

Items, General and Personal, Of Interest to G. P. O. Workers

Miss Laura B. Gordon, chairman of the document section, as well as all the chairman of this jurisdiction, is making a determined effort to guarantee the success of the approaching excursion down the Potomac River for the benefit of the building and repair fund of Typographical Temple. It is well to remember that the Woman's Auxiliary is much interested and has already made an appropriation of \$50 toward the fund. As this will be one of those enjoyable evening excursions to Indian Head and return, it is up to the membership to assist the project. The steamer St. Johns has been engaged for Friday evening, August 20, and will leave the wharf at 7 o'clock.

Thomas Peter is acting chief doorman during the absence of Harry McCammon.

Under date of August 12, Fond Du Lac, Wis., Assistant Foreman Roberts writes: "This is a very restful place, and I am enjoying it."

The list of "lost articles" turned in to the emergency room, sanitary section, for the month of July included the following, which, if not at the end of the month is found, will be turned over to the finder: Cuff button, two pairs printer's tweezers, National Union pin, two pairs gold-mounted eyeglasses, breastpin, part of a watch chain, diamond pin, Indiana Society pin, two belt pins, two watch charms, two pocketknives, gold ring, necktie, coin purse, and pocketbook.

Ellis R. King, of the office of Assistant Foreman of Printing Greene, is recovering from his recent severe sickness contracted at the Gettysburg encampment.

J. M. Craig, of the document section, returned to duty yesterday from a month's vacation, spent partly with his daughter in St. Louis, and partly returning by way of Portland, Ore., Ogden, and Salt Lake City, Utah, and Denver, Colo., the beauties of the Rocky Mountain country, he declares, being beyond description.

Harvey G. Ellis departed yesterday for a month's vacation in the Adirondacks, familiar country to him for the past thirty years.

The proofroom force will be depleted to-morrow by the absence of the following leave-takers: T. S. Clarke, J. F. Putnam, W. F. Leatzow, H. F. Kitzmiller, S. G. Kirby, J. J. Miller, A. J. Watson, J. W. Cross, F. D. Smith, Edward Davidson, A. R. Nathan, L. C. Tuttle, J. E. Maynard, George Burklin, J. B. Matlack, F. H. Hambricht, and J. W. McCann.

Funeral services for Howard Laver, the twelve-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Laver, of 307 I street northeast, who was killed at Cornfield Point, St. Mary's County, Md., while playing baseball last Wednesday morning, were held at the home of his parents at noon Friday.

Rev. Mr. Gulon, assistant rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, officiated, assisted by Rev. R. A. Curtis, of St. Mark's Church. The body was taken to Philadelphia for burial.

Young Laver was spending a vacation, with forty other boys, all members of the boys' choir of the Church of the Good Shepherd, at Cornfield Point, under the care of Rev. C. S. Abbott, rector. The boys were playing ball, and young Laver was at the bat, when a pitched ball struck him back of the ear. Death resulted from hemorrhage of the brain.

P. H. Gallagher, who has just returned from a month's trip to the far West, is enthusiastic over the beauties of that country, and particularly pleased with the Union Printers' Home, which he declares, is the finest institution for every standpoint he ever saw, and that every printer ought to see it.

Proofreader Thomas L. Jones and wife made a trip down to Old Point during the week, and while there were shown over the battle ship North Carolina by a nephew of Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Nellie Stages, of the keyboard room, received word yesterday of the death of Mrs. George McKenna Bell, a former compositor in the specification division, which occurred in Baltimore.

C. O. Wood, clerk in the secretary's office, and his wife depart this morning for a trip to Youngstown, Ohio, and the Great Lakes.

George Ramsey, of the Government Printing Office, is, as usual, spending his vacation at Colonial Beach. For more than thirty years the writer has known Mr. Ramsey at various points in the country as a skillful pressman and job compositor, an accomplished newspaper writer, and for the past several years a member of Uncle Sam's corps of highly efficient proof readers. And everywhere and at all times he is jovial, whole-souled, and companionable. Every Sunday morning Mr. Ramsey furnishes The Washington Herald with a full page of Government Printing Office news, written in the most attractive and entertaining manner—Westmoreland (Va.) Inquirer, August 5.

