

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Fire Drill in the Big Printing Shop



FIRE. The word was passed around among amateur firefighters of the government printing office one afternoon recently. The fire brigade is said to consist of about a dozen laborers.

Really there was no fire about the big printing office, save in the engine room furnaces and under the smelting pots.

Some one high in authority at the printery had read a newspaper account of a disastrous conflagration in the west. The story of the blaze put the notion in his head to resurrect a "general order" of several years' standing which provides for a fire drill at intervals.

It was near to the hour for closing down "the works," 4:30 o'clock, when the edict went forth that the fire brigade was to assemble quickly and from the new building attack an imaginary conflagration in the old structure across the alley, which separates the new from the old.

"Con" Men Find Virginian Easy Mark



A STORY told at police headquarters by Clarence Davis of Glenallen, Va., recalled to older members of the force the day when confidence men had full sway here. The Virginian related that three men had inveigled him into matching twenty-five-cent pieces in a room at the Raleigh hotel, and that they had disappeared, one of them taking \$458 belonging to him.

When Davis reached the city and he registered at a hotel near John Marshall place and Pennsylvania avenue, he was seated on the coping at the northwest corner of Pennsylvania avenue and 7th street when a stranger spoke to him. He did not hesitate to tell the stranger he was from near Richmond, and the latter said he was acquainted with people in Richmond.

The Virginian informed the stranger that he was thinking of going to New York, and that he was a bricklayer by trade.

"So am I a bricklayer," the stranger said, "and I'm out of work."

Army of Bees Sting Horses to Death



A TEAM of horses, stung by a couple of bees, plunged madly into twenty hives, upsetting them, releasing an army of 80,000 angry bees, which stung the horses to death, a few days ago, over on the Virginia side of the Potomac river.

The negro driver, who ran at the first alarm, did not escape unscathed. Thousands of bees pursued his flight, and he was terribly stung, but lives.

A dozen or more irresponsible bees were flying about the grounds at the home of Dr. Reginald Munson, on the Columbia pike, near Arlington, where he has forty hives. The horses, attached to a coal wagon, worried by their humming, slapped at the bees with their tails. The bees retaliated, stinging the horses.

The horses, wild with alarm at the unusual attack, plunged madly about the yard, upsetting twenty hives and releasing some ten bushels of bees—

Fervid Vocabulary Cause of Arrest



THE lone policeman who stands guard by the District building in Washington was making his rounds placidly when there dawned upon his horrified mind the fact that a horse was standing with his fore feet upon the District building's own sidewalk.

The horse was hitched to a two-seated surrey. Upon a seat of the surrey sat a gentleman with a broad black hat.

"Get that horse off the sidewalk," said the policeman.

"If you want this horse to get off that sidewalk you put him off yourself, you—"

The remainder of the sentence was more in the way of expletive than explanation.

"You better shut up and get that horse where it belongs," the policeman pursued.

Upon the receipt of the order from the front office the amateur firemen got busy without delay. There was a dragging forth of hose and other apparatus for fighting "the red demon." A tall man, who seemed to be in supreme command of the firemen, gave the orders in cool, confident tones.

Innumerable hose lines were connected with fire plugs in the new building. Nozzles were aimed at the venerable structure across Jackson alley. As the streams of water began to play and the spray was rising in clouds, like the mist from Niagara Falls, the printers, bookbinders, woman folders and other workers began to file out of the buildings.

There is an order that the exit of the workmen and workwomen must be through the side doors along the alley and G street. Consequently, as the head of the line of workers reached the doors on the alley and witnessed the deluge of water crashing against the walls of the old building and flying back in foaming masses, they tried to force their way back into the new structure.

Hundreds of toilers behind, not aware of the conditions in front, pressed forward and forced the front rank out into the alley and into the torrents of flying water. The ensued a scene of excitement.

FASHION HINTS

HALL CAINE ON KING EDWARD.

Author Tells Story of Dead Monarch's Visit to Isle of Man.

