TAKING A FAMILY BACK TO THE SOIL

Being the Experiences of a Government Clerk Who Sets Out to Lower the High Cost of Living.

Pickles are not good for chickens. There's a lot of valuable information in those six words. I know it is valuable, because I paid for it at the rate of 60 cents a word.

The pickles with which I conducted the experiment didn't cost me anything; so I saved that much, anyhow. Mrs. Brown, wife of our nearest neighbor, sent them to us. They were great big fellows that had lain all winter in brine, but hadn't been put into vinegar. There was no malice on the part of Mrs. Brown. She has a kind heart, and I think she's rather fond of us. The sending of the pickles was a manifestation of her neighborly spirit.

But none of us likes that kind of pickles; we never have liked them, and I don't think we'll ever learn. Jane didn't want to hurt Mrs. Brown's feelings, so she thanked our neighbor, said it was "so nice" of her, and promised to serve them for dinner. She tried to look as pleased, she said, as if they had been a box of her favorite chocolates.

Jane is a good deal of a stickler for the truth, even in the matter of social amenities. She selected her words carefully, and when she said she'd serve them for dinner she meant just that. If Mrs. Brown understood that the family would be delighted to eat them for dinner, that wasn't Jane's fault, of course. The pickles were nicely quartered, arranged temptingly on leaves of lettuce, and duly made their appearance on the table. Jane even persisted in passing them. We all said "No, thank you," and tried to be as polite to Jane as she had been to Mrs. Brown. In fact, we made a good deal of a joke of the pickles; or, to be accurate, of Jane's punctilio in endeavoring to be both truthful and polite. Subsequent events took all the fun out of pickles.

Hens Feasted on Pickles.

There wasn't any use keeping them, so I proposed giving the hens a feast. I've been reading a lot about how farmers are kept poor because of the things that go to waste. Why not practice economy, even with a few pickles? So I chopped them up fine with a knife and threw them into the chicken yard, where the hens would find them next morning.

That was Monday night. When I came home from the office Tuesday evening the boys had six dead hens laid out nicely in a row.

We guessed roup and pip and all sorts of epizootics, about every known and imaginable disease of poultry—except pickles. When I told at the office Wednesday of the mysterious malady that had attacked our flock, putting a damper at the very beginning on our hopes of making a fortune out of hens, Capt. Russell began to inquire about feed. Was I sure the grain wasn't moldy? I was. Was I sure wet mash hadn't been left to sour? I was; we feed dry mash only. What had been in the scraps from the kitchen? Just broken bread and leavings from the table, I told him, and none of the family had been poisoned. Then, casually, I mentioned the pickles.

Difficult to regard the occupation as an exciting one.

That cleared the mystery. If salt is placed before a hen, the captain said, she will eat only what is good for her; but being by nature greedy, she sometimes will eat too heavily of excessively salty food. Then she lies down and dies.

Capt. Russell made the discovery early in his career as a farmer. His wife had cut sweet corn from the cob and put it down in jars with salt, following directions she had read in a rural life magazine. The family didn't care for the salted corn and about a gallon of it was thrown to the hens. A hundred or more of them paid the penalty of eating not wisely but too much.

Of course, my lesson was less expensive than was Capt. Russell's, but I couldn't but be impressed by the irony of the fact that I paid Mr. Brown 60 cents apiece for the hens, and that Mrs. Brown gave us the pickles that killed them.

Mrs. Brown Makes Inquiries.

Mrs. Brown was over yesterday and, evidencing the same spirit of neighborly interest, asked Jane how her hens were getting along. Now, wasn't that an awkward question to have shot at a truth-loving diplomat? Jane glanced at her sharply, but Mrs. Brown's guileless face shamed suspicion. Then Jane abandoned truth telling for straight diplomacy. She assured our neighbor that the hens were doing fine. She couldn't well admit, you see, that the chickens, and not the family, had feasted on pickles.

On the whole, it has been rather an unlucky week for "Sunny Knoll" farm. That's the name Jane has officially conferred upon our place. She doesn't claim it is original, nor will she attempt to copyright it. But, she contends, it is a knoll, and it is sunny, when the sun shines; besides, she likes the sound of it. Now one else who has a knoll where the sun shines is at entire liberty to use the name.

