

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 as 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-Graetz 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 print-

ed 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



EVERY one must agree that the senate amendment to the district appropriation bill, by which the sum of \$1,500 approved by the house for playgrounds was increased to \$15,000, is a piece of wise legislation. The fathers and mothers as well as the children of Washington are interested in it and there is greater need here for playgrounds than there is for a good many other institutions with more dignified titles.

That "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is as true for children now as it has ever been, must be conceded even by those who have forgotten the requirements and the joys of their childhood. Play is not merely a matter of pleasure for the children; it is a matter of health, and proper play can only be indulged in upon grounds or in places suitable for it. The street is not the place for play.

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, sode 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 consist 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 pig 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 Test of Curiosity. 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.

LEADER OF DETROIT TIGERS



HUGH JENNINGS

Manager Hugh Jennings of the Detroit American League team is an old-time player and knows every angle of the national game.

MORDECAI BROWN WANTS BALL PLAYERS NUMBERED

Star Chicago Pitcher Favors Plan to Have Figures Designate Professionals.

"It will not be long, probably next year, when all ball players will wear numbers just like athletes in a track meet or jockeys on a race track," said Mordecai Brown, looked upon as the world's greatest pitcher.

The three-fingered one was asked what he thought of such a scheme and said he had always encouraged it and would like to see a rule passed by the national commission making it compulsory for every player to wear his number on his back, so that every man and woman in the grandstand could readily identify the player at bat or in the field or wherever he might be.

"I know it must be troublesome for the people in the grand stand to follow the players, especially visiting teams," continued Brown. "It would be so easy for a player to have his number made right in his suit and the program would carry the key. For instance, the program could print the list of players on the team. Beginning with Chance, No. 1; Kling, No. 2; Overall, No. 3, and so on down the list of names until every player had been numbered. When he came to bat his number on his back would furnish the key to the identification.

"What a swell mix-up there would be at a track meet if the competitors were not numbered. How many persons in a grand stand would know the winner of a horse race if they were not guided by numbers? Then why should it not be just as important for baseball players to be identified? An umpire gets up before a large crowd and says: 'Ladies and gentlemen, the batteries for to-day are Humpty Doodlehump and Bowwowman for Boston and Humty Doodlehump and Bing for Chicago.' How many persons in the grand stand are able to catch the name? They tell me 'Silk' just spits out the name of the visiting battery without giving the crowd any warning and not one in a thousand catches the names. By the time he announces the battery for the home team the crowd is quiet and there is a chance to catch the names, but most of the people know the home players, but cannot find out who the visiting battery is.

"We players on the bench are continually answering calls from the grand stand by some of our friends as to who is pitching and who is playing center and such like, when, if the players carried their numbers everywhere would know the men in uniform, and besides the club would sell more programs. If one club ever starts the idea all other teams will follow."

Minors Plan Invasion.

It is rumored that the American association magnates are at present perfecting plans for the invasion of Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg and Cincinnati.

The plan most favored, it is said, is to put the St. Paul franchise in Chicago, that of Minneapolis in Pittsburg, and Kansas City at Cincinnati. It is probable that Milwaukee will be placed in St. Louis.

The proposition seems to be up to three eastern magnates of the A. A., although the threat has been made that if they see fit to talk on the invasion the others will go it alone.

The invasion into Chicago is practically assured, as Hanover of Milwaukee has that matter in hand and is in the Windy City once or twice a week working out the details. It is understood that if the blow should come there would be no tampering of players nor any attempt to meet the majors on an equal footing.

Pirates Get Roy Thomas.

Roy Thomas, the fast outfielder, for years with the Quakers, has been signed by Pittsburg. It is understood that Manager Murray and Thomas had a serious falling out over Thomas doing work outside of baseball.

DOVEY HAS SCHEME TO ABOLISH FARMING EVIL.

President of Boston National League Club Would Make Clearing House of National Commission.

President George B. Dovey of the Boston National League club has a plan to abolish the so-called farming evil and to lessen the labors of the national commission in ascertaining the status of ball players with reference to ownership. He would have the national commission act as a clearing house for the major league clubs and have all players bought and sold by that body for the various owners.

He says he has already suggested the plan to President Herrmann of the commission and believes that it would be a boon to club owners and players alike and would also relieve the supreme court of many of the annoying details with which it is struggling daily. As an illustration of the working of his idea, Dovey would notify the commission that he wanted to look up a certain player who had been recommended to him. Then it would be the duty of the commission to assign some man, a scout in whom the club owners would have confidence, to obtain the information desired about the player.

