

Round the Capital

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

Society Hastening to Summer Resorts



WASHINGTON.—Washington's society is on the wing, and in a very short time will be scattered to all four quarters of the earth. Washington was likened at one time to a winter Newport, but now that the whole season, and not a month, is passed here by visitors, it has become the meeting place of the nation and ranks as one of the great social centers of the country. But it is not the thing in these days to stay too long in any one place. One must lead a simple life at one's country place during June. Then the correct thing is to go somewhere else, yachting or traveling, to Newport or Bar Harbor, for a month, in one's best bib and tucker. Then come life at Lenox or on a mountain top and a few weeks' camping in the Adirondacks.

Manchester by the Sea and Bar Harbor are rather close rivals where the diplomats are concerned, and as the diplomats almost always show a disposition to entertain, they bring gaiety in their train and are most welcome, for if there is one thing that the true American society woman loves more than another it is the foreigner. Many of the embassies are dotting themselves along the north shore. The British and the Italian embassies will be at Manchester, and the Baroness des Planches is especially fond of keeping open house, a great deal of entertainment is counted on from the Italian embassy. Count Hatzfeldt, who is charge d'affaires for the German embassy in the absence of Baron Speck von Sternburg, will go a few miles further along the shore and be at Beverly Farms, while the charge d'affaires of the Russian embassy, Prince Nicolas Koudacheff, will be at Magnolia, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Loftus of the Siamese legation at Cape Ann.

Three of the most popular bachelors of the diplomatic set, Baron Haymerle, Count Torok and Prince Vincent zu Windisch-Gratz have taken a house at Bar Harbor, where the Austrian ambassador and Baroness Hengel-muller will make their headquarters.

President to Hunt Big Game in Africa



IMMEDIATELY after the ending of his term March 4 next President Roosevelt will start on an extended hunting trip in British East Africa. His second son, Kermit, now in the preparatory school at Groton, Mass., is to be his companion.

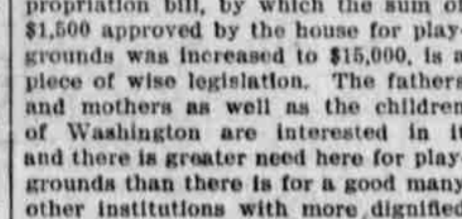
If the present plans are carried out the trip will last fully a year. When the expedition starts it will be equipped with all modern weapons for killing elephants and other wild beasts. Some preparations have already been made. The president has told a few friends he looks forward to the trip with the greatest pleasure. The president goes as much to study the African wild animal as anything else. He wants to know the nature and habits of the beasts in their homes. Upon his return he will do considerable writing.

Rumors that Mr. Roosevelt was to leave the country at the conclusion of his term of office have been printed heretofore, but when confirmation was sought at the White House the answer has been that no definite conclusion had been reached as to the president's plans.

But now it is stated positively that Mr. Roosevelt, with his son Kermit, will sail from New York for Cairo in April, 1909—just as soon as the necessary arrangements for the departure could be made after March 4. It is the desire of the president to bring back at the end of the year from the wilds of Africa specimens of every species of big game to be had on the dark continent. He will visit no other country, it is stated.

The outfit of the expedition will be obtained on reaching Africa, but an active correspondence in this connection already is under way. The exact size of the hunting party—number of guides and retainers, animals, etc.—has not been determined on. The president, however, will take with him an assortment of arms which he will require in the variety of hunting contemplated. This outfit will include, of course, guns of the highest power. During the absence of Mr. Roosevelt in Africa Mrs. Roosevelt and other members of the family will remain at the family home at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay.

Appropriation Made for Playgrounds



IT is the avenue for business and the childish romping which so often interferes with business in the streets is a nuisance. Yet if there is no other place for them who can be so indifferent to their welfare as to prevent the boys and girls from indulging their youthful spirits in the delightful games for which only the streets afford them room?

Washington, with all its beautiful parks and its well kept squares, is pitifully lacking in the matter of playgrounds for the school children. Many of the school buildings have not the least vestige of ground inclosed about them, but stand squarely against the sidewalk and are squeezed on either side by dwellings. The children attending these schools are permitted to congregate in the street and on the sidewalks opposite the building and instructed to "play quietly." It is well for congress to take more active cognizance of this need for playgrounds and provide well for them. The senate's amended appropriation is not nearly enough to do all that is required, but it is a worthy beginning and Washington's parents as well as children are thankful for it.

White House Kept Guessing by Joker



NOT since Lew Dockstader, made up as President Roosevelt, rode down Pennsylvania avenue in company with a negro for picture machine purposes has official Washington been so wrought up by a practical joker as it has been by an advertising stunt pulled off the other day.

An advertisement offering a reward of \$500 for the return of a valuable portfolio of papers lost by a "foreign agent" appeared in the local newspapers.

