

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Uncle Sam Is Loser in Cash Account



WASHINGTON.—One of the mighty few instances on record of the United States having been "done" in its cash accounts came to light at the treasury department the other day in a decision handed down by the controller of the treasury. In this particular instance the government is short more than \$4,000 and has no way of helping itself. It became a victim through the carelessness of its own officers, and the victimization, too, was not criminal in its nature.

Prior to 1879 the late Samuel J. Little of Georgetown owned four certificates of 6 per cent. stock of the old corporation of Georgetown. Upon his death he left a life interest in the stock to his sister, Mrs. Eliza A. Ricketts, and the residue to his minor children, J. C. Little and Julia A. Little. In the settlement of the case before the probate court the actual possession of the four certificates of stock was passed to Mrs. Ricketts, so that she might collect from the treasurer, from time to time, the interest due her.

Shortly after this United States Treasurer Gillilan issued a circular calling upon all holders of Georgetown corporation stock, which was

one of the old forms of obligation by the District of Columbia, to present the certificates for redemption. Mr. Ricketts took the four certificates to the treasurer's office, indorsed "I hereby assign the within certificates to the treasurer of the United States for redemption, on account of Eliza A. Ricketts."

The treasurer refused redemption upon this indorsement. Mrs. Ricketts then asked the first auditor of the treasury, as he was known in those days, to approve the indorsement, but he refused. She appealed to the office of the then first controller of the treasury and obtained the desired approval.

Accordingly the treasurer paid Mrs. Ricketts \$4,012 principal and \$9.23 interest.

In 1894 Julia A. Burnell, formerly Julia A. Little, the daughter of Samuel J. Little, made claim for the \$4,021.23, alleging that it had been erroneously paid to Mrs. Ricketts, who had a life interest only. The claim was disallowed by the treasury. Mrs. Burnell and her husband then entered suit for the amount before the court of claims. A year ago they obtained judgment for the amount, and in the deficiency act of June 25, 1910, appropriation was made to pay this claim, along with others.

Mrs. Burnell has been fighting for sixteen years to secure the money she thought was hers and is just now coming into her own, while the government is out over \$4,000.

Hall of Fame Statuary Not Artistic



THERE is a determined effort being made in Washington to have old Representative hall in the capitol cleaned out. This is the room now known as the Hall of Horrors to those who have seen the statuary in it, but which is aristocratically titled the Hall of Fame.

This hall is almost circular. It has a tiled floor, many pillars and a low gallery all across one end. It is also known as the "whispering hall," for the reason that standing on certain blocks of the tiling your voice comes to you from the floor on other blocks, over your shoulder into your ear on other blocks, from the winged-victory clock that faces you, and there are many other blocks which give forth strange echoes when you stand upon them. No one has ever been able to tell why these echoes are or why other tiles give forth nothing at all. They just do it; that is all there is of it.

There are a lot of statues that are frocks from way back. There is only one piece of really good sculpture in the whole bunch of some 35 or 40, and that is Father Marquette, which was presented by Wisconsin. It is an exquisite piece of work. The rest of the statues are practical caricatures. There is one of Fulton, who is seated in a chair with a piece of machinery in his hand. He tops all over the chair, his legs are sprawled in all sorts of ways, and it is about as woe-begone a piece of marble as can well be imagined. There is a marble of Webster, whom everybody knows was not a large man, but the statue makes him a regular giant. There is a statue of John J. Ingalls, the only one

as yet sent by Kansas, and excepting that it is like a line, has neither breadth nor thickness, which was a good description of Ingalls. It is the limit for ugliness. There is a statue of Frances Willard in a basque and ill-hanging dress, which bears not the slightest resemblance to that dainty, sweet-faced woman. There is a statue of Phil Kearny in bronze, which is very pretty to look at, but has very little artistic merit, and there is one of Shoup, of Idaho, which looks as though it might have been sandpapered out of a piece of marble. And then there is Washington, a dapper little darling with sloping brow, as fashioned by Houdon.

The Washington newspapers some time ago began a crusade to have the law placing statutes in Statuary hall by the states repealed. It is to be repealed on the ground that the hall is already jammed to overflowing, and if any more statuary is presented it will be necessary to make a second and inner row.

Point in His Favor.

