

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Florists Present Roses to the United States

WASHINGTON.—The formal presentation to the United States government of more than 400 varieties of roses now growing in the experimental farm of the department of agriculture at Arlington, Va. took place the other day at a gathering of prominent florists from all sections of the country.

The roses have been growing in the experimental farm for about two years. They were donated by florists, both amateur and professional, living in all sections of the country.

Silkworms and Their Work In National Museum

A SMALL army of silkworms is busy in the older building of the United States National museum, sorting itself on mulberry leaves, and spinning cocoons from which the silk thread and fabrics are made.



The time consumed for spinning is usually from two to five days. A case of preserved specimens shows the cycle of life of this industrious little animal. The egg of the silk moth is about the size of the head of a small pin, and hatches in about ten days into a tiny worm.

Naval Observatory Exposes North Pole's Vagaries

THE naval observatory has erected a very curious and interesting machine, whose purpose is to see just how much the North pole falls from grace. This instrument is in charge of Prof. F. E. Ross, who is making the experiments.

The instrument is a small house on the observatory grounds. It resembles a water tank standing on end, but is ornamented with scientific paraphernalia.

How Army Prisoners Get Back to the Colors

IN connection with the system of honorable restoration to the colors now in force at the United States disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., and the branches at Alcatraz, Cal., and Fort Jay, N. Y., an interesting exhibit of the system of military instruction required at these places previous to returning general prisoners to duty with companies of the regular army is on view in the office of Adjutant General McCain at the war department.



It is a representation in sand, on a reduced scale, of an infantry trench, which the members of disciplinary organizations are required to be proficient in constructing. Many of the kinds of revetment now in use are shown—the sandbag, sod, fascine, gabion, hurdle, together with the methods of fastening.

The Frenchman sprang to the top of the load. "Yes," he called from the inside. "put on the head and hammer it in well. Hurry."

BRITISH ARTILLERY AT ST. ELOI



Men of the Royal Scots Fusiliers handling a heavy gun in the fiercely contested battle that took place in the ruined village of St. Eloi.

German cavalry overtook the dray 500 yards from the frontier. "Stop!" ordered the sergeant in command. "What's in that load?"

HER FIFTH DIVORCE CASE

Mrs. Woodson is Only Twenty-Three and Has an Unusual Collection of Matrimonial Experiences.

Kansas City, Mo.—A divorce hearing in a suit brought by Henry N. Woodson, an employee in the cashier's office of the Kansas City Gas company, against Lana V. Woodson, twenty-three years old, five times married since 1910 and four times divorced, was begun a few days ago in Judge Guthrie's division of the circuit court.

Woodson charges that Mrs. Woodson went to dances without his consent and that she never had told him of her former matrimonial ventures.

Mrs. Woodson got a divorce from her former husband, she said, one month before she married Woodson. She was married the first time in March, 1910, and divorced the same year. In 1910 married again. In 1911 she had obtained a second divorce and married a third time, and two years later took a fourth husband, having obtained a third divorce. In February, 1914, according to the evidence, she and the man she married in 1913 were divorced and a month later she married.

BURROWING THROUGH WALLS



Scene at St. Eloi where some of the fiercest fighting of the war was waged. The picture gives an idea of the communication between the trenches. Holes are made through the walls so that the soldiers may pass from house to house.

HIDDEN IN BEER CASK, SPY RIDES PAST HIS FOES

French Officer's Conveyance, a Dutchman's Dray, Passes Safe 'Mid Man Hunt.

STOPPED NEAR THE FRONTIER

Purloiner of German Secrets at Namur Finally Emerges in Holland From Barrel Refuge—Close to Capture Several Times.

By EDGAR ANSEL MOWBRER. (Correspondent of the Chicago News.) Paris.—This is a story that was told me by a hotelkeeper's wife at Namur, who has traveled considerably about Belgium.

After the Germans destroyed the forts of Namur with their long-range, heavy cannon, the Belgians, for reasons which are not yet quite clear, evacuated the place. The invaders occupied the city, made it one of their centers of operations and settled down as if they intended to stay.

With their usual precision they saw, even in August, that a time might come when a retreat would be necessary. Namur, at the junction of the Meuse and the Sambre, would be one of the pivots for a line of defense. They hastily began to rebuild the forts, enlarging and strengthening them.

