

New Styles In Cash

By Frederic J. Haskin.

After July 1 all half dollars, quarters and dimes turned out by the United States mints are to bear new designs. For twenty-five years now the American people have been circulating the same old styles of coins, and coins, like everything else, go out of date. The half dollar, for instance, is reported by the mint authorities to be growing more and more unpopular, and in one way that it may not meet the same fate as the old-fashioned two-cent piece, it is to attract the public attention by a new design. Out of fifty or more models submitted by several sculptors to Secretary McAdoo and voted upon by the fine arts commission, the designs of Adolph A. Weinman were accepted for the half dollar and dime, and that of Hermon A. MacNeil for the quarter dollar. Both men are sculptors of note whose work is well known throughout the country. On the obverse side of the new design for the half dollar is a full-length figure of Liberty standing on a background of the stars and stripes unfurled to the breeze, striding toward the dawn of a new day and bearing laurel and oak branches, symbolical of civil and military glory. On the reverse side is an eagle perched on a cliff, with wings folded, while from the rock springs a sapling of mountain pine similar to that used on the first pine-tree shillings of Massachusetts.

The design of the new quarter was doubtless inspired by the nation's interest in the parade. As the law provides that the figure of Liberty as well as the word shall adorn this coin, Liberty is depicted approaching the gateway of the country, her left arm upraised and grasping a shield in a protecting attitude, while her right arm bears the olive branch of peace. On both the half dollar and the quarter are the words, "In God We Trust." The reverse side of the quarter also shows an eagle, with wings extended, and bears the inscription, "United States of America" and "E Pluribus Unum" below. There is an outer circle of olive branches intertwined with ribbon unfurled to the breeze. The new dime is not elaborate in design, bearing on its obverse side the profile of Liberty and on the other the "Fascies" design, which is a bundle of rods and a battle ax, signifying unity. It also is decorated with the familiar olive branch of peace. The coinage laws of the United States provide that there may be a change of design every twenty-five years, requiring only that each coin shall bear the figure of Liberty. The last change enacted was in 1891. Any change made during the ensuing twenty-five years requires a special act of Congress. This Congress authorized the Philadelphia mint to strike a special coin or medal to honor the Wright brothers for their success with the aeroplane. Congress also authorized the minting of many special medals and coins for various historical occasions and expositions. There is the McKinley Memorial Society, for example, made up of Americans who are devoted to the memory of the martyred President. The Philadelphia mint strikes a special McKinley medal which it sells to the society for \$1, and which is sold in turn to the philanthropists and collectors for \$2. In this way a considerable fund was raised and long ago with which the society erected a splendid monument to McKinley in his birthplace at Niles, Ohio. The various expositions follow practically the same plan. A coin worth \$50 may be sold to them at that price by a United States mint, and the same coin brings \$100 at the exposition. The government redeems it, of course, at the original price of \$50, that being its actual value in gold.

In addition to these special private coins or medals, the government also authorized the minting of military medals in various medals bestowed on soldiers who have performed valuable service to the country. There are civil war medals, Spanish war medals, medals of the Indian wars, the Boxer rebellion and the Philippine insurrection. The civil war medal bears on its obverse side the head of Abraham Lincoln and the words, "United States Army Medal," while on the reverse is a border of stars within which is a circle of laurel inclosing the words "For Merit." The Spanish-American war medal shows a castle surrounded by leaf scrolls; that of the Philippine insurrection bears the ancient design of a palm tree, balance scales and ancient lamp; the Chinese relief medal has on its obverse side a Chinese dragon, and the Indian war medal shows an Indian on horseback carrying a spear, below which is a buffalo head surrounded by leaf scrolls. At first thought, the design on a coin seems a comparatively unimportant matter, and one wonders why people should go to so much trouble to plan it when a plain round piece of gold, silver or copper would answer the same purpose. But themselves have always had a curious significance in the history of the world and its individual nations. The coin collections of numismatists both in this country and in Europe are the means of tracing the remote and vague history of lost nations and peoples. For example, no one ever heard of the kingdom of Bactria until some ancient coins of that realm were unearthed in Afghanistan about forty years ago. Bactria was conquered by Alexander the Great, together with Persia, but afterward managed to establish its independence and resume communication with the orient. The coins discovered explained this circumstance, one of the many gaps in ancient history, and also gave a record of Bactria's kings and many historical episodes. This is a unique case, of course, but there are many instances where coins have cleared up mysteries in history and corrected erroneous records. In our own country there are several coins carefully guarded in valuable coin collections, which depict the unique art and crude conditions of the American colonies, for each state had its own particular coinage. When the colonists first arrived the only medium of exchange was a combination of wampum, strings of shells and beads with which they bartered with the Indians, but as early as 1652 the general court of Massachusetts minted the first silver pieces bearing simply the initials, "N. E."—standing for New England—and the denomination of the coin in Roman numerals. The coins were not popular on account of their lack of design, however, and later the same year others were issued decorated with an oak tree inclosed in a circle of dots and bearing the inscription, "Massachusetts" on one side and "New England" on the other. Afterward the oak tree was changed to a pine tree, which is still extensively used in designs as symbolical of America.

