

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Uncle Sam Makes Fine Reputation as Architect

WASHINGTON—When the average citizen beholds the beautiful lines of the modern federal buildings in most of the principal cities of the United States, he probably does not realize that in addition to his many other vocations and professions, Uncle Sam is also an architect, represented at present by Oscar Wenderoth, supervising architect of the treasury. Yet, Uncle Sam is making a wonderful reputation for himself in this capacity. Not only is he doing good work, but he is being widely copied, and those who are acquainted with the facts realize that he is doing more to set the fashion and elevate the standard of architecture in this country than any other agency.

For the first 75 years of our national existence the public buildings were put up in a sort of haphazard way. Commissioners appointed by the secretary of the treasury selected the architect of a building and attended to all the details of its construction. The result was that no fixed idea was carried out, and our earlier public buildings had no uniformity of design at all.

Today it is different. Uncle Sam has become an architect of design at all accounts, and he is designing his own buildings. The result is that one may now recognize the new federal buildings of the country on sight by their uniformity of style. There is just enough diversity in detail to prevent too much similarity.

In times past the government roamed the whole world over to find new ideas in architecture, and in the older federal buildings one may see everything from the Gothic down to the Romanesque. But after trying them all, the classic style based on the best French and English influence as illustrated by the Senate office building in this city, has been decided upon as embodying the best that there is in beauty and utility in architecture.

An example of some of the failures of bygone days is the old Washington post office on Pennsylvania avenue and the Municipal building which Supervising Architect Wenderoth styles "an architectural nightmare." A Boston architect imported the Romanesque style along in the eighties, and made a great hit with it in Boston and Cincinnati. Then came along the supervising architect at that time with a determination to copy the style in the Washington post office. He did so, and the result speaks for itself.

Eleventh-Hour Stories of the Vice-President

VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL has a habit of telling a funny story at the eleventh hour. In fact, he usually waits until the eleventh hour and about fifty-five minutes. The consequence is that when he enters the senate chamber to convene that body of solemn toilers he is apt to have a half-suppressed smile on his face, and the Rev. Forest J. Prettyman, the senate chaplain, has even more difficulty in maintaining the serious countenance of a man about to lead in prayer.

Here is the way the thing works out: Along about 11:30 Marshall shifts from his office in the senate office building to his room in the capitol. A few minutes before noon the chaplain comes to be in readiness to accompany the vice-president into the chamber. Now, for some unaccountable reason, the presence of the chaplain makes Marshall think of a funny story. At about five minutes prior to the hour of opening the senate he starts to tell this story with calm deliberation.

The golden moments speed on their way, and by the time Marshall has the basic part of his story outlined it lacks only two minutes or less until twelve o'clock. All hands begin to grow nervous and the sergeant-at-arms comes to the door, watch in hand, to make certain that the vice-president is going to reach his seat in due season.

Marshall gets up from his desk and proceeds across the corridor, still working toward the point to his story, and by a burst of speed gets out the climax just as he pushes open the door into the senate chamber. Chaplain Prettyman has his choice then of not laughing at the story, which would perhaps be impolite on his part, or of laughing and then pulling his face back into shape ready to offer prayer while walking the few steps from the door to the rostrum.

Small Boy Finds Red Flag; Nearly Wrecks Train

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy came near causing a disastrous rear-end collision on the Metropolitan branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near the scene of the Terra Cotta wreck, the other morning, when he flagged the Frederick local due here from Frederick, Md., at 8:30 o'clock.

As usual, the train was crowded as was the Hagerstown train, following it. The engineer of the Frederick local jammed on his emergency brakes, when he saw Robert Shipley, who lives at Stott's, near the district line, frantically waving a red flag on the track ahead, not far from the Stott station.

Quick work was necessary to flag and halt the Hagerstown train, boom collision was narrowly averted through the agility of the flagman, who put sufficient space between himself and the Frederick train to give the second engineer time to stop.

In the meantime, the engineer, conductor and many passengers piled out and surrounded young Shipley, demanding to know the danger. Unabashed, the boy explained that he had found a red flag on the track and wanted to return it. He was questioned closely, but to no further effect.

