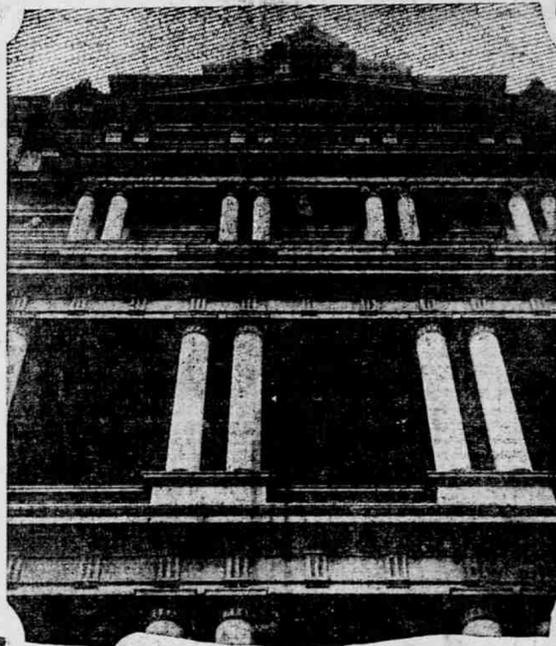


WASHINGTON, SUNDAY, APRIL 6, 1902.

AS the ANTS See WASHINGTON



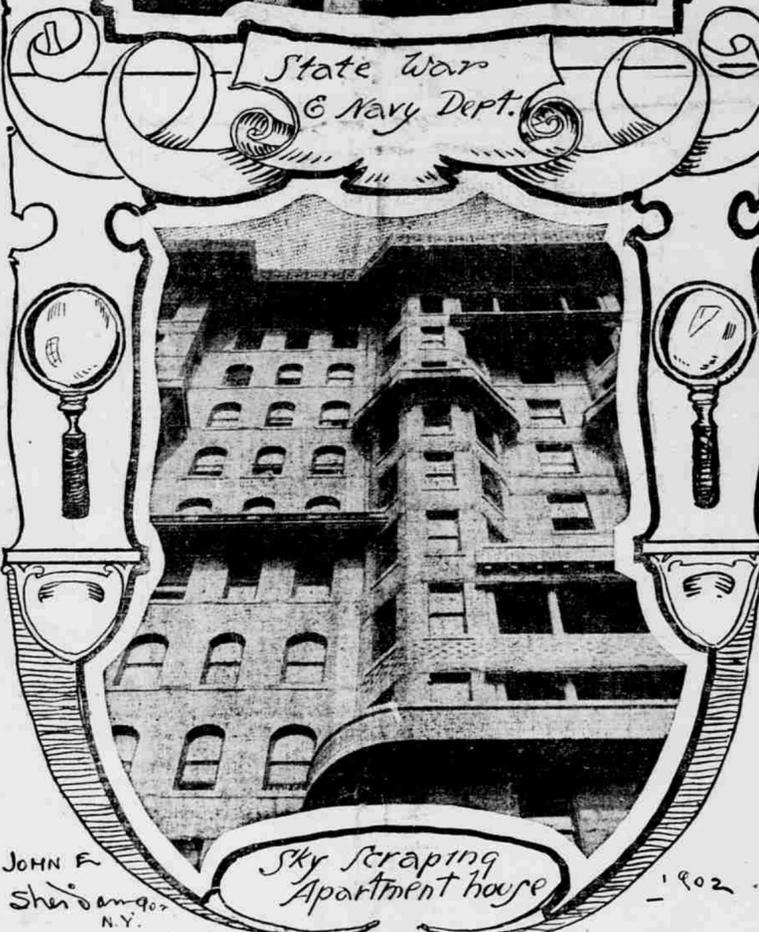
An F St. Building



State War & Navy Dept.



Looking up at the Monument



Sky Scraping Apartment house

JOHN F. SHANDON, N.Y.



A Great Office Bldg

To Creeping Things on the City's Streets Every Tall Building Appears to Be Tipping Over Backward—Nothing Retains Its Perpendicular—Description of a Sight-Seeing Tour Personally Conducted by an Experienced and Well-Informed Insect.

WHAT tiny bit of life called the ant, which you so frequently and unknowingly crush under foot, has opportunities of seeing the world under circumstances not always possible to mankind.