During a visit to the Isle of Man, where I first had the honor to come to close quarters with him, he took obvious pleasure in the freedom with which the people who surrounded his person spoke to him. Hall Caine says in the New York Herald.

I remembered that one of our company said, pointing to the little gray town of Rumsey, which in a few hours had become transfigured into an oriental city, under the blaze of every available scrap of bunting.

"This beats coronation day in London, your majesty."

The King smiled and gracefully allowed himself to agree.

There were no police with him that day, no detectives and hardly any escort—only a gentleman in light bowler, two ladies in sailor hats, with a few carriages full of friends behind them and a number of bicycle journalists scudding at their side. It was a charming picture—a picture probably without parallel in any foreign country. It was the picture of a sovereign who felt absolutely safe in the love and protection of the people over whom he ruled.

"I trust we have not tired you to death, sir," I said.

He answered:

"It has been simply delightful. I've enjoyed it all immensely."

The King's memory was an extraordinary gift. Pointing to a monument on top of a hill, one of our party said:

"That is Albert Hill, sir. The tower is Albert Tower, so called after a picture of the prince consort's visit to Rumsey in 1847."

"I remember perfectly," said the King. "I was on the yacht with the Queen, but I was only 7 years of age and the Queen was ill, so I did not come ashore."

"Perhaps you remember, sir, what happened when the prince consort landed?"

"I do. He had come unexpectedly. There was nobody to receive him and a local barber took him to the top of the hill." A memory that retains an incident of such little moment can never have failed Edward VII. in relation to greater events of his life.

Davis said he would go back to Richmond and draw his money from bank in order that he might have funds enough to see him through his trip to New York. Accompanied by Smith, the man who first accosted him, Davis went to Richmond, drew his money and returned the next day. The red-haired man and a friend met them and the quartet went to the hotel where the alleged swindlers had taken a room.

A game of matching quarters was indulged in and Davis lost what silver change he had. It was then necessary for him to get out his roll of bills. It was the first time Lawrence and Hopkins, as the two "con" men were known, had seen the roll. At the suggestion of one of the men, Davis handed his roll to Hopkins to hold. Lawrence then said he wanted to get a check cashed, and it was while he was pretending he was looking for a man to cash it that those in the party became separated.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.



The wardrobe of the summer girl who hasn't one or more little dresses on the order of the one sketched here, is decidedly incomplete.

This is of light blue handkerchief linen, plentifully trimmed with Irish lace, but carried out very simply. The style is one that is not extreme but always dainty and becoming.

A plain salt gargle is very good for sore throat.

Gasoline is good to clean soft white leather shoes.

All frozen puddings are improved by being served with whipped cream.

Use ammonia and water rather than soap and water for washing marble.

Milk is good to wash white paint; cold tea equally good to wash colored paint.

In buying potatoes pick those that are firm and hard and have the fewest "eyes."

Left-over biscuit are much better cut in two and toasted than if merely warmed over.

When cooking mackerel or other salt fish, see that the skin side is placed uppermost.

To lengthen the life of a tin wash basin, paint its inside with any good quality of paint.

Clean zinc with kerosene, rubbed on with a soft cloth, and follow with boiling water.

A whisk broom that has outlived its usefulness can be shortened and made into a sink brush.

A few chopped almonds added to a custard or bread pudding will greatly improve its flavor.

A sprig of mint in the water in which potatoes or peas are boiled will add a piquant flavor.

Sounded Like Smoke.

"Isn't it disgraceful the way women smoke nowadays?"

"Why?"

"I just saw an advertisement offering to any woman six puffs for a dollar."—Purple Cow.

Speaking as a reporter, when we are looking for news, we do not care much for the latest joke.

We have become used to having people refuse to laugh at our jokes.

In Cupid's Behalf

By MORTIMER CARLTON

Although Harriet and I have lived in New York for nearly three years, we have not become reconciled to the aloofness and indifference with which most dwellers in the metropolis seem to regard their neighbors. We still observe the people next door with a kindly curiosity in keeping with the traditions of the little town where we were born, brought up, and married.

