

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Motorman's Goldenrod Almost Caused Trouble

WASHINGTON.—It is right early in the season for goldenrod, but there are always pioneers. One blossom, anyhow, must have started in to bloom ahead of official fall weddings, for a motorman had it stuck in his cap as he breezed his car toward the capitol the other afternoon.

The yellow of it caught the interest of an oldish couple, who smiled at each other, the way comrades do when some trifle recalls associations that belong to both. Also, the sprig passed its talk-value on to a couple of young fellows, one of whom must have had experiences to go by:

"His girl gave him that."

His companion, being a trifle younger and therefore a whole lot wiser, knew better. "Betcher he stuck it there to make her believe his other girl gave it to him. He knows how to make 'em jealous, all right. Oh, say, ole man, did I show you the postcard Lil sent me from Colonial Beach? It's a dandy."

The other responded with a suddenness which implied his right to be considered when Lil's favors were being passed around.

"Let's look."

The younger fellow fumbled in his pockets and then remarked with mad-dening nonchalance that he must have left it in his other coat.

"Your other coat—huh."

That was every word he uttered, but—take it from dear Mercutio—enough is always enough. There was no other coat.

The two foolish youngsters, Lord-love them, grinned over the show down, and that was all there was to it, unless—unless you have a memory of your own for goldenrod all fringed around a cool spring, with big trees overhead, the old Chesapeake swishing in and out across the beach—and dear live things flashing in the air—and chirping in the bushes—and crawling under roots and—everything.



Read This and Learn Proper Name for Grapefruit

HE IS a nice man from 'way down south in Dixie. And he has a room in the home of an equally nice woman, who is helping to win the war. With a kindly thoughtfulness which is one of the reasons that make people nice, he brought the woman a bag of fruit the other day.



It was a bulgy bag filled with yellow balls that the woman accepted as grapefruit. But it wasn't grapefruit. The man said so, and he knew.

"Down home, where this fruit grows, we call it pomelo, in honor of the man who introduced it into this country from the far East. We have always called it pomelo, and we always shall, because pomelo is its proper name." And you couldn't ask

a better reason, could you, seeing that pomelo neither looks nor tastes like a grape?

If you notice, few discoverers get the immortality due them in the matter of names, whether it be a Columbus, who founded a continent, or a Pomelo, who provided it with something new in fruit—but don't worry. It is just one of the little kinks in human nature that will be straightened out as soon as the well-known millennium comes our way.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, formerly of New York and now of heaven, was a prominent promoter of the popularity of pomelo in the North, and frankly conceded her share in renaming the fruit for the reason, as she explained, "the big balls grow in clusters like grapes."

In the present wisdom to which she has attained, Mrs. Leslie doubtless realizes the entire foolishness of robbing a man of what you might literally call the fruit of his labor—we have to go to heaven to see things like that. Also, grapefruit tastes better when you call it pomelo. Try it once.

And the Women Simply Couldn't See Him at All

ARE Washington women gallant? Now, I don't propose to answer that question. All I want to do is set forth something I saw happen on a street car the other afternoon, and leave it to you to answer the question as you will. The car was one of these hideous affairs in which innocent passengers are packed to the tune of "Plenty of room up front."

He was an inoffensive-looking man with a large bundle in his arms. The bundle, wrapped in paper and tied with string, had all the seeming of a windmill. In reality it was an electric fan. As was apparent to prying eyes from the fact that a bit of the brass blade had penetrated the wrapper.

Now an electric fan is pretty heavy. And when two hands are required to hold and guard it that leaves few hands to hang onto straps with. And there aren't any straps on these cars, anyway. The best you can do is grab the back of a seat, or let your closely packed neighbors of the moment hold you up by mere juxtaposition.

Every seat in that car was occupied by a woman. They were resting from their arduous shopping of the afternoon. The man, who for 10 of these twenty-some years, he told me afterward, has been rising from his seat and giving it to women in the street cars, thought that maybe this time the tables would be turned.

"These kind ladies," he thought, "will see what difficulty I am having with this thing and will take pity on me. Surely one of them will be sport enough to get up and offer me her seat."

He eagerly looked around for the "sport."

But all the women were looking out the windows.



