

Gossip of Washington

What Is Going On at the National Capital.

Machine Counts Uncle Sam's Money



WASHINGTON.—Uncle Sam is now too big, too prosperous and too much in a hurry even to count his money, and instead of counting his money by hand he simply runs them through a sort of hopper, operated by electricity, and an automatic register shows how many go through. The coins fall into a bag and are tied up and sealed, the government guaranteeing that the correct number are in the bag.

The machine can make no mistake, hence Uncle Sam feels safe in making his guaranty. In this way all the money is now being counted out at Washington, to go to the subtreasuries and banks throughout the country. The treasury does a great deal of counting of money, and for the purpose women are employed rather than men, as it has been found after long experience that the women make fewer mistakes. Hence the operators who sit at the electric machines and

pour the silver stream into the hoppers are of the female sex.

But there is one place in the life of the coin where it must be counted by hand, and that is when it comes back to the treasury for redemption.

The money then must be gone over by hand to separate the foreign, mutilated, worn out and counterfeit pieces, a work that requires very quick precision, and women have been found to do it exceedingly well. Usually they can detect a counterfeit coin by its color as it lies among the others on the table, but if not then, the operator captures it when she tosses it from one hand to another, for there is a false ring in its chink as it leaps into her palm. "It is remarkable," said a treasury employe recently, "how many counterfeit copper cents come in, especially when one calls to mind how little profit there is in making them. Of course, as they are of such small denomination, they can be passed without much chance of suspicion being aroused, as few people trouble themselves to examine a penny. It has been found that most of the counterfeit pennies are made by Italians in New York city, and they put them into circulation to a great extent through peddlers and small store keepers."

Odd Provisions in Old Mail Rules



A GENERAL clean-up of the records of the postoffice department in Washington recently brought to light a list of postal routes existing in the United States in 1809, together with a schedule of the time in which those routes should be covered. The pamphlets were issued by Gideon Granger, who was postmaster general under Jefferson in 1801 and continued under Madison in 1809. They are the earliest records of their kind now in the possession of the department.

In front of each pamphlet is a list of the rules and regulations which governed the distribution of the mails just 100 years ago. They were brief and to the point, and contained some curious stipulations. In addition, the pamphlet contained fines levied upon mail carriers for delivering wet mails and for other shortcomings.

The general rules were as follows:

1. The postmaster general may ex-

pedite the mails and after the time of arrival and departure at any time during the continuance of the contracts, he stipulating what he conceives to be an adequate compensation for any extra expense that may be occasioned thereby.

2. Fifteen minutes shall be allowed for opening and closing the mails at all offices where no particular time is specified.
3. For every 30 minutes delay (unavoidable accidents excepted) in arriving after the time prescribed in any contract, the contractor shall forfeit \$1; and if the delay continues until the departure of any depending mail whereby the mails destined for such depending mail lost a trip, an additional forfeiture of \$5 shall be incurred, and whenever a lost trip ensues, from whatever circumstance, the amount to be paid to the contractor for a regular trip is to be deducted from his pay.
4. Newspapers, as well as letters, are to be sent in the mail; and if any person making proposals declares to carry newspapers, other than those conveyed in the mail, for his own emolument, he must state in his proposals for what sum he will carry, with the emolument, and for what sum without that emolument.

Friends Amused by Taft Bath Story



WASHINGTON has a good laugh at the story from Glenwood Springs, Col., about the bath President Taft didn't take, knowing how the people do some awfully funny things in their efforts to entertain the nation's chief. At Glenwood Springs, on his trip west, which station he reached at six o'clock in the morning, there were several thousand people who greeted the stoppage of the train with a whoop. Cap. "Allie" Butts, the president's military aid, landed on the floor with one bound from the bed, and speedily appeared upon the rear platform of the train, wrapped in a military coat and not much else, excepting just straight mad. His cream-colored pajamas projected about a foot below the great coat and his shoes displayed the lack of hostery as he faced the reception committee, headed by the bishop of the church and the mayor of Glenwood

Springs. He informed them that the president would be out presently, and then, as the mountain breezes were spreading his coat-tails out so that you could play checkers on them, he barked to summon the presidential valet. The president finally appeared on the platform, and explained smilingly but hastily that his program hadn't any notice of a six o'clock reception. The crowd stated that whether it did or didn't he was there, and they were going to have him, and off they rushed him to the Glenwood Springs hotel to show him the wonderful public bath with the town's famous warm springs. Now, a bath before breakfast is a very pleasurable thing to take, but the way the president was to take this did not suit him in the least. The thoughtful people of Glenwood had prepared a specially-constructed bathing suit for the president, and a dozen or so for the members of the party, and the program was that the president was to patter down into the pool on one side, while the multitude watched from the other side. The president positively declined this courtesy, and reluctantly the people of Glenwood Springs gave up their promised presidential pleasure.

