

# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

## Postoffice Tower Loses Its Light Mystery



WASHINGTON.—The light in the tower of the Postoffice Department building in Washington no longer holds out to burn. It is not to be supposed that President Wilson and his postmaster general, Mr. Burleson, prefer darkness to light, but why the "glim was doused" is just as much of a mystery to the people of this town as is the reason for its lighting when Mr. Taft was president and Mr. Hitchcock was postmaster general.

There is a huge open space above the clock in the postoffice tower. It is a chamber with nothing for walls but four corner pillars, which support the higher reaches of the pinnacle. One night during the Taft administration, and without any preliminary notice, a glaring, dazzling white light shot out over the avenue from the darkness of the tower room.

That light burned brightly all during the incumbency of Mr. Hitchcock and for some time after Mr. Burleson took command. Then it suddenly was extinguished, a night landmark disappeared and people who have asked

why have been met with a mysterious look just like that with which they were answered when they asked "why" during the days succeeding the first appearance of the glare.

It is true that Mr. Hitchcock once in answer to a query as to the whys and wherefores of this dazzling illumination said, "Ask Mr. Weed." Mr. Weed was then the chief clerk of the postoffice department. He in turn was asked the wherefore of the light, and he said, "Ask Mr. Hitchcock."

The appearance of the light and its disappearance are dark mysteries. Some one said that the blaze was originally kindled to frighten from their nightly roosting place a pair of falcons which preyed on the domestic pigeons of the capital. The falcons, however, were seen after the light had burned for some time. Now the light is out, and perhaps economy has something to do with it. The chances are that few people in Washington would care much about it in any way or the other if it were not for the obstinacy of the government officials of two administrations in refusing to answer plain people's questions as to why the electric switch originally was turned on and afterward was turned off. The attitude of the officials is that of the schoolgirl who when asked who won the battle of Saratoga replied, "I know, but I won't tell."

Pennsylvania avenue is darker than it used to be.

## NOT A LOVE MATCH

By VERA STRAIGHT.

Ether Norris was to be married the next afternoon. She sat at her window, her chin upon her hand, looking out into the shadows of the maple trees. Her fiancé had just left her and she had slipped away to her room, leaving her mother to put the final touches to the decorations and to rehearse the wedding dinner.

Ether was thirty-one. Francis Pryce, whom she was to marry, was forty-seven. It was not a love match but born of mutual respect and confidence. Both had been in love before and each knew it of the other.

Two years and three months before Harry had sent away her lover, Harry Goddard. They had been engaged five years and Harry showed no prospects of doing anything either for himself or for her.

"It isn't that you are unfortunate, Harry," she said. "But a man who thinks of marriage must be prepared to make a home for the woman he loves. You can't stick to anything; you squander your money; you drink. If you had ever saved I might—"

She broke off and continued: "Harry, I'm going to put you to the test. Do you think you can get a position, hold it two years and save five hundred dollars? If you can I will marry you when the two years are up. If not—I don't want you to come back."

"If you'll only marry me now!" he cried, and Esther shook her head in her obstinate way.

"In two years," was all she would answer; and so Harry went away.

Then Francis Pryce, state senator and millionaire, had wooed her. So gently, so persistently did he set about the winning of her that he had won her consent almost before she

"Harry, I will come with you," she said, raising her head. "Anywhere!" She stepped out through the window and they faced each other in the garden outside. Nobody was stirring in the street. She looked back at the house, fearful, and still uncertain.

"Why couldn't you come before?" she whispered.

Harry Goddard threw back his head and laughed.

"Because," he answered, "Senator Pryce gave me five hundred dollars to stay away until his wedding day."

"What! He paid you money?"

"Yes. And the joke is that the old man outwitted himself. This is his wedding day, because it is past midnight. He thought the joke was on me, but that's where he fell down."

Ether laid her hand on his arm.

"Harry, you did this dastardly thing!" she asked.

"Well, hasn't he money to spare? And wasn't he just as bad, with all his money, bribing a poor man?"

"It wasn't the bribe," she muttered.