The family of Charley Troegner, press reviser, is at Colonial Beach for the season.

Elmer Johnson and Al Riddle report an excellent season at North Chesapeake Beach, where their families occupy two bungalows on the bay shores.

Miss Anna Mix, of the pressroom, is enjoying her vacation on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

Capt. Dan Chisholm will enter his crack drill team of Canton Washington at the meeting of the grand lodge, I. O. O. F., at Atlanta, Ga., in September, to compete for the prizes offered. Capt. Chisholm is rated by experts as one of the best drill masters in the United States, and his team has carried off prizes wherever it has competed.

The office painters have made the Public Printer's office look sleek and span for the reception of his Congressional and other friends during the fall and winter season.

Billy Bond, manager of the Laurel baseball team, is wearing the smile that won't come off since his victory over the picked Baltimore team last Sunday.

Ed Nash, Billy Tappan, Percy Howcott, and Capt. Dan Chisholm will compose the office contingent at the outing of the Columbia Fishing Club at Lewes, Va., on Coan River, August 23.

This is one of the oldest and best-known fishing clubs in this vicinity, organized in 1833, and it is predicted that this will be one of the most enjoyable trips the club has ever indulged in.

An entirely new outfit of desks and chairs will be provided for the rearrangement of the proofroom, and the selection will be left by the Public Printer to the people who will have to use them, which is a practical, common-sense idea.

The "white trousers brigade" of the pressroom had their outing at Chesapeake Beach yesterday. Big Chief Moore and Photo-taker Lowry were in charge of the party, and Ed Winne and wife went along as chaperons.

Pressman John Bausir is acting chief of the embossing section.

Chief of Section John K. Bishop, of the pressroom, is visiting in Upper New York State, after a lay-off at Niagara and Buffalo.

Pressman Charley Schulte is anticipating the pleasure of a visit to his old home in Detroit to show his folks and friends the finest two-year-old girl in the world.

Proofreader John F. Putnam, Jr., left on Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Putnam, for a visit to their home in Lewiston, Me. "Put" is a good sailor, a good fisherman, and a good Republican; therefore, he will not return until he has exercised his right of suffrage in the Old Pine State in the good old way.

The Carlisle (Pa.) Sentinel is publishing a very interesting history of the part entered by the men of Cumberland County in the great civil war, from the pen of Charley Leeds, of the document section. Charley was all through the conflict himself.

AT MARSHALL HALL.



Foreman Arthur Bugden, Revisers Clint O. Price and Dan Chisholm, and the white trousers boys of the pressroom in the back row.

self, and his heart is in the work he has assumed, and the soldiers of that county are fortunate in having a writer of his ability to hand down their record to posterity.

Pressman Jim Veitch has sent to several of his friends a picture postal of himself and twenty-seven sea bass, which he says were caught by him off Sandy Hook in two hours and weighed over sixty pounds.

Reviser McGuinnis, of the pressroom, is on leave, and during his absence Reviser Ashford is on the job.

Bernard Crooke, the popular deskman of the house of correction, left on Thursday for his annual visit to his folks in Boston and from there to the woods of Maine, all of which will take up full thirty days.

Engineer Horatio Stevens, who has been depended upon to toot the signal which starts the works to moving for many years, is confined to his home, at 61 I street, by illness.

Reviser R. F. (Tug) Wilson will enjoy the breezes of Ocean Grove, N. J., for the next fifteen days, and in the meantime Comrade George H. Stull will assume the responsibility of running the folios and other important duties connected with the bound edition of specifications.

Ed R. French, make-up in the monotype section, with his wife and son, took in everything in and around New York recently, including a trip up the Hudson and some of the wonders of Coney Island.

Pressman Johnny Dunlap has quartered his wife and daughter for the season at the Linwood, Colonial Beach, and runs down every week himself.

The great demand for agricultural bulletins necessitated an intermediate force on the press used expressly for those valuable pamphlets, and the big double quad. He is doing the same run on the bound Record.

William Nichols, of Philadelphia, formerly a pressman in the G. P. O., and his son are the guests of Arthur Armstrong while taking in the Capital.