Formerly, a valuable collection of some of the original American coins was on view in Baltimore, but later was rifled by thieves, who unscrewed the lid of the case and escaped with the best of the collection in broad daylight. The loss was estimated at \$25,000. From this it may be seen that coins, more dimes and nickels and pennies, slightly referred to by popular humorists as flimsies, are the means of tracing the history of a lost and remarkable nation known as the United States.

Design Inspired by Preparedness. The figure of Liberty as well as the word shall adorn this coin. Liberty is depicted approaching the gateway of the country, her left arm upraised and grasping a shield in a protecting attitude, while her right arm bears the olive branch of peace. On both the half dollar and the quarter are the words, "In God We Trust." The reverse side of the quarter also shows an eagle, with wings extended, and bears the inscription, "United States of America" and "E Pluribus Unum" below. There is an outer circle of olive branches intertwined with ribbon unfurled to the breeze. The new dime is not elaborate in design, bearing on its obverse side the profile of Liberty and on the other the "Fascies" design, which is a bundle of rods and a battle ax, signifying unity. It also is decorated with the familiar olive branch of peace. The coinage laws of the United States provide that there may be a change of design every twenty-five years, requiring only that each coin shall bear the figure of Liberty. The last change enacted was in 1891. Any change made during the ensuing twenty-five years requires a special act of Congress. This Congress authorized the Philadelphia mint to strike a special coin or medal to honor the Wright brothers for their success with the aeroplane. Congress also authorized the minting of many special medals and coins for various historical occasions and expositions. There is the McKinley Memorial Society, for example, made up of Americans who are devoted to the memory of the martyred President. The Philadelphia mint strikes a special McKinley medal which it sells to the society for \$1, and which is sold in turn to the philanthropists and collectors for \$2. In this way a considerable fund was raised and long ago with which the society erected a splendid monument to McKinley in his birthplace at Niles, Ohio. The various expositions follow practically the same plan. A coin worth \$50 may be sold to them at that price by a United States mint, and the same coin brings \$100 at the exposition. The government redeems it, of course, at the original price of \$50, that being its actual value in gold.

THE EVENING STORY

BLACKBERRIES.

(Copyright, 1916, by W. Warner.)

Lydia Mains was ripping up a black skirt that had belonged to her mother preparatory to making it over for herself. Her mother had been dead only a month and Lydia's white cheeks were wet with tears as she worked. Winter was approaching, and before the cold weather came she must be prepared to give up the house and go to live with her brother. She was thinking sadly of the future as she sat at work, for she dreaded with all the strength of her gentle, sensitive nature becoming a dependent in her brother's household. Lillian, her brother's black-eyed wife, disliked her, and gave her only a grudging invitation. She would indeed have given her none at all but that she expected her to be useful. Lydia hoped to find sewing to do. She was clever with the needle and skilled in no other way. When she was not sewing she would, of course, help Lillian, but even this could not lessen her sense of obligation or dependence. In her heart Lydia knew that there were any other way possible she would not go to her brother's.