What the Ant Sees.

A moving picture of what the ant sees in a single day would disclose all the happenings of that day in this comfortable busy town.

It may be that a family of ants has its home in a crevice in the pavement. They are a set of little busybodies and their lives are fraught with excitement and toil from avoiding the wonderfully large feet of passers-by and from the daily repairs that must be made to the old homestead as a result of the destructiveness of human pedestrians.

F Street Ants.

Perhaps this family of ants lives on F Street. Imagine yourself to be born, as Sammy Weller would say, in that station of life and living any place on the same street. Owing to the circumstances arising from the location of your home you are compelled to be a sort of day laboring ant.

At Closer Range.

Being of an investigating turn of mind, and since your curiosity has been aroused, you determine to have another look, this time at closer range. The opportunity occurs at luncheon time, when you have dropped your sand carrying labors for a bit of rest and refreshment.

lation you hurry back toward the crevice in the pavement and reach there without injury from the cruel foot of man. After that you are content to remain at home, immune from the terrors of wandering and undisturbed by the incomprehensible magnitude of a world in which every living thing is bigger than yourself and in which you are at a loss to find anything smaller unless it be the grain of sand which is the burden of your life.

Poor Ants of Business District.

These poor ants of the business district were born under an unlucky star. It is work for all time with them to keep a home, only to have it destroyed in the end, and with it go their own lives, perhaps, crushed out by the merciless tread of humanity.

To see the world as one of these society ants looks at it, lend one of the little insects your personality, or, better still, submerge yours into his tiny body. Suppose that your home is in that very aristocratic ant resident section—the Monument Grounds. Your neighbors are all members of the first ant families of the District, with immense estates to enjoy.

Far Away From Sandy Home.

Far away from your sandy home is a great white shaft that has long attracted your attention and you are curious to know what it is. At a distance it looks not unlike the sweet icing on a piece of cake that a little girl dropped near your home a few days ago, and on which all the ants for yards around have been feasting ever since.

Set Out Upon Journey.

Gathering about you a dozen kindred spirits, you set out on the journey. On the way over you fall in with a party of ants from an ant republic situated to the east of your own abiding place.

"When we reached the mass of white

stone yonder," says the leader of the personally conducted ant tour, "we were cordially received by a deputation from the scientific societies of Washington. Their spokesman was the Bug Man, and he wanted our impressions of the Monument. I made an address in which I took occasion to compliment him on its size and cleanliness. He wanted to know many things about us and our domestic relations, but we preferred to investigate the Monument, and discouraged his conversation by making somewhat curt replies. Standing exactly at the base of the Monument, none of us could see where it ended, so deeply did it cut into the blue sky.

Began Ascent of Monument.

"Some of those with us began the ascent of the white pile with a hope of reaching the top. We had them farewell and they were off on their perilous journey. We have not heard from them since. Some seem to think that they were swept away by the wind, while others incline to the opinion that they found a crevice in the stone and stayed

there ever after. It would, however, be impossible to exist for long on that desert waste, where there are no crumbs from the lunch boxes and the half-eaten apples are never to be found."

Impressed by Old Ant.

You and these with you find yourselves much impressed by what the old ant has told you and you hasten your steps that you may see the wonderful structure.

As you draw near you find it strangely illusive. From a point in a straight line with one of its corners the marble pile seems to be a pyramid. Cast your eyes upward from a position at its very base and you behold, as did the old ant, a reach of solid whiteness stretching an infinite distance heavenward, the sides ever converging but never coming to a point.

Buildings Seem Lying on Backs.

Examining the illustrations accompanying this article the reader will observe that the familiar buildings, which are pictured here, seem to be lying on their backs. If you place yourself at the foot of some high structure and throw your head far back, so that the eyes will have

the same natural position as in looking straight ahead, the building up whose side you are gazing will seem to be stretching before you. The State, War, and Navy Building, if viewed from a point a little distance from its foot, seems to be a stunted growth, its arcades appearing like caverns in its side and its pillars converging as they near the top.

Unpleasant Method of Viewing City.

