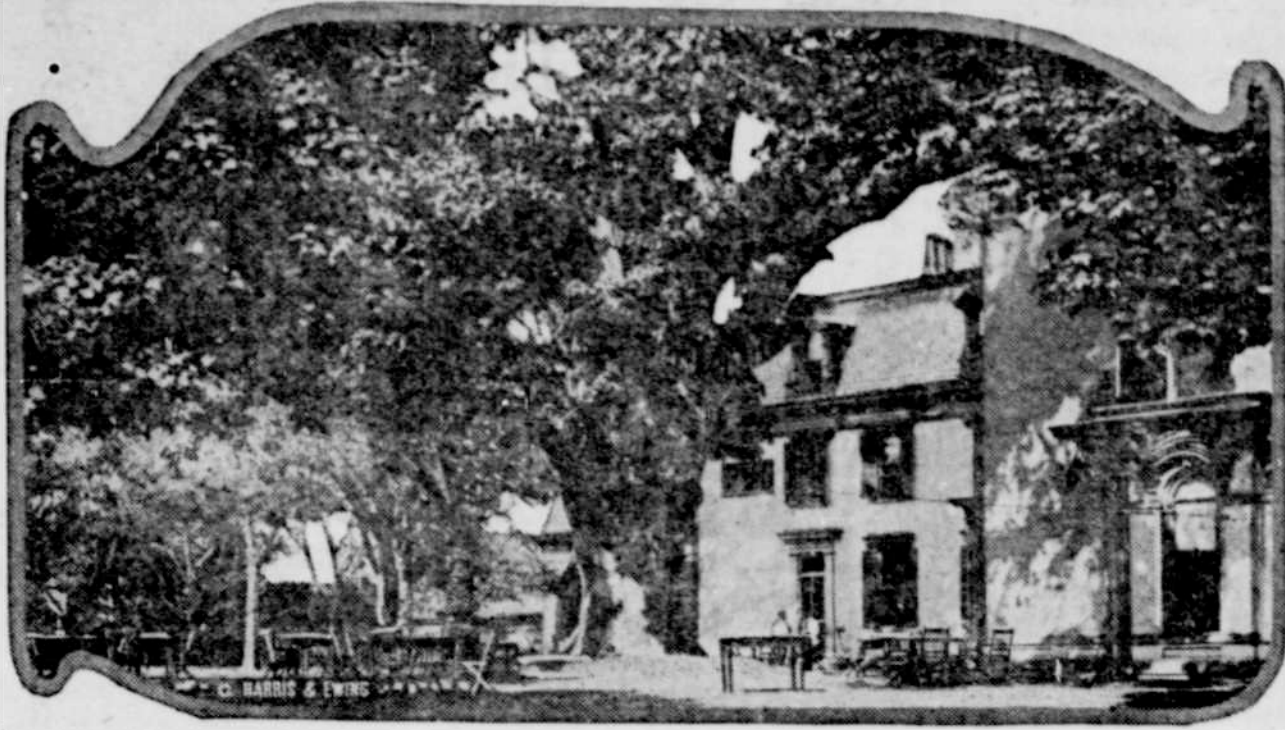


Fine Site of Woman's Foundation Buildings



Declared to be more than 900 years old, this giant oak stands on the property of the Woman's National Foundation in Washington, where a group of buildings will be erected for various women's activities. The institute, which is backed by some of the leading women of the country, will cost \$5,000,000.

Troubles Beset Tourist Abroad

Lack of Hotel Accommodations in European Cities Stumbling Block to Traveler.

MANY SLEEP IN BATHROOMS

Fortune Awaits Ambitious American Who Will Go Into Hotel Business in Europe—Hotel Portier Powerful Potentate.

Vienna.—A fortune is awaiting any ambitious American who will come to Europe and go into the hotel business.

There are, of course, complications in the way. Building materials are high, though when the exchange rate is considered not so high as at home. Labor demands high wages, according to the German and Austrian standard—but that standard leaves the skilled workman earning, according to American values, considerably less than \$1 a day.

Again, there are inevitable stumbling blocks in the way of government tax when a piece of land changes hands. Also the international money conditions which have caused Germany and Austria to become beloved of English, American, Dutch, French, Italian and Scandinavian tourists may change before new hotels can be built, though it doesn't look as though they would.

At any rate, eliminating unexpected complications, the hotel business to the eye of the layman now looks as if it must pay better than any other in the world.

