estimated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Buffon calculated that if a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of 20 years they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe.—London Tit-Bits.

An Aid to Memory.

The stranger in camp pointed to a stack of army hats and caps on a shelf behind the desk in the "Y" hut. Said he to the secretary: "I didn't know you ran a clothing store."

"We don't," replied the secretary. "Stick around a minute and you'll understand."

Before the minute had ended, a lad in khaki came in.

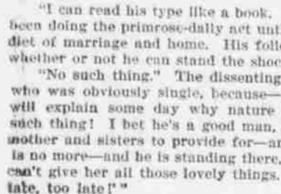
"Got a baseball to lend me?" he asked the man at the desk. "Sure thing."

The secretary produced a ball from a box under the counter, the soldier seized it, left his hat in pawn and rushed away bareheaded toward the playing field.

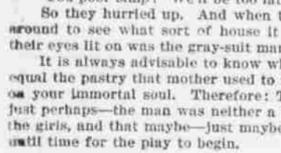
"We tried keeping books on our athletic equipment at first," said the secretary. "But this way is simpler and more effective. We never run out of baseballs any more."



I CAN READ HIS TYPE LIKE A BOOK.



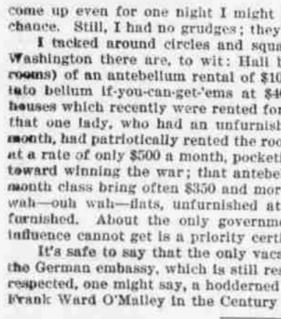
YOU POOR SIMP! WE'LL BE TOO LATE OURSELVES IF WE DON'T HURRY UP.



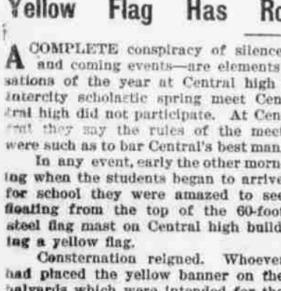
IT IS ALWAYS ADVISABLE TO KNOW WHEN YOU ARE LICKED.



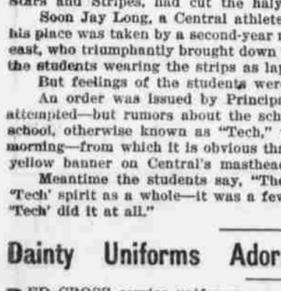
IF YOU GO TO YOSEMITE THIS SUMMER, YOU SHOULD PLAN TO VISIT THE MONSTER MOUNTAIN CLIMAX OF THE NATIONAL PARK OF WHICH MOUNT LYELL IS THE CHIEF.



QUAINT CUSTOMS IN DARKEST BORNEO ARE DESCRIBED BY DR. CARL LUMHOLTZ, NORWEGIAN TRAVELER.



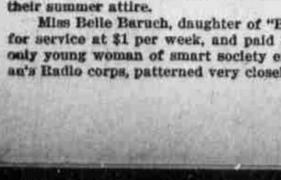
THE COD IS ESTIMATED TO YIELD 45,000,000 EGGS EACH SEASON.



THE STRANGER IN CAMP POINTED TO A STACK OF ARMY HATS AND CAPS ON A SHELF BEHIND THE DESK IN THE 'Y' HUT.



THE STRANGER IN CAMP POINTED TO A STACK OF ARMY HATS AND CAPS ON A SHELF BEHIND THE DESK IN THE 'Y' HUT.



THE STRANGER IN CAMP POINTED TO A STACK OF ARMY HATS AND CAPS ON A SHELF BEHIND THE DESK IN THE 'Y' HUT.