The wallet was said to contain documents which, if made public, might cause serious international complications. Later it was stated that private executive papers of the president were in the wallet. The advertisement gave Washington police, the secret service men and Secretary Loeb

a busy day, but later it was learned that the missing papers consisted of a political puzzle which some zealous salesman expects to spring on the public as soon as his mission is properly advertised.

The puzzle consists of a sort of a pigs in the clover arrangement with a picture of President Roosevelt in the center. Two little balls, one labeled Bryan and one Taft, are easily worked into the eyes. The puzzle is to put a third-term ball in the open mouth of the president.

A certain famous authoress who is much worried by unknown correspondents has taken her revenge in a somewhat eccentric fashion. She received a letter from a woman informing her that the writer had named her last baby after her, and requesting the authoress' views on her choice. She received a thick envelope, heavily sealed, with this inscription: "Not to be opened till baby's thirteenth birthday." Now the mother is worrying herself day and night as to the contents of the envelope.



WAR MYSTERY SOLVED.

Story of the Escape of John Morgan from Ohio Penitentiary.

Ever since the escape of John Morgan, the famous confederate raider, from the Ohio penitentiary, insinuations have been made that Morgan and six of his comrades had outside assistance from southern sympathizers, and that Warden Nathaniel Merion connived at the escape.

Thomas W. Bullitt of Louisville, lieutenant in the Second Kentucky cavalry during the celebrated Morgan raid, has just visited the cell in the Ohio penitentiary in which he was confined in 1863-64 as a prisoner of war. This is Mr. Bullitt's first visit to the penitentiary since the escape.

In very expressive terms he denies the insinuations regarding the escape. Accompanied by the deputy warden, Mr. Bullitt visited the cell in which he was confined and also that occupied by Morgan.

"There was no outside help in the escape," said Mr. Bullitt. "I know, because I was in with the plan from the first, and I helped dig the tunnel



At Work in the Tunnel.

through which the men escaped. The whole thing was planned by Capt. Thomas Hines, and the hole through the floor was in his cell. It was kept absolutely secret, even from our own men.

"Not more than a dozen or fifteen knew anything about it until the last day, when we were unable to keep it from them any longer. I knew about it because I helped with the work. I am positive that not a single person on the outside knew a thing about it. And I'll say this about Merion, who was warden at the time: I never did like him—I disliked him exceedingly—but he did not know a thing about the escape. There has been some suspicion on his part, but it is absolutely untrue.

"The work was all done with case-knives, which we stole from the dining room, and one shovel, which one of the men stole somewhere. It was used in digging the tunnel."

Mr. Bullitt told an interesting story of the escape. He assisted the other men to get away, but did not go himself because his cell was near the end of the cell block—No. 4—and a guard stood near it. It was feared this guard would hear him if he made an attempt, so he decided he should stay behind.

Capt. Hines, who had cell 19, commenced the work, digging through the floor under his bed. Every morning he would clean his cell up nicely and put everything in such prime condition that the guard would simply take a look at the inside, without making an examination.

"During the day, when the men were allowed the freedom of the corridors for exercise, down through this hole the men would climb," said Mr. Bullitt. "The cell tier was built on an archway, and in here there was plenty of room to work. The distances were carefully measured off, and holes dug up to the cells from below."

"At the same time work was going on in the tunnel. On the day of Gen. Morgan's escape he changed cells with his brother, 'Big Dick' Morgan. A hole had been dug into Dick's cell. In this way the general escaped, the brother staying behind."

"Four of the seven men who escaped are dead," said Mr. Bullitt. "Smith, I have not seen for two years, and I am not certain whether he is living, but I think he is. McGee and one other I lost track of soon after the war, and I don't know whether they are living."

Mr. Bullitt was a prisoner from August, 1863, until early in the spring of 1864. Only the commissioned officers were confined, and only a part of them were put in the Ohio penitentiary, the others being taken to Allegheny, Pa. Mr. Bullitt knew but little about the prison, as the Morgan men were not allowed to work in the shops.

"The only part of the inside of the penitentiary I ever got to see, was my own corridor, and what I could see while being marched across the court to my meals. We often wished they would put us to work in the shops. We would have taken the prison if they had."

Mr. Bullitt came near making his visit to the prison on the anniversary of Morgan's escape. It was November 27, 1863, and his visit was only a few days later, 44 years after the escape.

A MATTER OF COMPULSION.

No Soup, No Dinner, the Rule Laid Down by Barney.

Six years ago, when the king visited Dublin, some amusing incidents were recorded due to the grotesqueness of some hotel waiters apparently just fresh from rural life.

One hotelkeeper told such a newly imported "server" that he must always serve every one with soup at dinner and be quite certain that he had it.

Thereupon ensued the following scene between a visitor and the new waiter: "Soup, sir?" said Barney. "No soup for me," said the visitor. "But you must have it," said Barney. "It's the rules of the house."