If pickles are not a suitable feed for hens, no more has rough-on-rats a proper place in the dietary of rabbits. Ned found that out, and his career as a rabbit farmer was wrecked almost before it had begun. He fitted up one of the stalls in the barn as a warren, and Saturday afternoon went into town with his mother for the purpose of procuring breeding stock. He drew enough money from his savings account to buy four rabbits, which he duly installed as the foundation of his flock, or herd, or whatever you call rabbits in countless numbers. They certainly were attractive little things, and we all took a lot of interest in them. Margery spent hours watching them through the wire netting. The one she liked best she named "Mamma." Another was called "Daddy," and a third she christened "Bettina," in honor of Bettina Lewis, the school teacher's little daughter. The fourth was compelled to go unchristened because, Margery explained gravely, she never could be certain which one it was she hadn't named.

Intended for the Rats.

Two or three times Ned saw a big rat in his warren, and he was afraid it might attack his rabbits. Especially was he fearful for the baby rabbits when they might arrive. I had a box of rat poison on a high shelf in the barn, and had been spreading it on bread and dropping it through cracks in the floor, trying to clear out the rodents. Before he started for school Thursday morning Ned spread a generous slice of bread with lard, covering it with the poison, and left it in the warren. It was put there particularly and especially for the rats, and it never occurred to him that the rabbits might beat the rats to it.

About noon Margery came in and complained to her mother that the bunnies were asleep and "wouldn't wake up." Jane investigated, and Margery's diagnosis was fully justified. They had gone to join the pickle-eating hens.

Ned was inconsolable for a time, and could see no joy through the vista of the years. Instead of lecturing him on heedlessness, as I would have done had I not so recently fed pickles to the hens, I comforted him as best I could. Words are poor things with which to salve the hurt of a calamity such as this, but Ned brightened up, and life took on new hopes when I offered to stake him to the price of another breeding pen. He's going to town today to get them. Experience has always been rated a hard teacher, and some other disaster, of course, may overtake Ned's second rabbit venture. But I'm willing to bet he'll not feed them rat poison, no more than I'll feed pickles to hens again.

So far no calamity has overtaken Jim's pigeon venture, and he is inclined to lord it a little over Ned and me. But I told him that his lack of ill fortune may be due to the fact that he hasn't yet got his pigeons.

Getting Ready for Pigeons.

He has been busy getting ready for them, though, and I must say he shows a handiness for tools that is highly gratifying. He had to abandon the plan of using the barn loft, chiefly because it would have been too big a job, financially and otherwise, to have constructed an inclosed run, or flyway, from so high an elevation. Instead, he has inclosed one of the stalls to serve as a "loft," using old boards and tar paper. There was a small window above the manger in this stall, which he has taken out. The runway he is now building is outside this window, cutting and trimming poles in the woods to serve as posts and dragging them to the house. I have helped him set these, but otherwise he has done all the work himself. The runway will be six feet wide and about twenty feet long, sides and top covered with small-mesh poultry wire. He plans to buy about twenty pairs of breeders to start with. The boy has been reading a lot of pigeon literature and seems to be going about the thing intelligently and to be very much in earnest. I wouldn't be surprised if he made some money out of it. He plans to grow as much of his feed as possible, and has asked for and had assigned to him a garden space for that purpose.

Whatever of doubts I may have had about the advisability of coming to the country, and however the experiment may turn out financially, I am satisfied that so far as the boys are concerned it was a wise thing to do. It gives them wholesome interest not possible to be had in town, and they are getting a lot of outdoor exercise that is bound to mean sturdy bodies and good health.

Jane has yet to make her first complaint about the inconveniences she is forced to put up with. She goes about her work singing, and only last night spoke of the fact that she hasn't had a sick headache since we came out here. Margery likes it, too, and the few days the weather has been so that she could be on the ground she has run until her little legs were almost too tired to hold her up. I haven't heard a lament for the "movies" since we have been here.

Novelty Not Yet Worn Off.

