

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON

General Wood's Daughter an Accomplished Rider

WASHINGTON.—She hoped to go to France with her father, Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, former chief of the army staff. Now that he is not, his charming daughter, Louisa Wood, is a very much disappointed young woman. Athletic, fond of all sorts of outdoor sports, Miss Wood, when she was twelve years old, set a record for long-distance riding for girls. In October in 1913 she galloped into Fort Myer, Va., with her father and Col. H. C. Heston at the end of the last 45-mile dash of a 90-mile ride. Ever since she has set the pace in hard and long-distance riding for girls. Miss Wood is about eighteen years old.



From the time she could walk Louisa has been a rider. She learned horsemanship from the troopers at Fort Myer and soon became as proficient a rider as any of them.

Always a favorite with the men, she grew up spending half her time around the stables, never so happy as when with the horses.

From her father she inherits a naturally robust physique, for General Wood even today is a powerful man, and in his youth was one of the finest all-round athletes in the army.

That first long ride she undertook when a twelve-year-old girl was when her father and Colonel Heston were obliged to ride that distance in compliance with army regulation to the effect that such a trip be made by officers once a year in the army test.

It has been indicated that Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, who has been left without a permanent command since he was denied overseas service, might command the American forces. Although only a major general and ranked by March and Pershing, who have the rank of general by brevet, General Wood is by seniority the ranking general officer of the United States army. If chosen to lead the American force he might, as a matter of courtesy, be given supreme command of the expedition.

One Man Who Might Have Evaded His Military Duty

LOST chords a-plenty, but how about lost questionnaires? Ever since the war department made the questionnaire well known to 10,000,000 young men and all their parents and friends there has been wonder on the part of some as to whether one of those millions of documents might get lost some time.



Each of the approximately 5,000 local boards of the nation guards its questionnaires with its life, of course, but since local boards are composed of human beings, and since even the greatest of human beings is not perfect, well—why say more?

I have at last heard of a lost questionnaire.

Right here in Washington, too. It seems that a certain registrant left the city and was working on necessary government work in a nearby community. The work he was engaged in gave him good ground for deferred classification.

But he got tired of the work and came back to the national capital. He secured himself a position in the fire department, I am told, and the very first day meandered down to his local board to ask about his standing in the draft.

It may as well be stated right here that this man was willing to go to camp any time called upon.

His local board members and the clerical force began to hunt up his questionnaire. But they couldn't find it high or low.

"The questionnaire was lost, that was all. We wouldn't have known we had you on the rolls," said a member. "But, now that you're here, we'll send you to camp tomorrow."

Ever Hear of a Sparrow That Had Sense of Gratitude?

THE sparrow that adopted a man also may be added to your list of worthies. This natural biped, being but a few weeks old, had his motor go back on him one day in a downtown street and fell into the gutter. A kind man saw the fall and hurried to the scene of the disaster. The little sparrow winked his bright eyes, and growled in pain. Didn't you ever hear a sparrow growl? No? Well, what has that got to do with the story, anyway? While you are thinking up the answers to these three questions let us follow the man and the sparrow.



The man picked up the half-starved little fellow and carried him to his home. He took him to his room and fed him bread crumbs soaked in milk.

Soon the sparrow revived. He grew fat. In four days he could fly around the room at a lively rate.

"You are old enough now to take to your elemental heath," said the man. But the sparrow would not leave him.

The bird insisted on perching on his shoulder and even wanted to travel down to the office that way.

In order to escape from him the man had to suddenly dart from the room and close the door with speed.

The last I heard of the sparrow he was sitting out in a tree waiting for his master to come home.

Hezekiah Got Some Satisfaction for His Beating

A LONG time ago in a turpentine camp in the South, Lloyd Jackson and Hezekiah Brown had a falling out. The scrap was never settled because Hez got cold feet and ran away. Several weeks ago Lloyd got wind of the fact that Hez was in town working on a government building.



He snooped around the man for a few days—but Hez always had a stick or something in his hand and Lloyd was afraid to tackle him.

Thursday evening while the parade was going on, Lloyd detailed his girl, Ann Crump, to lure Hez within striking distance.

Hez was bound to fall for this and he did. Anne was only a few minutes in persuading Hez to leave the town.

He was with and follow her. She lured him into a house in southwest Washington and whispered some poisonous language in his ears. And when she was sure that he had no gun or razor on him, she gave Lloyd the signal. He came in from a back room and jumped on Hez and almost beat him to a jelly.

The woman disappeared, otherwise Hez would have had her arrested also. Because he was mad about the way in which he had been trapped.

However, the court avenged him. Lloyd got 60 days—and if Anne ever shows up she will get hers, too.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAY HEN

"MOLLY WELLINGTON."

"Cluck, cluck, cluck, I am Molly Wellington."