Lydia's lips quivered. "It was on mother's account. She was bedridden and needed a lot of care. It didn't seem right Darius should have her to do for, and I didn't see how I could leave her. Of course, my mother and her brother and his wife wouldn't have her, although they have offered me a home now. Lillian never had any patience with sick folks. I didn't see any other way I could do. Mrs. Meeker, so I gave Darius up. I told him how it was and he said if I loved and trusted him I should be willing to bring my mother to him, knowing he'd do the fair thing by her. Mother thought I was 'frobably she was right, Lyddy. It's been my experience that old folks and young ain't good mixers. And there's something about a mother-in-law, don't care who or what she is, that just naturally goes against a man's grain. But it was too bad for you, Lyddy. You lost a good husband. There ain't a better man living than Darius Hubbard. There, there, don't cry, you poor thing. I'm ashamed to see you like this. I've always bankered to know." She sighed sympathetically.

At the edge of the slashing Mrs. Meeker unhit her skin, put his fly net on and hitched him to a tree. Then she and Lydia plunged into the black berry bushes. At first they talked, then as they got farther apart they gave up conversation and applied themselves to picking. It was a good while since Lydia had gone blackberrying. She would have been nearly happy there on that sunny hillside if it had not been for her recent sorrow and the memories which she recalled for Mrs. Meeker's benefit. As it was she picked mechanically and often could not see for the tears that came to her eyes. A particularly rich bush tempted and she stepped upon a log to reach it. The log collapsed like punk under her feet, she lost her balance and fell. As she fell herself going she screamed. She landed with a frightful jar that seemed to rend her frame. The breath left her, but returned presently in difficult gasps. She looked about her. She had fallen about four feet and had just missed striking a rock. She tried to raise herself, but a deathly faintness attacked her. She closed her eyes and lay still, wondering why Mrs. Meeker did not come. Presently she heard a crashing of the bushes and a person burst through them—not Mrs. Meeker, but a man. She looked at him and kept on looking as he rushed to her, knelt down and raised her upon his arm. "My God, Lydia, how does this come?" he demanded. "Blackberries," she whispered and smiled. There was another crashing of bushes and out jolted Mrs. Meeker, scratched and wild. "What's the matter?" she puffed. "My land, Darius, is that you?"

At first thought, the design on a coin seems a comparatively unimportant matter, and one wonders why people should go to so much trouble to plan it when a plain round piece of gold, silver or copper would answer the same purpose. But themselves have always had a curious significance in the history of the world and its individual nations. The coin collections of numismatists both in this country and in Europe are the means of tracing the remote and vague history of lost nations and peoples. For example, no one ever heard of the kingdom of Bactria until some ancient coins of that realm were unearthed in Afghanistan about forty years ago. Bactria was conquered by Alexander the Great, together with Persia, but afterward managed to establish its independence and resume communication with the orient. The coins discovered explained this circumstance, one of the many gaps in ancient history, and also gave a record of Bactria's kings and many historical episodes. This is a unique case, of course, but there are many instances where coins have cleared up mysteries in history and corrected erroneous records. In our own country there are several coins carefully guarded in valuable coin collections, which depict the unique art and crude conditions of the American colonies, for each state had its own particular coinage. When the colonists first arrived the only medium of exchange was a combination of wampum, strings of shells and beads with which they bartered with the Indians, but as early as 1652 the general court of Massachusetts minted the first silver pieces bearing simply the initials, "N. E."—standing for New England—and the denomination of the coin in Roman numerals. The coins were not popular on account of their lack of design, however, and later the same year others were issued decorated with an oak tree inclosed in a circle of dots and bearing the inscription, "Massachusetts" on one side and "New England" on the other. Afterward the oak tree was changed to a pine tree, which is still extensively used in designs as symbolical of America.