Harry Matchet, messenger in the keyboard room, is ill with typhoid fever at Brunswick, Md.

E. A. Lang, of the foundry, the popular vocalist, was presented on Tuesday evening with a handsome memorial pendant insignia of the Memorial University of the Sons of Veterans in appreciation of his services on many occasions.

The news of the death of Miss Bertha M. Telly, which occurred suddenly at Washington Grove on Monday last, was quite a shock to her many friends in the office. Miss Telly was employed in the office about a dozen years as a compositor on specifications, and latterly as a proofreader, which position she resigned about a year ago. She was proficient in her trade, kind, generous, and benevolent, and her demise is generally regretted.

James Monroe Kretzer, who has been connected with the printing bureau of the Panama Canal Commission for the past two years, is in the city, and it is reported that he will not return to the isthmus.

The honor of opening the proceedings of the Minneapolis convention was all in the hands of printers, the invocation being by a printer-minister, the State being represented by the private secretary of

the governor, Ralph Wheelock, and Alderman James D. Williams, a member of Minneapolis Union, speaking for the mayor, who was unable to be present.

Mrs. Zaida Dalton, of the press division, is recuperating at the seashore.

The Wausau (Wis.) Daily Record-Herald of August 4 printed a column interview with Thomas A. Bynum, then in Milwaukee, in his capacity of grand chancellor of the Grand Lodge of Knights of Pythias, on the growth and importance of that order, in which Tom gets in a good word also for organized labor.

During the week a former well-known employe of the old document room, Mr. Patrick J. Haltigan, editor of the National Hibernian, the official organ of that popular order, returned from an extended trip through the Northwest and British Columbia, having attended the national convention of the Knights of Columbus, recently in session at Quebec, and the national convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at Portland, Ore. At the latter convention Mr. Haltigan was again re-elected editor of the official organ, a position most acceptably filled for several years. About twenty years ago, before the office had been put under civil service, young Mr. Haltigan received an appointment as a compositor during the first administration of Public Printer Palmer, and was assigned to the old document room, in charge of Assistant Foreman of Printing Spotswood. The new appointee proved a capable and efficient workman, and became popular with his associates. Upon the incoming of Public Printer Benedict he was transferred and promoted to a reader, in which position he remained until he resigned, continuing in

the capacity of compositor and reader. He has been engaged in newspaper work in the intervening years, and from appearances the world has dealt kindly with this once-popular G. P. O. employe in the old building. He expressed himself as highly pleased with our him-moth and up-to-date home.

Compositors Aurscher, Calkins, and Talbot, of the document section, have been granted additional leave without pay.

'Twas a popular ruling with reference to the granting of annual leaves, permitting the employes to apply for the same in multiples of the eight hours—i. e., taking two, four, or six hours, the same to be deducted with pay. The great office is gradually growing in public favor.

The "glad hand" was extended Maker-up T. C. Saltzman upon his temporary reappearance at the document section copy desk early in the week.

After twenty-one days' leave, Daniel Miller returned to the document section on Monday.

Edwin H. Tabler, of the document section, reported for work on Thursday upon the expiration of leave, a portion of which was passed in Atlanta and other Southern cities.

Compositor H. C. Town, of the document section, is resting at the great American resort, Atlantic City, but not mixing much with the crowds, with prospects that he will be greatly benefited.

Col. William H. Sweeney, the veteran maker-up in the document section, and one of the best-known employes, having been granted annual leave, has gone to Atlantic City, accompanied by his wife. The colonel has experienced a long and strenuous season of work, and it is the wish of his hosts of friends that he will be fully recuperated by the relaxation from daily toil in this his fourteenth annual trip to this fashionable resort by the sea. During his past active career, Col. Sweeney has been favored with many offices in Columbia Union, and is a worthy ex-delegate of the International Typographical body.

Compositor Henry E. Halliday, of the document section, has returned from his leave.

George Johnson, a veteran compositor in the Surgeon General's catalog, detail, returned from his leave on Friday.

Robert H. Mayers, compositor in the document section, is substituting for Maker-up Sweeney during his absence.