It was the making her the subject of the bribe. She knew that the link which bound her to Harry was broken forever. Quietly she stepped back through the window.

"I win," said a low voice in her ear. Senator Pryce was standing before her, in her room, smiling.

"What does this mean?" asked Esther.

"It means," answered the senator, "that I have tested you and found you true, just as I found him false. O, Esther, forgive me, but I couldn't marry you until I had given you the chance to see what you have escaped—"

"No, what I have found," she answered softly.

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## WORD OF REMARKABLE ORIGIN

"Quiz," Which Is in Such Common Use, Has No Root Nor Etymological Meaning.

The word quiz is one of the few English words which has no root nor etymological meaning to give a hint of what it signifies.

It is said, in fact, that the manufacturer of the word himself did not know what it meant. He made it up jokingly, according to the following story of the word's origin:

Many years ago there lived in Dublin a person whose name was Daly. According to custom he and a party of friends were gathered together one evening, when he made a wager that by the end of the following day every man in Dublin would be speaking a word having no meaning and being derived from no language known.

The wager was eagerly taken up by Daly's associates, who were sure that he had no chance of winning under the circumstances.

Daly owned among other things a theater and after the party had broken up he called up all the men connected with the theater, assigned to each a certain portion of the city, supplied them with chalk and instructed them to write the letters "Q-U-I-Z" on every door and shop window in town before daylight. His orders were carried out so effectively that before the morning of the following day was over everybody was asking of his neighbor the meaning of the mysterious word "quiz."

The ignorance of its meaning and its sudden appearance all over the city created talk and conjecture for many a day.

When the truth that it was all a joke came out the word was adopted as a synonym for a jest and expressive also of a puzzle because of the questions and general perplexity it had aroused.

To quiz means, therefore, in one sense, to ask questions, and in other to quiz a person means to jest with or poke fun at him.

## She Enjoys Cigars.

Miss Dillwyn, whose father represented Swansea in parliament, and who herself has done excellent service on the old Swansea school board and board of guardians, is one of the few Englishwomen who enjoy a cigar. She even smokes cigars at public dinners.

"I smoke them because I like them," she told a newspaper representative.

"I can't remember how many years I have smoked—all over the world and wherever I go. Some people smoke for asthma and kindred complaints, but I smoke simply and solely for pleasure. I smoked my first cigar when I was eleven years old, and later my father used to give me cigars. I do not like cigarettes. Someone once said, 'Do I drink beer out of a tumbler?' and that is my opinion of cigarettes. Personally, I have never suffered any ill-effects from cigars."

## Fire Set by Mirror.

A piece of mirror that had been thrown away set fire to some grass in the yard of J. B. Crow and the fire crept up and caught in his house. The mirror had been broken in moving and the glass was all taken out and dumped with a pile of tin cans, old shoes and similar junk in a low place about 70 feet from the house. One piece of the mirror was exposed so that it caught the rays of the sun—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Cruel Method of Tattooing.

The natives of New Zealand have always attached great importance to the art of the tattoo, which they call moko. Instead of needles the New Zealander uses the bones of fish and birds and the hard thorns of plants. We have it on the authority of travelers that the Polynesian tattooers, who employ the incision mode, had often to hold their patients down by force until the cruel operation was finished.

## Look Ahead.

"Daughter, the young man you are engaged to doesn't smoke or drink or dance the tango."

"Sometimes I think I had better not marry him, ma."

"You are right. That kind of a man will always be a wet blanket whenever you want to have a little innocent fun."

## Right in Style.

"Manistick will have to quit drink or get out of art."

"So I thought. But the Cubair came along just in time to save him."

## Figured Satin Makes Rich Coat



GRACEFUL enveloping coats of figured and brocaded fabrics, especially those of satin, are luxurious beyond all other garments except those of rich fur. In these figured satin coats the design breaks up and enhances the sheen of surfaces. Their high luster forms a playmate for color and light and the three dance together upon them.