Zeal May Be Overdone, but the World Needs It

TWO woman clerks started to walk to work in the early days of car crushes and have kept it up ever since—going and coming without missing a day. Also they have developed the crusading zeal of the reformer, and with the loftiest intentions in the world are making life raspy for friends who prefer to ride.

"It is so much healthier, don't you know, and look at what we save. If you would only take the trouble to rise a bit earlier—all it requires is will power and—all that and more."

But there are always others. One of them is a man in the same office whom the crusaders have known years enough to nag into salvation, regard less of the world-old fact that people—good, honest, everyday people—object to being made over by patterns not of their own choosing. For days and weeks growing into months he has cheerfully accepted their reformatory raids, but—you know about that last straw—the other morning he settled them with a masculine protest which he doubt less considered original, but which Socrates got in ahead of him, and no telling how many others in eons gone before.

"That's the worst of you good women. You never know when to let go. For that time, anyway, the crusaders went down in defeat, but all the same, brothers, what sort of a world would this be for you and for all of us if good women should learn to let go?"



CROWDER MAY CALL SECOND CLASS MEN

DEPENDS ON WHETHER ENOUGH
RECRUITS CAN BE OBTAINED
BY RECLASSIFICATION.

LOCAL BOARDS TOLD TO ACT

Many Old Line Republicans Want
Roosevelt for Presidential Nominee
in 1920—Senator Ashurst's Comment
on Street Laborers and Wages.

By ARTHUR W. DUNN.

Washington.—Provost Marshal General Crowder is responsible for the most important part of the man power that must win the war. Under his direction more than 2,000,000 men have been drafted. This is exclusive of those who enlisted in the regular army and the National Guard. These 2,000,000 men make up the vast force that is doing such good work for America and will continue to do it until the end.

Class 1 of the draft is about exhausted. It is true that under the law recently passed young men reaching the age of twenty-one are subject to the draft and there are about 400,000 of these, most of them class 1 men. But the draft has a rival among these younger men, in the navy. A large number of them prefer the more fascinating sea service and enlist in the navy or in the marine corps because they prefer the romance of the ocean to the solid, substantial work of the army. This is a very good thing for the navy, for it gets all the men it wants, and of course the very best.

Just now General Crowder and his assistants are making every effort to induce the local boards to re-examine and if possible re-classify men who are in the deferred classes. It is not the policy of the secretary of war to reach into the second class if he can avoid it, but in order to obtain sufficient man power of the right kind it may be necessary to go into the deferred classes, unless class 1 be largely increased by re-classifications by the local boards.

It is possible that the age limit will be changed if the supply of men cannot be kept up in any other way. There is a very strong desire on the part of many of those in charge of the draft to have the age limit reduced to 20. In fact many army officers think that the very best results in the way of soldiers would be obtained by taking young men of nineteen and twenty instead of waiting until twenty-one, as at present. If an army of four or five million men is raised it will be necessary to reduce the limit below twenty-one years and raise it above thirty-one.

Many Republicans were rather hopeful that Colonel Roosevelt would make the race for governor of New York, having no doubt that he would be elected and that it would be a stepping stone to the Republican presidential nomination in 1920. It is rather amazing to observe how many old line Republicans, men who fought Roosevelt so bitterly in 1912, are anxious that he should be a candidate in 1920. Unless conditions change, according to what Republicans around Washington say, Roosevelt's name is sure to go before the convention two years hence, and what is more, he is likely to be the nominee if the Democrats hold their convention first and renominate Woodrow Wilson.

Senator Ashurst of Arizona, walking to the capitol one day, became interested in a gang of street laborers who were taking their time. He was especially interested in several colored men who were moving with a slow rhythm that indicated how little they were interested in their jobs.

"How much are these men getting?" asked Ashurst.

"Each gets \$5.10 per day for eight hours," was the answer.

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed the Arizona senator. "I used to work ten hours a day for \$1.10 a day, and I worked with more speed than those fellows are showing."

Senator Fletcher of Florida just before the recess was trying to get through a bill to which Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania made some objection, and after some discussion the Pennsylvania Senator remarked: "With great reluctance I withdraw my objection. I have voted for so many questionable measures in the last six months, perhaps one more will not weigh upon my conscience nor require a greater reckoning on the day of judgment."