Sleeping in the Bathroom.
It is more or less difficult to get a bath in any German or Austrian or Hungarian hotel nowadays, because all of the bathrooms are being used for bedrooms. Not that the guests sleep in the tubs, no, they merely sleep in beds or cots that have been added to the usual bathroom furniture, and they count themselves rather fortunate than otherwise because, while they are enjoying the use of the bathroom as a sleeping apartment they likewise preempt the use of the tub. I slept in the bathroom myself in Munich, and it was very comfortable.

Building additions, redecorating and renovating in general, is now too expensive for the average German or Austrian. Private dwellings and public institutions alike show rather distressing wear and tear. Hospitals in particular are shabby to a point where their executives bemoan that they are unsanitary.

Private apartment houses are spotty as to paint and dangerously raveled as to stair coverings. Hotels are universally, however, in a state of newly painted smartness and are being bravely remodeled and redecorating.

Hotel Portier Is All Powerful.
The hotel portier always in Europe has been a dignitary of considerable prominence. In his admiral's coat, his linguistic ability, his infallible knowledge of train schedules and theaters and that omnipotence of his in playing chess—with vacant rooms as his squares and guests as his pawns—in

all of this he is mighty, and he is a power to be envied by many an up-to-date potentate.

The portier at the Adlon in Berlin is said to own one of the smartest villas in Wahnsee, one of the smartest suburbs of that city.

But the importance of the portier has increased many fold since after-the-war conditions have made a room in a hotel a thing to be desired beyond great riches. His nod and his frown are Jovian in their might. His nod comes only when the would-be guest can show proof that he wired the hotel for rooms and that the wire was answered favorably. Otherwise, there is the frown. It is a frown which may, on occasions, be deflected by the proper means, delicately introduced, or, rather, tendered. It is a frown which may, on the other hand remain consistently and honestly discouraging.

Wanted—A Room.
There was, for instance, that experience in Budapest. I had wired for rooms in the Hotel Ritz, from Vienna. No answer had come, but the portier in the hotel at Vienna had been an optimistic soul and had advised risking it. I risked it and arrived at Budapest shortly after 9 p. m.

It turned out that the advice of the portier was not good advice. There was no room to be had at the Ritz. People, the portier was pleased to inform me, were sleeping in all of the bathrooms. He recommended another hotel; the hotel was courteous, but it also was full; it recommended another.

The affair resembled the chariot race from "Ben Hur," though slightly more thrilling. Every one else in the city seemed to be trying to find rooms in a hotel, too. If there are traffic laws in Budapest they are made like New Year's resolutions, only to be broken. The droschke drivers are ancient and ragged daredevils, who delight in zig-zagging across the paths of automobiles and trains and other droschkes. They whiz past one another on the bias, they clatter out from side streets, they risk, a thousand times, a wheel caught in a trolley track and utter disaster.

Other horses dashing drawing other droschkes prance up behind one and one feels their hot breath on the neck and they seem about to make their snippers off of one's back hair. Then they pass, the wheels of their droschkes alarmingly near. And another hotel is reached and one races madly

One Lone Trout Stops Coal Mine

London.—Close to 600 men lost a day's work this week at a colliery in Lanarkshire through a trout choking the water supply for the boilers. The cage could not be lifted to the pithead, as the boilers were not working. After a great deal of trouble the cause of the breakdown was discovered. The trout weighed one pound and six ounces. Work was resumed next day.

through the lobby, emulated by other racing and wild-eyed travelers, only to be told that there, too, people are sleeping in the bathrooms.

Ah, a Boarding House.
At last one Jovian gentleman in the haughty regalia of a portier took pity on a lady traveling alone—this was the fifth hotel—and telephoned to the keeper of a pension or boarding house that he knew. Yes, she had a vacant room, the portier was pleased to inform me and accepted a slight gratuity for his condescension.

We dashed again and this time the driver carried the luggage up three flights of dark, draughty and onony stairs. The pension keeper met us at the door, sweet but sorry. No, the room was taken. A gentleman had come just after she had answered the telephone.

"But you promised," I wailed.
"Promised, madame?" she repeated.
"I do not promise. I merely said that at that moment there was a room vacant. There is none vacant now."

The luggage was carried down the dark and onony stairs again, and another hotel was tried. Here there was another portier who knew a pension, and in this pension, at last, there was haven—of a sort. It was of the sort that is frequently disturbed during the night by things with six legs.

The experience, however, is not unique. And because many hotels were appropriated for other uses during the war and have never been restored to their original utilitarian field, and because no building has been done for seven years and tourists from all over the world find it pleasant and profitable to sojourn in these lands where money is cheap—the hotel business would seem to be a pleasant and profitable one.—Miriam Teicher in Chicago News.