But I'm not losing sight of the fact that the novelty has not worn off the experiment. Things that now seem strange and wonderful will grow to be commonplace, and tasks that are performed cheerfully now because of their variety will become routine, and, therefore, irksome.

So much for Jane and the children. I realize that to men who may be contemplating a try at country life the question of how I like it going back and forward every day will be of interest. I want to be perfectly fair and frank, and it is too soon yet to attempt anything more than a tentative answer. I don't want to place myself in the light of a "quitter," but candor compels me to admit that some phases of the adventure are showing unexpected unpleasantness. One of these is the four miles a day to and from the station and the forty minutes I must spend twice a day on the cars. This means starting early and getting home late, leaving but little time evenings for work around the place, though this latter complaint will be lessened when the days get longer. I am hoping, too, that the walk will be less a burden when the ground dries out. But there are bound to be bad, rainy days throughout the year. "I'll own that more than one night the past two weeks when I got off the car I've wished the old flat was close at hand, where I would have nothing to do but eat my dinner and read until bedtime.

Don't take this as a complaint, however. It is simply a statement of fact. I expected to encounter discomforts, and I'm willing to endure them if by doing so I can provide better living conditions and secure the future of my family. What I am seeking to do is to avoid using only the gay and cheerful colors. Unless I put in the shadows and somber tones, the picture would not be true to life.

Anxious to Start Garden.

One of the impelling motives that brought me to the country was desire to dig in the ground and cultivate the soil. So far I have done no digging except post holes for a chicken fence and Jim's pigeon runway. If you have dug post holes you know there isn't much variety to the job, and after half a dozen or so it is difficult to regard the occupation as an exciting one. I hope, and believe, that when the garden work begins, especially when things begin to grow, all discontent will take wings and fly away.

Looking after the incubator is the only real job I have on hand now, though I have managed to do a good deal of cleaning up around the place, getting ready to plow. The incubator seems to be working all right at last, and if the accident we had was not fatal and we have no others, we should have some baby chickens by the end of next week. We are hoping the cellar stairs will not give out before the hatching season is over. They certainly are getting some hard wear. I go down to look at the lamp first thing when I get up in the morning. When I get the fires going I go down again to fill the lamp and turn and cool the eggs. Then I make a final trip of inspection just before starting for the station. Jane

Had seven dead hens laid out nicely in a row.

averages inspecting the lamp once an hour during the day. In the evening I trim the wick and turn and cool the eggs again. There are two or three more trips after that, and a final inspection at bed time.

There isn't any doubt that hatching chickens in an incubator is a lot more trouble than hatching them in the old-fashioned way. Three of our hens are sitting on eggs I got from a man out here who has some fine white Plymouth Rocks. I dusted them with lice powder before I put the eggs under them and shall dust them again tomorrow. That is all the attention they require, except to see that there is water and feed where they can get them. The hens attend to turning and cooling the eggs, and nature regulates the heat.

Hens Know Their Business.

Ordinarily a hen is not credited with having a great deal of gumption, but to watch one of them take her bill and turn and adjust her eggs so that all will get an equal amount of heat is calculated to make one just a little doubtful of man's superior wisdom, especially as to a matter which is a hen's particular business.

I bought lumber and built a brooder house, getting ready for the chicks we expect the incubator to hatch. It isn't a job to make a carpenter burst with pride, but it is substantial and will serve the purpose. It is 3½x5 feet, and all the material—lumber, patent roofing, three panes of glass, hardware and paint—cost me $4.85. It is four and one-half feet high in front and three feet at the back. I made a door to go across the front two feet wide and one foot from the floor. It is hinged at the top so that it can be lifted up and hooked in pleasant weather, the opening being covered with wire netting.

A notched strip screwed to the side of the house and a long screw sunk part way into the edge of the door enable me to have the door opened at several different angles, letting in fresh air, but protecting the interior when it is raining. There is a door two feet by three that swings out from the side, and inside of this is a sliding frame covered with the wire netting. On the opposite side, but toward the rear, are the three panes of glass. The house will face the south, so by this arrangement there will be no part of the day that the chicks cannot have sunshine. One of the ready-made, knock-down houses as large as this one would have cost $15 to $20. It probably would have been more ornamental, but no more serviceable. I am going to build three more houses just like it and buy hovers to put in them. Later in the season, when artificial heat is no longer needed for the chicks, I'll take the hovers out and use the houses for the growing pullets.