"Hang the house!" exclaimed the visitor, highly exasperated. "When I don't want soup I won't eat it. Get along with you!" "Well," said Barney, with solemnity, "all I can say is just this—it's the rules of the house andorra a drop else ye'll get till ye finish the soup!"—London Telegraph.

ECZEMA ALL OVER HIM.

No Night's Rest for a Year and Limit of His Endurance Seemed Near—Owes Recovery to Cuticura.

"My son Clyde was almost completely covered with eczema. Physicians treated him for nearly a year without helping him any. His head, face, and neck were covered with large scabs which he would rub until they fell off. Then blood and matter would run out and that would be worse. Friends coming to see him said that if he got well he would be disgraced for life. When it seemed as if he could possibly stand it no longer, I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. That was the first night for nearly a year that he slept. In the morning there was a great change for the better. In about six weeks he was perfectly well. Our leading physician recommends Cuticura for eczema. Mrs. Algy Cockburn, Shiloh, O., June 11, 1907."

PLEASANT FOR PAPA.



The Minister—You kept beautifully still while I was preaching, Willie. Did you like the sermon?
Kid—No, sir; but papa said he'd spank me good and plenty if I woke him up.

A Subtle Difference.

Mrs. Blank, wife of a prominent minister near Boston, had in her employ a recently engaged colored cook as black as the proverbial ace of spades. One day Mrs. Blank said to her: "Matilda, I wish that you would have oat meal quite often for breakfast. My husband is very fond of it. He is Scotch, and you know that the Scotch eat a great deal of oatmeal."

"Oh, he's Scotch, is he?" said Matilda. "Well, now, do you know, I was thinkin' all along dat he wasn't des like us."—Woman's Home Companion.

Women and the Suffrage.

The severest criticism of the stupidity and inefficiency of the parliament of the world is, in M. Marcel Prevost's opinion, the most universal indifference of women on the subject of voting. "Neither the representative nor the voter," says this expert in feminine psychology, "excites their envy. They do not even think about the vote, and if men offer it as a gift they pay no attention, burst out laughing or refuse point blank."

FULLY NOURISHED

Grape-Nuts a Perfectly Balanced Food.

No chemist's analysis of Grape-Nuts can begin to show the real value of the food—the practical value as shown by personal experience. It is a food that is perfectly balanced, supplies the needed elements of brain and nerves in all stages of life from the infant, through the strenuous times of active middle life, and is a comfort and support in old age.

"For two years I have used Grape-Nuts with milk and a little cream, for breakfast. I am comfortably hungry for my dinner at noon. "I use little meat, plenty of vegetables and fruit in season, for the noon meal, and if tired at tea time, take Grape-Nuts alone and feel perfectly nourished."

"Nerve and brain power, and memory are much improved since using Grape-Nuts. I am over sixty and weigh 155 lbs. My son and husband seeing how I have improved, are now using Grape-Nuts."

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REFLECTIONS OF BACHELOR GIRL

Flirtation is like a cocktail with no headache in it, champagne with no "next morning."

Some men think that by putting on a silk hat and a white Ascot tie they are disguised as gentlemen.

Love is like gambling; you want to be sure that you are a good loser before you go in for the game.

One thing I can never understand, and that is how a man can tell the front from the back of his hat, but he always can.

A man's idea of honor is so peculiar; he would die rather than steal a friend's money or cheat him at cards, but he will steal his wife or cheat him out of his daughter with perfect equanimity.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

A private knocker is a public nuisance.

No man who is fit to live likes to live on charity.

The discouragement of capital, if a crime, is a crime against labor.

The political trust-buster and professional muckraker, firing at capital, hits labor nine times in ten.

The extra hazard of honest enterprise is driving capital to Wall street, and labor to the benches in the park.

Labor should be protected—from its foot friends; the socialist should be screened off from the anarchist; the anarchist from high explosives, and gin.—From Cy Warman's Speech, Canadian Club, Guelph, Ont.

RULES FOR HAPPY MARRIED LIFE

Think a little. Lead the "simple life." Have no foolish illusions. Try to understand each other and be chums.

Let your life be a partnership which equalizes all joys as well as sorrows. Do not look away from yourselves for happiness; it is in you.

Seek to please your husband or your wife and make reasonable sacrifices. He or she will then to the same, and true happiness will result.—New York World.

WIFES OF WISDOM.

Self-consciousness is the deadly enemy of dignity. The indigent and naked world might be comfortably clothed with the needless trappings of the reckless rich. An empty pumpkin shell in which a child displays a lighted candle diffuses more real light than a vain head, for all men. But, alas! it is usually like the stern lights of a vessel which illumine only the pathway already traversed. Do not burden others with your confidences. There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets as there is in keeping those of your neighbor. The reason why you shouldn't say appropriated instead of took is because it gives the smooth gentleman more time to get away in.

A man is sadly apt to devote himself to the girl who is conspicuous for the qualities he tells his sister to strenuously avoid.