Chickens Adopted by a Police Cat



THE police of the tenth precinct in Washington have as a mascot a cat that is destined to disturb the rest of the enemies of the so-called nature fakers. This cat, a large, well-trained animal, and the pride of every member of the command, has adopted two founding chickens of tender age. Strange though it may seem, she cares for them with an eye as guarding as a mother hen ever possessed, and is apparently determined that no harm shall befall them.

The two little bundles of feathers are supposed to have been brought into the station house one exceedingly rainy night. At the time they were but a few days old. During the afternoon before they were seen in the vicinity of the station house, but when it started to rain they disappeared.

From time to time their pitiful chirps could be heard, and as night came on these increased in frequency and plaintiveness. The chirps came from under a stable in the rear of the station, where the two little foundlings had sought shelter.

Members of the precinct command say that during the evening the cat appeared to be acting strangely. Instead of roaming about the squad room, as was her usual custom, she wandered about the rooms on the lower floor of the station, and occasionally made visits to the basement. No significance was given her queer actions, but many of the policemen wondered why their feline mascot did not visit them and get her usual evening pettings.

The next morning the cause of the cat's strange actions was explained, when the strange little bundles of feathers were discovered, but within a few minutes she put in her appearance.

She immediately started to attend to her motherly duties. The little fellows were true to their adopted mother from the very first.

For the Hostess

Chat on Interesting Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

A Harvest Home Party.
In Sweden they make a ceremony of bringing in the last sheaf of wheat signifying that the "summer is over and the harvest ended." With this in mind, a hostess who is noted for her originality issued invitations for a "Harvest Home" party at her place in the country. It is now quite the thing not to return to town until the first of November, so the beautiful foliage and the glories of autumn are enjoyed to the full. At this party, which was given last year, too late to get in the department owing to the fact that it must be made up several weeks in advance, the house and spacious verandas were literally covered with gorgeous oak and maple leaves, as was the lower floor of the great barn where dancing took place at eight o'clock. The hours were from five to ten, which just permitted the making of trains to and from the city.

A novel feature was the playing of the band composed of the workmen on the place. They were mostly Germans, and as each department had its own foreman with helpers the organization was quite complete as well as unique. They played for the dancing, and to a most stirring march they led the gay party to the last sheaf of wheat in the field. It was laid in the pony cart belonging to the ten-year-old daughter of the house, who drove the prettily decorated pony into the barn, where the sheaf was placed in the middle of the clean, swept floor and the hostess paid a tribute to Ceres, a health being drunk in mulled cider made on the place and served by the hostess. After a supper of fried chicken, boiled ham, hot muffins, rice and tomatoes cooked together with shrimp, which the colored cook said was "Jumbalaya," tea, coffee, Macedoine of vegetable, salad and pumpkin pie, the dancing began. After a few informal dances there was what the hostess called a "Farmers' cotillon, because all the figures pertained to work on the farm, and the favors consisted of big straw hats, sunbonnets, whips, milking stools, tin pails, spades, rakes, hoes, etc. It was all very original and pretty. Cider frappe was on hand for the dancers.

A Geographical Party.
This was given by a gay party of young people and all pronounced it a success. The invitations had the usual day, date and hour, with the jingle given, which explained a wee bit the character of the affair, or, as a youth aptly expressed it, "what you were up against."

All guests who want to win a prize should on the atlas glue their eyes, brush up their knowledge, cram their pates.

With maps of many a foreign clime, and rivers they must put in rhyme.

The first stunt was to read the following "stately story" and fill in the blanks with the abbreviations of the

name of a state. The story here has the blanks correctly filled for the benefit of the hostess.

A handsome (Md.) fell in love with a (Miss.) whom he attended when she was (Ill.), and who was sweeter than any flower of the (Del.). He asked her hand in marriage, but her (Pa.) wished her to wed his war time friend, the (Col.), who was rich, but who looked as if he had come out of the (Ark.). So he put the doctor off by saying he would (Conn.) the matter (Ore.). But the lover pressed him, and said: "(W.V.) will (U.) not give (Me.) an answer?" The father, being a Yankee, answered his question by asking another, "(Kan.) you support a wife?" and added bluntly that he feared his daughter would have to (Wash.) for her living, should she marry so poor a man. The young man replied: "Although I am poor, (Io.) no man, and I (Wis.) I could support my wife, (R. I.) would not marry." When he met his sweetheart her of the interview, she said: "(La.) I could love you no (Mo.) had you all the wealth of (Ind.)." So they were married at (Tenn.) o'clock and the husband got (Ariz.) in his profession, and there is (O.) to keep them from being happy.