Jane Wants 150 Pullets.

The eggs we have in the incubator are white Plymouth Rocks, the same kind the hens are sitting on, but from a different farm. This will give us two distinct strains of the same breed, enabling us to "cross-mate" them next year for breeding. Poultry authorities seem to agree that is the proper way to start a healthy flock of thoroughbreds. When we come to hatch our white leghorns later on we'll follow the same method.

Jane has set her mind on having 150 pullets, hatched early enough so they will be laying before cold weather sets in next fall. Whether she reaches her goal is going to depend on the sort of luck we have. The hatching and raising of young chickens seems to be the most difficult part of the poultry business, though I judge from what I read and hear that there are plenty of problems straight down the line.

The question of maintaining harmonious relations between chickens and a garden has given me a lot of concern, and I've finally decided I shall have to fence the garden. Chickens, especially growing ones, we are told, should have plenty of range. I'll get light posts and put a chicken netting fence around the quarter of an acre I am going to use for a garden, then the chickens can have the rest of the eight acres to roam over. They'll do no harm in the corn field, Mr. Brown tells me, nor to the potatoes, but I'll have to be careful not to use a poisonous spray when the war with potato bugs begins. I see a non-poisonous bug exterminator advertised in our farm paper which I think I shall make some inquiries about before investing heavily in it.

To Give Berries a Trial.

Jane and I were so impressed with Mrs. Lewis' success in growing raspberries and strawberries that we have decided to give it a trial. The chief objection to putting out berries on a rented place is that you don't get any fruit the first year. If the plants are put out in the spring the second year gives you a crop of strawberries and a partial crop of raspberries. It is three or four years before the raspberries come into full bearing. But the plants are not expensive, $2 and $3 a hundred for the raspberries and $1 and $1.50 a hundred for the strawberries, according to variety. There are new and fancy kinds, of course, that cost a great deal more, but I am advised that it is much safer to stick to the standard varieties.

I have decided to experiment with 200 red and 100 black raspberry plants and 200 strawberries. The strawberries I shall have to plant within the garden fence, where they can be protected, but chickens will not bother raspberries, except, perhaps, to pick off a few close to the ground. The raspberries are to be put out in rows six feet apart. I had intended growing corn between the rows, but Capt. Russell advises me to plant potatoes instead, as the corn would shade the berry plants too much. The berries have to be cultivated, and the idea of putting a crop between the rows is so that I may get a return for this year's work, as there will be no berries to pay for the cultivation.

E. S. M.

WOMEN WORTH WHILE.

THEIR INTERESTS, FRIVOLITIES AND HOBBIES.

MRS. COLVILLE BARCLAY.

Mrs. Colville Barclay, wife of the counselor to the British embassy, is enjoying her first season in this country. Four years ago Mrs. Barclay, then Miss Ward, visited Washington as the guest of the present ambassador to Italy and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, but that was only for a fortnight. Last November she came to America again, this time with her husband and a six-month-old little son, and with a view of making her home in Washington for an indefinite length of time. She has entered with zest into the social activities of the season, and has made many friends among American women, as well as among the women of the diplomatic set.

Mrs. Barclay was born in London, and attended private schools in England. As the daughter of Herbert Ward, the noted sculptor, however, she spent eight years of her childhood and young womanhood in Paris, where her father has done his best work. There Mr. and Mrs. Ward have maintained a home which has been frequented by men and women, who have attained eminence in painting, sculpture and the other arts, and which has been considered one of the most interesting in Paris. Herbert Ward, who belongs to the Legion of Honor of France, has exhibited many groups at the salon. Much of his work is now owned by the French government and is on exhibition in the Luxembourg. It was at the Paris home of Mrs. Barclay's parents that her wedding took place not quite three years ago. There, too, another daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ward was married to a young Englishman, Eric Phipps, who is now secretary to the British embassy at Madrid.

Like most Englishwomen, Mrs. Barclay is fond of outdoor sports. In Paris horseback riding was her favorite recreation, and she expects to resume it in Washington this spring. She also enjoys golf and tennis.