The conductor took the flag, and trainmen unanimously admitted that they had encountered a remarkable case of an honest boy. They added with some show of bitterness, however, that there are times when too much honesty is not the best policy.

Sightseeing Indians Amused at Boys' Warfare

TWO Indians were sightseeing up Capitol Hill way. Both were civilized to the extent of cheap clothes that didn't fit, and, as small concessions to a tribal past, each wore a single quill in his gray sombrero. Also, one wore a gold hoop earring, and the other displayed on his breast a Catholic medal and cross. They shuffled along listlessly until, as they came to the library, each stopped with sudden alertness to watch two tiny boys playing on the grass. Each small chap had on an Indian suit of brown cambric with a war bonnet of turkey quills. And each waved a tin steel tomahawk and danced exactly as real Indians do and never did. And when one boy put his hatchet between his teeth and crawled over the grass to attack a portly black nurse who made believe she didn't know what was coming to her, the two who were the real thing looked at each other and chuckled.

And inside the library there are doubtless many books beautifully bound and illustrated to prove that the red man is a stoic who has never been known to smile.

His Powerful Appeal.

Some time ago an aged clergyman, who had been engaged to preach a charity sermon for some orphan children, on rising to deliver his discourse, was unable to proceed from failure of strength. Stretching out a feeble arm over the group of orphans, and turning to the congregation, he addressed them thus: "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" These few pathetic words proved more effective than the longest sermon, the congregation was touched to the heart, and heaped up the collecting plate with their offerings.

Still Waiting.

The guest was an Englishman, and his host did not wish him to miss any of the good things that were being said at the dinner. "Did you catch that last joke?" he asked the young man whose face wore a cheerful, but not too animated, expression as the fire stories rattled from side to side of the table. "The one about the plain where they had two skulls of the slain—one when he was a boy and one when he was a man?" "No," said the guest. "I missed that one. I'd like to hear it now, if you're good enough to repeat it."

BELGIAN HORSES KILLED BY A SHELL



HIGH AUTHORITY ON PUBLIC HEALTH DECLARES CLEAR ICE IS GERM FREE

Dr. Hugh S. Cummings Says the Process of Crystallizing Expels Matter Even in Rivers Known to Be Polluted—Tests Are Made in Ponds—Some Danger When Ice Is Dragged Across Streets and Exposed to Dirty Hands.

Washington.—Dr. Hugh S. Cummings, of the United States public health service, has written a cheerful story of ice that tends to dispel much of the fear that disease may be produced as readily by ice as by water. Moreover, the story is readable, for Doctor Cummings has the art of making his subject attractive, even though the subject is only frozen water.

According to Doctor Cummings, clear ice, frozen in plenty of free water which can take up the unsanitary particles of bacteria expelled by the freezing process, is of itself as free from danger of conveying infectious disease as we need wish. Dirty or cloudy ice may be dangerous and should not be placed in water or on food when it is to be eaten uncooked. We may eliminate all danger by avoiding the handling of ice with dirty hands, by washing the ice with pure water and by using only clear ice.

How Hindus Make Ice. Going into the romantic origin of the art of cooling food and drinks, Doctor Cummings points out how the Hindu in the northern provinces of India from time immemorial has wrapped his porous jug, filled with water boiled to expel air, with wetter cloths, the evaporation from which makes ice during cold, clear nights. The Indian of the tropics and the cowboy of the plains still take advantage of the abstraction of heat by evaporation. Romance tells us how the chivalrous Saracen, Saladin, sent to his crusader enemy, him of the lion heart, snow ice from the mountains to assuage his fever. But until last century the storing and use of ice was a merely local matter.

With the increased necessity for transporting food long distances and the demand for ice in places to which it was difficult to deliver natural ice, attempts were made to invent some practicable method of artificially producing ice.

Artificial Ice Now Common. About 1868 Carre invented his ice machine, and later Doctor Gorrie, whose statue now in the Statuary hall, in the national capitol, shows Florida's appreciation of his worth, increased its usefulness. It was not until the late '80s, however, that the artificial production of ice became a commercial success. Within these thirty-odd years methods have been perfected until nearly every hamlet in our great country has its ice supply; and none but the poorest and most isolated of our people are deprived of its blessings.