Peru is planning to spend several million dollars to give Lima and several other towns fresh water, sewers and other sanitary improvements.

Mountain Light Is Like Aurora

Curious Electrical Display in North Carolina Excites Interest of Scientists.

ONCE THOUGHT TO BE PHANTOM

Suddenly and Without Warning Light Sometimes Blazes Out on Crest of Mountain, Moves Down Side and Fades Out.

Washington, D. C.—"Tired professors and business men who sought succor from their sorrows in the mountainous regions of western North Carolina have during the past few summers given up some of their much-needed hours of sleep to chase what most of them believed to be nothing more than a phantom, or the witch fires of some maker of mountain dew, but the Brown mountain light is now coming into its own as an accredited electrical phenomenon," says a bulletin of the National Geographic society, issued from its Washington, D. C., headquarters.

"Brown mountain lies 17 miles from Blowing Rock in the Blue mountains in the western part of the state, and, though plainly visible from the resort, is in an uninhabited and sparsely wooded section. Suddenly and without warning a light sometimes blazes out on the crest of the mountain, slowly moves down its side and then fades out; sometimes it seems to rise from the top of the mountain and hang suspended in the air where it fades.

A Wraith of Infinite Variety.
"It has as many whims and moods as a temperamental artist, sometimes appearing several times during one night, now stationary, now slow, again swift in its flight, and sometimes it cannot be seen for a comparatively long period of time, but it usually is most active when the sky is clearing after a rain. Those who have studied it in all its guises say that it often is not unlike the star from a bursting sky-rocket, though much brighter, and that it is sometimes red and sometimes yellow, due probably to the condition of the atmosphere.

"Scientists were at first prone to cavil at the stories which came out of the mountains with the tourists, thinking perhaps that locomotive headlights or wily mountaineers were playing tricks on active imaginations, but today Dr. W. J. Humphreys, physicist of the United States weather bureau, and other meteorologists of note, believe that there occurs around the mountain's crest a brush discharge of lightning, similar to the famous Andes lightning, or the St. Elmo's fire, which gave rise among the ancient Greeks to the myth of Castor and Pollux. That glow which accompanies the slow discharge of electricity to the earth from the atmosphere, in southern climates, during thunderstorms, seen on the tops of masts, spires, or other pointed objects was named St. Elmo's fire by sailors after one of their patron saints, because they felt that when the sign appeared they had nothing further to fear from the storm.

Compared to Andes Display.
"Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the electrical discharge which takes place either from the earth to the clouds or from the clouds to the earth around Brown mountain is that it is silent. The same thing is true of the electrical displays in the Andes, which have long been known to scientists and travelers in the South Amer-

ican continent as the Andes lightning. It appears as a silent but very luminous discharge of electricity along the crest of the Cordillera Real in Chile, in a region where thunderstorms are practically unknown.

"Its visibility is sometimes very marked, having been noted by the former director of the Meteorological and Geophysical Institute of Chile, while he was out at sea, more than 300 miles from the head cordillera. The actual discharge, in which the mountain acts as a lightning rod between the clouds and the earth, resembles a glimmer, but sometimes the flashes which take place at the point of origin are strong and powerful, then gradually diminish in intensity and finally disappear into the night. The light flashes over the mountain from late spring to fall, and the displays grow less brilliant as one goes farther south.

"The same phenomenon has also been noted in the Swiss alps. One observer, after a long period of hot and dry weather, reported that he had seen a succession of semi-circular flashes which shot up from a mountain in the Bernese Oberland, occasionally lighting the Jungfrau group. Such displays are notable for their likeness in appearance to the aurora, except that they do not reach such heights."

Third Boy Found Hanged in Barn.

Chicago.—Anthony Szkolny, the third boy to have been found hanged here, was discovered suspended from a rope tied to a rafter in the barn in the rear of his home. The body was found by a playmate. No reason is assigned for any of the suicides, as they have been pronounced by the police.

Nebraska Mates in Big Demand

Omaha Sheriff Who Accommodated One Applicant Is Deluged With Letters.

SHOW TERSENESS AND SPEED

Lonely Ones of Both Sexes Eager for Spouses From the Plains—Letters Come From Almost Every State.

Omaha.—All the widows in New York and a lot in other states as well seem to be hunting for Nebraska husbands. And half the widowers in New York and a lot in other states as well seem to be on the lookout for Nebraska wives.