Brown fox, martin, skunk and fitch are among the most fashionable furs and favorites as a finish on satin coats. Marabout, next to fur (in the natural color), looks well on them. The coat of figured satin looks luxurious and comfortable and when made right, its performance is up to its appearance. It is expensive, but it excuses this characteristic by unusual beauty.

Similar coats of figured crepe cost less, but cannot be classed as inexpensive. Martellasse makes a beautiful coat much like its prototype in satin. In spite of the vogue for shorter coats than those worn last winter, there are plenty of examples of long coats in satin and in fur. Robert, of Paris, shows a model in sealskin trimmed with martin, much longer than the coat pictured here. Max shows one in moleskin trimmed with pure ermine considerably shorter. So the matter of length need not deter one from choosing a coat longer than those popularly worn and by this means achieving long, graceful lines and the utmost of the suggestion of comfort and elegance.

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JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## PRETTY TURBAN SUITABLE FOR YOUTHFUL FACE

DESIGNED for the daughter in mourning, or for other youthful faces, this simple turban is a splendid example of fitness in millinery.

Mourning silk—that is, silk in a special weave having a rich but dull surface—makes the band about the head. It is laid in a triple fold over a support of buckramette. The barest crown is not so easy to manage as one might imagine. First a supporting crown of crinoline is shaped and sewed to the brim support. Over this a thin silk is placed, cut and shaped to follow the crinoline, exactly.

On the foundation band of buckramette a covering of thin silk is first placed. Over this at its upper edge a bias fold of crape is stretched. At the under edge a similar fold of silk is placed and over this the triple fold of mourning silk.

The smart crown of crape has finally to be placed. It is a little higher than the supporting crown of crinoline and is indented about the outer edge. The crape must be tacked to the foundation.

Beauty's Hour Book. When you rise in the morning run to the window, which should have been open all night, and take 20 deep, full breaths.

Practice simple all-around exercises for five minutes. Take either a warm or cold sponge bath, or both. If you do not react well after a cold plunge, omit it in the future, as it is not for you.

Go downstairs and 30 minutes before your breakfast drink two glasses of hot water; not so warm that it scalds the mouth nor so cool that it nauseates. Eat a light breakfast, refraining from meat. Take a short walk for a mile or more, walking along briskly with chest thrown up and out and head held erect.

Work. Twenty minutes before lunch drink two glasses of hot water. Eat a simple lunch. Rest for half an hour. Work.

In Woman's World. Sarah Bernhardt is a vegetarian. Thirteen states now have laws pensioning mothers.

Women clerks are being employed in many of the London banks. There are over a thousand women lawyers in the United States.

The wages in the better sort of cotton factories in Japan run from 5 cents a day for the youngest children to 25 cents a day for good women workers.

For the first time women have been given a place as co-adjutors in the creation of an international enterprise—the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915.

Proper Care of the Piano. A small bag of unslacked lime hung inside of the piano will catch dampness and prevent rust of the wires. In winter, when the fires are going and the atmosphere becomes too dry, it is well to keep a plant in the room with a piano, but the plant will require more frequent watering. Wipe the keys daily with a cloth moistened in alcohol. If a small linen bag filled with camphor is hung on a small nail on the inside of the piano case it will prevent moths from getting into the felt.

Learn How to Practice. Success in Learning Music Depends Greatly on the Method of Its Acquisition. From time immemorial "practice" has been a byword with teachers of music. It is referred to as the remover of obstacles, the essential to success, the essence of all the virtues which the student should acquire. Yet that same word is associated with ideas the reverse of cheerful. Neither does the success which it is said to bring by any means invariably follow. The reason for this is that the majority of students do not know how to practice. A great deal of time and nervous energy is wasted at the piano through the lack of knowledge. It will repay the student to devote a little thought to the elimination of this waste. The essential condition of satisfactory practice is concentration. Concentration of mind on the matter in hand, with a conscious desire and effort to accomplish the correct movement of hand, arm and finger in response to the brain direction of how to produce each tone, indicated on the staff. This concentration will compel very slow practice at first, which saves much time in the long run by avoiding wrong or badly played notes. If once struck, these necessitate endless repetition in order to obliterate the impression on the nerve centers of the wrong way of doing them.