The scout would see the player at work and report to the commission, which would then make known to Dovey the result of their investigations. Should Dovey desire to purchase the player on the strength of the commission's findings he would deal directly with that body in obtaining the player. He would be willing to pay a liberal commission. With other club owners doing this same thing the national commission would have enough and to spare to pay the salaries of as many scouts as would be needed.

The Boston magnate says that he for one would be willing to permit the clubs finishing at the bottom of the two leagues to take first pick of the available material for the following season. He says this would tend to equalize the strength of the clubs, which would make the pennant race closer and always more interesting.

President Dovey is not one who is dissatisfied with existing conditions, but he is progressive, and believes that any step to minimize the possibility of squabbling over players should be adopted. He thinks his scheme would work out satisfactorily, and is eager to see it tried out.

GOSSIP OF THE DIAMOND

President Ebbetts of the Brooklyn team has offered Bill Murray of the Phillies \$12,000 for Outfielder Magee and Murray said: "Tut, tut."

Gannett certainly has that Cincinnati bunch going at a lively clip, and if the same pace is continued the Reds are going to be in at the finish.

Morgan Murphy, the once famous major league catcher, is now in the real estate business in East Providence, and is said to be well fixed.

Detroit is well equipped with outfielders. Few teams have a quartette as formidable as McIntyre, Crawford, Cobb and Jones.

Since Charley Doolin affects a Ty Cobb batting average, the auburn-tipped catcher has become an extra attraction card on the National league circuit.

Cleveland has a new catcher in Thomas Doran, who was with the Rochester club of the Eastern league last year. He will get a chance when Clarke and Bemis want a rest.

Cravath, who might have decorated the Boston bench all season but for the injury to Thoney, has been repaying Jim McGuire's faith, by hitting a .300 clip since he became a regular.

The knuckle ball will ultimately replace the spit ball, and be even more effective than that famous twist, which has made some pitchers the terror of the batsmen. It will do more to destroy big batting averages than anything else." Such is the statement made by Manager Clarke.

THE HERMIT

By C. E. HUGHES

(Copyright.)

Probably there was never in the world a more solitary man than Dickie Ferguson. It was not that he had no friends. The fact that he was always known as Dickie, and that most of his acquaintances had forgotten what his surname was (if they ever knew it) is sufficient to prove that he was not solitary in that sense. He knew scores of men—women he rather looked down upon—and they all liked him. Yet he never seemed altogether at ease in their presence.

He had a distinct dread of displaying anything that might suggest sentiment, and yet, if the truth were known, he was perhaps as sentimental a fellow as any healthy Englishman that ever lived. Nature had made him one of the best companions possible, and habit, which had almost become second nature, tried hard to make him a hermit. And, on the whole, it succeeded.

Dickie lived in a castle on the Neckar. It commanded a very fine view, but it was not in itself a picturesque castle. He had found it by chance during one of the lonely rides which he was wont to take from Heidelberg, on his motor-tricycle. Before he had found the castle he had seldom stayed long in one place. Possessed of independent means, he was accustomed to saying that his father had done him one bad turn by helping him into the world, and one good one by providing him with enough to live upon until he was comfortably out of it. He spent the best part of his time in traveling. The occupant of the castle was a baron whose distressed circumstances had induced him to let Dickie a suite of four rooms on the second floor. His arrangements were that he should appear at meal-times and take his food with the baron and baroness, but at all other times he was to be left to himself. The baron allowed him to play the hermit to his heart's content, and for some weeks Dickie declared himself as happy as a king with his gun, his motor, his camera, and his supply of books and magazines.

So things went very well until one day the baron, who liked Dickie, and was a little perturbed at his eccentricities, announced at lunch that he intended to have some more guests. Dickie protested strongly.

The baron looked amused and waved his hand with the air of one who, having lived long and seen much, is well able to select or reject in a matter of comfort.

"Well," he protested, "a throng of visitors means noise."

"I shall have, as hitherto, the greatest possible care for your sensitive nerves," said the baron with a dry smile.

"I think I'll take a holiday till the hurricane blows over," said Dickie.

"Why not wait and see?" asked the baron. "Perhaps they won't be so bad after all."

In point of fact, the baron had selected his guests with some skill. He had no intention of opening his house to anyone who might turn up. Of the eight members of the party, two were personal friends of his, and the rest were friends of these.