Upon coming to Washington Mr. and Mrs. Barclay took a house near Dupont Circle. In the furnishing of this residence the artistic ability which the latter has inherited from her father is evident at a glance. Rare and beautiful prints, watercolors and statuary, quaint carved chests from Brittany, odd pewter vessels found by Mrs. Barclay in her travels in Bulgaria, and many other things of beauty and interest, all of them placed with rare taste, go to make the home an attractive one.

Though she has enjoyed to the fullest all that she has seen of social life in this country, Mrs. Barclay is domestic in her tastes. She is devoted to home life, and gives most of her time to the care of her little son, who is now ten months old. The child is a handsome boy, and bears his father's name.

SCHOOL OF POLITICS FOR PARTY WORKERS

Republicans of Indianapolis to Instruct Precinct Committeemen in Fundamentals.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., April 4.—A school of politics for more than 3,000 precinct committeemen in Indiana will be conducted by the republican state committee in connection with the state convention to be held here April 22 and 23. This announcement was made at the state headquarters here yesterday. The curriculum of the school will consist chiefly of the fundamentals of organization.

The instructors in this novel institution will include five former state chairmen, who are said to be past masters in the political game. They are John K. Gowdy, former United States consul at Paris; Charles S. Hornley of Newcastle, Ind.; George F. McCullough of New York, James P. Goodrich, Indiana member of the republican national committee, and Frederick A. Sims, former secretary of state. Will H. Hays, present state chairman, will call the school to order.

Follow Rule of Athletic Managers.

"When the athletic authorities of a large college or university decide to build up a winning team they call on the graduate coaches for assistance," said L. W. Henley, secretary of the state committee, who suggested the idea, in discussing it. "Why not apply the same idea to politics? We intend to draw on the political experience of our former chairmen, every one of whom possesses the love and confidence of the republicans of Indiana."

CIVIL SERVICE CHANGES.

Appointments, Reinstatements and Promotions in P. O. Department.

Postmaster General Burleson has announced the following changes in the Post Office Department:

Probational appointments—James Maher, Pennsylvania, and Alvin H. Sheaffer, Pennsylvania, clerks, $900, bureau of third assistant postmaster general; Stephen Walker, laborer, $660, Postmaster General's office.

Reinstatements—Corneille B. Tullis, Alabama, $900, and Douglass E. Frere, District of Columbia, $360, bureau of fourth assistant postmaster general.

Promotions—Richard M. Mullett, Maryland, $1,400 to $1,600, and Emily C. Sharp, Virginia, $900 to $720, bureau of fourth assistant postmaster general; Frank E. Button, Wisconsin, $990 to $900; Thomas D. Crowe, Tennessee, $1,200 to $1,400; Effenger S. S. Gaumer, Pennsylvania, $1,000 to $1,200; William N. Peirce, Maryand, $1,030 to $1,200; Joseph E. Healy, Virginia, $1,000 to $1,200; Norman T. Raymond, New Jersey, $900 to $1,000, and Allen B. Schall, Michigan, $900 to $1,000, Postmaster General's office, and Ferris Saxton, Michigan, $900 to $1,000, postal savings bureau.

Knocked Down, Badly Bruised.

William Brown, nineteen years old, of 1022 5th street northeast, was knocked down by an automobile at 10th and K streets northwest last night and badly bruised. Physicians at Emergency Hospital found he also suffered a slight concussion of the brain. Kenneth W. Cugle, occupant of the car that inflicted the injuries, took Brown to the hospital.

It pays to read the want columns of The Star. Hundreds of situations are filled through them.

THE WEEK.

Epitome of Events Ending April 4, 1914.