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## ECZEMA ON BACK AND CHEST

Pierson, N. Dakota.—"The eczema started on my scalp. It finally went on to the back of my neck, then on to my back, arms and chest. It broke out in pimples first and then seemed to run together in some places, making a sore about the size of a dime. At times the itching and burning were so intense that it seemed unbearable. The more I scratched it the worse it became, and there would be a slight discharge from it, especially on my scalp, so as to make my hair matted and sticky close to the scalp. My hair was falling so terribly that I had begun to despair of ever finding relief. My clothing irritated the eruption on my back. The affected parts were almost a solid sear.

"I had been bothered with eczema for about a year and a half. Then I began using the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I used them daily for two months and I was cured." (Signed) Miss Mildred Dennis, Apr. 30, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

## Women and Ugly Men.

What chance has a homely man to win a prize in the baffling game of matrimony. A good one—in Berlin—where Fraulein Derben has just organized "The League Against Beauty." The members—all pretty girls, of course—have pledged themselves to marry only ugly men because of the theory that handsome mates are unreliable. The moods of My Lady Fair these days are oftener grave than gay, but love will continue to be "blind." The fat or baldheaded rival of Apollo Belvedere at least is to have an even break, a fair start and no favors, but the same old winners will forge ahead just the same in this new race of hearts.

## Is Best Sportswoman.

Miss Marie Marvingt is known in her native land of France as the first sportswoman of the world. She can swim, ride, shoot, climb, fish and drive a motor car and she does each beautifully. She scales mountains, hunts big game, rides a bicycle, wins at international shooting contests, and moreover she has been up in a balloon several times. She is now working on an aeroplane, hoping to invent something to carry wounded soldiers from the field.

## Quaint Description.

Admiral Dewey described quaintly in Washington a man who was a borrower and sponger. "He is one of those chaps," the admiral said, "who use all their friends as coaling stations."

## Crazy to See the Show.

Ham—Gee but our audience was mad last night! Let—Sore, eh? Ham—Now; we played at the insane asylum.—Stanford Chaparral.

## The Curiosity of It.

"There is one funny thing about wheat speculation." "What is that?" "It is a case where the dough is behind the wheat."

## Nothing to Retail.

De Garry—Won't you give me a kiss—just one? Madge—O, pah! I like a man who makes love on a large scale!—Judge.

## The Etiquette.

"I saw Jinks on his last spree and he insisted he was seeing black snakes." "But, then, you know he is in mourning."

## Great Man.

Willie—Paw, what is a captain of finance? Paw—Any salaried man who can live within his income, my son.

## Quite So.

"It's a pity we can't get rid of all bad-mannered people." "True; but the bora we have always with us."

When a man refers to a meat market as a morgue he's a vegetarian.

## Pain in Back and Rheumatism

are the daily torment of thousands. To effectually cure these troubles you must remove the cause. Foley Kidney Pills begin to work for you from the first dose, and exert so direct and beneficial an action in the kidneys and bladder that the pain and torment of kidney trouble soon disappears.



## Revolver Duels in Club With Bullets Made of Wax

DUELING practice with regulation .44-caliber revolvers and wax bullets will be a feature of the instruction at the Washington Fencers' club, which will open its new home in Connecticut avenue northwest in the near future. The duellists will face each other in the salle d'armes 60 feet apart. They will be protected with wire masks and body guards. The hand gripping the revolver will be guarded by a metal shield, which is adjustable to any style of weapon.



giving plenty of space for the "duels." The hall is 25 feet wide. At the rear is a dressing room, 20 by 25 feet. The wall is light bronze green, and the ceiling and woodwork is cream colored. Large windows at the front of the hall and several skylights afford plenty of light for fencers and revolver shots at day practice and numerous ceiling lights will make night contests possible.

M. Francis Darrleat, maître d'armes of the club, has sent to Paris for the dueling outfits, and expects to have them ready before the opening of the season. The shells for the mock duels are loaded with sufficient powder to propel the wax projectile in a straight line for 60 feet with sufficient force to make it stick to the mask or clothing or the "victim" of the attack.