Namurois Go to Work at Last. But this work demanded many hands. The Germans called upon the inhabitants, offering high wages. For a month not a man from the town responded. The Namurois would die rather than work for the Germans, and said so. So the German military brought a few hundred civilians from Germany, but left the original offer open to the Belgians.

There was no work in Namur; the prices of foodstuffs rose higher and higher. Finally one man, maddened by the pinched faces of his wife and babies, shouldered his shovel and reported ready for work. This was the signal. Not only the Namurois but idle men from all over Belgium came to toil at the massive fortifications.

With them one day arrived a Frenchman, who turned out to be an officer of the engineering corps. He came originally from Givet, near the Belgian frontier, so his French resembled that of the Belgians. He was dressed like a workman, even to the insignia of the Belgian L. W. W., which he wore conspicuously. His papers showed his name was Georges Bezon, Belgian, thirty-two years old, born at Neufchateau. The Germans accepted him without question or suspicion.

Notices Hands Are Small. For three weeks the French officer dug on the fortifications. He did his work well. Then, one day, a German officer, who happened to pause near where the Frenchman was digging, noticed that the latter's hands, despite their coating of dirt, were small and well made. To this German they seemed too small and too well made. He questioned the pseudo-laborer. The latter's replies were satisfactory.

But the German felt that in spite of appearances something was wrong about this Georges Bezon, born in Neufchateau in April, 1882. That night Namur telephoned Neufchateau. Search among the municipal records failed to reveal the name of Bezon. "We'll get him," laughed the German officer who had laid bare the deception, and he gave orders to arrest Bezon the following morning. When morning came it brought the workers to the fortifications, but Georges Bezon was not among them. A search was made. Inquiries at the house where the suspect had been staying showed he had not come in the night before. All of the efforts made by the military failed to reveal how the artful Georges had escaped. Perhaps some of the inhabitants didn't tell all.

WOMAN CAN'T BE "TIPPED"

Head of Hotel Cloak Room Could Make \$2,500 Extra, But Turns It Down. Seattle, Wash.—May Stehle, in charge of the cloak room at the Hotel Washington here, is untipable. If she would take tips she could make \$2,500 a year in addition to her salary. "But," she says, "I would lose my self-respect."

they knew. The hatred of the Namurois for the German is extreme.

Next Seen in Liege. The next that the clever German officer saw of Georges Bezon was at Liege. He had gone over to visit a friend, an officer in the artillery. The friend was conducting him about the town one evening. They entered a cafe. At the first table, sipping a glass of bitter wine, dressed as a well-to-do bourgeois, sat the man who had worked on the fortifications in Namur.

"Catch that man," the German cried to some soldiers, and he himself rushed upon his enemy. But the well-dressed man had seen the German as quickly as he was seen. In a flash he was out of the cafe, around the first corner and had disappeared.

The garrison of Liege was all upset and a hunt was begun in earnest. The inhabitants were disturbed, guards were posted, German cavalry scoured the country, descriptions of Georges Bezon were telephoned broadcast. But when evening came and the cavalry hands returned none of them had the desired prisoner, though they had plenty of others who were magnanimously released as soon as they proved their innocence.

Were Close to Capture. But the Germans had come closer than they knew to catching their man. From Liege to the Dutch frontier at Eindhoven is about twelve miles. Sentries are posted on the outskirts of the town and again at the frontier. But enterprising Dutchmen drive a flourishing trade by loading drays with beer in Holland and driving to Liege and selling their refreshments. Whether legal or not, the trade seems to be allowed by both nationalities.

On the day of the man hunt a Dutchman was returning from Liege to the frontier with a drayload of empty casks. He was passing through the ruined village of Vise, when from the wreck of a house a man rose and called to him to stop.

"Let me go with you into Holland," said the man, who wore the clothes of a workman.

"I can't, friend," replied the Dutchman. "My pass is good only for one. Who are you?"

For answer the other made the wide French salute with the palm forward and the fling of the arm as it returns to the side.

"Oh-h-h-h!" said the driver. "Will you help me or not?" went on the other. "Make up your mind quickly. The cavalry are after me. It won't be long before they're here. You know what that means, a spy?"

The sympathies of those Dutch who live along the Belgian border are not doubtful. The carter was risking his life, but he did not stop to think of consequences.

"Can you get into that cask?" he asked, pointing to one on top.

