

# Washington Day by Day

News Gathered Here and There at the National Capital

## DEMOCRATIC CHARM OF PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER



ALICE—of course there's only one Alice in the world, you know—doffs her imperial coronet, and all her spiritual regalia of crown princess, every Tuesday afternoon, "and acts as common as any other congressman's wife." This last phrase is a quotation from a cheerful country rubberer in a purple satin blouse who figured largely upon the scene at Mrs. Longworth's latest free at home.

One meets less of the madding crowd at the Tuesday reception of the president's daughter than at many an obscurer place. The professional caller, one who never misses a free tea, taking them each one, every day in alphabetical order—there are a lot of women in Washington like that—enters the Longworth home, a bit deprecating perhaps. The place where on she treads is almost holy ground in her awed eyes.

The Longworth reception rooms are on the second floor of the musty old mansion on Eighteenth street, that

reeks ancestrally. One mounts on a blue velvet carpet honestly "shabbed out" on the sharp edge of every step, to the presence of the princess paramount. She advances to meet you, democratically, with outstretched hand, on the threshold of a vast apartment that has an old English solidity about its appointments—nothing chirpy or gay or young bridish. You think of the christenings and funerals and solemn ceremonials as soon as you enter. Dead and gone kinfolks gloom down on you from faded canvases on the wall. One of the defunct dames seems to be embracing a lamb or something, with a wreath around its neck. Ladies always wore beflowered lambs in those days, when they had their pictures taken.

Miss Alice converses with gracious impartiality in a rather deep-seated voice, happy to please. She is undoubtedly a stunning young woman, her girlish curves growing softer and sweeter day by day.

## INDIANA CONGRESSMAN IN FIRST REAL "WHIP"



REPRESENTATIVE JAMES E. WATSON, of Indiana, Republican "whip" of the house, will go down in history as the first real "whip," according to the international acceptance of the term, who has ever served in that body. Eighteen years ago James Bryce, who comes to Washington as the British ambassador, wrote in his "American Commonwealth" a chapter on the house of representatives, in which he commented upon the absence of "whips" as they were understood in England. "So essential are these officers to the discipline of English parliamentary armies," he wrote, "that an English politician's first question when he sees congress is 'Where are the whips?'"

Speaker Cannon is partially responsible for the innovation and when he picked out Representative Watson for that job he had in mind a set program. Until Mr. Watson came into the field with the present speaker behind him a party "whip" in the house

has been a figurehead. Nobody knew anything about him and nobody cared. The job, at present, is not the most agreeable in the world and the necessary loyalty of the "whip" to the speaker sometimes leads into narrow passages with enemies lurking on either side. Representative Watson has, nevertheless, got results.

Under the new regime the whip is the speaker's representative among the majority members of the house. In performing his duties the member who fills the office sometimes has to subordinate his own notion of things to the will of the speaker. All plans for legislation by the house are formulated in the speaker's room. A few members sit down with the presiding officer and decide what bills shall be considered by the house. In such a large body it is impossible for the speaker to confer with every member of the body and so under the new arrangement it is the practice for members to reach the presiding officer frequently through the whip.

## GREAT POPULARITY OF LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



EVIDENCE of the use of the general public is making of the great library of congress is to be found in the record of visitors to the building during the last fiscal year. The visitors numbered about 812,000. This was a daily average of 2,213 in the 362 days on which the library was open to the public.

The only days on which the great bronze doors were closed throughout the 24 hours were July 5, the funeral day of John Hay, July 4 and Christmas. On other legal holidays and Sundays the building was open from two to ten o'clock and on week days from nine a. m. to ten p. m., excepting Saturday afternoons in July, August and September. Almost a double force is required for the building, which is open virtually day and evening the year around.



## PATHETIC SCENE OCCURS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

A STORY of a Good Samaritan was revealed at the White House the other day. It had to do with the tender and imperishable friendship of one woman, prosperous and happy, for another, close to destitution and afflicted with a physical ailment which has made self-support impossible.