"The wax bullet will shoot as true as a lead bullet, yet will not injure the participants," said M. Darrleat. "The head will be guarded by a strong saber mask. This practice will be excellent for army officers and others who wish to learn to shoot accurately. The novelty of having another person for a target and being a target at the same time ought to appeal to persons in Washington as it has appealed to revolver shots in Paris. The salle d'armes is 50 feet long,

The reorganization of the club has caused considerable interest in Washington society. The first fencing club was started about 17 years ago by Gordon Strong, Count Arthur Cassini, Russian ambassador, and a number of persons from diplomatic and society life participated in the bouts with foil and saber.

Robert M. Thompson is president of the new club, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British ambassador, is vice-president. Henry Breckinridge, assistant secretary of war, is secretary-treasurer, and his brother, Dr. Scott D. Breckinridge, is captain of the salle d'armes.

## Shrieks of Locomotive Whistle Startle the Capital



A FALL of terror hung over the city's superstitious for more than a half hour the other night, when the prolonged weird shriek of a siren whistle, such as ordinarily goes up as an announcement of distress and tragedy, sent its distinctive and frightening tones to every corner of the District.

"A wreck on the railroad," "A steamer sinking on the river," declared the more alarmed, and scarcely had they uttered the words when the minds of the imaginative began working and telling those near by that, "Yes, ten carloads full of people, smashed to smithereens outside the Union station." In another quarter it was a "whole steambot full of

people sinking to their deaths in the river—another Titanic tragedy right at the city's gates. And still the whistle shrieked. It was 8:10 o'clock, and the weird notes of distress had been coming to the city for nearly a half hour.

"Oh! can't somebody save them?" almost cried a woman as she took a taxicab in front of the Willard for "the scene of the tragedy." "No, it's not a wreck," decidedly answered an individual on the other end of the telephone, after the territory in which the whistle was sending out "distress signals" had been located. "Please don't bother me," continued the voice, exhibiting tones of anger. "About a million people have asked me the same fool question."

Further inquiry elicited that a whistle on one of the locomotives in a railroad yard on New Jersey avenue had broken, and couldn't be stopped from shrieking until it had made its run to the station. Despite the alarm and "corroborated" stories of the tragedy, no contributions for the sufferers were collected.

## Onion Lovers Shudder at Deadly Devastatrix

LOVERS of beefsteak and onions were startled the other day when the department of agriculture announced that the tylenchus devastatrix had invaded the United States and the future of the onion industry was in jeopardy.



The invader with the imposing name is known also as the onion cellarworm. Hitherto it has confined its operations to Europe, Africa and Australia, where it has wreaked havoc, but now it has made its appearance in this country. The government experts, in warning the growers of onions, did not minimize the gravity of the appearance here of the cellarworm. It seems imperative to chemical remedies that the eggs of the insect, the experts declare, will survive two years of complete dryness.

Department experts, "and are very slender and transparent, so that their presence is not generally detected by the naked eye, and the grower, therefore, often remains in ignorance of his losses."

The pest attacks all floral and vegetable bulbs and is regarded as highly dangerous. In view of this the department urges that all infected plants be sent to it for microscopical examination.

New Department of G. F. W. C. Miss Helen Varick Boswell, one of the best women speakers in the country, is the chairman of the committee of political science of the General Federation of Women's clubs, and made her first report on the subject at the board meeting at Niagara as the committee was only formed a year ago. The activity of the southern women in this new work of the federation was especially mentioned, and shows the trend of women's work toward politics.

Hadn't Profited by Text. The Sunday afternoon peace of a certain family rudely was dispelled by sharp sounds of conflicting emanating from the "den" shared by the children. "You shan't hang it there!" "I will, too." "I'll take it down!" "You can't help it!" "You will, too!" "You will!" "You will!" A tussle followed, then stern parental intervention. The bones of contention was found to be an illuminated card reading: "God is love."