Formerly, a valuable collection of some of the original American coins was on view in Baltimore, but later was rifled by thieves, who unscrewed the lid of the case and escaped with the best of the collection in broad daylight. The loss was estimated at \$25,000. From this it may be seen that coins, more dimes and nickels and pennies, slightly referred to by popular humorists as flimsies, are the means of tracing the history of a lost and remarkable nation known as the United States.

I came fast as I could when I heard her scream. I fell down twice and split my berries. She ain't hurt bad, is she, Darius?" "Darius stood up with Lydia in his arms. Lydia had given one last look into his determined face and then closed her eyes. She was in frightful pain, for the brief numbness of her sprained knee had passed, but she lay against Darius's big breast smiling with her white lips. "Come on," said Darius, and strode forward. "Where are you going with her?" "Mrs. Meeker started in amazement. "Say, do you know I never had but one man spark me in my life, and that was Ira Meeker. When he asked me I had my yes ready and waiting. My folks was awful put out with me. They said I was a fool to take my first chance, some one better would happen along. But I wasn't going to wait for some one better. Ira was good enough to suit me—and he always has been. I hope you didn't turn Darius Hubbard down, thinking you could do better if you waited?" "No," said Lydia, in a low voice. She was looking straight ahead with wide, dreary eyes. "I'll tell you, Mrs. Meeker, I don't know that I ever had any one, but I'll tell you. It all happened a good while ago, and anyway, I'll soon be gone. Darius didn't want me, but I never asked my outright, only hinted, but I knew. I don't know whether I could have said no if he had asked me, but there were any other way possible as it was I gave him to understand that I couldn't. He was mad." "I don't blame him. Why couldn't you?"

Lydia's lips quivered. "It was on mother's account. She was bedridden and needed a lot of care. It didn't seem right Darius should have her to do for, and I didn't see how I could leave her. Of course, my mother and her brother and his wife wouldn't have her, although they have offered me a home now. Lillian never had any patience with sick folks. I didn't see any other way I could do. Mrs. Meeker, so I gave Darius up. I told him how it was and he said if I loved and trusted him I should be willing to bring my mother to him, knowing he'd do the fair thing by her. Mother thought I was 'frobably she was right, Lyddy. It's been my experience that old folks and young ain't good mixers. And there's something about a mother-in-law, don't care who or what she is, that just naturally goes against a man's grain. But it was too bad for you, Lyddy. You lost a good husband. There ain't a better man living than Darius Hubbard. There, there, don't cry, you poor thing. I'm ashamed to see you like this. I've always bankered to know." She sighed sympathetically.

At the edge of the slashing Mrs. Meeker unhit her skin, put his fly net on and hitched him to a tree. Then she and Lydia plunged into the black berry bushes. At first they talked, then as they got farther apart they gave up conversation and applied themselves to picking. It was a good while since Lydia had gone blackberrying. She would have been nearly happy there on that sunny hillside if it had not been for her recent sorrow and the memories which she recalled for Mrs. Meeker's benefit. As it was she picked mechanically and often could not see for the tears that came to her eyes. A particularly rich bush tempted and she stepped upon a log to reach it. The log collapsed like punk under her feet, she lost her balance and fell. As she fell herself going she screamed. She landed with a frightful jar that seemed to rend her frame. The breath left her, but returned presently in difficult gasps. She looked about her. She had fallen about four feet and had just missed striking a rock. She tried to raise herself, but a deathly faintness attacked her. She closed her eyes and lay still, wondering why Mrs. Meeker did not come. Presently she heard a crashing of the bushes and a person burst through them—not Mrs. Meeker, but a man. She looked at him and kept on looking as he rushed to her, knelt down and raised her upon his arm. "My God, Lydia, how does this come?" he demanded. "Blackberries," she whispered and smiled. There was another crashing of bushes and out jolted Mrs. Meeker, scratched and wild. "What's the matter?" she puffed. "My land, Darius, is that you?"