The many friends and admirers of Miss Carrie E. Loomis, of the document section, who but recently returned from her leave, are congratulating her upon her miraculous escape from a railroad wreck while traveling on the Canadian Pacific Railroad between Quebec and Montreal. The train of cars left the track, and a serious accident was averted, as the train was moving slowly. It, however, occasioned a delay of several hours.

The following members of the document chapel are on the sick list: Compositors Joseph C. Gaudin, Frank H. Jones, and F. C. Roberts.

R. L. Stidman, of the document section, returned from his leave on Monday.

Maker-up Nelson P. Moyer, of the specs, accompanied by his wife, will pass his vacation at "Shellfield" farm, three miles "behind" Colonial Beach.

On Tuesday Mrs. A. W. Bowen received a telegram from the Woman's International Auxiliary convention, in session at Minneapolis, Minn., extending sympathy and congratulating her upon her recovery from the recent serious operation she underwent. Certainly a graceful act on the part of this organization of ladies and highly appreciated by the recipient, who was its popular president for two terms.

Imposer Clarence Lewis, of the specs, has been granted fifteen days' leave.

Skilled Laborers Barnett and Wynne, of the specs, are on leave.

Maj. John W. Powell is a recent reinstatement, with an assignment to the watch force.

Compositor John W. Griffith, of the document section, reported for work on Friday, after an extended vacation passed in Canada with his family.

The announcement has been made of the marriage of Mr. Walter Johns, a former well-known proofreader in the G. P. O., at Oil City, Pa., to a young lady of that place, on Thursday, August 4, 1910. Mr. Johns, who has been connected with the government printing office in the Philippines for several years past, and is now enjoying a vacation of several months in the States, contemplates returning in the early fall with his wife. His many friends unite in extending congratulations.

Ben Ballard, recently of the Bureau of Immigration, New York City, has returned to the G. P. O.

Imposer George W. Wetmore, of the document section, is passing his leave down on the Eastern Shore.

Curious Old English Law. It is interesting to recall in connection with railway accidents that only a few years back any instrument which by accident was the immediate cause of loss of human life became, in English law, "deadand"—that is, became forfeit to the crown, to be devoted to pious purposes. This law applies to locomotives, but in course of time coroners' juries, instead of claiming the forfeit, inflicted a fine. In the year 1838 a locomotive on the Liverpool and Manchester line, which, by exploding, caused the death of its engineer and fireman, was fined 20 pounds; while the following year another engine, on the same line, was fined 1,400 pounds.

WHEN ALL IS GONE. After the summer storm rolls by With thunder and crash of the voice of God, Nestled in gray of the lowering sky, Peeps a child of blue, with lightning nod. This is the message it sings and brings, Joyously and merrily: "Never despair, behind the clouds, The song of Hope rings cheerily."

After the night of the world is gone Far in the yonder purple mist, In the yearning of the bygone past—Vellie all to be from all that is. Bet with the light from the tomb of night, Comes the smiling host from Heaven; Then out from the shore, life's island above, Sails our Eagle Boat of Living. ELIZABETH ELACOTT FOX.

Consider the following facts, or reason honestly with yourself for a moment, and you must be convinced beyond question that no reliable house can sustain exorbitant prices simply because its customers are allowed the privilege of settling accounts through a system of divided payments.

A great many people make no use of their most valuable resource—CREDIT—because they neither stop to consider the question fairly nor take the trouble to make a personal comparison of values and prices.

Unrestricted competition in any line is absolutely certain to keep prices down to a very narrow margin of profit, and in no line is there more open competition than in the retail furniture business.

Possibly one customer in every hundred would, from necessity, pay prices away out of proportion to the values—but how about the other ninety-nine who use credit only because of its convenience?

Our prices are made to attract the ninety-nine. They are marked in plain figures—at the credit prices—and we invite a comparison with the best offers of so-called "cash houses." They are the same to the one as to the ninety-nine.

But in considering the price question, remember that we offer nothing without giving an ironclad guaranty that its value shall prove satisfactory after it has had the test of actual service.

And we dignify your use of credit by giving you all the Furniture value that an equal amount of cash could buy elsewhere.

PETER GROGAN AND SONS COMPANY.

SINGING IN THE VILLAGE

By TOLSTOJ.