Dickie awaited their arrival gazing savagely from the window of his sitting-room. There were two Germans, five Americans, and one Englishman. Four of the Americans were of the fair sex, and these constituted the feminine element of the party. The baron had not let Dickie to expect any feminine element, so their advent excited little emotion in his breast other than that of fierce resentment until he caught sight of the last figure in the group. It was one of the American girls; but it was not the girl herself that attracted Dickie's attention. Behind her, towed by a lead, flickered a white fox-terrier puppy.

Now Dickie had no dog of his own and he wanted one. He was, moreover, particularly keen on having a fox-terrier. Accordingly, he determined to make friends with it even if that entailed making friends with its mistress.

And so it happened that when the crowd—that was the name by which they called themselves—came in to dinner that evening, they found Dickie ready to make himself completely agreeable. He laughed and jested and told anecdotes, and finally invited the lot of them, dog and all, to his rooms. He accompanied them on their picnics, photographed them, gave them the run of his books; opened his rooms to them. And he undertook the training of the dog, Bobs.

Bobs was a thoroughbred, with no markings excepting two brown and black spots which covered his eyes, and spread on either side to his ears. When he arrived at the castle he was entirely uneducated, but under Dickie's tuition he rapidly picked up the rudiments of canine politeness. After a week or two he would answer to his name, lie down, or come to heel; and he was beginning to take quite a promising interest in rat-holes. Then he mastered the intricacies of sitting up on his hind legs with a lump of sugar balanced upon his nose until he was assured that it was paid for. After that he went on to the "dead dog" feat, and finally he learned to talk. Bobs had, in fact, been cleverer than

even he thought himself. Without knowing it, he had awakened in Dickie an interest—half-suppressed, it is true—in that mystery, the heart of a woman.

By degrees Dickie began to realize that he rather liked this American girl. He was, of course, not in love with her. No notion, despite the fact that he himself suggested it, could be more preposterous. It was, he tried to convince himself, her sense of humor that appealed to him.

They became the best of friends, and Dickie—Dickie who hated sentiment—began to be in mortal fear of showing it. He would even withhold from her the ordinary civilities which are every woman's due rather than let her think she had the least power to influence him.

At length the day came for the crowd to depart. Dickie accompanied them to the station, and as the train came in the American girl handed Bobs to him.

"You'll get more fun out of him than I shall," she said. "Besides, he's more your dog than mine, anyway. You've taught him all the stunts he knows, and he won't do them for me."

So Dickie and Bobs returned to the castle together, and there was a pair of hermits.

Months sped by, and Dickie drifted along the solitary stream of his existence. To his friends he appeared the same as heretofore. Only the baron, who saw him constantly, noticed that his intervals of unrest became more frequent and of longer duration. He was often absent from the castle for five days or a week at a time, and once he took a flying visit to America which lasted three months. On his return he told the baron of his travels, and explained with insistent elaboration, that he had gone to the cotton country because he had heard that the scenery there was excellent for camera work. The event, he said, had proved disappointing. He had taken very few good photographs. The baron listened with intelligent interest, but inwardly he smiled, for he knew that the Amer-



Strode to the Window and Looked Out.

ican girl dwelt "down south." And suspecting other things he felt a little sorry for Dickie.

The Hermit, however, settled down once more into the old groove, and months again sped by until on a certain day he received a letter from one of the members of the crowd. It told him of the marriage of Bob's mistress.

Dickie dropped the letter, strode to the window, and looked out. He could not have explained exactly why he did it, except, perhaps, that he recalled the occasion on which he had first seen her with Bobs zigzagging behind. He gazed for a long, long time upon the fields and orchards that stretched below him, and then threw himself with a sigh on a low couch.

Bobs heard the sigh, and with ears thrust forward he peered into his master's face. There was no response, and the dog scrambled up to his knees. Dickie pushed him away and set his teeth together as one who suffers physical pain. Bobs was puzzled. A situation in which his attentions were altogether undesirable was new to him. It was not, indeed, within the limits of possibility. Doubtless he had gone to work in the wrong way.

Dickie stared with eyes that saw across two continents and an ocean, and Bobs had no place in his line of vision. The dog pondered awhile, and then decided to play his last and best card. Looking wistfully up at his master he opened his mouth, and made, with an effort, the sound that was neither a bark nor a growl. It was successful.

In a flash Dickie's thoughts had traveled those thousands of miles, and they were back again in the sitting-room at the castle. Bobs sprang upon him and tried to lick his nose. A smile of satisfaction lit the man's face, a smile of companionship.

"Speak, Bobs, old man!" he said. "Speak, Bobs!"