President Wilson indorsed the candidacy of James J. O'Byrne of Paterson, N. J., for Congress, to succeed the late Robert G. Bremner. The "little White House" at Cornish, N. H., was again leased by the President for the summer capital. Repeal of the law exempting American ships from Panama canal tolls was voted by the House, 247 to 162, after warm debate; strong opposition in the Senate developed. Col. G. W. Goethals assumed governorship of the Panama Canal Zone. The urgent deficiency bill was passed by Congress; the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, carrying $36,449,169.70, was reported from committee to the House; the House voted pensions to widows and children of Spanish War veterans. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Richmond, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas and San Francisco were announced as central reserve bank cities in twelve reserve districts outlined by the federal reserve bank organization committee. Maj. Gen. W. W. Wotherspoon was designated as chief of staff of the army, to succeed Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, ordered transferred to command of the Department of the East. Robert Lansing was sworn in as counselor of the State Department. Growing burdens placed upon railroads by rate regulations were set before the interstate commerce commission in arguments for 5 per cent increase of freight rates. After a determined fight lasting three days, W. M. Daniels, nominated for member of the interstate commerce commission, was confirmed by the Senate. Senator J. P. Clarke probably was nominated to succeed himself by the Arkansas primary election. Dudley Field Malone, collector of the port of New York, condemned the administration of Gov. Glynn. George W. Wickersham, former Attorney General, was injured in an automobile accident. Miss Mattie R. Tyler, granddaugnter of President Tyler, was superseded as postmaster at Courtland, Va., after sixteen years' incumbency. A five-hundred-thousand-dollar loss was inflicted by fire at St. Augustine, Fla. Among those who died during the week were W. W. Miles, Episcopal bishop of New Hampshire; Representative William Richardson of Alabama; August W. Oehlert, police commissioner of Alexandria.

Foreign.

John Lind, personal representative in Mexico of President Wilson, started home from Vera Cruz on leave of absence; the battle of Torreon continued through the week, victory finally resting with Gen. Villa and his constitutionalists; Venustiano Carranza, rebel chieftain, entered Chihuahua, making it the rebel capital. Prince Iyesatod Tokugawa declined the post of Japanese premier and to form a new cabinet; announcement was made that Baron Makino would retain the portfolio of foreign affairs; Vice Admiral Matsomoto was sent to prison following investigation of the naval graft scandal. Establishment of a federal system of government for the British Isles was proposed by the administration in debate on the home rule bill; Premier Asquith assumed the portfolio of secretary of state for war, resigned by Col. Seely. Yorkshire coal miners, numbering 170,000, quit work, demanding a minimum wage scale. Osman Mizima Pasha was designated as Turkish ambassador to Washington. A Nicaraguan fired a shot at ex-President Zelaya of Nicaragua at Casa Torres, in an attempt to assassinate him. Continued rebel activities were reported from Haiti and Santo Domingo. Prince Henry was entertained royally in Argentina, and proceeded to Chile. The safety of Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, whose party met with distress in Brazilian exploration, was reported. The sealing steamer Newfoundland, with sixty-four of her crew, was lost in a gale off Newfoundland. The condition of King Gustav of Sweden continued to cause alarm. James Gordon Bennett, publisher of the New York Herald, rallied from illness in London. Among those who died during the week was Sir Hubert von Herkomer, famous artist.

District of Columbia.

President Wilson heard pleas of property owners for adjustment of condemnations for acquisition of land for the Union station plaza, expressing his sympathy. The President and Mrs. Wilson felicitated Warren Young on thirty-three years' White House service. Secretary Wilson of the Labor Department celebrated his fifty-second birthday. Opposition was voiced by the board of Commissioners against the bill to charge the District of Columbia with $1,066,257 as a debt due the United States since 1877, and a ruling from the controller of the Treasury is suggested. Approval was given by the Commissioners to the Torrens title system. A bill, introduced by Representative Denis O'Leary of New York, proposed investigation by commission of affairs in the District of Columbia, with a view to governmental reform, with authority to frame charter. The committee of one hundred, in propaganda for the District of Columbia, planned to ask civic bodies of the United States and conventions meeting here to aid the movement. Otto Praeger assumed his duties as postmaster; Ben L. Prince took office as tax collector; United States Marshal Splain appointed as deputies J. G. Newman, Joseph Green and E. A. McLaughlin. The Washington Animal Rescue League, to aid the Washington Humane Society in efforts to alleviate the condition of dumb beasts, was organized. Thirteen pleaded guilty of violations of the loan shark law and were fined $100 each; imprisonment was suspended on agreement to refund illegal interest charged on loans and to accept three-fourths payment of principal. Curtailment by Congress of appropriation for printing new money resulted in announcement of furloughs affecting 3,300 employes of the bureau of engraving and printing. Rev. P. C. Gavan was installed as pastor of the Church of the Shrine of the Sacred Heart, and Rev. C. A. Vincent as pastor of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Church. Among those who died during the week were: Ernest W. Emery, chief of wire traffic of the Washington bureau of the Associated Press, at one time chief of the bureau; J. L. Davenport, former commissioner of pensions, and George W. Hill, veteran editor for the Agricultural Department.