After this came a map-drawing contest. The guests were handed large sheets of paper with pencils and told to draw any country they chose, with a few principal rivers, mountains and cities; to write their names and the name of the country on the back and pin the paper on the wall. Then all had to guess what was what. The one who guessed the most correctly received a prize. Slips of paper were then passed containing the names of two rivers, which were to be woven into a rhyme. The results were read aloud and were very amusing. Floating island and small sponge cakes were served. The prizes were interesting foreign prints framed in plain wooden mouldings.

MADAME MERRI.

FANCIES OF FASHION

Long sashes are being worn with coat suits.

Paris is offering all sorts of hats except small ones.

White cony will be a leader in fur coats for young girls.

Gold braid will figure prominently as a cuff ornament.

Corsets are longer over the hips but cut lower at the top.

Newest belt buckles and pins combine mother of pearl and jet.

Puffs are still worn, but are small and soft and irregular in shape.

The scarab is a leader among decorations for pins and dainty buckles.

For fall wear many double veils of contrasting colors are being offered.

Red is a brilliant exception to the rule that makes for dull hued colors. Sleeves in little girls' dresses are fuller, long, and have often one or two puffs.

Dog collars in velvet are being embrodered in tiny buds and flowers in natural colors.

Autumn Street Suits



The suit on the left is made up of a gray cloth, and is worn with lynx fur. The collar and the cuffs are of corded silk in black. The suit on the right is of dull green broadcloth, with trimmings of silk and silk covered buttons.

Dr. Crantson's Bargain

By GEORGE TICKELL

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

Young Dr. Crantson's mind was hovering between hope and fear as he drove over the hill to the Taber settlement one fine afternoon. He had been calling at the house of old Andrew Sinnett very regularly for some time past, and on this particular occasion had determined to declare himself to Nelly Sinnett's father as a suitor for his pretty daughter's hand.

He found Andrew Sinnett enjoying an after-supper smoke on the veranda of his house, and bracing himself for the ordeal poured the story of his affection for Nelly into the old man's ears. The latter heard him patiently and did not interrupt until Crantson had finished his pleading. Then he spoke briefly and to the point.

"I might as well tell you first as last, Doc," he said, "that your views and mine regarding Nelly don't hitch. I'm a self-made man, well-to-do, and gave my daughter a good education. I expect she'll pay me for it, in a way, by making a good match, when she does marry, and a slim, young chap like you just starting in to practice on sick folks, don't suit my notion of a good catch for a girl. It would be as easy for the lunatics that are hankering to see the steam cars running here in this valley to get the line of the new railroad changed in its course, as for you to win Nelly against my wishes."

"Well, Mr. Andrew Sinnett," said Crantson, calmly, "I'm sorry you feel that way, for I had hoped that you would favor my proposition. But I'll tell you something, I mean to marry Nelly, and not only that, but you'll live to see the railroad trains running through this valley and right across your own flats."

The old man did not take offense at this blunt declaration. Instead he



"Well, We'll See, Doc," He Said at Last.

laughed long and heartily. "Well, we'll see Doc," he said at last, "and I'm willing to make a bargain with you, right now. If the railroad is ever built through this valley, you shall marry Nelly and welcome, providing she'll have you. But if it don't, then you must give up the idea. You may come and see her once in awhile, if you want to, for I can trust my lass, but that's all. Is it a bargain?"

Crantson was somewhat taken aback at the readiness with which his sweetheart's father had met his boast, but nevertheless he shook hands on the compact with due solemnity. "Now," said Sinnett, genially, "I'll just call the lass, and explain it all to her so that everything may be fair and above board."

After Nelly had made her appearance and the situation was made clear to her, Sinnett went indoors and left the lovers to talk it over together on the porch.

