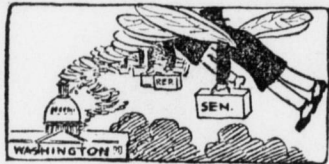


At the National Capital

Gossip of People and Events Gathered in Washington

CAPITAL HABIT STRONG ON EX-OFFICE HOLDERS

WASHINGTON.—They can't keep away, for the Washington habit is strong upon them. The lure of the capital draws former senators and former representatives here just as surely as the call of duty calls the present office-holders. They drift down in November, and scores of them stay until the adjournment. Of course this takes notice only of those of the former members to whom business or professional work is not a money-making necessity. Former Representative Joseph W. Babcock owns a home in Washington, and he is here already and is apparently as busy as when to all intents and purposes as chairman of the committee on the District of Columbia he was the mayor of Washington. Men who at one time have been senators are allowed the privilege of the floor of the senate, but no such right of admission is granted by the house, and the house prohibition is a wise one, for other-



wise there would be double reason for the present cry for more room. Former Senator Pepper of Kansas, who at one time, largely perhaps because of his picturesque views on people's rights and because of his equally picturesque whiskers, was much in the public mind and eye, practically lives in Washington. He is engaged, it is understood, in the nothing less than herculean task of making an index for the Congressional Record. It is said that Mr. Pepper's patience is equal to his soul-trying employment. Former Senator Stewart, "Silver" Stewart of Nevada, is in Washington. He is as white as the snow on the top of his Nevada mountains, but despite his 80-odd years he is as strong apparently as any tree that grows below the mountain timber line. Former Senators Blair of New Hampshire and Thurston of Nebraska are practicing law in Washington. The list is too long for the present writing.

CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY GUARDS ARE NONPLUSSED



THE library of congress, with its manifold attractions, is of interest to the average sightseer, and accordingly the main stream of the touring public flows toward the great structure adjoining the capitol. All classes of all nationalities pass through its doors, and to be successful in their calling and to afford the universally polite service their position demands the attendants must possess a reserve fund of tact which might well bring them into notice in more ambitious fields.

Recently a modishly gowned woman, apparently in her early thirties, after wandering about the several departments during the forenoon, asked to be directed to the cafe, which is a part of the equipment of the building. Having satisfied her hunger, the visitor, again accosting one of the guards, inquired the way to the smoking room. Albeit a bit surprised at the inquiry, the attendant gave the required information, whereupon the woman made her way to the sanctum and quite regardless of the looks of astonishment from the men assembled for their postprandial cigars, she calmly entered the room.

Setting herself comfortably she drew from her handbag a daintily monogrammed case and, taking therefrom a cigarette, struck a match and nonchalantly proceeded to enjoy a

smoke. In an instant the guard was upon the scene.

"Madam," he began deprecatingly, "you are infringing the rules, and I shall have to ask you to stop smoking and withdraw."

"You told me this was the smoking room, did you not?" sweetly inquired the smoker.

"It is the smoking room, but—but"—waved the attendant, "it's for men."

"Well, sir, the sign says 'smoking room,' and if you show me where I'm infringing any rule by smoking in the smoking room I'll withdraw, but not until then," returned the lady with an air of being well within her rights.

The guard, finding his authority ineffective, called up the captain of the watch, who joined his expostulations to those of his subordinate, but all to no avail. The woman turned on them a serene and unruffled countenance, and, looking at them as though they "were not," proceeded to finish her cigarette.

When the last little whiff had been expelled madam arose and, strolling leisurely through the corridors, was soon lost to sight, and now the thunderstruck guardians of the noble pile are considering the advisability of changing the phraseology of the sign and having the legend read:

"Smoking room. Sacred to the uses of men."



QUARREL OF TRACTION MEN MAKES PEOPLE WALK

CONGRESS is Washington's city council and the people of the capital are now experiencing difficulties which arise from the fact that its aldermen meet only once a year.