"And why are you so proud of being Molly Wellington?" asked Miss Gray Hen.

"My dear Miss Hen, you are not nearly as clever as you should be."

"Perhaps not," said Miss Gray Hen. "I don't suppose anyone or any creature is as clever as possible. And I am quite sure I'm not, but then I don't mind. I'm happy, cluck, cluck, and it's far better to be happy than it is to be clever. A creature may be clever and very unhappy. I've often known that to be the case."

"Perhaps," said Molly Wellington, "but then a creature may be clever and happy, too. Isn't that perfect?"

"That would be nice, I admit," said Miss Gray Hen.

"That is what I am," said Molly Wellington, "and my name is fine, too, isn't it?"

"I suppose it's all right, as names go," said Miss Gray Hen.

"What do you mean by saying that my name is all right as names go? That shows you are even more stupid than I thought."

"Why?" asked Miss Gray Hen.

"Because names don't go," said Molly Wellington. "Names haven't legs and feet with which to walk and run and play. Names are quiet things—they are simply names."

"That's bright, indeed," said Miss Gray Hen, smiling in her funny hen way. "but I never for a moment said that names were not names. Of course they are. I'm bright enough to know that."

"But you said that you supposed my name was all right as names went, and I am trying to correct you from saying anything so incorrect again."

"My dear Molly Wellington, you of the fine name," said Miss Gray Hen, "I didn't mean that names went running around in circles, or along driveways, or through fields. I meant that as a saying. I meant that your name was."

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HOME TOWN HELPS

DRAINAGE AND PURE WATER

Two Essentials for the Wellbeing of Every Town, and All Too Often Neglected.

In the majority of towns there are now efficient drainage and sewerage systems, and proper means of disposal. There are yet many towns without an efficient system. Many large country villages also have no system, and the conditions are most unsatisfactory. These places do not bother about it; they seem content to go on in their own "sweet way." They will not hear of any scheme. Those responsible look upon themselves as economists; yet their economy is but false, and their interest a "pocket one," the welfare and wellbeing of the people being the last consideration. A pure and efficient water supply is another essential for all places, yet we have many small towns and villages without it. Water is taken from defective and impure sources, while wells are close to cesspools and drainage from cattle yards, and other fouled surfaces have access to them. This is often due to the faulty construction of the well or cesspool. What appears to have happened is this—two holes were dug, and lined with dry-laid bricks, one being called the well and the other the cesspool. Can we wonder at disease being rampant? We also find the water supply taken from an open pond, full of mud and growth, and often a drain pipe discharging its contents into it. Many small towns and villages view with disfavor aid are up in arms if an efficient system of sewers, sewage disposal, or water supply is suggested. They will tell you that their arrangements have sufficed for the past and no ill results have occurred; the inhabitants, they say, live as long as they like; and yet facts prove otherwise. In places where proper systems have been installed the death rate is lowered, infant mortality reduced, infectious disease eradicated, or nearly so, and the general health bettered.—From the Architect and Contract Reporter.

TREES GIVEN PROPER CARE

Massachusetts Municipalities Praised by Writer in National Municipal Review for Good Work.

Springfield, Mass., is a striking example of the fine results of a municipality making it its business to care for its trees. Walk up State street from Main. Note the majestic elms on this broad highway. As you pass the intersecting streets, look north and south on each and see, as far as eye can reach to left and right, the towering rows of lofty trees waving their green tops in the breeze, the sun glinting through the verdant roof that forms an arch high up above the road. The like amplitude of stately old trees, some of them of century age, adorns all the older residence districts of Springfield; while "on the hill" where the city is spreading toward the east the newly opened streets are glorious with young trees. Both old trees and young are thriving. No tree that is dead, or unsightly past remedy, is allowed to stand. The city takes it down forthwith. The most sedulous care is bestowed on all trees, whether old or young. All this, remember, by the municipality itself, through its city forester. Appropriations for tree work are generous. The like policy prevails, and the like results are manifest, in nearly all the municipalities of Massachusetts.—National Municipal Review.

Keep Money in Town.

Plant your town so as to discourage the movement of the people into outside uncontrolled areas for purposes of buying supplies, so that the man who wants your people's trade must establish his store on your land and come with his family and clerks to live in your town. Make it, in other words, a self-contained and self-sufficient town by every legitimate device. If possible, make shopping attractive by the provision of a good store center, lights, arcades, etc., so as to draw trade from the neighboring villages and farms. Your commercial values will be your "velvet" and you can make your Main street frontages worth \$500 a front foot.

Sensitive Instruments.

There are instruments made by the hands of men which surpass the eye in keenness and rival the nose. The spectroscope is generally considered one of the most perfect instruments. It will detect the presence of one-hundred-millionth of an ounce of sodium. The electrocope, however, is more than a million times more sensitive than the spectroscope, and will detect one thirty-five-thousandth of an ounce of radium, as been in the employment of the U. S. Army Signal Corps. The bolometer will register the heat of a candle a mile and distant.