It was a June evening when first we noticed our neighbors. Harriet and I were sitting in the twilight of our little parlor, dreaming together of the cool woodland haunts we had once frequented. In the midst of our reminiscences Harriet's attention was suddenly drawn to the window.

"Frederic!" she whispered. "Do look. Be careful, or she'll see you. * * * The poor thing! I wonder what the matter is!"

Peeping over Harriet's shoulder I saw a girl, dressed in black, seated at the fifth floor parlor window opposite but a few feet above ours. There was something appealing in her attitude.

Presently she got up and lighted the gas. The next instant a gray-haired man entered the room.

"Sibly is coming," we heard him say, as he threw himself into the chair by the window. "He wants a definite answer tonight."

The girl made no reply. She was standing in the middle of the room, and Harriet and I could see the despair in her large, dark eyes.

"Well, why don't you say something?" the man exclaimed.

"What is there to say, father?"

"You might at least try to be cheerful, Justine," he complained. "Heaven knows, I am no more taken with the idea of your marrying a man like Sibly than you are. But how can I help it? A word from him and I am worse than ruined."

"Very well, father," the girl replied, wearily. "When Mr. Sibly comes, you may tell him what you please. But—with a little shiver of repulsion—"don't ask me to see him."

She passed quickly into the next room.

In a moment, our attention was drawn to the "horrid man" across the area. He had arisen from the chair and left the room. He returned, accompanied by a clean shaven man of middle stature, rather portly, and very deliberate in his movements.

"Where's Justine?" the visitor asked.

"She's indisposed, Sibly," his host replied. "But she has left the matter to me."

"Look here, Bullard," Sibly said suspiciously. "I don't come here to listen to evasions. I came for a definite answer."

"I know you did," Justine's father replied petulantly. "But you needn't snarl at me because my daughter doesn't feel equal to seeing you. It isn't my fault. I've done—"

"What is her answer?" Sibly interrupted.

"Oh, she consents, just as I told you she would."

"Good!" exclaimed Sibly, and Harriet and I saw his smile of triumph, and hated him for it.

His smile quickly gave place, however, to a crafty expression.

"If I'm to get you out of your scrape, Bullard," he went on, "we shall have to be married right away. The post office people are suspicious, and they may spring a surprise any moment."

"Will Monday evening do?" asked Bullard, his face pale with fear. "I don't think I—that my daughter will consent to an earlier date."

Sibly eyed his host a second. Then he said:

"Very well. Monday evening at seven. Leave all the details to me Bullard. All you will have to do is to keep quiet. Mind you say nothing of this to that fellow Colby. He's likely to cause trouble."

"Leonard Colby. That's the man Justine loves."

"Impossible," I protested. "Why, I know Leonard Colby. He is one of our coming lawyers. And anyway, Harriet, it's his affair, not ours."

"But don't you see, Frederic?" Harriet exclaimed. "Mr. Colby doesn't suspect what a predicament Justine is in."

"Why doesn't Justine tell him, then?" I urged. "You say she loves him."

"Of course she does, and that's the reason why she can't tell him. He hasn't proposed yet! And, my wife went on, "he must propose before Monday! Since you know him, Frederic, don't tell me that our overhearing isn't providential. You must see him first thing in the morning. For that poor girl's sake I hope we are not too late."

Early the next morning I called at Colby's office.

Colby, however, was out. He had left word, his clerk said, that he would be detained up town all day.

"It's too awful, Fred," cried Harriet as I reached home. "Mr. Colby came this morning, and Justice has refused him."

"It's Justine's pride," Harriet explained. "She just couldn't bring herself to reveal the family skeleton to Mr. Colby. Don't you see, Fred? She has had to decide between the honor of her name and her love for him. And the saddest part of it is," Harriet added, "that the sacrifice is perfectly absurd. Her father doesn't deserve it. Her family name isn't worth it, and we must prevent it."