WEALTHY NEGRO EXPLAINS

His Man "Friday" Arrested, He Pays Fine Because of Man's Expertness as Driver. Sacramento, Cal.—Unadmitted selfishness and not pity prompted N. C. Owens of Los Angeles, reputed as being the only negro millionaire in California, to pay a \$10 fine for his chauffeur "Friday," arrested recently for violating the state vehicle laws.

In making out the receipt and a short abstract of the proceedings, Justice of the Peace C. P. Carter of Elsinore reported the remarks of the wealthy negro.

"The intention of mah sook guarantees mah putting up dis equivalent in order to keep yo' out of the lock-up. 'If yo' wasn't de best driver I ever had, I wouldn't put up dis equivalent to save yo' black skin."

BANKER STARTS HOG BOOM

Gets Texas County Worked Up and His Bank Deposits Increase Amazingly. Temple, Tex.—During a recent campaign for diversification of crops in this (Bell) county it developed that, notwithstanding its unusual advantages for hog raising the county last year sent away \$618,157 for meat.

Fortwith H. C. Poe, president of the Temple State bank, communicated with breeders of fine hogs and then announced in a newspaper advertisement that he would distribute a hundred to the boys of the county, taking their personal unendorsed notes, payable out of the net profits from the pigs.

Before the newspaper was off the press the printer's devil made an application for a hog. After that the applications piled in on Mr. Poe until he was fairly swamped.

Mr. Poe says that the deposits in his bank have increased \$200,000 within ninety days, or coincident with the hog distribution.

Antique Maine China. Auburn, Me.—Mrs. Mary B. Emery of Auburn, recently, has a rare collection of antique china which belonged to her mother. A few plates, a cup, saucer, bowl and potato dish, of a set over seventy years old, of white china, with light green borders and dark brown scenery in the centers, showing figures of men and women, swans, trees, urns, etc. A bowl-like cup and saucer of white china decorated with blue and red, is seventy-five years old, and the oldest piece of china is a tiny yellow teacup made without a handle. This cup belonged to Mrs. Emery's great-aunt and is over one hundred and fifty years old.

Wouldn't Waken Baby. Scottsdale, Pa.—Rather than waken the baby by firing his revolver, Frank Wells watched a burglar ransack his dining room. Wells, after four hours' ordeal, had just succeeded in getting the fretful baby to sleep.

Craving for Tobacco Fatal. Kempton, N. Y.—Fred M. Jaeger was killed because he wanted a smoke. He let go of the steering gear of his automobile to light a weed. The car swerved into a ditch, overturned and crushed Jaeger beneath it.

Wanted to Be Sure. Ramblersville, N. Y.—To make sure of striking Mrs. Minnie Lidley Flood her shirtwaist with pieces of concrete, tied a smothering iron around each wrist and jumped into Jamaica bay.



Chicago Domestic Musicians Are Singing Real Music Now

CHICAGO.—These days the parlor maid, as she wields her duster, trills as sweetly as if the drawing room were a comic opera stage. Her sister maid of the upper floors hums a haunting little melody that falls pleasantly on the ear. Out in the kitchen the cook, who used to be the worst offender of them all—whose voice, as a matter of fact, was sometimes taken by guests as the wailing of a just too dear and frightfully novel Chinese bull-fiddle—occasionally gives vent to a snatch of song in a well-modulated contralto.

The house, where discord once reigned, where chokings, squeakings and howlings once accompanied the performance of each household duty, has become one of melody.

Thus, through the quiet and quieting efforts of the Civic Music association, a rosy number of housewives have been made happy. The association has undertaken to train a "domestic girls' chorus." Every Sunday from far and wide maids of all descriptions have come to attend the classes, which are under the direction of Miss Abbie Sladek. Fifty-six girls, most of them from the north shore suburbs, attended a recent class. The quality of their voices, in solo and in chorus, gave evidence of great improvement.

Among the girls one has been discovered who plays practically every musical instrument by ear—and until last fall she never had touched one. Another, Bessie Kivia, may some day develop into a grand opera star.

Interned Germans Are Enjoying Life at Norfolk

NORFOLK, VA.—The crews of the German auxiliary cruisers Eitel Friedrich and Kronprinz Wilhelm, interned at this port, are enjoying life to its fullest. Besides numerous entertainments accorded to officers and crews, the men are living a life of luxurious idleness. Their chief vocation at this time is pleasure—pleasure day and night.