Viewing the city through the eyes of the ant is not a pleasant method of sight-seeing. It gives one cramps in the neck and after sensations are not unlike those that attend on trying to see all that takes place in a circus with three rings. Then, again, it is extremely doubtful if the ant ever looked up the side of a high building. He is equally at home on the perpendicular or the street level, and as to his receiving impressions, it is more than likely that they are confined to the feeble sensation of being stepped on, or the feeling, a little more drawn out, which follows his partaking of an atom of insect powder placed conveniently near his haunts and lurking places.

HORNED PEOPLE FOUND IN AFRICA.

Men and women endowed with horns are not by any means unknown in the world we live in today.

A short time ago Surgeon Lamproy, of the British army medical staff, met with and studied three horned men in Africa, each having a horn on either side of his nose.

"While serving on the Gold Coast," said he, "I had opportunities of making drawings of these people. The first horned man I had an opportunity of observing was a Fantee named Cotea, aged about thirty-two years, from the little village of Amaquanta, in Wasau territory, and not a kinsman of the first."

"The second horned man was a long-faced youth, aged about eighteen, named Quasie Jabin, from the German territory, and not a kinsman of the first."

"From a statement made by him through a Fantee interpreter, I gathered that this hornlike growth had been in existence as long as he could remember. The third case was that of Cudjo Danso, aged about twenty. He stated through an interpreter that so far as he was aware the hornlike knob had grown of itself. It certainly had grown larger as he had grown older. It gave him no inconvenience. He could see and smell perfectly."

Hundreds of cases more remarkable

have recently been collected in an interesting report by Dr. George Gould and Walter Pyle, both well-known pathologists.

"Human horns," they say, "are far more frequent than ordinarily supposed. Nearly all the older writers cite examples. Many mention horns on the head."

"In the ancient times horns were symbolical of wisdom and power. Michael Angelo in his famous sculpture of Moses has given the patriarch a pair of horns."

There is a greater frequency of horns among women than among men, according to these authorities.

The combination of horns and tail on a human being would naturally give rise to extravagant supposition. There is a description of such a case in a recent medical report. The creature, said to have been dubbed the "Horned of Plato," was born eight years ago in Minnesota. He was a boy five weeks old when described. He had hair two inches long all over the body; his features were fiendish, and his eyes shone like beads beneath his shaggy brows. He had a tail eighteen inches long, horns from the skull a full set of teeth and claw-like hands. He snapped like a dog, crawled on all fours and refused the natural sustenance of a normal child.

THE DIPLOMACY OF OSCAR S. STRAUS.

Oscar S. Straus was at Constantinople when Aguinaldo's forces rose against the United States Government in the Philippines, and through prompt action says the "Saturday Evening Post," he prevented the augmentation of the insurgent ranks by the large Mohammedan population of the islands.

The Mohammedans of the Philippines recognize the Sultan of Turkey as the head of their church. Mr. Straus, knowing this, called on the Sultan as soon as he heard of the outbreak of the insurrection. "I come," he said, "to beg your imperial Majesty to use your good offices to bring the Mohammedans of the South Philippine Islands—Mindanao and the Zulu Archipelago—to our side, and to restrain them from joining the insurgents."

"But," said the Sultan, "won't your country try to take their religion away from these people?" "Certainly not. The cornerstone of the whole system of government in the United States is religious freedom, and, so far from there being any hostility to the Mohammedan religion, the case is exactly the reverse. As an evidence of the recognition of this by Mohammedan powers, I beg to call your Majesty's attention to the

terms of a treaty negotiated more than 100 years ago.

Thereupon Mr. Straus produced a copy of this ancient treaty, the very existence of which is probably not known by a hundred persons.

The Barbary Powers had always declined to enter into any treaty with the European Governments because of the fact that under them a church and state were united, and a recognition of the government would have involved a recognition of the Christian church as an institution. When the envoy of President Washington proposed the treaty which was afterward agreed to, the Government of Tripoli declined to consider it.

The envoy thereupon pointed out that, in the new government across the ocean, there was no recognition of any church and a special article was inserted in the treaty to that effect. On this basis the treaty was agreed to. As soon as Mr. Straus had finished reading this clause of the understanding between President Washington and the Bey of Tripoli, the Sultan declared himself perfectly satisfied and ready to do what he could with the Mohammedans in the Philippines.