But one principle is involved in the formation of ice, which is that when two substances of unequal temperature are in contact the warmer substance gives up heat until both are of the same temperature. Important phenomena occur during this change. First, like most other substances, water contracts as it grows colder until it reaches 4 degrees centigrade, or 39.1 degrees Fahrenheit. It then begins to expand, so that ice is lighter than water. Were this not true, our northern waters would be frozen from the bottom and all fish killed.

Foreign Matter Expelled. The second phenomenon, one common to the crystallization of all substances, and one well known to chemists, but until recently overlooked by sanitarians, is that during crystallization nearly all extraneous substances either in suspension or solution are expelled from the crystal; indeed, crys-

talization is a common process employed by chemists to obtain chemically pure substances. Doctor Cummings makes it clear that ice, whether natural or artificial may, and sometimes does carry disease, and that heat will destroy bacteria much more readily than cold, nevertheless he shows that the freezing process operates powerfully to render ice safe for human consumption. This ice while freezing expels about 90 per cent of the organisms living in it, provided it is surrounded by enough free water to give these a place to go. For this reason ice cut in shallow ponds may be less wholesome than that taken from deep water.

Freezing Kills Typhoid Germ. Again, freezing destroys a large percentage of typhoid bacilli. Sedgwick and Winslow found in one experiment that only 41 per cent were alive 14 minutes and 22 per cent six hours after freezing. More important than this even is the factor of time, for neither water nor ice is a suitable medium for the multiplication of typhoid bacilli, and there is a progressive decrease. So far as this element is concerned, it is manifest that natural ice has the advantage of longer storage.

Edward Bartow, director of the Illinois state water survey, found in one case with 12,000 bacteria in the raw water, that there were but 123 in the ice; in another 520 were reduced to 3; 675 to 6; 1,400 to 22. In every case there was practically 99 per cent reduction. Gas forming bacteria (which may indicate the presence of typhoid) were also greatly reduced.

Ice From Polluted Water. Dr. Hilbert W. Hill, director of epidemiology for the Minnesota state board of health, has told us of ice taken from rivers known to be polluted which proved safe, and Doctor Porter has shown the same thing to be true of ice from the Hudson river. Dr. Edwin O. Jordan, professor of bacteriology in the University of Chicago, tested 18 lakes, rivers and ponds in New England, and found on the average, the unfrozen water to contain 34 times as many bacteria as the freshly formed ice, a reduction of about 98 per cent. Regarding the effect of storage, Professor Jordan says: "All investigators are now agreed that three weeks after freezing less than 1 per cent remain alive."

Elaborate experiments conducted by Prof. William T. Sedgwick of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Dr. W. H. Park of the New York city department of health show that only from 1 to 10 per cent of the bacteria in water are included in ice frozen from it, and that of these about 90 per cent (90.3 per cent, according to Sedgwick and Winslow and 86 per cent according to Park) die within a week, and 98.8 per cent die within three weeks, so that only one-tenth of 1 per cent of the original number remain.

Thus it is seen that three great forces, crystallization, temperature and time all work together to rid ice of the menace to health found in water. Doctor Cummings finds that ice from pure water in clean factories and natural ice cut from deep lakes and stored under sanitary conditions are equally safe. Any dirty or cloudy ice, he says, may be infected as well as polluted, and should not be used. The greatest danger connected with ice is improper handling. If ice is dragged across dirty streets and side walks and distributed by dirty hands there is some danger from it.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

"Here Is Your Jewel Casket, Madam," He Said

NEW YORK.—"Madame," and the handsome station master looked into her violet eyes, "your jewel casket, I am happy to inform you, has been found." The violet eyes looked up into his and a flush mantled her cheeks.

"Thank you so much," she said. "You must have seen me when I dropped it."

The H. S. M. said no, but with an accent that did not make it sound like a harsh word at all.

"I knew it was yours," he said, "because it just matched the color of your gown. I was much worried until I found you, for I know that the contents must be very valuable. Do not mention it at all. It has been reward enough to have returned these jewels to you."

She shook the leather-covered box apprehensively and listened. "I suggest," said the H. S. M., "that you examine the contents before you go further. Perhaps some of them might be missing. My office is at your disposal if you wish to do so."

And so she of the violet eyes went to the office and the H. S. M. said to one of his assistants, "Odel, just give the lady this desk, will you. She would like to make an inventory of her jewels, which she just lost and—found again." And so she of the violet eyes opened the lid of that leather-bound box, and these are what she took out, one by one:

- One small mirror, cracked.
- One rabbit's foot.
- One comb.
- One bottle of perfume.
- One pot of rouge.
- One tube of cold cream.
- One eyebrow pencil.
- One date book.

"How funny," she said, after a pause, glancing at the limp form of the H. S. M., which had fallen back in his chair, "that you should have thought this was filled with diamonds! Why, this is my vanity. All the girls have them. Don't you think it is an especially nice one? Everything is all right about the little mirror. Thank you so much. Good-by. You have been very kind."

And the station master went into his private office and lighted a dank, dark cigar and pondered on the ways of womankind.

Firemen Steal the Bed of Pair Wed in Secret

CHICAGO.—A Maxim silencer on the wedding chimes failed to work when Charles F. Passow, a fireman, married Miss Margaret Mulligan at her home, 1240 North Avers avenue. Passow recently asked for a furlough, but did not explain that he intended to be married.

He had heard of the pranks played on prospective bridegrooms by their heartless mates in the firehouse. So he decided to have a secret wedding.

Passow and his fiancée picked out a sunny flat at 5305 Maryland avenue, and during his hours off they visited furniture emporiums and picked out all the accessories dear to the hearts of the newly-married.

But Passow underestimated the discernment of the other members of the engine company.

Mr. and Mrs. Passow went to their new home after the wedding the other night. Passow tried to open the door, but the key would not work. This was because the members of company 19 had plugged up all the keyholes. In a rage hotter than most of the fires he has turned the hose on, Passow struggled with the key until finally he and his bride gained entrance.

On the dining-room table they found an elaborate set of aluminum kitchen utensils with a card conveying the company's best wishes. "They are just beautiful," Mrs. Passow said. "Yes, the boys are pretty good-hearted, even if they do have their little joke," Passow conceded.

Then he suddenly missed the bed. Once more he felt murder in his heart. He raced back and forth through the flat and at last found that the door of a closet was locked and the keyhole stuffed. Passow got a chisel and hammer and got the door open. The bed had been carefully taken down and stored in the closet.

After they talked the matter over, Mr. and Mrs. Passow decided that they could afford to forgive the jokers.

This Couple Knew a Good Cow When They Saw It

MUNCIE, IND.—Charles Shick, when he retired from the mercantile business, moved to a suburban home. He had always wished to live out where he could keep chickens, a driving horse or two, and a cow. Whenever Shick and his wife drew mental plans of their suburban home they included a sketch of an ideal cow. In fact, they decided they would spend, if necessary, a hundred dollars for a cow, but it must look like a hundred dollars' worth of cow. After they became settled in their new home they started out cow-shopping. They read the classified advertisements and canvassed Delaware county's 12 townships. They saw a lot of cows, but none looked like the cow they wished.

Then the county fair came. Shick and his wife went. At the cattle barn they saw a cow. It belonged to the genus Jersey. Its eyes were soft and mellow. Its hoofs and horns were neatly manicured. Its fawn-colored coat was beautiful to behold. And as for the general symmetry and makeup the animal would suit the most exacting. The herdman said this particular cow was an abundant milk producer. He said it was as sweet tempered as a fat baby.

The Shicks exchanged knowing glances. Verily they had, at last, found a cow that looked like the mental picture they had drawn. "I suppose you will sell this cow?" Shick asked. "Yes, it is for sale," said the herdman. "How much do you want for the animal?" said Shick. "Well," said the herdman, "it is one of the best animals in the herd, but we'll take fifteen hundred dollars for the cow."