That which happened in France in the third week of July—by way of response to the big German offensive that was to end in Paris—was all the more gratifying because it was something that every patriotic American deep down in his heart really expected would happen when soldiers of the United States got into action. The pride in American troops, the confidence that the American soldier was at least the equal of any other soldier on earth, and the belief that American troops would stand up and hold any German army, has been a deep-set conviction in the minds of the American people from the time we entered the war.

One reason for the great impatience manifested by Americans, or those who spoke for them, over apparent delays in getting American troops to the front was because the people in this country believed American soldiers were essential to stop the Hun, throw him back,

and finally drive him beyond the Rhine and to ultimate surrender. The impression became deep-seated among those who have studied the war that the brave Englishmen and Frenchmen, weary of four years' warfare, needed just what the American troops could give them for the necessary dash and hustle to beat back the Germans and to start a movement which means ultimate success for world civilization.

Consequently all official Washington, and particularly those who have given close attention to everything pertaining to the war, were very much gratified and really felt that American troops had performed that which was expected of them.

Many of the older members of congress are running against this handicap: "He has had it long enough." That is a statement that gets circulated over a district where a member has been in congress eight or ten years. It does not affect the member who represents a constituency which believes in keeping a man in service term after term rather than changing to gratify the ambition of some particular politician. But for the most part congress is made up of men who do not serve on an average of more than four terms, and such men are always beset with the claim that the incumbent "has had it long enough." The average congressional district contains 225,000 people and in that number there are sure to be plenty of men anxious to come to congress.

The day that Senator Gore started his remarks on the veto of the \$2.40 wheat provision in the agricultural appropriation bill he was just "going good" and due to say some very emphatic things when Senator Ashurst of Arizona raised a point of order and forced an adjournment of the senate. The next time the senate met Gore resumed and remarked that when he was interrupted he was "more or less surcharged with the subject. The senate and the country will never know what an intellectual and rhetorical treat was denied them on account of that interruption." And then he also remarked: "As I was saying when the Ashurst rebellion broke out—" From remarks that were made by the Oklahoma senator previous to the "Ashurst rebellion," his speech upon the second attempt lacked a great deal of the fire and criticism it would have contained if he had not been interrupted and had three days in which to cool off.

Food prices in Washington range from 10 to 40 per cent higher on all articles than in other cities of the United States. In some instances it is found that the chief staples cost nearly twice as much at the retail places in Washington as they do in some of the middle Western cities. Even after making allowance for freight, the range of prices is altogether abnormal and shows that there is a concerted effort in the national capital to profiteer in foods. It has reached a point where the complaints are forcing official action and it is altogether likely that in addition to legislation which struck at the rent profiteer in the national capital, there will be some kind of a law passed to save the people who are compelled to live in Washington from paying this tribute to those who handle the food supply of the city.

Investigation thus far does not place the blame upon farmers, because the farmers in the vicinity of Washington do not produce enough food to affect the prices. The supply grown in the region surrounding Washington is limited and in many cases absorbed by cities which can be easily reached by water—Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

It was Vice President Marshall who once remarked to a Republican senator after the late Senator Newlands had made an assault upon the actions and policies of the Democratic party, that he (Marshall) believed that "Newlands is the original fat boy who spilled the beans." Probably in these later days the vice president would be willing to transfer his remark to the blind senator from Oklahoma. Early in his speech criticising the veto by the president of the \$2.40 wheat proposition Senator Gore remarked: "If the next congress goes Republican it will be due to this veto message."

That remark caused a deal of criticism among Senator Gore's party associates. Quite a number of senators and representatives of wheat growing districts have in their minds the possibility that the veto may work some harm, but none of them believes that it was a good idea to advertise the fact.

There are states and regions in this country which will have to make a special effort to meet the Fourth Liberty loan to the extent that they did not in regard to the other loans. These states which are producing little or nothing, and are "getting none of it back," as the saying is in regard to money at the present time, will have to make sacrifices to subscribe very heavily for the next loan. As Senator Smoot of Utah remarked, his state has already paid, in Liberty loans, Red Cross and war savings, more than \$4,000,000, which is \$100 for every man, woman and child in the state. Smoot said that as scarcely anything was being returned to the state on account of the war this money was a drain which could not be replaced. At the same time it is expected that everybody will do his level best to make the next loan a success.

Thousands of women are being employed in France to make war balloons.

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