When Crantson left the Sinnett homestead, he turned his horse's head in the direction of Burmarsh, where he knew the chief engineer of the new railroad was staying for a few days. It chanced that the youthful medical man had been of some service in mending a broken arm for this great personage a month previous, and the latter consequently received him graciously. It was past midnight when they parted, after a long confidential chat, and Crantson whistled merrily as he drove over Dawes' Hill back to Merton's Corners. A few days later Andrew Sinnett, visiting the Taberville post office in search of mail, was surprised by the sight of a placard printed in huge black letters displayed in full view of all passersby. It bore the title of "Railroad Meeting" and the substance of the bill was a strong appeal to the citizens of the township to turn out and make one more effort to procure a change in the route of the new railroad. The change in question could be effected by the securing of comparatively small stock subscriptions, a fair percentage of free right-of-way and the bonding of the township for only \$25,000. Several farmers stood talking together while Sinnett read the bill. When he had finished, they urged him to support the new movement. It had been discovered by means of a new survey, they informed him, that the route around Dawes' Hill and through the Taber settlement to Burmarsh was, after all, more feasible than through Merton's Corners on the other side of the hill. For which good

and sufficient reason the amount of bonds demanded by the company had been reduced from \$75,000 to \$25,000.

"I hear, Andrew," said one of the farmers, "that this is all the doings of young Dr. Crantson, the chap that just moved down from Merton's Corners to Burmarsh, where he's started practice. Great lad, that young doc; he's going to make a speech to the meeting; you'd better come and hear him; they say he's got the whole thing worked out slick."

This information did not tend to soothe Sinnett's ruffled spirit. He thought of the agreement he had rashly entered into with the suave Dr. Crantson, and his indignation nearly choked him. At length he found voice enough to assert forcibly that he would not attend the meeting, after which he drove away in a most unpleasant frame of mind. Fortune willed it that the meeting should prove a great success, and in spite of his vows to the contrary Sinnett was present. Dr. Crantson had laid his plans artfully and he carried the meeting with him from the beginning to the end. During the course of a well-delivered speech he told his audience all about the natural advantages of their township and the beauties of their valley. He pictured the disgrace it would be to be the enlightened citizens of Taberville should they allow the Merton's Corners folk to secure the railroad advantages and leave them hopelessly in the rear. It was probably the knowledge that he was speaking for Nelly's sake and his own that lent unusual force and eloquence to Crantson's address. At all events, he managed to sway his hearers' opinion with such effect that the needed subscriptions were agreed upon, and a motion to hold a town meeting early the following month was carried by a big majority.

It was then that the real struggle began. Sinnett had succeeded in enlisting a number of his friends to oppose the measures advocated by Crantson. The old man worked desperately. He hardly slept until the day of the special meeting, and called on almost every one in the settlement. Crantson was equally energetic, and in the end the young fellow's efforts were crowned with success, the bonding proposition being carried by an overwhelming majority. Before the winter set in grading was begun in the valley, and by the following summer the construction trains crossed the flat lands of Sinnett's farm. To the old man's ears it seemed as though the fussy engine booted and laughed at him whenever the engineer pulled the whistle cord. For fully a month he managed to avoid Dr. Crantson, but the meeting with his conqueror was inevitable, and one day they encountered each other on the main street at Burmarsh. Crantson held out his hand, but for a moment Sinnett refused to notice it. Then suddenly his mood changed and he seized the young doctor's slim fingers in an iron grip.

"I give in lad," he said, "you've won fairly and I'll welcome you at the house whenever you want to come up there. I guess the girl has missed you badly ever since this fight over the railway started and you stayed away."

It was not until several weeks later that the good people of Taberville and Burmarsh knew why "Young Doc," as they called him, had taken up the railroad fight so enthusiastically. When they learned the true cause of his exertions, he became more popular than ever, and his marriage to Nelly Sinnett was the signal for a flood of congratulations to pour in upon them from all sides. Andrew Sinnett acknowledged that everything had turned out well in the long run, and "Young Doc" was supremely happy, for as he told his wife—"Taberville got the railroad and I got you—which was the best bargain of all."

And Nelly quite agreed with him.

350 Years of Labor.
A single firm of cutlery manufacturers at Sheffield, England, has in its employ six workmen who have been with the firm continuously for a total of 350 years. This means an average of almost sixty years of continuous work for each employe.

Two of these men are 76, two are 75, one is 74 and one 73. A picture of the group published in the Iron Age shows a sturdy looking set of men. That they must be, as they are still at work. Three of them are cutters and three grinders.

The same firm has people of three generations at the bench in its employ—from grandparents to their grandchildren. These workers began as children, according to custom, and have been continuously with the house ever since as piece workers.

Few "Forty-Niners" Left.
The men of forty-nine, the California pioneers, are rapidly dwindling. There are now only seven members of the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers. The eighth member recently died and the survivors acted as pallbearers and mourners.

Needs No Press Agent.
If some poor cuss should discover a product like petroleum butter the newspapers of the country would charge him \$2 a line to advertise it. It's different in John D.'s case.—Milwaukee Journal.