NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON

An Old-Fashioned Car on Pennsylvania Avenue

WASHINGTON.—The electric car, or better, the electrified car, that runs back and forth across the Pennsylvania avenue bridge and for some distance up Pennsylvania avenue extended, is a relic.

When you enter this car you note that it is only half as large, or a fourth as large, as the average run of the heavy and noisy cars on the main lines. There are only six windows on each side of this little car, and a low bench or side seat runs along each side of the car. This seat is covered with red carpet. That looks old-fashioned and homelike. But you note also that a group of incandescent lamps glow in the low ceiling of the car, that electric push buttons are in the window frames and that the usual electric traction devices are on the platforms.

Finally your glance hits an opening in the middle of each door. In this opening works a brass slide. As you have it, through that opening in cold or in rainy weather you would hand a quarter to the driver, and putting your lips close to the opening, would say, "Tickets" or "Change." The driver would open a long tin box attached either to the dash of the car or to his belt and would pass back to you through the opening a little envelope on which was printed either "Tickets" or "25 Cents." You would tear the end off the little envelope and, taking out a ticket or a nickel, would drop it in a tall box of wood and glass on the right-hand side of the door. The driver—from the outside of course—would look into the box, and seeing that you had deposited your fare, would pull a string and the nickel or the ticket would drop out of sight into the base of the box.

You know now that you are on board one of the old horse cars. Having the ticket slot in the door at both ends, shows that it was of a later period than the bob-tailed car with the rounded dash in front and the funny little step behind—the car that was turned round on a turntable at the end of the route. Still you know that that old car has made many trips in this town.

"Biscuits Is Biscuits" Is the Impression Abroad

WHAT is a biscuit? There has been an impression abroad that "biscuits is biscuits," and that that let them out, but German customs officials have found a biscuit is:

"A fine baker's product, sweetened and flavored, and should, therefore, come under a particular heading for import duty."

And, in consequence of this epicurean definition, importers of American biscuits in the Fatherland are forced to pay a prohibitive duty. So high has this duty been set that one importer has made a protest to Ambassador G. A. Leishman at Berlin that the matter be taken up by the state department.

Many weighty problems have left their indent on the massive brows of the skippers of our ship of state. But the latest problem is one that will force them to get down on their knees and scrub out the cellars of their intellects. "What is beer?" "What is a Democrat?" "What is whisky?"—they have all been answered. But now comes a proposition of preponderant pourousness, and it is up to the state department officials either to substantiate the good old Century dictionary, or to agree in the German version. The Century dictionary gives this press notice on biscuits:

"A kind of hard, dry bread, consisting of flour, water, or milk, and salt, and baked in thin, flat cakes. The name is also extended to similar articles very variously made and flavored. See cracker."

The German importers of American biscuits say that our biscuits ought to be classed as "Einfaches backwerk," and taxed accordingly.

The state department hasn't heard from Ambassador Leishman yet, but expects to at any time, and officials are getting ready for an international tussle over the dictionary.

They may ask a counter-question: "What is a pretzel?"

White House Housekeeper Wins Name and Fame

WINERS and diners at the capital who are fond of good things to eat and have palates hard to please, are beaming because Mrs. Woodrow Wilson has retained Mrs. A. J. Jaffray, the Canadian woman who for the past four years has served as housekeeper at the White House.

Few if any of Mrs. Jaffray's admirers know her personally. It's her works that have won her name and fame. The presiding genius of the interminable series of feats which marked the progress of the Taft administration, Mrs. Jaffray has earned a place in history. The cuisine of the Taft regime has become famous for its excellence and the manner of feteing at the White House is the envy of the smartest hosts at the capital. Multimillionaires who pay their chefs $10,000 yearly are not able to match the product of the White House kitchens and millionairesses who have aimed to make good by living up to the maximum "that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach," cast envious eyes upon the way things are done at the home of the president.

Caterers who previous to the coming of Mrs. Taft had found the White House their best patron, bewailed the lost trade. No matter how perfect their wares they had no sale at the White House, where Mrs. Jaffray's management made it possible for "home cooking" to hold the boards against all comers. The biggest fete planned, as for instance, the silver wedding celebration of the President and Mrs. Taft, as well as the tiniest luncheon served, were provided for down in the big White House kitchens. It was all done so easily that it looked like child's play.

Highwayman, Dressed as Woman, Aids in Hold-Up

TWO highwaymen, one attired as a stylish young woman, held up John McLain, of 1108 Florida avenue, Northeast, he told the police of the Ninth precinct the other night, and at the point of a revolver demanded his cash and jewelry.