And so I went to Colby's office again. This time I found him at his

desk. His naturally sunny countenance was clouded with gloom, and his response to my greeting was an inarticulate growl.

Presently I induced him to unburden himself. What he told me confirmed my wife's theory of the situation. But more than that, it made evident to me that Justine's refusal had struck at something deeper than his vanity.

"I've done something, or said something," he groaned, "that made her lose faith in me."

"Nonsense," I declared, "there's another man. What is her father doing?"

"Floating gold mines. That is another thing that worries me. If he's not careful, he will get himself into trouble with the postal authorities."

"Who are his associates?" I asked.

"Well, there's Wollford, and Sibley, and—"

"Ah, Sibley. Who is he?"

"The silent partner. He supplies the money."

"Married?" I continued.

"I don't know. I haven't heard," Colby replied listlessly. "What are you getting at?"

"Could anything be plainer?" I cried. "Her father, impoverished and eager to recoup his fortune—a charming dutiful daughter—a wealthy banker." I got up preparatory to departure.

"Look up Sibley—and don't let any more grass grow under your feet!"

"Jove, Fred," Colby responded. "You're a wonder!"

"Nothing of the kind," I disclaimed. "Simply a married man. Which reminds me," I added. "My wife wants you to dine with us Monday evening. Dinner at six-thirty. Be punctual. My wife insists on punctuality. But you will find her rather clever as solving puzzles like yours."

The final act in our little drama was brief, but full of surprises.

At quarter past six on Monday evening Justine, already dressed for her wedding journey and looking far from happy, lighted her parlor gas and—very carefully pulled down the shades. This was a contingency which neither Harriet nor I had foreseen, and our consternation quite befuddled us.

Before we had recovered sufficiently to discuss so serious a miscarriage of our plan with the calmness it demanded, we were further appalled to find that a full quarter of an hour had elapsed and that Colby had not yet appeared.

Then Harriet saw two shadows, unmistakably masculine, pass across the Bullard window shades.

"It's Sibley and the minister," she exclaimed. "I know it! Frederic, if Mr. Colby does not come in three minutes, I am going over and tell the minister."

"Now my dear," I remonstrated. "You mustn't get excited."

I went to the window and craned my neck in futile effort to get a view of the street. I was inwardly anathematizing a system of architecture which so brutally limits the outlook from a rear apartment to the walls of the adjacent buildings, when I became aware of an unusual stir in the neighborhood. Glancing upward, I saw a cloud of smoke rising from the next street and spreading above the roof of Bullard's apartment.

"Harriet!" I cried. "There's a fire in the next street. It may be the front apartments in Justine's house."

My wife came to the window.

"I wish I could see something," I added giving way to the excitement that was in the air.

"What time is it?" Harriet asked. "Quarter of seven."

"And Mr. Colby not here!" Harriet gasped. "He will be too late. I know he will!" She looked at me with sudden determination. "Frederic throw a book at Justine's window. Throw it hard, and then we'll both cry 'fire!' We must gain time somehow."

I turned to pick up a book. But just as I drew back my arm to hurl it, Harriet exclaimed:

"There's Mr. Colby—coming up the fire escape!"

Looking down, I saw Mr. Colby clambering up the fire escape to Bullard's house. He made for Justine's apartment on the top floor. Once on her balcony he flung open the window, tore the shade from its sockets and plunged into the room.

Two men stood staring at him—Bullard and Sibly.

"Where's Justine?" Colby pants "Quick! House afire—stairway cut off—go down fire escape!"

His voice brought Justine. For a brief second the four made a tableau, Colby breathing heavily, the others gazing at him as if he were an apparition. Then Sibly awoke to the significance of Colby's warning. His eyes turned furtively from Colby to the window, and with a rush he gained the balcony and fairly slid down the ladder.

His frenzied exit aroused the others.

"You next, father," said Justine.

Her father did not stop to argue the order of their going. Like Sibly he seemed quite willing to entrust Justine to Colby.