Sheriff Mike Clark of Omaha has about a bushel of letters on his desk. And the letters are rolling in on Sheriff Clark at the rate of about fifty every day. Two months ago Sheriff Clark found a husband for Widow Dunham of Newark, N. J., who had evolved the theory that all she had to do to get a husband was to write to some Western sheriff. She picked out Omaha. And sure enough, in about three weeks she was married to Albert Henry Thomas, a railroad man of Omaha.

Her story got into the newspapers—and Sheriff Clark thereby got his foot in it. For every widow around the

QUEEN OF COTTON BALL.

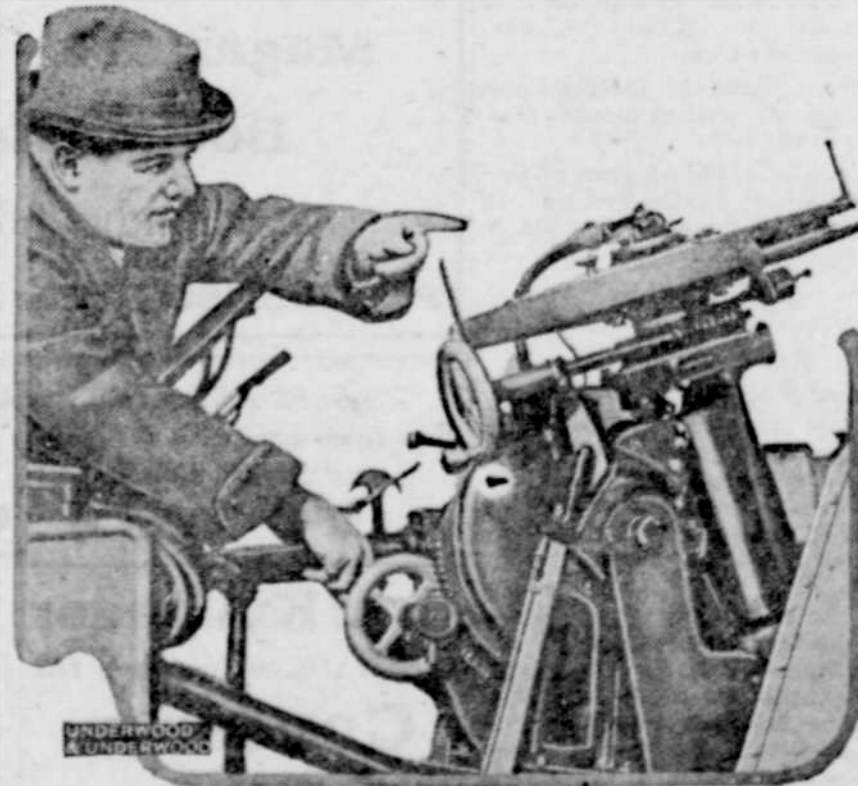


Miss Eleanor Cameron of Waco, Texas, in her "coronation robe," as queen of the Texas cotton palace exposition hall, an internationally important event in Waco. The robe was modeled after a Seventeenth century Spanish gown, and is valued at \$5,000.

Family Leaps From Fire.

Danville, Ky.—Leaping from their front porch to the limbs of a tree in the yard, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hudson and family escaped after flames had cut off the stairway. Mr. Hudson leaped from the porch to the tree and bade the others follow him.

Centrifugal Gun Is a Wonder



Lieutenant Colonel Olmstead demonstrating to a party of government officials a new centrifugal gun at Seagirt, N. J. Firing 1,200 shots a minute, the gun riddled a steel target. The barrel of the gun is six inches in length, suitably machined for minimum air resistance, with a bore of 50-100 of an inch from the muzzle to the center. In actual firing this barrel may be revolved and firing take place at from 4,000 to 16,000 revolutions per minute. This wide range of speed results in an equally wide range of penetrating power at any given distance.

Home, Just Erected, Burned to the Ground

Stephen A. Long, a carpenter of Margate City, N. J., camped in a tent all summer with his family that they might save enough to build a small bungalow. Long built the home before and after his day's work, recently completing the bungalow.

The "moving" was quite an event and the family went to the theater at night as a little celebration. When they returned they found blackened ruins. The fireplace at the end of the cozy living room had thrown off a spark that fired the building, which was not insured.

Deroulede Statue Unveiled in Metz



M. Barthou, French minister of war, recently unveiled a statue of Paul Deroulede, the great French patriot, at Metz. The big bell of the cathedral, which is seldom used, as its vibrations are believed to endanger the safety of the tower, was rung on this occasion. The statue stands on a pedestal built by the Germans for a monument to the Emperor Frederick III.