Lady Cook, formerly Tennessee Claflin, now a resident of England, was the benefactress and Olive Logan the recipient. Tennessee Claflin and Olive Logan, now past the middle score of life, were intellectual and famous women in America years ago. They were friends way back in the days of the civil war and were known to presidents and public officials of administrations for two decades.

Tennessee Claflin eventually married an English nobleman of wealth, and her friend Olive drifted along pursuing literary work. But Miss Logan did not prosper and a short time ago a New York newspaper told of her want for the necessities of life. Lady Cook, her old friend, saw the story and immediately cabled funds. Then she came to America to see and aid her in person. There was a pathetic scene on the pier at New York when they met.

"Are you really so poor?" asked Lady Cook.

"Indeed it is pitiful," replied Miss Logan.

"Never mind," replied the benefactress, "we'll go down to Washington and see the president and then I'll have good news for you."

They had a long chat with the president. Lady Cook said she had promised not to reveal the president's views, and Olive Logan said she was so deaf that she could not hear what he had said.

"Judging from his expression, though," she declared with pathetic pride over an old hobby of hers, "he seemed to favor woman's suffrage. Lady Cook and myself would like to get a hearing before a congressional committee, but I suppose she has not time to stay."

"No," responded her companion with a smile, "and neither have you for you are going back to England with me and live the rest of your life at my home."

"Eh?" replied Miss Logan, dazed and bewildered.

"England," shouted Lady Cook with her mouth close to Olive's ear. "Home with me—you're going abroad—under stand?"

Miss Logan understood. They disappeared down the White House driveway with Lady Cook again shouting the good news into her old friend's ear.

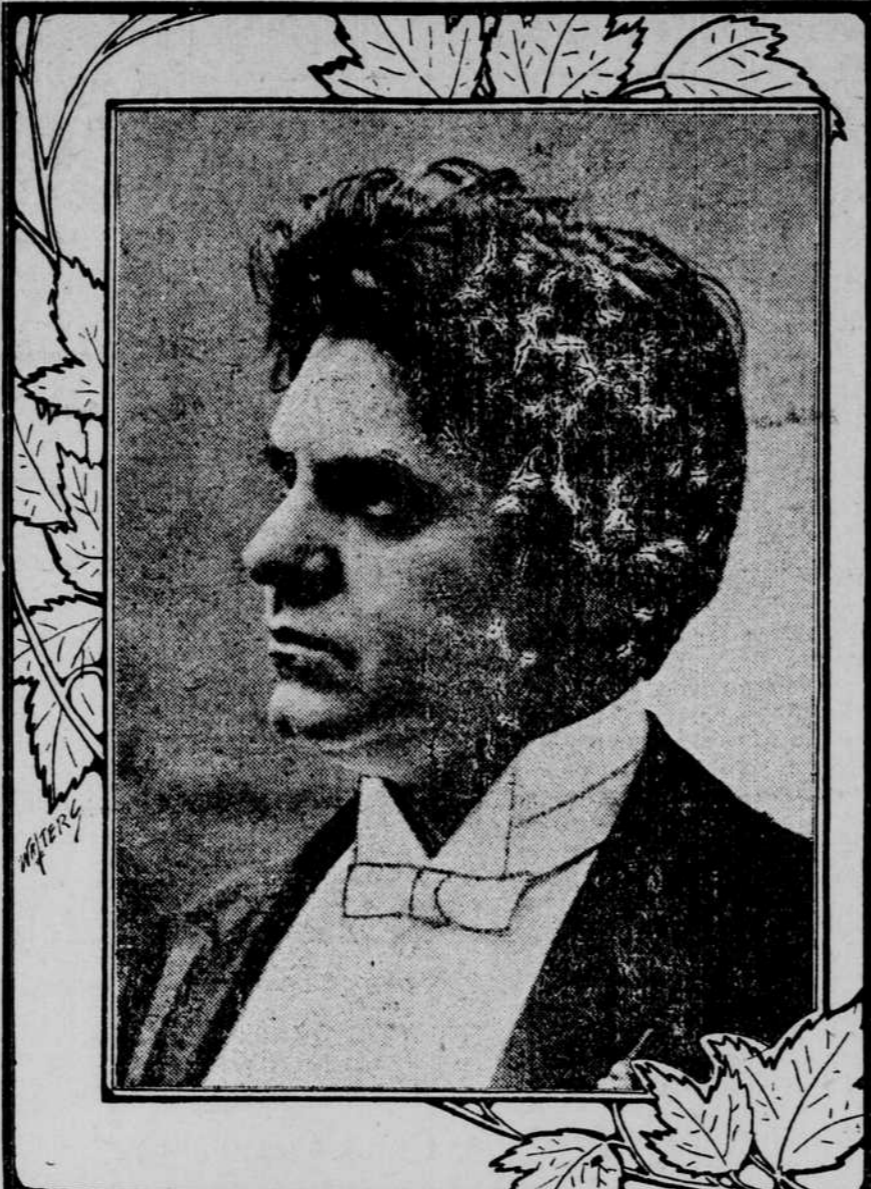
The Tables Turned. First Clubman—Ah, good-morning Jags! Ha, ha, ha! I'll bet your wife gave you fits when you got home last night. You were tight as—

