

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Warning Issued Against False Weather Prophets

WASHINGTON.—The department of agriculture of the United States has issued a warning to the public against credence in so-called new systems, astrological and otherwise, of forecasting weather conditions. Belief in these systems, the notice asserts, often proves disastrous to farmers and other folk whose enterprises are affected by atmospheric or other weather conditions. The warning against these fallacies says:

"The latest misrepresentation of this character now being presented to the people of the country is an alleged new system of long-range weather forecasting said to be based on the rifts and spottedness of the sun and its shafts of solar radiation. When the disk of the sun is minutely examined with powerful telescopes, or when photographed with the aid of the modern spectroheliograph the surface presents a characteristic spotted appearance which undergoes slight changes from day to day, and greater changes with longer intervals of time, depending upon the well-known rotation of the sun upon its axis and the periodic recurrence of the sunspot maxima and minima."

"These and certain well-known related phenomena are represented to be the basis of the so-called discovery."

"During the past several years the weather bureau has received, in the form of letters, circulars, diagrams and blue prints, full specifications concerning all essential details of this alleged new system of forecasting. The so-called discovery is fully known to the weather bureau and has received fair and impartial study and examination by its scientific staff. Moreover, other scientists of international reputation now connected with the strongest institutions in the world engaged in astronomical research and conducting investigations in solar and terrestrial physics have also passed upon these new theories."

"These authorities are in accord that the deductions and conclusions drawn from the solar conditions on which the new system is based are unwarranted. Solar phenomena of the kind described do not have any direct influence upon the weather at any particular time and place, and, therefore, cannot be made the basis of weather forecasting."

"Spacious references to the moon, to the planets and to the spottedness of the sun and its shafts of radiation alleged to dominate terrestrial weather are but picturesque frameworks upon which to display weather forecasts for sale."

Bill to Regulate Podiatry Stumped Colonel Hall

ABILL to regulate the practice of podiatry in the District of Columbia," Col. L. J. Hall, the chief bill clerk of the house of representatives, scratched his head. This has been the habit of men perplexed since Adam became worried about the insidious activities of the first serpent.

During the years that he has been connected with the billroom of the house, Colonel Hall has handled bills and resolutions covering almost every topic under the sun.

But here was a bill, introduced by Congressman Maher of New York, to curb the practice of podiatry, and proposing, furthermore, "to protect the people from empiricism in relation thereto." The new man in the bill clerk's office averred he didn't know such a thing existed in the District of Columbia, although he'd always had his suspicions. The evils of a city, he complained, pass all understanding.

And then it dawned upon Colonel Hall and the bill clerks!

"Podiatry? Why, that's corn doctoring. You know the corn doctors of our boyhood days?"

Why, of course.

It is but a commentary on the passing of the old order of things. Podiatry, it seems (although few ever knew it was that), must go the way of sassafras tea, bluemass and calomel, fresh-drawn herb juice and the odoriferous asafoetida bag that hung warningly about one's neck.

Just now it is impossible to say why Congressman Maher has gone on the warpath against that American institution—the corn doctor. Perhaps Mr. