

# ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

## Keeper of Lid During Summer in Doubt



WASHINGTON.—Who will sit on the "lid" here during the summer, while the president is taking rest and recreation at Oyster Bay? None of the cabinet officials wants the job, and so far it has been a continual performance of sidestepping. Even when the president left for his Long Island home the other day only tentative plans for the dog days watch had been determined upon.

Secretary Root, who left at the same time, will be gone all summer. Assistant Secretary of State Bacon will be the lid sitter in the state department most of the summer.

Attorney General Bonaparte will keep out of Washington as much as possible during July, paying flying visits from Baltimore. In August he will

be at the Aspinwall hotel in Lenox, Mass.

Secretary Metcalf has gone to California to spend the summer in the mountains. He will not be seen in Washington until frost comes.

Postmaster General Meyer will be hence to the St. Lawrence to fish. Secretary Garfield is in Hawaii and will stay there for three months. Secretary Cortelyou will have a quiet summer, probably on Long Island.

Secretary Wilson will stay in Washington for some time on account of the business arising in connection with the enforcement of the pure food laws. If he takes a vacation he will go to his Iowa farm.

Secretary Wright, who will succeed Secretary Taft in the war department, will hardly be eligible to such a serious task as keeping the big lid down this summer. He will spend much of his time this summer in Washington, however. Secretary Straus has taken the seat on the lid and will have this throne of honor until some of the other members will consent to relieve him.

## Picturesque Princess Invades Capital



PRINCESS VILMA LWOFF PARAGHY is in town. And that's not all. With her are three maids, by courtesy French; first, second and third attache; marshal, courtier, butler, chef, and, for good measure, three or four other men servants.

And that's not all. And with her also are one small yappy, white woolly dog, one pair of guinea pigs badly in need of a hair-cut, a couple of young wolves, an ibis, a falcon, several owls, and a family of alligators.

And that's not all. With her also are several drays of the gaudiest luggage that any local hotel ever sheltered. It is all painted red, white and green—the Hungarian colors.

All these—princess, suite, menagerie and impediments—are at the Willard. They arrived from Hot Springs, Va., a few days ago in a private car. They proceeded to the hotel after some delay, in half a dozen carriages, and after considerable excitement on the part of the hotel employes her highness was finally established in a suite which comprises almost the en-

tire southeast wing of the second floor. The princess had ordered a room with a balcony and was justly indignant when she found she had been relegated to the fourth floor, where there was no balcony.

In vain did the manager explain that the lower floors were not in use in the summer, that they were closed entirely and dismantled. They must be opened and refurbished. Madame wanted a balcony and must have a balcony. The closed rooms were forthwith opened and furnished in the shortest possible time and Mme. la Princess Paraghy was installed in a suite of something like 20 rooms with a balcony.

She has what figures as her second sitting room exclusively for her menagerie and is lamenting that she decided to ship a young bear, a dear little tiger kitten, and a furry little lion cub direct to her home at Nice.

The princess is the most picturesque lady who has enlivened Washington for many moons. She was here for a few days last February, but attracted little attention after the fiction that she was here to paint the White House and by madam herself. She is Hungarian by birth and Russian by marriage, but that did not last long. Like any American girl, she had to get rid of her Russian prince.

## Pretty Society Belle Studying Bugs



A BEAUTIFUL woman who leads a double life is the latest person of interest in Washington's smart set. The beautiful woman is Miss Harriet Richardson, and her double life is perfectly proper as well as highly interesting.

Three hours of each day she is Miss Richardson of the Smithsonian Institution, authority on the Isopods of North America, one of the "Who's Whos" in the American Men of Science and with a long string of degrees filling out the page after her name. The other 21 hours of the day she is Miss Harriet Richardson of Wyoming avenue, N. W., a society favorite.

Miss Richardson inherited a fortune from her father, C. E. F. Richardson, a wealthy land holder. She is one of the most exquisitely dressed young women in Washington, a skilled horsewoman, a globe trotter and an adept at bridge whist. Her suitors are many and some have been ardent. But thus far suitors have been unable to tempt her—for there are the isopods.

Her first deviation from society's beaten path came when she refused to be a "bud," going to Vassar instead.

But when, after taking a baccalaureate degree, she wished to go on studying, her family rebelled. It was then that Dr. C. W. Richardson, her brother, had the happy inspiration of taking her to the musty old Smithsonian Institution, where his influence procured her the right to work as a volunteer.

He thought one visit would be the end. So he took her up the narrow stairs to the smelly balcony, where collections of fossils were being mounted. Miss Richardson calmly sat down before a compound microscope and announced that she liked it.

That's where I found her, in a Parisian linen suit, fondling little bottles of preserved isopods as daintily as if they were thimble tea-cups.

Every morning from ten till one Miss Richardson is at her desk. There she has written her book, "A Monograph on the Isopods of North America," dealing with specimens furnished by the Harriman expedition to Alaska, and 15 shorter works, two of which she has just prepared for a Paris scientific paper.

But even when abroad, absent from the allurement of the institution, the scientific side of Miss Richardson's mind asserts itself. She leaves the gay watering places and season entertainments to go and visit Dr. Thomas Scott of Aberdeen or Dr. A. M. Norman, just out of London, both famous scientists. This summer she is invited to visit Prof. Glard, director of the laboratory at Wimereux, France.

## Uncle Sam Starts a Crusade on Flies



UNCLE SAM is busy these days counting house flies. He has started a sort of fly census for the purpose of ascertaining the relationship between the little buzzing pests and typhoid fever. It is believed by some agricultural department entomologists that flies do an awful lot towards spreading typhoid germs around—in fact, several of them have been caught with the goods.

The plan, therefore, is to catch the wicked little insects, count 'em, and compile a lot of data for comparison with statistics furnished by the health department as to the prevalence of typhoid fever in localities where gen-

tures are made. The fly census has, therefore, been inaugurated in Washington and Pittsburg and may be extended to other cities.

Dr. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist of the department of agriculture, is in charge of the fly-paper squad, which posts sheets of good old sticky stuff around in public places and gathers them in again after captures of 48 hours have been made.

The greatest number of flies that have been enumerated at one haul so far is 2,600, gathered at the United States arsenal, an engineer post on the Potomac river.

The experts carefully count the victims, determine the length of time they have been dead, search them for germs, and do various other funny things that eventually may mean a lot in convicting Mr. Fly of transplanting disease. As soon as returns are in from the great "fly center"—Pittsburg—there may be some interesting data to give out.

## JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

Marriage Did Not Follow the Nineteen Year's Courtship.

In the amiable way of villagers, they were discussing the matrimonial affairs of a couple who, though recently wed, had begun to find the yoke of Hymen a burden.

"Tis all along o' these hasty marriages," opined one caustic old gentleman, who had been much to the fore in the discussion. "They did not understand each other; they'd nobbut knowed each other for a matter o' seven year."

"Well, that seems long enough," said an interested lady listener.

"Long eno'! Bah, ye're wrong! When a body's courtin' he canna be too careful. Why, my courtship lasted a matter o' 19 year!"

"You certainly were careful," agreed the lady listener. "And did you find your plan successful when you married?"

"Ye jump to conclusions!" said the old man, impatiently. "I understood her then, so I didna' marry her!"—Tit-Bits.

## DOCTOR SAID "USE CUTICURA"

In Bad Case of Eczema on Child—Disease Had Reached a Fearful State—His Order Resulted in Complete Cure.

"When I was small I was troubled with eczema for about three months. It was all over my face and covered nearly all of my head. It reached such a state that it was just a large scab all over, and the pain and itching were terrible. I doctored with an able physician for some time and was then advised by him to use the Cuticura Remedies which I did and I was entirely cured. I have not been bothered with it since. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment but do not know exactly how much was used to complete the cure. I can safely say that Cuticura did a lot for me. Miss Anabel Wilson, North Branch, Mich., Oct. 20, 1907."

Sounds Dubious. Citizen (proudly)—This is a city without graft. Visitor (inquiringly)—Honest?

## VERY GOOD REASON.



Father—I told you not to go with that boy. Bobby—I had to, father, 'cause he had hold of my hair!

## A Cold Lunch.

The pupils of a distinguished professor of zoology, a man well known for his eccentricities, noted one day two tidy parcels lying on their instructor's desk as they passed out at the noon hour. On their return to the laboratory for the afternoon lecture they saw but one. This the professor took carefully up in his hand as he opened his lecture.

"In the study of vertebrata we have taken the frog as a type. Let us now examine the gastrocnemius muscle of this dissected specimen."

So saying the professor untied the string of his neat parcel and disclosed to view a ham sandwich and a boiled egg.

"But I have eaten my lunch," said the learned man bewilderedly.—Liptincott's.

## A Good Turn.

"Here, wake up," cried Subbubs, appearing on his porch in his pajamas. "You've got a nerve to be sleeping in our hammock."

"Nerve?" replied the hobo, sleepily. "Why, I'm a benefactor; if it wasn't for me holdin' dis hammock down de mosquitoes would 'a' lugged it off long ago."

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Without labor there is no arriving at rest, nor without fighting can the victory be reached.—Thomas a Kempis.

## SMALL THING HE FORGOT.

May Have Accounted for His Proposal Being Turned Down.

Senator Beveridge described, at a dinner, an absent-minded farmer.

"The man was so absent-minded," he said, "that he couldn't open his mouth without making an arrant ass of himself."

"Once he courted a young woman. His suit looked promising for a time. Then, with a sorrowful visage, he ceased his courtship."

"Yet she seemed infatuated with you, Jabez," said I, one day when he came to me for sympathy.

"She wore, too, Jabez agreed.

"Well, what could have been the trouble?"

"Dunno," said he. He filled his pipe. "Dunno; but when I proposed, she turned me down cold."

"Perhaps your proposal wasn't ardent enough?" I suggested.

"Oh, it was fiery," said Jabez. "Hot as pepper. I told her she was the only woman I'd ever loved, ever looked at, ever thought of, or—"

"But, said I, 'you forgot, then, you were a widower.'"

"Jingo," said Jabez, "so I did."

## Why He Kicked.

Stella—My fiancé refused to let me take charge of a booth at the church fair last week. Mabel—What were you going to sell? Stella—Kisses at a quarter apiece.



## MRS. FRANK STROEBE



A Remarkable Recovery. Mrs. Frank Stroebe, R. F. D. 1, Appleton, Wis., writes: "I began using Peruna a few months ago, when my health and strength were all gone, and I was nothing but a nervous wreck, could not sleep, eat or rest properly, and felt no desire to live. Peruna made me look at life in a different light, as I began to regain my lost strength. I certainly think Peruna is without a rival as a tonic and strength builder."

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