Second Clubman (wildly)—Don't you laugh, you grinning idiot. She wasn't there. She's eloped with a man who doesn't drink.—N. Y. Weekly.

At the Psychology Club. "Do you know," cried Profunda at the weekly meeting, "that I have a mysterious dread, an esoteric fear, a cat? I always feel that I am subject to a sudden attack when one is near."

"That's easy," said Miss Downrite "it's the rat in your 'pomp.'"—Baltimore American.

## Heinrich Conried.



Director of the Metropolitan Opera company in New York city, whose recent production of "Salome" created such a furore in the metropolis that he was forced to abandon the contemplated run.

## CLAIM STRANGE GIFT.

### BELIEVERS ASSERT THEY CAN SPEAK ALL LANGUAGES.

#### Power Can Only Be Used for Purpose of Exhortation—When Holy Ghost Came Church Members Fell Down and Winds Roared.

Denver, Col.—This city has been the home of strange religions and some bizarre manifestations of religious belief. The Schlatter incident of 1895 still causes people to talk and wonder, and the Sun Worshipers of two years ago are not forgotten. But the strangest claim yet made by any body of believers is that of the Christian Assembly church members, who say they have been granted the Apostolic gift of many tongues, and that they can speak all kinds of languages, which they have never before heard.

They assert that a great majority of the 600 languages in existence to-day have been used by their members in their little church on Welton street under the leadership of Divine Inspiration. They claim that the distinctive mark

of this power is the fact that no one receiving the gift can use it for any other than purposes of exhortation. Frequently the inspired person speaks in a language totally unknown to himself, they say, and makes an exhortation understood only by some one of a foreign nationality who happens to be in the audience.

Occasionally one of the members will speak in a language unknown to any one present. As a result of this wonderful power they expect to send abroad missionaries to China and India.

The case regarded as the most remarkable among the believers is that of Miss Mabel Smith, a girl of 18, whose home is in Galveston, Tex. To her has been given the power to speak 18 languages, one for every year of her life, and they think that as she adds years she will acquire languages.

Another notable case is that of Miss Evelyn Schipple, 17, who speaks altogether in the Chinese language. She has never previously been able to speak this language, and has never heard it spoken.

Miss Mary Botroff, a woman well

and favorably known in this city for her charitable work, says that she uses both Chinese and Arabic fluently. In a recent address made in a mission meeting she spoke five different languages so that they could be understood by representatives of five different nationalities in the room at the time.