The great new railroad station has been completed and one of the two railroads which enter the city has taken possession. Incoming and outgoing travelers are obliged to walk a long distance to the depot from and to the nearest street car line. There are many people who in this time of financial stringency do not care to pay for cabs, and so a long line of luggage bearers foot it along daily through the sticky district mud to the paved doorway of the station.

The house of representatives "committee on District of Columbia" practically runs the town, for whatever it recommends congress as a rule ac-

cepts. Last year, knowing that the station was soon to be completed, the street railroad officials asked for a right of way to the new station. The committee was ready enough to grant it, but the officials of one traction company objected to something which the officials of the other company wanted, and as a result of the fight action was postponed for a year, and now Washington walks.

The street car companies are out a lot of nickels, the citizens are disgusted, and the upshot of the whole thing will be that the objecting company will gain nothing, for the point which it fought is now counted as lost, and the ground plan has been laid for future objection to franchise extensions. The walking Washingtonians are angry enough to make certain that their memories will hold on to the present grievance for years to come.

CONGRESSMEN TARDY IN HUNT FOR BUILDING SITE



IF ANYBODY in New York runs across a congressional commission, consisting of Senator Nathan Bay Scott of West Virginia and Representative Richard Barthold of Missouri, nosing around their premises or reconnoitering around the back alleys, they need not be alarmed. These statesmen are looking for a place to build the new main post office of New York.

The post office department has already chosen the site at the new Pennsylvania terminal; it has been paid for, and the plans are being drawn for the building. But prior to the final passage of the bill authorizing the building a resolution was passed by congress appointing a commission, to consist of the postmaster general and the chairmen of the two

building commissions, to go to New York and make a report upon a suitable location.

Postmaster General Cortelyou, in his annual report, stated that since the site had been chosen he had not called the commission together and it was thought at the post office department that it was all over. But a congressional commission must perform its function. A new postmaster general has succeeded Mr. Cortelyou. When Messrs. Scott and Barthold called upon him, he said he could not go, but he would send a man in his place. The hope is expressed that some one will pilot the commission around to Seventh avenue and Thirty-third street before they return.

IN AND ABOUT CORK

A City Nearly as Dirty as New York.

POET-RIDDEN SPOTS IN ERIN

Places Just as Beautiful as Killarney That Have Not Been Contaminated with Surplus Rhymes and Herded Tourists.

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

Killarney, Ireland.—They told me that Cork was a very dirty city. They even said it was filthy, and they said it in such a way as to reflect on Irishmen in general and Corkonians in particular.

Yes, they said that Cork was a dirty city, and so I found it—almost as dirty as New York. This may sound like a strong statement but I mean it.

When I arrived in Cork I saw a hill and made for it at once, because after railway travel there is nothing that so takes the kinks out of a fellow's legs as a walk up a stiff hill. And anyhow I was on a walking tour.

I arrived at the top about sunset. On reading this sentence over I find that it sounds as if the hill was an all day journey but it was only a matter of a few squares, and when I started the sun had long since made up its mind to set.

In Ireland the sun takes on Irish ways, and is just a little dilatory. It always means to set, and it always does set in time to avoid being out in the dark, but "it's an unconscionably long time a dying."

At the summit of the hill I saw a church steeple that appealed to my esthetic sense, and I asked a little boy what church it was.

"Shandon church, sir," said he with the rapid and undulating utterance of the Corkonian.

"Where the bells are?" said I.

"Yes," said he, smiling. "And over beyond is the Lee."

"The pleasant waters of the river Lee," I quoted at him, and he smiled again. Probably every traveler who goes to Cork quotes the lovely old bit of doggerel, but the Corkonian smiles and smiles.

The river Lee runs through the center of Cork, and at evening it is a favorite place for fishing, also for learning to swim on dry land.

The fishermen seem to fish for the love of casting, and the little boys swim on the pavement—two pursuits as useless as they are pleasant. Over the bridge the fishermen leaned, and cast their lines in anything but pleasant places—for the river is malodorous—and the little boys stood on benches and dived to the pavement, where they spat and then went through the motions of swimming.