MAY HAVE FREE BATHS.

House Refuses to Deprive Members of Their Perquisite.

Members of the House continued today to enjoy free baths at the Capitol without any fear, if they ever had any, that this privilege would be cut off. Any doubt that may have existed regarding the matter was removed by the action of the House yesterday in voting to retain the item in the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill providing for baths and bathing attendants for senators and representatives.

During the debate on the question the House was aroused to laughter by Representative Bryan of Washington, who demanded to know why it was that the House appropriated $2,200 for "washing" 433 representatives and $4,000 for "bathing" ninety-six senators. Chairman Johnson, in charge of the bill, quick to see the facetiousness of the remark, made no response to the question. For years there has been some opposition to the free bath privilege on the ground of economy.

Fatally Stricken on Street.

Mrs. Rosie Johnson, colored, sixty-five years old, who resided at 913 11th street northwest, last night about 9:30 o'clock was taken suddenly ill at Massachusetts avenue and 7th street northwest. She died shortly reaching Emergency Hospital. Her death was due to a cerebral hemorrhage.

Bishop Murray of the Maryland diocese Protestant Episcopal Church confirmed Thursday classes at Emmanuel and Holy Cross churches and St. Philip's Chapel, Cumberland, Md.

ROCKVILLE AND COUNTY NEWS ITEMS AND NOTES

Charles H. Creamer Dies at His Home Near Potomac—Gas Company Is Given Verdict.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

ROCKVILLE, Md., April 4, 1914.

Charles H. Creamer, fifty-two years old, died at his home, near Potomac, of paralysis, following an illness of only a few days. He is survived by his wife, who was a Miss Stewart of Loudoun county, Va., and nine children, the youngest but a few weeks old. The funeral took place at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon from the Methodist Church at Potomac, the pastor, Rev. Homer Welsh, conducting the services.

Henry S. White and Miss Nannie J. Burgess, both of Broad Run, Va., were married in Rockville Thursday afternoon, leaving for Washington immediately after the ceremony.

William J. Williams of Poolesville has declined the appointment as a democratic member of the board of county public school commissioners, and Gov. Goldsborough has named Dr. John Gardiner of Clarksburg in his place.

Gas Company Wins Suit.

In a suit against Dr. A. M. Kalbach of Emmitsburg, Md., which was tried before Judges Urner and Peter in the circuit court here, the Cheasapeake Blue Gas Company of Washington was given judgment for $427. The defendant admitted owing $390. The suit was for $700, which, it was claimed, was due for installing a gas plant in a hotel at Emmitsburg.

At the bi-weekly meeting of the Rockville Woman's Club, held in the clubrooms, Mrs. William H. Holmes of Washington read a paper on "The Balanced Ration," and Mrs. Tibbotts of Bethesda spoke.

William J. Hall of Washington and Miss Mamie Ida Weakley of Syria, Va., and John F. Cornwell and Miss Emma Bertha Lowe, both of Travilah, this county, obtained marriage licenses here yesterday afternoon.

Senate Fight Over McNally Probable

The Senate, it is said, is threatened with another long fight in executive session over the nomination of James C. McNally, who has been nominated consul at Nuremberg, Bavaria. Serious charges have been made against Mr. McNally. These charges concern McNally's official conduct while consul at Nanking, China, up to four years ago.

Miss Estelle Myrtle Love and Lewis Richard Carroll were married Thursday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wheatley, Easton, Md.