This power has also been granted to the pastor of the church, Rev. Gilbert E. Farr, and his wife. "There is nothing new in this," he says. "We simply believe and have proved conclusively that the power of the apostles reaches down to the present time. We are now living in the Gospel age, and everything inaugurated by the apostles in their age holds good in the present. We are not a sect nor a cult. We simply believe in the whole Gospel, and in this thing along with all the rest of it."

Mr. Farr furnishes this description of how the gift came: "Last August a body of Christian people was holding a camp meeting in this city, and during the meetings two Christian women came to us from Los Angeles. They said they were going to Jerusalem to preach the Gospel in Arabic, as God had given them that gift and also the gift of other languages. Many of our members began to seek it for themselves. After the public meetings closed we all went into a separate room and waited for the Lord to do to us as He did to the apostles at Pentecost, when He gave them the gift of languages.

"The first manifestation of the presence of the Holy Ghost was when people began to tremble and fall down and then there came a rushing of great winds. This is just the same thing that happened according to the Bible on the day of Pentecost. Very soon several of our members began to speak in different languages and others interpreted what they said. No less than 40 people, men, women and children, have received this wonderful gift.

"As for myself, I cannot tell any thing more about my receiving the gift than this: My throat began to swell and I was compelled to remove my cravat. While I opened my mouth under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, I began to speak in a foreign language which I had never spoken or heard spoken, and I have studied under this wonderful power many times since."

#### Learned Scholar Dead.

The man who in our times has had the widest acquaintance with the literature of the time of Shakespeare died a few days ago in London. He was Mr. W. F. Craig. His learning was marvelous and his scholarship profound. He had made extensive preparations for an exhaustive Shakespeare Lecture, with illustrations from all the literature of that period. But the finest fruit of a life devoted to study was his work on the Dowden edition of Shakespeare, in the general editorship of which he was associated with Prof. Edward Dowden, of Trinity college, and in which he edited personally with supreme success King Lear. It will be difficult to find a worthy successor to Mr. Craig for the superintendence of the several volumes in the edition which remain to be printed.

## Execution Scene in the Congo.



The above photograph shows how condemned men are put to death in Congo. The doomed man is bound to stakes driven in the ground and his head tied to a young sapling as illustrated. The executioner then beheads the victim with a swift stroke of his peculiar knife. The head is allowed to remain on the trepost as a warning to wrongdoers.

## Value of Eucalyptus Oil.

### Neither Poisonous Nor Irritating, May Be Applied to Most Delicate Tissues.

Washington.—The department of agriculture has issued a bulletin in which it says that eucalyptus oil is so useful and popular information concerning it is so meager that a few words concerning it will not be out of place. This oil has been used for about 40 years, but only during the past ten years has it been employed in medicine very extensively. Its use is now constantly increasing as its properties and medicinal value become better known.

The fact that it is non-poisonous and non-irritating makes it especially safe and valuable. As much of it as a fourth of an ounce has been taken internally without injury and it may be freely applied to the most delicate tissue. Notwithstanding the fact that it is neither dangerously poisonous nor irritating to the human system, it is a very effective antiseptic and dis-

infectant and has come to be used quite extensively for dressing wounds, ulcers and other diseased tissues. It enters into the composition of several antiseptic preparations.

The oil is also a well-known remedy for malarial and other fevers, and is used in treating diseases of the hair and skin and of the stomach, kidneys and bladder, and is especially valuable for affections of the throat, bronchial and lungs.

Too Soon. "How are you getting along with your new cook?"

"We got along fine with the one we had yesterday. The one we had this morning left, and we haven't had a chance to get acquainted with the one that came this afternoon."

A Hint. A widow, in half-mourning, Doth by this sign confess That she is half a mind to—Nay it's up to you to guess. —Puck.

### Nationality Often Changed.

A curious illustration of the ups and downs of international politics comes from the Savoy village of Saint Jean de Maurienne, where a woman has died at the age of 93 in the village in which she was born and without ever leaving it has had her nationality changed three times. She was born in 1814, and as Bonaparte had then seized the territory she was "French." When the kingdom of Sardinia was reconstituted the same year after his fall she became "Italian," and finally on Nice and Savoy being ceded to France on 1860 she once more found herself French.