Shick clutched at his wife's arm. Then they started across the fair ground toward the grandstand. For half an hour neither spoke. Then Shick broke the silence. He turned to his wife and in a meek voice said, "Say, wife, we know a good cow when we see one, don't we?"

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Finds a \$367 "Roll" and Gets a 25-Cent Reward

DENVER, COLO.—M. McGrath, a lifeguard at the Washington park bathing beach, found \$367 in bank bills on the shore. With no thought of reward in his mind, he hastened to police headquarters and reported his find. There he learned the money was the property of a guest at the Argonaut hotel, who had lost his "roll" while bathing in the lake.

"I spent about two-bits telephoning all over the city trying to locate the owner of that money," said McGrath. "When I found him I hurried to his apartments and turned the big bunch of cash over to him, with never a thought of reward."

"But he was so overcome with gratitude and joy, he insisted that I be rewarded. He drew a dime and a quarter from his pocket and studied them for fully a minute. Finally he shoved the quarter toward me and said, 'You deserve a reward.'"

"He looked so ruefully at that two-bits I couldn't bear to take it. It would have broken his heart, I am sure. Besides, I figured that it was up to him to pay for the telephone calls I had made in locating him. The reward would barely cover the amount I had spent, so I handed the quarter back to him."

"Just give me a nickel out of that for a keepsake," I said, and go down to the telephone company and pay the calls I made in finding out where to bring this roll."

"But he didn't give me the nickel. I don't know whether he paid for those calls or not. But I am glad I didn't accept the reward; 25 cents is a lot of money to some people. So is \$367. But why should I accept a reward for doing my duty? Twenty-five cents' worth of a man's duty doesn't go very far."

SAW BIG WARSHIP LAUNCHED

Mrs. Key Pittman, Wife of Senator from Nevada, Attended Launching of Battleship Nevada.

Washington.—Mrs. Key Pittman, the charming and delightful wife of the senator from Nevada, with the senator recently returned to Washington from Boston, where they were guests of the secretary of the navy and Mrs.

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Eggs in Storage for 40 Years

Were Found in Buried Stone Building Uncovered by Floods on the Cimarron River.

Topeka.—The floods in the Cimarron River valley in southwest Kansas uncovered an old house that the oldest settlers in that territory did not know ever existed. On the floor of the old stone house was found a crock full of eggs, which to all appearances were perfectly preserved after being under ground more than 40 years.

The story of the unearthing of this old stone house, indicating a settlement in southwest Kansas years before any one of the present old-timers knew of it, was reported by W. C. Millar, a ranchman of Kiowa county, who recently made a trip into Morton county.

The Cimarron river this spring, in a sudden freshet, washed away the ranch building at the old Beatty ranch, at Point Rocks, in southern Morton county. The garden adjoining was also washed out by the flood, the river current making a deep cut there, and excavating the walls of an old stone house.

In the house, when uncovered, were found a good many household utensils and a crock containing eggs. The

MOTHER SAVES BABY CHILD

Woman Then Stands Up to Her Shoulders in Water Till Help Arrives.

Colquet, La.—Jumping down into a well in which her little daughter had fallen a few minutes before, Mrs. R. D. Dodgen of Thornton, Ark., stood in water up to her shoulders for nearly an hour before others arrived to get the mother and babe out of their perilous situation.

The strange accident and rescue were on the plantation of Ethel's Christon, where Mrs. Dodgen is visiting. But for the quick rescue by her mother, the child undoubtedly would have been drowned, as the water was more than four feet deep.

since then, but his life had been a game of up and down, with about seven downs to one up.

His last stand was in Mexico. He had accumulated a bank roll there but fighting got too close to be interesting, his money was taken from him and he got across the line with nothing but his life.

He was begging for a dime to take him across the ferry when arrested. When freed by Judge Deasy he said he would "cut out of town as quickly as he could."

Hull was game. The stakes were put up. Hull, who had the first turn, turned a queen, and Parkhill lost his \$50,000 on a seven spot. He told the court that he had toured the world

since then, but his life had been a game of up and down, with about seven downs to one up.