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Boston Globe.
Boston Herald.
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Pittsburgh Leader.
Pittsburgh Press.
Pittsburgh Chronicle.
St. Louis Republic.
Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Cleveland Press.
Buffalo Courier.
Springfield Union.
Springfield Republican.
Milwaukee Free Press.
W. J. Bryan's Commoner.
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Greek Atlantis.
H "NIKH" Greek Magazine.
Courrier des Etats Unis.
Cincinnati Enquirer.
Providence Journal.
Albany Knickerbocker.
New Haven Register.
Hartford Courant.
Kansas City Journal.
Indianapolis News.
Columbus Dispatch.
Ohio State Journal.
Detroit Free Press.
Detroit News-Tribune.
San Francisco Examiner.
San Francisco Chronicle.
Los Angeles Examiner.
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Newark Star.
Atlantic City Press.
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Denver News.
Norfolk Virginian Pilot.
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Richmond News-Leader.
Richmond Virginian.
Charleston News and Courier.
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New Orleans Times-Democrat.
Jacksonville Metropolis.
Savannah News.
Birmingham News.
Birmingham Age-Herald.
Nashville Tennessean.
Knoxville Journal.
Oklahoman.
Louisville Courier-Journal.
Troy Times.
Des Moines Register-Leader.
Spokesman's Review.
Wilmington, Del., News.

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Home Brew Beer Is Enjoyed

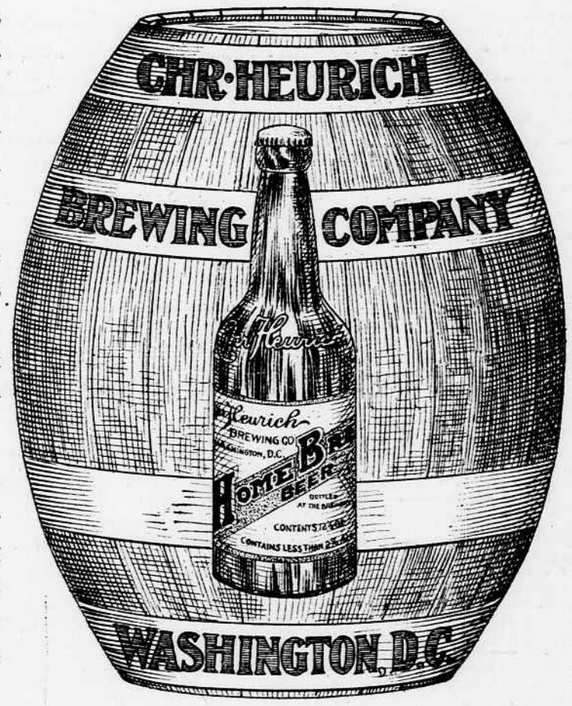
At All Times--In All Places--By All People

"Home Brew" is not depending upon what it ISN'T to establish its popularity. It is fast becoming the most popular malt and hop beverage sold in Washington, simply because IT IS REAL BEER of the highest order of excellence.

"HOME BREW" is the crowning achievement of a brewery whose reputation has been firmly established for generations.

The best the world affords, in brewing methods and brewing materials, contributes to its perfect purity and general goodness.

As a beverage for home consumption, it is without a peer; all-satisfying in flavor, rich in those properties which make for better health and greater strength.



People of all ages and all conditions enjoy "HOME BREW" and are benefited by drinking it.

"HOME BREW" is the one best answer to every phase of the beer question; meeting every requirement of a non-intoxicating beverage and at the same time satisfying the most critical taste.

Grocers and all other dealers sell "HOME BREW." It can also be had at leading clubs, hotels and cafes.

Get acquainted with this delicious, health-giving beverage—you'll be better for it.

Notice to Dealers—Home Brew Beer has been specially brewed to meet the requirements of a non-intoxicating beverage, and contains less than 2% of alcohol by weight.

¶ The Chr. Heurich Brewing Co. stands prepared to defend and indemnify any dealer in the District of Columbia who may be prosecuted for a violation of the excise laws of this District because of a sale of Home Brew Beer.

Case of 2 doz. bottles, $1.70; bottle rebate, 50c. At grocers' and other dealers'. Telephone West 1600, 1601, 1602, or write.

CHR. HEURICH BREWING CO.