McLain was going to his home, when he was accosted at Montello avenue and Morse street Northeast by two men, one dressed in woman's clothes. Both had their faces smeared with lampblack. The one in man's clothes pointed a revolver at McLain, and demanded his money. He only had 25 cents, so the highwayman took that, and pointing his revolver at McLain told him to "beat it." McLain did.

Hastily turning a corner, he met Policeman Steele about to mount the steps of the Ninth precinct station. "There's a couple of hold-ups down the street," he yelled at Steele. The bluecoat piled the pair about four blocks away and started after them on the double-quick. The two heard his footsteps and vanished around a corner. No more was seen of them.

Before they disappeared, however, Policeman Steele saw the "woman" pick up "her" skirts and do 100 yards in about ten flat. Underneath the skirts "she" had on a serviceable pair of trousers.

McLain expressed doubt as to his ability to identify the pair should they be arrested. He said the lampblack they had on their faces made it difficult to remember their features. In addition, the beskirted member of the team had on a heavy veil.

A blue broadcloth suit, furs and muff, tan shoes, and a big black picture hat comprised the attire of the one who masqueraded as a woman.

The police are wondering just what the game was.

IN THE WORLD OF WORK

Matters of Interest for Those Who Toil With Brain or Hands

RICHES FROM WASTE

Showing How Opportunity Came to Man, Unfortunate, But With Eyes Open and Mind Clear.

NEVER THOUGHT OF GIVING UP

Reduced to About Lowest Grade of Manual Labor, Writer Tells Manner in Which He Sought and Fought Way to Comparative Affluence.

Five years ago, through circumstances over which I had no control, I was forced to sweep the streets to gain a meager livelihood, relates Courtney Ryley in the Chicago Tribune. Not that I was suited for that business but because one reverse after another had sent me from position to position until at last I was in the lowly place I occupied. But I did not give up. I knew things would be right after a while and it was my duty to myself and my family to make that time come just as soon as possible. And therefore as I worked my mind was struggling for the idea that would take me up in the world again. It was bound to come sooner or later, and at last it arrived.

First of all had come the announcement that one of the big newspapers of the city intended to start its own paper mill. As soon as the business was ready for the hiring of men I was on hand with my application, but there were too many before me. I lost out.

I went back to my work a little disconsolate. It was a windy day and papers were blowing about the streets everywhere. They nettled me. Then they set me thinking. Paper can be made from paper. The mill which was to be started would be glad to buy material which might be combined with wood pulp to make a cheap product. The idea stayed with me all day. I knew the human habit of allowing papers to collect in the household against the bonfire day. I knew also that these papers could be bought for almost nothing.

That night I went to see the superintendent of the mill, which was to start operations within two weeks, and obtained from him a promise to buy all the old newspapers which I might be able to furnish him. The next day began a skirmish for money for the carrying out of my plans. I needed a hundred dollars with which to buy a horse and wagon. This I borrowed in lots of from five to fifty and on time from thirty days to three months. Then I started work. From house to house I went collecting the old newspapers which had been piled in obscure corners, in attics, or in cellars, and hurrying them to the paper mill.

Within a month I was able to pay back part of the money I had borrowed. Then I went to other places and borrowed money that I might buy another horse and have enough left over to trade in my little wagon and pay the difference for a larger one. With increased facilities making lost time on hauling smaller I naturally was able to make more money. Demand for the papers was great, and the supply even exceeded the demand. All that had been needed was a means of getting the papers to the mill where they could be reboiled and mixed with the crushed pulp and put forth as clean white paper. This was the need I filled.

As I said in the beginning, it was five years ago when I started. Strange as it may seem, in that time I have had no competitors, and I therefore occupy a field which is growing larger and more productive to me. At the end of the first year I had gained a position where I could afford to hire another and own a second team and wagon. Now at the end of five years, instead of the teams I once owned I have two motor trucks and my regular customers all over the city from whom I collect papers. The business is paying me a profit of nearly $400 a month.

MUST BE ABLE TO DO

WORLD WANTS MEN CAPABLE OF ACCOMPLISHING THINGS.

Generally Speaking, to Say a Thing "Can't Be Done" Is to Confess One's Weakness.

There are plenty of men in this world, old and young, who can tell us that a thing CAN'T be done, and a very few who tell us that it CAN be. The men who CAN'T outnumber the men who CAN 50 to 1, and some of the men who CAN'T, cannot perform the task after they have been shown how to do it. This is why the man who CAN is in demand, and paid a premium for his services.