There were dozens of the little boys, and most of them seemed to be brothers. Some of them were quite expert in diving backward, and all of them were dirty, but they seemed to be happy. I could not help thinking how soon the Celtic mind begins to use symbols, for it was easy to see, that when the boys spat it signified a watering place to them. I dare say they were breaking a city ordinance in spitting and if they knew that they were that much happier—stolen sweets are the sweetest.

During the time I watched the setting sun—which was still at it and, by the way, performed some lovely variations on a simple color scheme in the sky—not even an eel was caught, but the fishermen cast under the bridge, let their bait float down the (un)pleasant waters, and drew in their lines again and again—mute examples of a patience that one does not associate with Ireland.

At last I left them and started out to find Shandon church which seemed but a few squares away.

My pathway led through the slums, and up a hill so steep that I hope horses only use it as a means of descent. I passed one fireside where the folks looked cosy and happy and warm. It was a summer evening, but chilly, and the place into which I looked was a shop for the sale of coal. Shoemakers' children are generally barefooted, but these people were wearing their own coal, and the mother and the dirty children sprawled around the store or home, in a shadowy way, that would have delighted Myneer Rembrandt if he had passed by.

I was struck with the population of Cork. It was most of it on the sidewalk, and nearly all of it was under 16. Pretty faces, too, among them, and happy looking. I think that sympathy would have been wasted on them. They had so much more room than they would have in New York, and they were not any dirtier—than New Yorkers of the same class.

After I had reached the top of the hill, I turned and looked for Shandon church and it was gone. I asked a boy what had become of it, and he told me that in following my winding way through the convolutions known as streets, I had gotten as far from the church as I could in the time. He told me pleasantly, just how to go to get to the church, and it involved going to the foot of the hill and beginning again.

I asked a number of times after that, and always got courteous but rapid answers. The Irish are great talkers, but the Corkonian could handicap himself with a morning's silence, and beat his brothers from other counties before evening.

At last I came on the church, pass- its quaint and curious (to quote three

of Poe's words), statues of a green-coated boy and girl.

I asked a man when the bells began to ring, (for I had been told that they only rang at night.)

"Every quarter of an hour, sir, they'll be ringing in a couple of minutes, sir."

One likes to indulge in a bit of sentiment sometimes, and I stood and waited to hear the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee. I had left the Lee to the fishermen and the make-believe swimmers, but the bells would sound sweetly here under the tower that held them.

A minute passed, and then another, and then I heard music—music that called forth old memories of days long since dead. How it pealed out its delight on the (icy) air of night. And how well I knew the tune:

"Down Where the Wurzburger Flows."

No, it was not the chimes but a nurse in the hospital at a piano. Before she had finished, Shandon bells began, but what they played did not blend with what she sang, and I went on my way thinking on the potency of music.

I passed on down where the River Lee flowed, and the fishermen were still fishing, but the little boys had tired of swimming.

Two signs met me at nearly every corner. One read, "James J. Murphy & Co.," and the other "Beamish & Crawford," or "Crawford & Beamish," I forget which. Both marked the places of publicans (and sinners, I doubt not), and both were brewers' names. The publican's own name never appeared, but these names were omnipresent.

Again I thought of Shandon Bells, and the romantic song, "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows," and leaving the Lee still flowing I sought my hotel.

I would like to make a revolutionary statement, that is more often thought than uttered, but before I make it, I would like to say that there are two classes of travelers: those who think there is nothing in Europe that compares with similar things in America, and those who think there is nothing in America that can hold a candle to similar things in Europe.

I hope I belong to neither class. If I mistake not, I am a Pharisee, and thank my stars that I am not as other men are. Most of us are Pharisees, but few will admit it.

I began being a Pharisee when I was a small child, and that is the time that most people begin.

I kept it up. In this, I am—like the multitude.

Having thus stated my position, let me go on to say, that I am perfectly willing to admit that this or that bit of scenery in France, or Switzerland, or England, or Ireland, lays over anything of the sort I ever saw in America, if I think it does, and I am equally willing to say, that America has almost unknown bits, that are far better than admired, and poet-ridden places in Europe.

