

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

An Unending Procession of Many Strange Gifts



the earth to find a plausible excuse to get by the watchful eye of the secret service and Secretary Tumulty and take the "little token of affection and esteem" to the president in person.

If the distance is too great for the giver to reach Washington—or if he has no acquaintance here—or if he cannot prevail upon his congressman to present the gift for him—it will be reluctantly turned to the tender mercies of the express companies or the mails. During the present administration the favorite method of sending the smaller articles to the White House was by the parcel post.

Larger packages from unknown senders are always opened at a safe distance from the executive rooms, to provide against unpleasant possibilities.

The nature of the gifts varies in such a way that the president might possess a good start toward collecting a museum of curiosities or even establishing a useful and interesting library to accumulate every few weeks. Just for the sake of variety a mud turtle, sent by admirers on the eastern shore of Maryland, was kindly wrapped in the morning's mail one day not long ago. The reptile had not been harmed in any way and was immediately turned loose in the expansive of the White House grounds, where he may thrive for many years.

WASHINGTON.—Thousands of gifts, from millionaire and laboring man, constantly remind President Wilson that, though he is constitutionally precluded from receiving presents from prince, potentate or flaxen power, the people of his own country do not forget him. In unending procession the gifts have come.

The stream of gifts to the new presidential estate on the day of his inauguration has not abated. It will continue with more or less intermission until the day he comes to his presidential residence in the United States. The gifts are marked by a variety of choice that is truly amazing.

These random friends of the chief executive do not confine the mediums by which the gifts are sent to any one carrier. In fact, the methods chosen to send these, large and small, are almost as varied as the gifts themselves. A favorite method is the old and tried "personal messenger" plan, whereby strenuous efforts are made to deliver the gift in person. The messenger, of course, is the very heaven as well as

Grave and Logical Treatise on Reformed Sea Talk

It has been gravely and logically proved that the substitution of "wig" and "hat" for "spearboard" and "pump" in the navy makes it much easier for the uneducated man to learn to speak. More many other changes could be made with a similar end in view.

For instance it surely must rasp the nerves of the green landsman on a voyage to hear an officer during sea drill say that the command "St. Verre." Has much better to be used for the officer to say in a bland and soothing voice, "Gentlemen, will you be kind enough to come to order."

The next command is always been "Chart loose and provide." This has a much better, "How about, brethren? I would be so say, 'Friends, brethren, this piece of artillery for use against the enemy and bring up the ammunition from the magazines."

During the silent watches of the night one hears on the warships now very distinctive in this:

"Headboard there!"

"How does that light bear now?"

"Two points and a quarter of the starboard bow, sir."

"Shouldn't it be better if it were something like this:



"Friend Jones, are you awake?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"Well, then, will you be kind enough to tell me in what direction you see that light?"

"The line of its direction, sir, is about thirty feet to the right of the flag pole on the front end of the ship."

And when the lookout first sees the light, instead of dropping the brusque exclamation, "Light, ho!" down on the deck like an anarchist's bomb, why shouldn't he melliflously ejaculate, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I see a light."

More power to Josephus Daniels and his policy. With a little diligence and patience such terms as "slush-bucket," "saggy," "handy-billy," "Johnny Legs" and "gangway" may be translated into English that any land-lubber, in the navy or outside it can understand.

Only One Who Could See All That Was Going On



A SOCIAL atmosphere was given to an Avenue car by the majority of the passengers, who were obviously out for an early evening ride.

The one serious person aboard was the motorman, who kept a firm grip on his lever and looked ahead with unwavering eye.

Each time the car stopped for a minute to let passengers get on or off people castled across the track without the least apparent fear of being run over, and even when the stopping was making along women who were only a few yards ahead would spiral in front of it as if they roared in the risk—not counting an occasional man who looked as if he

might be sensible enough to realize the disadvantages of injury or sudden death. This reckless flirtation with danger surprised at least one passenger who sat on a front seat and could see what was going on.