### Varieties of Sponges.

About ten species of "vegetable sponges" are now cultivated in the warmer parts of Africa and Asia, especially in Algeria. The fruit is edible before maturity, but on ripening the pulp separates from the fibrous material, which then becomes an excellent substitute for real sponge for the toilet, bathroom and many other purposes. The Algerian sponges are in large demand in Paris.

# LADY ISABEL'S ADMIRER

By MRS. NEISH

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With all Lady Isabel's faults—and even her dearest friends cannot deny she has many—there is one of which she has never been accused, and that is of flirting seriously.

Her dearest friend, who would, therefore, be her most candid critic, might feel inclined to add that the absence of desire to flirt is not entirely due to moral worth, but the result of creed. "No man is worth the risk of being cut in the park." This strictly bold creed has saved her from even "the appearance of evil," and she never encourages any man's attentions, and is, therefore, the soul of honor—or caution.

Moreover, next to "Lady Isabel," she prefers Lord Ettingham—her husband—to anyone else; but of all the world she most assuredly prefers "Lady Isabel."

I once asked her if she ever asked a man to come in and dine with her when her husband was out.

"Never," she replied emphatically. "And I'll tell you why, my dear Marjorie. Unless a man is too absolute and innate a gentleman to think of such a thing, he will be sure to assume you're in love with him—at any rate, he will think you want him to pretend he is in love with you; and, what I find so difficult—"

"Well, Isabel?"

"Or rather, what I've never found," she amended, laughing, "is the aforementioned innate and absolute gentleman."

"Are men so horribly conceited?" She nodded. "Frightfully. I'll tell you how I found out. I tried it once. I asked a man to dine here as Vernon was going out—I am generally not myself, you know; but I wasn't engaged that night, and feeling rather bored at the thought of being alone, I wired a man we both knew very well to come in and dine with me alone. He came like a bird," added Lady Isabel gaily, "and after dinner—I had forgotten the 'after-dinner,' you see—he went down on his knees by my chair and actually held and kissed my hand, and I tried, but couldn't get it away. Pah!" she made a little grimace at the recollection.

I laughed. I ought, of course, to have been shocked; in fact, I was shocked; but I laughed involuntarily at the thought of Lady Isabel's astonished face.

"What did you do?" I asked. "Were't you furious?" "Of course I was," she replied, "but I could hardly say, 'Sir, unhand me,' like the lady in the melodrama when the villain clasps her in his arms, especially as he wasn't clasping my hand, so I said—'Lady Isabel's reminiscent tone became helplessly pleading—'I said, 'Would you mind getting up, please, because one of my servants might come into the room, and I should be compromised without having been amused.'"

"Oh Isabel!"

"Yes, I did. Clever of me, wasn't it? Men can't bear being ridiculed—and I told Vernon about it, too," she added.

"Did you really? Wasn't he awfully angry?"

Lady Isabel shook her head. "Not a bit, he only said, 'As though you would look at a dove like that! Husbands are very, very conceited,' said Lady Isabel severely. 'I believe that is partly why so many of them come to grief.'"

Lady Isabel has been in trouble—one of those little social entanglements that only so skilled a tactician could successfully unravel.

"Marjorie," she said the other day in her usual pleasantly candid way, "you know, dear, you are not very young, and you have been about and all that, so I am going to confide in you."

"Do, dear; only please leave out the 'all that.'"

"Don't regret the fact that you are a woman of the world, Marjorie," she said gently. "Knowledge is wisdom, and, besides, I want your advice. I have got an admirer—isn't it a bore?"

"Surely you can get rid of him, Isabel?"

She shook her head. "It's not as easy as you think," she answered despondently. "You see, my brother Bob is in his regiment, and I don't want to offend him, because—well one never knows what one may want in this world."

"H'm, that is a little awkward," I admitted. "Can't you have the measles again?"