Translated for the English Review. Voices and an accordion sounded as if close by, though through the mist nobody could be seen. It was a workday morning, and I was surprised to hear music.

"Oh, it's the recruits' leave-taking," thought I, remembering that I had heard something a few days before about five men being drawn from our village. Involuntarily attracted by the merry song, I went in the direction whence it proceeded.

As I approached the singers, the sound of song and accordion suddenly stopped. The singers—that is, the lads who were leave-taking—entered the double-fronted brick cottage belonging to the father of one of them. Before the door stood a small group of women, girls, and children.

While I was finding out whose sons were going, and why they had entered that cottage, the lads themselves, accompanied by their mothers and sisters, came out at the door. There were five of them—four bachelors and one married man. Our village is near the town where nearly all these conscripts had worked. They were dressed town-fashion, evidently wearing their best clothes—pea-jackets, new caps, and high, showy boots. Conspicuous among them was a young fellow, well built, though not tall, with a sweet, merry, expressive face, a small beard, and mustache just beginning to sprout and bright hazel eyes. As he came out he at once took a big, expensive-looking accordion that was hanging over his shoulders and, having bowed to me, started playing the merry tune of "Barynya," running his fingers nimbly over the keys and keeping exact time as he moved with rhythmic step jauntily down the road.

Beside him walked a thick-set, fair-haired lad, also of medium height. He looked lazily from side to side, and sang seconds with spirit, in harmony with the first singer. He was the married one. These two walked ahead of the other three, who were also well-dressed and not remarkable in any way except that one of them was tall.

Together with the crowd I followed the lads. All their songs were merry, and no expression of grief was heard while the procession was going along; but as soon as we came to the next house at which the lads were to be treated, the lamentations of the women began. It was difficult to make out what they were saying; only a word here and there could be distinguished: "Death . . . father and mother . . . native land . . ." and after every verse the women who led the chanting took a deep breath and burst out into long-drawn moans, followed by hysterical laughter. The women were the mothers and sisters of the conscripts. Besides the lamentations of these relatives one heard the admonitions of their friends: "Now, then, Matryona, that's enough. You must be tired out," I heard one woman say, consoling another who was lamenting.

The lads entered the cottage. I remained outside talking with a peasant acquaintance, Vasily Orehof, a former pupil of mine. His son, one of the five, was the married man who had been singing seconds as he went along.

"Well," I said, "it is a pity."

"What's to be done? Fity or not, one has to serve."

And he told me of his domestic affairs. He had three sons; the eldest was living at home, the second was now being taken, and a third (who like the second had gone away to work) was contributing dutifully to the support of the home. The one who was leaving had evidently not sent home much.

"He has married a townsman. His wife is not fit for our work. He is a lapped-off branch and thinks only of keeping himself. To be sure, it's a pity, but it can't be helped!"

While we were talking the lads came out into the street, and the lamentations, shrieks, laughter, and adjurations recommenced. After standing about for some five minutes, the procession moved on with songs and accordion accompaniment.

I looked at him and (so at least it seemed to me) he felt abashed when he met my gaze, and with a twitch of his brows he turned away, and again burst out with even more spirit than before.

When we reached the fifth and last of the cottages, the lads entered and I followed them. All five of them were made to sit round a table covered with a cloth, on which were bread and vodka. The host, the man I had been talking to, who was now to take leave of his married son, poured out the vodka and handed it round. The lads hardly drank at all (at most a quarter of a glass) or even handed it back after just raising it to their lips. The hostess cut some bread and served slices round to eat with the vodka.

While I was looking at the lads a woman, dressed in clothes that seemed to me strange and incongruous, got down from the top of the oven, close to where I sat. She wore a light green dress (silk, I think) with fashionable trimmings, and high-heeled boots. Her fair hair was arranged in quite the modern style, like a large round cap, and she wore big, ring-shaped, gold earrings. Her face was neither sad nor cheerful, but looked as if she were offended.

After getting down, she went out into the passage, clattering with the heels of her new boots and paying no heed to the lads. All about this woman—her clothing, the offended expression of her face, and, above all, her earrings—was so foreign to the surroundings that I could not understand how she had come to be on the top of Vasily Orehof's oven. I asked a woman sitting near me who she was.