The man who CAN'T may lack training, knowledge, courage and confidence in himself. He may be as honest and sincere as the man who CAN, but he does not deliver the goods. On the other hand, the man who CAN, out of his training, knowledge, resourcefulness and self-confidence, generally brings to bear on the problem something that he has learned from experience. He is, therefore, a man of initiative. He tackles the proposition.

A few weeks ago there was a train wrecked on a western railroad. A locomotive and several cars were derailed, and the engineer was pinned beneath his ponderous machine. Attached to the train was the private car of the superintendent of the road, who hastened forward to see what could be done for the relief of the injured man. The superintendent was told time and again that methods suggested by him could not be carried out. He had just emphatically declared that something MUST be done to extricate the engineer, when a young man in the uniform of a trainman, respectfully replied: "If you please, sir, I can do it." The young man had studied the situation thoroughly, and was confident of his ability to pull that engineer out. What was more, he went about doing it, directing men to bring him a piece of broken rail, others to bring him a large stone to which he pointed, and still others to do this and that. In a very few minutes the young man pulled the engineer out from under the locomotive. He was a man who CAN.

And it is just in such emergencies as this that the man who CAN is of greatest value to somebody. Ordinary conditions demand only ordinary men. Extraordinary conditions require extraordinary men. Extraordinary conditions are liable to happen any time, and it was for that reason the superintendent of that railroad relieved this modest flagman of his duties, and sent him to an engineering school while the scores of men who stood about, the men who said the thing could not be done, received no further attention.

SONG OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE

There's an army of dwarfs who inhabit this world,
And from them an echo comes twisted and twirled:
Their ways are a menace, their god is a grit,
Their existence a show;
"We want to be big, we want to be big—
But we don't want to grow!"

Their gaudy apparel is ragged and worn,
Their mantles are tattered, their laces are torn;
And yet drifts the chorus all nature has lonified,
And heard but to grieve:
"We want to be clothed, we want to be clothed—
But we don't want to weave!"

Their houses are poverty-stricken and old
Their windows are broken, their hearthstones are cold;
And yet comes their cry in hysterical pitch,
To the tune of a jig:
"We want to be rich, we want to be rich—
But we don't want to dig!"

Their minds are a mockery, gossip is rife,
Their pulses are empty, their days filled with strife;
Yet e'er from among them complainings arise,
And jealousies burn:
"We want to be wise, we want to be wise—
But we don't want to learn!"

They grovel and grumble in sore discontent,
They struggle and ache with internal dissent;
They shudder and quiver and wrangle and hate
And cry as they shriek:
"We want to be great, we want to be great—
But we don't want to work!"
—Lilia B. N. Weston in National Magazine.

In cheerfulness is the success of our efforts.

Power in Appearance.

You are usually judged by the way you look, and you usually look the way you feel. But you can feel the way you like and you can live in any mental attitude you like. Therefore, discard all attitudes of inferiority. Never think of yourself as inferior. Never appear as if you were inferior. The mind and body should be well dressed, especially the mind. If you think of yourself as common, you will look common; and he who habitually thinks of himself as common becomes common.

Call Out Change.

There is no situation so exasperating to everybody concerned as a dispute with a customer about wrong change. To avoid trouble call back the amount the customer hands you in payment for the purchase, and do it every time.

SEEN AND HEARD IN MICHIGAN

Ann Arbor.—Theodore Ash of Salem township, is in the hospital here with two wounds, one through an arm and the other through the hand. Last August Ash was arrested on a serious charge sworn to by a stepdaughter. Ash is out on bail. After his release from jail he went back home to live, and three weeks ago his wife caused his arrest for assault and battery. He was let off with payment of costs, but warned by the justice not to go onto his wife's farm again. Mrs. Ash's twenty-seven-year old son saw Ash in the barn and rushed into the house, returning with a revolver. Ash alleges he fired twice in quick succession. Ash's own son was with him and, after bandaging the old man's wound as best he could, they drove 12 miles to Plymouth and then took the interurban. Unless blood poisoning sets in Ash will recover.

Monroe.—At the Presbyterian church the local commandery Knights Templar, presented a past eminent commander's jewels to Fred H. Humphrey, C. B. Southworth and C. A. Ilgenfritz. Vocal and instrumental music constituted part of the program and addresses were given by Rev. Mr. Brown of the Methodist church, Rev. Mr. Burns of the Presbyterian church and Rev. Mr. O'Meara of the Episcopal church.

Ionia.—One hundred delegates are attending the five-day sessions of the American Christian Missionary society here at the Church of Christ. Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois and other states are represented. It is the first time the society ever met in Michigan and Sunday school methods of teaching are being discussed.