Twin Lakes in Connecticut is one of them, and Killarney is a poet-ridden place.

Why, even in Ireland, there are places just as lovely as Killarney, but they have not been written up, and so no one goes to visit them.

I felt that one of the worst things about Killarney was the American sightseer, and I came away soon.

Cook's Tourists have never heard of Twin Lakes, thank fortune, and it will be some time before they (the lakes) are spoiled.

The Lakes of Killarney are so beautiful that they are worthy of the pen of a poet, but the pen of a poet does not make any lake more beautiful, and I am quarreling because so many people refuse to believe the evidence of their own senses, and take their natural beauties at the say so of another.

There is a tower going up in New York at present, a tower that with the exception of the Eiffel Tower, is the tallest on earth.

Many persons look at it, reflect that it is a skyscraper, and then dismiss it as therefore, hideous. But it is really very beautiful, and seen from certain vantage points, it is architecturally one of the glories of New York.

If it ever gains a reputation for beauty, you will find persons raving over it, who to-day class it among the "hideous skyscrapers."

A hundred years ago there were some skyscrapers in Switzerland, and they were thought to be hideous. After awhile, a man with a poet's eyes and a courageous tongue visited them, and he said "the Alps are beautiful."

When their reputation for beauty was established, travelers left the region round about the Rockies to go and rave over the beauties of Switzerland.

That's all.

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Diamond Diggers.

Divers work as diamond diggers in South Africa. They work in icy cold water and black darkness. About three and a half miles down the river from Klerksdorp a wire rope is stretched across the Vaal river from the Transvaal to the Orange River colony side, by means of which a large scow is placed in midstream, where the divers descend and work in from 48 to 52 feet of water. At present they have no light and work for three or four hours in cold water and intense darkness. All they are able to do at present is to grope around, move the big boulders with crowbars and scrape up the smaller stuff from the bed of the river, emptying it into a large iron-bound wire drum, which takes about half an hour to fill.

Around the Metropolis

What Is Going On in New York City Told in Interesting Manner

PASTOR QUIETLY BUILDS WORKING GIRLS' HOTEL



NEW YORK.—While 75 women's clubs in their federated as well as their individual capacity have been talking about the crying need for a working girls' hotel, and racking their composite brains for feasible schemes to get the necessary money, the pastor of a little church in Harlem is busy building one.

About two years and a half ago it occurred to Rev. H. M. Tyndall that the broken stone and sand which were the by-products of building excavations in the city might be put to a better use than that of increasing the size of various dump heaps. Why shouldn't they be purchased, he reasoned, for a nominal sum by contractors who are putting up concrete buildings and be used for his new plan? He determined to become the first of these contractors. His congregation had already decided that the pastor's project of a hotel for working girls under the auspices of the People's tabernacle at 52 East One Hundred and Second street was worthy and practicable and were ready to pledge their support.

So Mr. Tyndall bought the stone and sand, and collected a force of Italian laborers to turn it into concrete. In the intervals when he wasn't bossing the mixing he was drawing pictures of a five-story and basement building with 75 rooms and a complete assortment of comforts and some luxuries.



MUSICAL manholes on Broadway, from which issued sweet strains of well-known selections, proved quite a sensation the other day. New York streets never have been noted for their cleanliness, but as purveyors of free music for the masses by the manhole route their success, judged from their first accomplishment, is undoubted.

The discovery of this subterranean melody was made by two negroes who, while strolling along Broadway, were surprised to hear music from a manhole near Twenty-sixth street. It was a ringing cornet solo rendered with great spirit. The two immediately fell into a violent discussion as to what the player was doing under the street and how he got there. Before they could decide to call the police a large audience had collected and when the solo gave place to the strains of a full brass band the applause was enthusiastic.