"Griggs has been a failure at nearly everything."
"So he has; but you will have to give him credit for one thing."
"And what is that?"
"He has never said he could make a fortune raising poultry."

Carrying It to an Extreme.

"That practical politician is out for the stuff, isn't he?" "I should say he was. Why, if he has a lawn made he wants a rakeoff for the dead leaves."
—Baltimore American.

When a man says he is "looking around" and has not yet quite decided what he will engage in, we know what is on his mind: An automobile agency.

It has been said that those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, neither should they carry them in their pockets.

Munyon's
Witch Hazel
Soap

is more soothing than Cold Cream; more healing than any lotion, liniment or salve; more beautifying than any cosmetic.
Cures dandruff and stops hair from falling out.

AWFUL.



Blanche—Poor Grace! She out-married herself.

Maude—Indeed!

Blanche—Yes. She married a duke, you know, and didn't have enough money to pay his bills.

A Question.

Vera (eight years old)—What does transatlantic mean, mother?

Mother—Across the Atlantic, of course; but you mustn't bother me.

Vera—Does "trans" always mean across?

Mother—I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions I shall send you right to bed.

Vera (after a few minutes' silence)—Then does transparent mean a cross parent?—Ideas.

A FOOD DRINK.

Which Brings Daily Enjoyment.

A lady doctor writes:

"Though busy hourly with my own affairs, I will not deny myself the pleasure of taking a few minutes to tell of my enjoyment daily obtained from my morning cup of Postum. It is a food beverage, not a poison like coffee."

"I began to use Postum eight years ago, not because I wanted to, but because coffee, which I dearly loved, made my nights long weary periods to be dreaded and unfitting me for business during the day."

"On the advice of a friend, I first tried Postum, making it carefully as directed on the package. As I had always used 'cream and no sugar,' I mixed my Postum so. It looked good, was clear and fragrant, and it was a pleasure to see the cream color it as my Kentucky friend always wanted her coffee to look—like a new saddle."

"Then I tasted it critically, for I had tried many 'substitutes' for coffee. I was pleased, yes, satisfied, with my Postum in taste and effect, and am yet, being a constant user of it all these years."

"I continually assure my friends and acquaintances that they will like it in place of coffee, and receive benefit from its use. I have gained weight, can sleep sound and am not nervous."
"There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Scented a Bargain.

A worker in the Salvation Army tells the following story:

"A down-and-out beggar came along an uptown street the other day where I was getting ready to hold a meeting. The man looked pretty much up against it, and I watched him to see what he would do."

"He approached a bystander, shame facedly, and muttered something. The man asked him to repeat it, and I heard the beggar say:

"Please sir, will you give me 10 cents for a bed?"

"Certainly, certainly," the man replied, taking a dime from his pocket. "Where is the bed?"—Boston Traveler.

Why He Was Patient.

Gushing Young Wife—This talk about men always being impatient when a woman is getting ready to go out is all nonsense.

Her Old School Friend—why, does your husband never complain?

Young Wife—No, indeed; only last evening I asked him to go out with me, and I couldn't find the gloves I wanted to wear. Then I had a long hunt for half a dozen other things. Yet, when I was finally quite ready to go, and went downstairs, I found the dear boy seated reading the paper and calmly smoking as if I had not kept him waiting at all.

Friend—You don't say so? But may I ask where you were going?

Young Wife—Shopping.

A Freak of Nature.

Col. Dennison had become the happy father of twins, and his unbounded pride in his two-fold blessedness found expression on every occasion.

He stood with a friend on the bank steps one day as a young woman passed wheeling a baby carriage containing a pretty girl baby.

"Doesn't a woman look queer," said the colonel, loftily, "with only one child?"

A year ago there emanated from the Passenger Department of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad a folder giving the time of trains, with notes descriptive of the points of interest, the scenery and the industrial and commercial importance of the cities located on its line together with information regarding altitudes and populations. This folder, at once so simple and understandable, was such a marked improvement over the puzzling leaflets usually handed the traveler that it was received with instant favor and attracted much attention. Its drawback was an awkward fold, and it was minus a map. All this has now been remedied, a new descriptive folder, with a splendid Coast to Coast map and a collapsible fold that simply falls together, having made its appearance a day or two ago. The Rio Grande now enjoys the distinction of issuing the simplest and most readily understood time table of any railroad in the United States.

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