She pouted. "Don't be silly—besides, as though I should do the same thing twice; but it is a horrid bore."

"Is he so very offensively assiduous in his attentions?" I asked sympathetically.

senger boy brought it, and I sent word you were not expected home until this evening."

I opened the note. "Dear, can you drop in quite accidentally to see me (insist on coming up to see me, if they tell you I'm out) at 6:30 this afternoon. Be sure and come, and don't be sent away, but stay on and the situation will explain itself."

"Yours in haste, "ISABEL."

"P. S.—Be sure and come. "P. P. S.—Whatever you do, don't mention my name."

I read this hurried scrawl through slowly twice. Clearly Lady Isabel was both worried and in a hurry.

I was sorry I had been unable to oblige her, and I went round early in the morning, expecting to find her in a state of great disappointment. She was, however, radiant, and in her usual spirits.

"I'm so sorry I could not come last night, Isabel—I did not get your note until nearly ten o'clock."

"Oh, my dear, it didn't matter a bit," she said gaily, "because I used Vernon instead—I mean, you know, I hadn't thought of Vernon before; but



"Why, That Sounds Exactly Like Vernon's Step!"

it was all right. Sit down and I'll tell you about it."

I sat down.

"Colonel Allison, I presume?" She nodded. "Yes. He sent a hansom with a note after luncheon to know if he could see me at 5:30—"

"Well?" she repeated. "I did not want to see him—at least, not alone, because—" she hesitated— "Yes, I know."

"And yet I couldn't refuse, because he would only have named another day—and so I sent for you as well."

"I see," I said; "and I couldn't come?"

"No. I was very vexed when they said you were out, but I thought it over, and then I wired to Vernon at his club, 'Come home at 6:15,' and I told Colonel Allison to come at six. It was such fun, Majorie. He turned up at exactly five minutes past, and I gave him tea, and we discussed the weather, and then at about quarter past six he drew his chair up close to mine, and put on his most unmistakably sentimental expression, and then the door banged—the front door, I mean—and I gave a start and said in a very astonished voice: 'Why, that sounds exactly like Vernon's step—what can have brought him home so absurdly early?'"

I laughed. "And what did the colonel say?"

"I don't exactly quote," she replied, "because I didn't quite catch it; but he looked daggers at Vernon, who came in, talked stocks and shares, and Russia, and money, and all the dull things men love discussing. He went away after about 25 minutes, and I don't believe he'll ever come again."

"Why not?" I said. "It wasn't your fault—he could see that surely?"

"Could he," she interrupted. "I'm sorry for poor old Bob, but whatever do you think happened, Majorie? I hardly said anything after Vernon came in, and I believe the colonel thought I was awfully disappointed too. You know how fearfully conceited men are." She paused dramatically. "But just when everything had gone off simply splendidly, and I had extricated myself with superhuman diplomacy from my little difficulty, Vernon turned to me and said, 'Oh, by the by, Isabel, I got your wire all right; it just caught me before I left the club.' Men have no tact," she added sadly, "and husbands less than any other man."

Man's Latest Vocation. If the women of Great Barrington, Mass., are successful in their new venture, there will be happiness for many a man along in years who has lost his hold on the business world. The servant problem has been an unusually serious one in this little city, and it was left for one to solve the "nursery maid" question. Mrs. Albert Barnes saw a possible relief in Mills Weaver. He is a man well advanced in years who retired from active business because its strenuous demands were too much for his frail health. Mrs. Barnes proposed to hire him as a nurseman for her three-year-old son Frederick, and Weaver gladly accepted the offer. Now the experimental stage has been fairly passed and Mr. Weaver can be seen with his charge almost daily, entertaining the little fellow with interesting things in shop windows and on the streets.

Since Mr. Weaver's success in the role two other men have taken it up—one, John K. Siggins, who prefers to trundle his charge in some quiet country road, pointing out the beauties of nature, and the other, Frank E. Bassett, who spends three hours every day caring for a little boy.