Battle Creek.—After coming from St. Johns to visit his son, Frank Post, of this city, Leonard Post, aged seventy years, dropped dead within two blocks of the residence. His body was taken to the home of strangers and identified by letters. He was a prominent resident of St. Johns. The body will be shipped to the old home for burial.

Grand Rapids.—At the annual meeting of the Fifth district Dental society here the following officers were elected: President, Dr. Charles H. Lefevre of Muskegon; vice-president, Dr. R. L. Heaston of Grand Rapids; secretary, Dr. Aren Vyn of Grand Haven; treasurer, Dr. Claude Hathaway of Ionia. The next annual meeting will be held in Muskegon. A banquet was given in honor of Dr. James H. Prothero of Chicago, who made an address.

Port Huron.—The police arrested Warren Galbraith on a charge of being implicated in the theft of $2,000 worth of diamonds from Mrs. J. G. Philpott, wife of a local wholesale dealer. The gems were stolen some time ago, and most of them have since been recovered in pawnshops in Detroit, Toledo and elsewhere. The arrest of Galbraith took place in Detroit after his release from the house of correction.

South Haven.—The Masonic lodge of this city contemplates the erection of a new temple to cost approximately $30,000, and to be located upon one of several centrally located sites now being considered. The new building will be of brick, with handsome banquet halls, retiring rooms, reception and lodge rooms and second to none in a city of this size in the state.

Adrian.—A jury in the circuit court awarded Dr. Louis J. Marshall of this city $11,255.75 for injuries which he claimed to have received in a wreck on the Wabash railroad near Britton five years ago. The trial just completed was the third in which Doctor Marshall has presented his claim against the Wabash, and the verdict was the largest rendered by any one of the three juries. The jury in the first trial in 1909, rendered a verdict for $9,937, the second, in 1911, a verdict for $7,560.27.

Alpena.—George Townsend, eighteen years old, was instantly killed at the plant of the Fletcher Paper company, when he slipped into a roll grinder. His head was crushed by a blow from one of the spokes of the wheel, which was running at the rate of 40 revolutions a minute. Townsend was an apprentice machinist in the paper mill and had been employed there about two years. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Townsend, two brothers and two sisters.

St. Joseph.—The Frasier livery barn was destroyed by fire. The building was a landmark. Thirteen horses were saved from the flames. The loss will approximate $5,000.

Croswell.—Rev. B. F. Lewis, pastor of the M. E. church at Sandusky, was instantly killed when an automobile he was driving skidded on the ice into a deep ditch and turned turtle. The man, who was about forty-eight years of age, was alone and was found dead by some farmers who were hauling hay to the Sandusky markets. His skull had been crushed. Mr. Lewis came to Sandusky about two years ago from Port Huron, where he was pastor of the South Park M. E. church. He is survived by his widow and two children.

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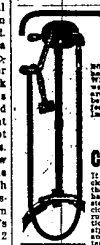

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Not Informed.

"What do you think of the war?"

"What war?"

"The war in Tripoli."

"I really can't say. I haven't seen any of the films."

VOICED ALL THEIR THOUGHTS

Office Boy the Only One of the Crowd of "Mourners" Who Was Truthful in His Speech.

The treasurer of the bank was dead. Word had just been received over the telephone. It was shortly after business hours, and as if by common consent, all of the employes gathered together in a little group.

"I feel as though I had lost a brother," said the assistant treasurer.

"I shall never get over it," added the cashier.

"It makes me sick," whispered the paying teller.

"It is very, very terrible," murmured the receiving teller.

"I shall think about it all night," remarked the bookkeeper.

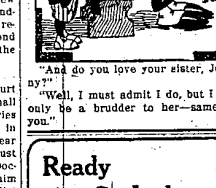
"It's awful—awful!" said the clerks.

There was a moment's silence, then the errand boy spoke.

"I wonder who'll get the job?" he chirped.

Everybody gave an involuntary start. The errand boy had been a mind reader.—Puck.

SAME CLASS.



"And do you love your sister, Johnny?"

"Well, I must admit I do, but I can only be a brudder to her—same as you."

Ready Cooked Meals
are rapidly growing in popular favor.
Post Toasties
served either with cream or good milk, or preserved fruit, make a most appetizing dish for breakfast, dinner, or supper.
These delicious toasted flaky bits of white corn have a delicate taste that is very pleasing at this time of year.
Post Toasties are economical, make less work for the busy housewife and please everyone at the table.
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