

SEEN HERE AND HEREABOUTS BY TIMES STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



"Dems some watermelons." A trio of colored boys doing their bit with a good sized melon. These boys unload cars that come from Georgia with melons for Washington. Fifteen carloads come into Washington each week. Each car contains about 1,600 watermelons, which average about 30 pounds and sell for 50 cents.



Classroom work is part of the training of the field men of the income tax section of the Internal Revenue bureau. This picture shows the field men who have been called to Washington to undergo an intensive course in some of the finer rudiments of the income tax law. These classes are held daily under the supervision of a trained instructor and the men are given knotty problems to work out. The men in turn tell their troubles to the instructor and have him work out in the classroom some of the problems that gave them trouble in their respective districts. When the men have gone through a course in Washington they are sent back to their home stations to help Uncle Sam collect full measure of taxes.



A noon-day meal, a whole watermelon for "Babe" Ogle, a 385-pounder, who likes 'em 'red to the rind.' Ogle was a policeman for 15 years and retired for a life along the water front. "Babe" is 6 feet 4 inches tall and does no training except to rush melons for Washingtonians from 5 a. m. to late at night. A. C. Ogle lives at 1717 S street S. E.



There are lots of beauties down at the Tidal Basin Bathing Beach every day. The recent "beauty contest" brought out many, many bathing queens. There were a whole lot of 'em who didn't go in the contest. Miss Anna Hayden, 130 Tennessee avenue, might have gone in and won had she entered. The Times' camera man thinks she could.



Almost every hour in the day there's a Tidal Basin Bathing Beach beauty sunning herself on the sand. You'll admit that this is a real beauty. You could look a long, long time at her and not hurt your eyes at all. She looked around just in time to be "caught" by the camera man on the lookout for beauties.



Here is Isaac R. Hitt, United States Commissioner, who hears all the cases of violation of the Federal prohibition law. Commissioner Hitt listens to strange stories of fantastic drinks that possess dynamite kicks. He also hears thrilling stories of how anti-rum officials have swooped down upon unsuspecting bootleggers and confiscated great stores of the old-time stuff.



Little Mary Jessie Wilson, who recently arrived at San Francisco from Honolulu, having traveled the entire distance alone. She is all alone in the world except for an aunt, to whom she came to make her home, in Sambial, Tex.



First photograph of the cortege at the funeral services for Maj. Gen. William C. Gorgas, U. S. A., formerly of Washington, held in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The coffin, mounted on a gun carriage and draped with the American flag, was borne through the streets of London with a military escort and was viewed by a large throng.



Maybe you think it was your brains that were responsible for your making so much money last year; maybe you think that without you, personally, the corporation with which you are connected could not have got along, or maybe you think that you have some special talent or knack of doing things that made your corporation money. If so you want to pay the least amount of money to Uncle Sam in income taxes. Just what you think of yourself may not be what Uncle Sam thinks of you. Anyhow, he has H. C. Weston as chief of the personal service section of the Internal Revenue Bureau to decide just such questions, and on Mr. Weston's judgment he either loses or gains millions of dollars a year. The principal corporations that come under the direction of Mr. Weston are public accountants insurance brokers, advertising agents and numerous other corporations into which en-



Mary Ellen McLean, of 2019 Second street north-east, appears to be in doubt whether she has lost her mamma or whether her water wings are going to hold her up in the water. Miss McLean might be in doubt as to just what results the man in front of her