STOKES PREVENTS RAID ON SON'S ROOF BARNYARD

W. E. D. STOKES, owner of the Ansonia apartments, at Broadway and Seventy-third street, spent a busy hour the other day when he heard that complaint had been made against him to the board of health for harboring "pigs and geese" on the roof of the big building in violation of the sanitary code. Mr. Stokes did have a pig and four geese on the roof, but they were all in safety before the arrival of the man sent by Chief Sanitary Inspector Raynor to investigate the sky farm.

The pig is called Ninky Poo and is the adored pet of Mr. Stokes' son, William Earle Dodge Stokes, Jr. Ever since last summer the little animal has had an ideal home amid the chimney pots of the Ansonia. Four wild geese with clipped wings were recently added to the establishment to keep the pig company. For hours little Stokes would romp with his pets, and Ninky was especially dear to the boy,

As fast as contributions came in the work progressed and the building at 58 East One Hundred and Second street is now completed. Moreover, although there has been no source of revenue but voluntary contributions, there isn't the sign of a lien or mortgage anywhere in sight.

The 75 rooms are bare of furniture and the 18 front windows present a blank and curtainless glare to passers-by, and Mr. Tyndall is now trying to raise the \$2,000 necessary to furnish the rooms.

While the hotel is designed primarily for wage earning girls, young women who are strangers in the city will get temporary accommodations provided they can show credentials of respectability. Room and board will be furnished at from three to five dollars a week. Women over 35 are reckoned as undesirable inmates.

Robert E. Tyndall, brother of the clergyman, is to be the manager of the house, which is to be for the benefit of permanent rather than of transient guests. While the hotel will not be under the control of any one denomination, and attendance upon religious services will not be enforced upon the residents, its atmosphere will be decidedly religious.

Questions in regard to dancing, card playing and the entertainment of men visitors have not yet been settled. They will be taken up as soon as some philanthropic person or persons donate the furniture.

MUSIC FROM MAN-HOLES IS DUE TO LEAK IN WIRES

Further applause at the end of the selection failed to produce an encore, but when some one dropped a nickel down the manhole as a contribution to the band supposedly concealed beneath it, with others following suit, the music suddenly began again, continuing enthusiastically for many hours.

Eventually members of the traffic squad had to disperse the audience of music lovers, which was blocking the streets. Meanwhile, with occasional pauses, the music continued through the night to the delight of thousands, and not until the following day was the cause brought to light. Then it was discovered that there was a leak in the electric wires over which music is sent by a company which transmits it from a central producing station to hotels, halls and private residences. It was one of these wires which had short-circuited, thus giving Broadway a free concert, a mystery and a sensation all at once.



as he had raised him from the milk-bottle stage.

All was serene until a complaint was lodged with the board of health. But Mr. Stokes heard a half hour in advance that his farm was to be raided. He was in an office on the sixteenth floor of the apartment house, but when the safety of his son's pig was threatened business was dropped. He dashed up the narrow stairway in the twilight, followed by his son, and made a brief survey of the roof. Ninky Poo, unconscious of her peril, was noisily devouring pap. The four wild geese were dining sumptuously on cracked corn.

Mr. Stokes sent for John, a Swedish servant.

"The board of health is after the boy's pets," said Mr. Stokes. "We must get the geese and the pig out of the way before the inspector comes. Take them down to the basement in the freight elevator."

BARBER PALACE PLANNED IN BIG RAILWAY TERMINAL



NEW YORK is to rival the splendor of the ancient Rome baths of Caracalla, famed as the most sumptuous the world has ever known. Father Knickerbocker's effort in this line, however, is to be in the equipment of a barber shop de luxe, which really will deserve the much abused name of "tonorial palace."

The new regal hair-cutting and shaving establishment is to be installed in one of the great railway terminals now being built. The whole construction is to be of marble and glass. Each chair will cost \$150 and will be

surrounded by a canopy and velvet hangings. There are to be ten shower baths, all finished in marble, and each manicurist will have a little glass compartment all her own. Marble benches like those in the Roman baths will line the walls, and each chair will be directly in front of its own marble washstand.

It will undoubtedly be the costliest and most splendid barber shop in the world, but it is not known whether the best suggestion of all, that only mutes be employed in it, will be adopted.