"Vasily's daughter-in-law," she has been a housemaid," was the answer. The host began offering vodka a third time, but the lads refused, rose, said grace, thanked the hostess, and went out. In the street the lamentations recommenced at once. The first to raise her voice was a very old woman with a peculiarly piteous voice, and wailed so that the women kept soothing the sobbing, staggering old creature, and supported her by her elbows.

"Who is she?" I inquired.

"Why, it's his granny; Vasily's mother, that is."

The old woman burst into hysterical laughter and fell into the arms of a woman who supported her, and just then the procession started again, and again the accordion and the merry voices struck up their tune. At the end of the village the procession was overtaken by the carts which were to carry the conscripts to the district office. The weeping and wailing stopped. The accordion player, getting more and more excited, bending his head to one side and resting on one foot, turned out the toes of the other and stamped with it, while his fingers produced brilliant flourishes, and exactly at the right instant the bold, high, merry tones of his song, and the seconds of Vasily's son, again chimed in. Old and young, and especially the children who surrounded the crowd, and I with them,

fixed their eyes admiringly on the singer. "He is clever, the rascal!" said one of the peasants.

"Sorrow weeps, and sorrow sings!" replied another.

"Whose son is that one? That gallant fellow?" I asked a little old man, pointing to the fine lad.

The old man raised his cap and bowed to me, but did not hear my question.

"What did you say?" asked he.

I had not recognized him, but as soon as he spoke I knew him at once. He is a hard-working, good peasant who, as often happens, seems specially marked out for misfortune; first two horses were stolen from him, then his house burnt down, and then his wife died. I had not seen Prokofey for a long time, and remembered him as a bright red-haired man of medium height; whereas he was now not red, but quite gray-haired and small.

"Ah, Prokofey, it's you!" I said. "I was asking whose son that fine fellow is—that one who has just spoken to Alexander."

"That one?" Prokofey replied, pointing with a motion of his head and to the tall lad. He shook his head and mumbled something I did not understand.

"I'm asking whose son the lad is!" I repeated, and turned to look at Prokofey. His face was puckered and his jaw trembled.

"He's mine!" he muttered, and, turning away and hiding his face in his hand, began to whimper like a child.

And only then, after the two words, "He's mine!" spoken by Prokofey, did I realize, not only in my mind, but in my whole being, the horror of what was taking place before my eyes that memorable misty morning. All the disjointed, incomprehensible, strange things I had seen suddenly acquired a simple, clear, and terrible significance. I became painfully ashamed of having looked on as at an interesting spectacle. I stopped, conscious of having acted ill, and I turned to go home.

And to think that these things are at the present moment being done to tens of thousands of men all over Russia, and have been done, and will long continue to be done, to the meek, wise, and saintly Russian people, who are so cruelly and treacherously deceived!

LIGHTNING FOLLOWED HIM.

This Negro was Struck Twice in Same Storm, but Not Hurt.

From the Atlanta Journal. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, but it came near doing it the other day in the case of the negro who formerly ran the lawn mower over the golf courses at East Lake.

This lawn mower is much larger than the kind used in other places where the commuter lives, and is drawn by two mules. The other day one of those sudden miniature cloudbursts which have been common of late came up, or rather down, and with it a bolt of lightning.

The bolt hit one of the mules, knocked him down and under the other mule and stunned the driver. When the driver recovered his senses he began a marathon around the lake and wound up in the boathouse. Closing the door tightly, so that it would be perfectly dark there, the negro dived into the furnace room.

He was a semi-religious negro, a lawn mower by necessity and in the flesh, but a pastor in spirit. This latter ambition, about which he had never been sure, became strong in him now, and he began to pray.

Scarcely had he begun when a second bolt hit the furnace room roof, tore a hole in it and slid down the pipes. The negro jumped to his feet, knocked down several boards, tore through the window and leaped over the wire fence enclosing the club grounds like a college high jumper.

He never stopped running, chroniclers say, until he was out of breath. Then he tendered his resignation to the club officials and joined the ministry.

Incidentally neither he nor the mule was hurt by the lightning.