At first thought, the design on a coin seems a comparatively unimportant matter, and one wonders why people should go to so much trouble to plan it when a plain round piece of gold, silver or copper would answer the same purpose. But themselves have always had a curious significance in the history of the world and its individual nations. The coin collections of numismatists both in this country and in Europe are the means of tracing the remote and vague history of lost nations and peoples. For example, no one ever heard of the kingdom of Bactria until some ancient coins of that realm were unearthed in Afghanistan about forty years ago. Bactria was conquered by Alexander the Great, together with Persia, but afterward managed to establish its independence and resume communication with the orient. The coins discovered explained this circumstance, one of the many gaps in ancient history, and also gave a record of Bactria's kings and many historical episodes. This is a unique case, of course, but there are many instances where coins have cleared up mysteries in history and corrected erroneous records. In our own country there are several coins carefully guarded in valuable coin collections, which depict the unique art and crude conditions of the American colonies, for each state had its own particular coinage. When the colonists first arrived the only medium of exchange was a combination of wampum, strings of shells and beads with which they bartered with the Indians, but as early as 1652 the general court of Massachusetts minted the first silver pieces bearing simply the initials, "N. E."—standing for New England—and the denomination of the coin in Roman numerals. The coins were not popular on account of their lack of design, however, and later the same year others were issued decorated with an oak tree inclosed in a circle of dots and bearing the inscription, "Massachusetts" on one side and "New England" on the other. Afterward the oak tree was changed to a pine tree, which is still extensively used in designs as symbolical of America.

Formerly, a valuable collection of some of the original American coins was on view in Baltimore, but later was rifled by thieves, who unscrewed the lid of the case and escaped with the best of the collection in broad daylight. The loss was estimated at \$25,000. From this it may be seen that coins, more dimes and nickels and pennies, slightly referred to by popular humorists as flimsies, are the means of tracing the history of a lost and remarkable nation known as the United States.

I came fast as I could when I heard her scream. I fell down twice and split my berries. She ain't hurt bad, is she, Darius?" "Darius stood up with Lydia in his arms. Lydia had given one last look into his determined face and then closed her eyes. She was in frightful pain, for the brief numbness of her sprained knee had passed, but she lay against Darius's big breast smiling with her white lips. "Come on," said Darius, and strode forward. "Where are you going with her?" "Mrs. Meeker started in amazement. "Say, do you know I never had but one man spark me in my life, and that was Ira Meeker. When he asked me I had my yes ready and waiting. My folks was awful put out with me. They said I was a fool to take my first chance, some one better would happen along. But I wasn't going to wait for some one better. Ira was good enough to suit me—and he always has been. I hope you didn't turn Darius Hubbard down, thinking you could do better if you waited?" "No," said Lydia, in a low voice. She was looking straight ahead with wide, dreary eyes. "I'll tell you, Mrs. Meeker, I don't know that I ever had any one, but I'll tell you. It all happened a good while ago, and anyway, I'll soon be gone. Darius didn't want me, but I never asked my outright, only hinted, but I knew. I don't know whether I could have said no if he had asked me, but there were any other way possible as it was I gave him to understand that I couldn't. He was mad." "I don't blame him. Why couldn't you?"



LYDIA HAD GIVEN ONE LAST LOOK INTO HIS DETERMINED FACE AND THEN CLOSED HER EYES.

stumber when voices arrested her. "But I can't leave her here. It is with you, man," Mrs. Meeker was protesting. "A bachelor without women folks. There'd be talk." "But if she's my wife!" said Darius and his deep voice trembled. Lydia giggled happily into her pillow. "Darius, you dearest—" she began to whisper. And then the doctor's opiate took effect. (THE END.)