Where Palms Should Be Placed.

Palms are stately plants and should be used where stateliness is mainly need emphasis. This is in curved or winding streets or roads. As the latter are necessarily in they are always best planted roadside groupings.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

In its issue of July 8, 1918, the Red Cross Bulletin, issued at Washington, has the following account of the heroism of Red Cross nurses under fire:

"Private A. C. McLeod, the first American soldier to be wounded in France, was hurt when the Germans bombed a Red Cross hospital. He owes his life, he believes, to the Red Cross nurse who stuck by him in the shattered ward, and saw that he had prompt surgical attention. Two of the nurses were wounded by the same bomb that hurt Mr. McLeod, but the rest of the women, it was stated, were as cool as the men. Here is his own story in which it will be noticed the Red Cross nurse is given the principal place:

"Our hospital, a British-American one in Flanders, was bombed the night of September 4, last. I was working in this hospital, at which I had been assigned to the transportation section. The patients who could do so went to the bomb-proof cellar when the air raid opened, but there were a number of soldiers so badly wounded that they could not be moved. A number of nurses stayed with the soldiers, and I remained to help.

"Suddenly, a bomb made a direct hit and exploded nearby. It pretty nearly cleaned out the hospital. My legs were smashed to a pulp and I was raving with pain. I won't describe the scene about me, for that would be too horrible. A nurse stayed by my side. She stuck to me and saw that I had prompt attention, and I probably owe my life to the immediate amputation which was ordered. The bombing of this hospital cost one nurse an eye, and another a foot. The rest of the nurses were as cool as the men. I can't say too much for the work of the American Red Cross in France."

Here is something from the Central Division Bulletin, published at Chicago, which needs to be considered just now: **Willing Workers Only.**

"The growing seriousness of conditions respecting transportation, housing, et cetera, prompt the suggestion

that the war countries of Europe are no place at present for persons without definite business of actual value to war or war relief work.

"The war council of the American Red Cross announces that the Red Cross commissions abroad do not desire any person to enter into foreign service except upon the explicit understanding that they shall be ready at any and all times to undertake any service and in any place, subject to the control and direction of the Red Cross officials under whom they are serving; and that, until further order by the war council, no person shall be sent to service with the Red Cross abroad for the purpose merely of inspecting the work, with the intention of using the results of such inspection for lecture or literary material."

White Silk Vails.

Pure silk vails in white, rather coarse mesh, come in large rectangular shape, to be thrown gracefully over the brim of summer sailors; the mesh, quite open over the face and hat, grows finer at the bottom of the veil, and a sprawling flower design is woven into this finer mesh. These white silk veils give a dressy effect to the sport or semisport costume, and they are very graceful, floating about in a summer breeze. Best of all, they may be washed in soap and water and dried in one's room overnight. If pinned out while damp over a pillow they require no ironing.

White Stock Covered.

For, although the colored organdie collar-and-cuff set prevails, it is not the only type of neckwear in vogue at present. Very different from it, but equally popular, perhaps, is the severe, high, white stock now in fashion. This stock is made from heavy material—usually linen or duck; it is uncomfortably high, and is fitted with two strips at the back which are to be brought around to the front, looped over once and field in place with a stick pin or snapper.

Equipped for Beach and Swimming



Little children take to the water like ducklings and ought to be given a chance to learn to swim, wherever their lot may be cast. This is an essential part of their education and might well be a part of public school instruction, as gymnastics are, since safety and assurance and pleasure in the water in after life depend upon it. Some youngsters learn so early that they hardly remember the time. Boys, who like to travel in gangs, shift for themselves if there is any water in walking distance that will give them a chance for water sports, and teach one another how to swim, often by heroic methods. Girls make fine swimmers, and certainly ought to be given a chance to learn at the earliest time.

Many others when the benches are crowded, as well as keep the hair dry. Many of the suits are blue, with bands in white and in strong colors. Bright green, banded with white, and bright orange banded with black are favorites this season. With these usually there are rubber caps to match, made in many ways, so that watching mothers may easily keep an eye on the particular head that is her care.

Most youngsters are barefooted unless the beach is rocky, in which case soft cloth shoes protect them. Some suits are provided with a knitted sand, matching its border in color, and finished with yarn tassels, but it is merely for ornament and not needed. It is a pretty embellishment, however, that gives tone to the plain little suit, as may be gathered from the picture.

Julia Bottonby

Creating Space.

By creating legitimate places for possessions that otherwise would be out of place one can gain an effect of spaciousness and order, and give even small city quarters the capacity to hold a great deal without seeming crowded.