"Say, motorman, I'm a stranger in this burg. What's the matter with the people here, taking chances as if the car couldn't hurt 'em if it tried? First thing you know, you're going to be stopped by an inhabitant or two under the wheel. Do you folks go on like this as a regular thing? And don't you ever have to make use of your coroner?"

"Habit, I guess. I suppose they know we are keeping a sharp lookout all the time. When I've come near an accident I can't sleep well for nights thinking of it—hi there!"

The motorman stopped his just-started car with a mighty wrench that jerked it to a standstill.

Otherwise a young person in white rattle, with high-heeled slippers and a floppy Panama, would have had her name in the papers next day.

In the death notices.

Family of 13 Triumphs Over Civil Service Law

THIS is a story of how a meritorious case and a family of thirteen won one over the civil service law. After six years of waiting, Richard T. Underwood of Pennsylvania has almost reached the goal of a promotion to a higher position.

A backslider, Mr. Underwood missed in 1927 an examination that entitled him to appointment in the government printing office at \$4,400 a year.

There was no vacancy, but his family, consisting of a wife and ten children, required support, so he accepted the place of laborer in the post office department at \$200 a year.

Underwood was promoted Feb. 1, 1930, to an assistant messenger's position at \$120 a year.

It was discovered that before he could be promoted to a higher salary, which he desired, in Mr. Underwood's opinion, it would be necessary for him to pass another civil service examination. Lack of education, in his case, this impossible, so Mr.

YOU HAVE THIRTEEN GOOD REASONS FOR THIS RAISE

Hillycock wrote the facts to the president, urging that Underwood be excepted from the requirement because of his value to the department, and the eleven other reasons, the wife and ten children. July 27, 1932, Taft directed his promotion without examination.

Governor Dockery recommended Underwood's promotion to \$1,000 a year. Secretary Postmaster General Burleson has made the necessary order. Meadine a daughter, born in February, increased Underwood's family to thirteen.

HAD PREMONITION OF DEATH

New Jersey Man's Fear of Coming Disaster Laughed at by Comrades, but It Was Verified.

John Hueselmann, superintendent of a lumber yard in Harrison, N. J., started home after a day of intense worry through fear of impending disaster. His premonition caused several of the workmen to deride him. John Hueselmann of Newark led in the scolding.

As Hueselmann was passing a 40-foot-high pile of heavy timbers, Hueselmann, who was at work on top, uttered a warning cry and leaped to the ground. As he did so the great bulk of lumber wavered and toppled over. Hueselmann was buried beneath the mass and was instantly killed. Bissell, by his leap, avoided the crumbling pile and landed just beyond the timbers.

The fall, however, resulted in his receiving numerous fractures and he was removed in a critical condition to St. Michael's hospital.

A crowded trolley car was passing the lumber yard at the time. The passengers, many of them workmen on their way home, rushed to the spot and began moving the timbers. It was half an hour before Hueselmann's mangled body was extricated.

Woman's Way.

"John," she said, "I have an awful pain in my right side. I'm afraid it's appendicitis."

"Are you?" he replied, without looking up from his paper.

"John," she wailed a moment later, "it's getting worse."

"It's getting worse," he said, still interested in the sporting page.

"John," she demanded, "why don't you worry?"

"I'm worrying, darn it! That's the way with you women. It doesn't make any difference how hard a man worries, you're never satisfied unless he makes a note about it."

Tongue-Tied.

"Money talks."

"I know, but my husband has an impediment in his tongue."

A man should be a credit to himself, but he wants a little cash thrown in.

When Ex-President Taft Was Married.

It was formerly a pleasant custom of society reporters to indulge in predictions as to the glorious future of the happy pair. A journalistic prophet of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, in writing of the wedding of Miss Helen L. Horton, daughter of John W. Herron, to William Howard Taft, which occurred twenty-seven years ago, had this to say:

"William H. Taft is one of the young men of the city who may be depended upon in public affairs. He is one of the highest standing of the graduates of Yale, and his 'original powers, perfect integrity and courage and correct instincts, as well as thorough information, have made him useful, won for him the friendships and enmities of most complimentary, and opened for him a career that has the highest promise of great distinction."