Cerrillos is one of those little water-tank stations that are strung along the line of the Santa Fe railroad like scattered knots on a string. It is characteristic of the little tank town that the farther westward you find it the more interesting it is likely to be. A first glance at Cerrillos gives one the impression that at some time or other the National Order of Bill Posters must have held a convention there. Everything in sight is covered with a chromatic riot of posters. They adorn the fences and the empty boxes, the deserted mining power house, even the residence section. They advertise in the primary colors every tobacco and soap and baking powder known to science or the register of trade marks. This art exhibit puzzles most of the passing tourists, but the explanation is simple enough. Cerrillos is visited by an occasional commercial traveler, and he always stays for some time. He has to. There is only one train a day that stops. It is the custom of many big companies to give their western representatives a trunk full of posters and a tack hammer, to keep them amused between big sales. In an ordinary town the drummer will take a bill or two and quit. In Cerrillos he tucks up a couple and sits down for a smoke. After a while he tucks up a few more. Then he prays that the limited will break a wheel and stop long enough to take him aboard. Then he gets enterprising and climbs a barn to tack up posters. Mrs. Meeker was bathing the sprained knee. An hour later, for the doctor had come and gone in that time, Lydia was comfortable and beginning to feel very sleepy. She was slipping into Cerrillos had a more glorious past

than you would imagine. You note that there are a good many empty houses. They are the fruit of no mere real estate boom. The old arroyo, or clay canyon, cutting the town in two, used to be a noted source of placer gold. In those days Cerrillos was a mining camp. Later still some of the greatest coal mines in the west were worked with this hamlet as headquarters, but now the mining town has moved eight miles over the hills. The miners still tramp to Cerrillos on

pay nights. This is a delicate subject to mention. There is a state law against gambling. But sometimes you see a group of men in a back room playing solitaire—four or five at the same table. The miners, too, often leave their money behind. It is doubtless contributed to the Belgian relief fund. Once in a while a miner returns with a roll of bills much bigger than he started with. But this happens so rarely it does not need explaining. Alligator steak tastes like coarce fish.

Civil Service Rules Waived. Civil service requirements are waived by authority of the President to permit the appointment of Miss Nellie L. Yeaman to a clerical position in the bureau of efficiency, the reinstatement of William M. Scott in the Department of Agriculture, and the appointment of Mrs. Ellen C. Watkins to a clerical position in the government printing office.

Travelette By Nixrah.



JOIN THE PARADE



OF HAPPY HOUSEWIVES WHO HAVE PREPARED

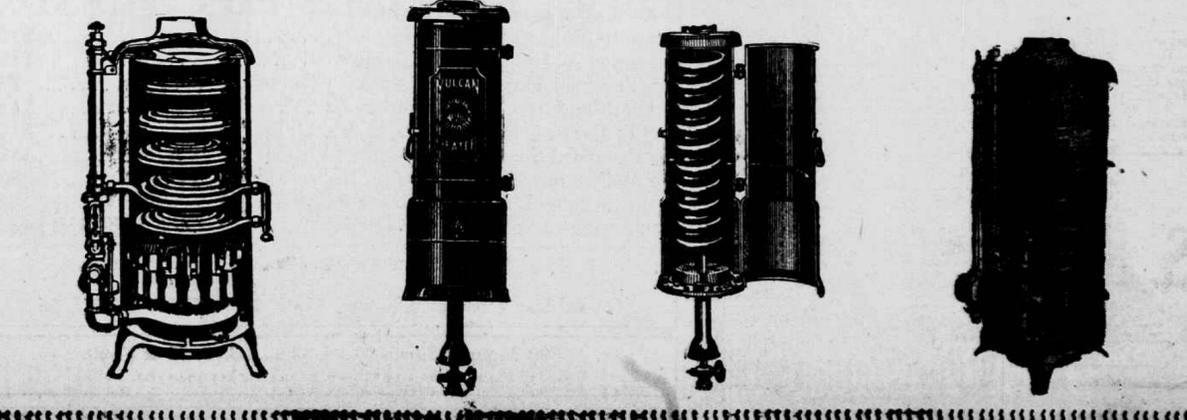
For Kitchen Comfort and Cleanliness by Purchasing a Gas Range and Gas Water Heater on Easy Monthly Payments From the

WASHINGTON GAS LIGHT CO.

Sales Department, 425 10th Street N. W.

Appliance Exhibit and Free Cooking Lessons Daily at 934 F Street N. W.

SEE US---WRITE US---PHONE US FOR CATALOGUES AND FULL INFORMATION



Sold by Grocers everywhere.