They spend most of their time in Norfolk in the early hours of the day. In the afternoon they go to Virginia Beach, Ocean View and other nearby resorts. They smoke good cigars, eat the best, and appear to have plenty of money. Barring a few cases of beriberi on the Kronprinz, they are a healthy lot. The men have been taken into the homes of a number of citizens and entertained, and special services have been held for them in Protestant churches. They are made to feel at home.

They appear on the streets in white uniforms with blue stripes and white hats. They are as neat as new pins and their conduct is perfect. They roam the streets arm in arm with American bluejackets and visit the best theaters and other public resorts.

They are beginning to love the great American game. Several hundred of them attended a baseball game in Portsmouth and rose up and cheered a player who drops the ball over the fence for a home run. Whether they understood the game or just followed the Americans who stood up and cheered, no one but themselves knew. But there is a movement on foot to organize two baseball teams out of the crews—one on the Eitel and another on the Kronprinz, and some of the men are practicing daily. They have spent over \$200 for equipment. A little short chap whom the American sailors call "Holew" drove a ball over the sea wall in a practice game.

DER KRIEG IST NICHT FÜR UNS. NIEMALS. BEI UNS GEMISCHT. JE LÄNGER JE SCHLIMMER.

Omaha Indians Have Great Time at a Banquet. MAHA—Fifty Indians of the Omaha tribe driving their own automobiles and headed by White Horse, oldest Indian in the West, came down from their tribal reservation on the Missouri river to attend a banquet at the new \$1,000,000 hotel that has just been completed in this city and named in honor of Fontenelle, the greatest chief the Omahas ever had.

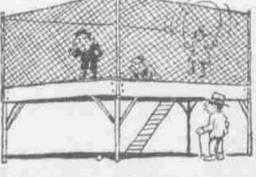
It was 52 years ago that Fontenelle was killed while defending the small white settlements along the Missouri river from an attack of Sioux Indians, but his birthday is celebrated each year on the Omaha reservation. A majority of the Indians in the party had never seen a house with more than two stories and the sight of an history hotel was marvelous to them. But if the hotel was a wonder, the menu, to them, was a miracle. It has been a long time since the Omahas ate dog. They graduated out of that class many years ago. But hors d'oeuvres marseillais, creme de vanille, liqueur cassolette de crabs et homard fontenelle, fromage asserti et petits grilles, and pastilles lucien are things that the Omahas do not have every day when they are at home up on the reservation.

But the way the red men went after those things, as well as the other items on the menu, was worth seeing.

After the demitasse came the speeches and probably their equal has never been heard in a modern hotel. They were all in the Omaha tongue. When the time came for old White Horse to talk, he used the difficult "Chief Talk," so called by the Indians because it is the formal language used by the chiefs in addressing a grand council of the tribe.

Elevated Playgrounds the Latest in New York

NEW YORK.—The more congested New York becomes, the more necessary there is to provide suitable breathing spaces and grounds for recreation. In just the communities where they are needed the most, as on the East side, it is becoming increasingly difficult to set aside any land for playgrounds. Already in New York there are playgrounds on the piers, on the roofs of schools, on fashionable apartments and, recently, there was opened to the public the first elevated playground at the Manhattan end of the Williamsburg bridge. To Hugh E. McLaughlin, civil engineer, belongs the credit for this innovation. The first elevated recreation ground measures 61 by 450 feet, and in the center is a handstand, around which on summer evenings the neighboring tenement dwellers can enjoy hand concerts and dances. Mr. McLaughlin's complete scheme includes the erection of probably a mile of these elevated playgrounds on the congested East side, the same to occupy the center of the street. Along the entire street length elevated parking spaces with trees, flowers, shrubs, fountains and benches for the older people will alternate with elevated plots set aside for baseball, football, tennis and playground equipment for smaller children. In the winter it is the intention to flood these spaces for skating and hockey games. Mr. McLaughlin's laudable plan is meeting with universal approval and he has the support of several influential friends in erecting playgrounds along the center of East side streets.



Thinking of School. "Pop!" "Yes, my son." "Have you ever been on a school-ship?" "Oh, yes, my boy." "And do they have a 'spanker' on it, pop?"

Caught With the Goods. "How do you happen to be in prison, my poor friend?" "Because I was a man of property mum." "I don't understand." "Yes, see, mum, it wuz other people's property."