Her Lucky Day.

Frances is only a little girl, but she has a quick mind and the gift of language that sometimes distinguishes children who associate much with their elders. The other day Frances came home to her mother with cheeks like roses and eyes like stars.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, happily, "I've had the best luck this morning! I got downtown just at the psychological moment!"

"Did you, dear?" was mother's pleased inquiry. "And what happened?"

Said Frances, solemnly: "I saw a parade."

Horrible Thought.

Senator Borah of Idaho tells this story of how a psychologist and medical professor was received in a small town in his state:

The professor was talking to a young society but about the possibilities of the journeying of one's soul.

"Did you, dear?" was mother's pleased inquiry. "And what happened?"

Said Frances, solemnly: "I saw a parade."

"What's the matter, Parker? You have been here such a short time?"

"Yes, sir. But you see when you engaged me, I thought you was a paragon and champagne people; but when I found out that you eat cabbage, carrots and such like common vegetables, and drinks beer, I see, see, I see here ain't no place for a sensitive person like me. So I must leave you. I can't breathe a berry atmosphere."

We know a persistent salesman who wonders if it would be worth while to show St. Peter the latest card index system.

Some men are kept so busy maintaining their dignity that they never have time to do anything else.

Introduction Needed.

"Housekeeping," said a pessimistic New York bachelor, "will soon be a lost art—in this town, at any rate."

"What makes you think that?" asked a woman friend.

"Do you know what eggplant looks like before it is cooked?" was his apparently irrelevant reply.

"No-no," the woman replied. "I don't believe I do."

"Right there," said the bachelor, "you have an answer to your own question. If you were the only woman who didn't know raw eggplant when you saw it, or if eggplant was the only raw vegetable you were not acquainted with, I would have no grounds for the assertion; but I have it on the authority of restaurant proprietors and marketmen that half the women who eat all their meals out could not call eggplant, saffron, parsnips, kohlrabi, and most of the turnip family by name if they met them face to face. Is that true?"

"I'm afraid it is," the woman acknowledged. "But most men wouldn't recognize them, either."

"Oh," said the bachelor, "that's different. We are not supposed to be up in such things."

Sensitive "Jeems."

The Nurlitches were very proud of the English butter they brought back with them, and so, you may suppose, they were not a little annoyed when, at the end of a month, he gave them notice.

"What's the matter, Parker? You have been here such a short time?"

"Yes, sir. But you see when you engaged me, I thought you was a paragon and champagne people; but when I found out that you eat cabbage, carrots and such like common vegetables, and drinks beer, I see, see, I see here ain't no place for a sensitive person like me. So I must leave you. I can't breathe a berry atmosphere."

Richness Personified.

Key-Fader, who tells a "pluribus."

Fader—One of dem tellers dot's so rich he needn't to fail any more—

Natural.

"As such as I approach a baker for my enterprise he flies from me."

"Well, don't you think it the natural thing for an 'angel' to fly?"

Our friends are generally willing to take our part, and theirs, too.



A "Get Acquainted" Offer

(In Michigan only)

A Package of Post Toasties FREE

With a Package of Grape-Nuts

You get acquainted with the winsome flavor of Post Toasties without it costing you a penny. Just order from your grocer a package of Grape-Nuts at the regular price, 15c, and say:

"Package of Post Toasties FREE"

and along will come a full-size package of these delightful toasted bits of Indian Corn—with our compliments—while they last.

The complimentary supply is limited. Everybody is to have a "get acquainted" package—so your grocer has only one free package for each customer. They'll be snapped up in a jiffy—

If you want a free package, be quick!

Grape-Nuts is the ideal food made of whole wheat and malted barley. Digests easily. Builds sturdy muscles and keen brains.

Both Post Toasties and Grape-Nuts are perfectly cooked at the factory and ready to eat from the package.

Served with cream and sugar—or fruit juice—Post Toasties and Grape-Nuts are deliciously appetizing and wholesome.