Justine followed him, and then came Colby. As they began to descend, Colby glanced up and recognized us. He smiled broadly and waved his hand. It flashed upon me then that he had exaggerated the extent of the fire to suit his purpose. It was as I learned later, a small affair which the firemen had confined to the basement of Bullard's house.

"Well," I said to Harriet, "that ends our part."

But it didn't. There remained the wedding. Harriet was matron of honor, and I was best man. Sibly was not present. Colby has "looked him up" so effectually that he had found it expedient to take a long vacation in Europe.

NAB ENGLISH THIEF

HOW THE POLICE RECOGNIZED OLD CROOK.

Waits When His Picture Is Taken From the Rogue's Gallery—Has Committed Many Thefts.

New York.—"Demme, sir, I'm the right man," said William H. Jarvis when confronted in police headquarters with a picture of himself taken by the Scotland Yard authorities.

Jarvis is the distinguished looking Englishman arrested at the Gilsey house, charged with unlawfully entering a room.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Jarvis, for submitting you to this ordeal, but it is a rule of the department," said Inspector McCafferty apologetically, as he paraded the prisoner before the masked detectives.

"Say, boss, don't apologize to that old guy," interrupted Lieut. William Brown. "His picture is in the gallery and he has served several bits."

Jarvis's indignations gave forth a Vesuvian blast. He was an English gentleman, he declared. He would have the embassy down on the police. His protest was so severe even Inspector McCafferty was inclined to go slow.

"Here's his very mug," said Brown, producing Jarvis's picture.

At police headquarters, when they know they are right, they make prisoners stand out and deliver. Inspector McCafferty says the picture made Jarvis wilt.

"Well, demme, sir, I'm the right man," he finally said, twirling his fine mustache.

Inspector McCafferty became jubilant, for in Jarvis he had captured the most versatile and picturesque thief of two continents.

Jarvis's real name is Walter, and not William. In 1899 he won international fame through his arrest in the Hotel Cecil, London. He was caught in the room of a Brooklyn man. When taken to the police station Jarvis said, "I went to the hotel to visit a lady, Mrs. Sadler Jackson."

The police found Mrs. Sadler Jackson at the hotel. She admitted that Jarvis had visited her there frequently, although she was a married woman.

The scandal aroused all England. The country divided itself—some defending Mrs. Jackson for sacrificing herself to save Jarvis, and the many condemning Jarvis for implicating a woman. There was a sensation when it was disclosed that Mrs. Jackson was Jarvis's sister.

Twelve years before that Jarvis had been arrested and sentenced to four months' imprisonment in Cork, Ireland. His father disowned and disinherited him, and upon his death left £80,000 to Mrs. Sadler on condition that she reassume the family name of Jackson.

Jarvis was given a three months' sentence for the Hotel Cecil act. Then he disappeared. It is said he served in the Boer war.

A year ago Jarvis appeared in New York. He went to live at 217 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street, in the home of Ivers Bachelor. He was introduced to the latter as a rich Englishman.

Miss Laura Pegley, who lives at the Hotel Gilsey heard some one enter the room of O. L. Sherer next to hers, and, knowing Mr. Sherer was not home, opened the door and confronted Jarvis and another man.

Jarvis and the young man hurried down the corridor and disappeared. Miss Pegley gave the alarm, and Jarvis was caught downstairs but his companion escaped.

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WOMAN FIGHTS BIG SNAKE

Uses Buggy Whip in Battle to Save a Squab From the Rep-tile.

Petersburg, Ind.—Mrs. Wes Brenton, living three miles east of here, fought with a big snake measuring over four feet long, and finally killed it. She went to the barn with Miss Edith Vance to look at some squabs and found the big snake in a pigeon's nest. The reptile had swallowed one squab whole and another partly.

Mrs. Brenton grabbed a buggy whip and struck at the snake, which showed fight. She continued to ply the whip and sent Miss Vance to the house for a gun, with which she shot the snake twice. On cutting open the snake the last pigeon swallowed was found to be alive and it is being kept as a relic.

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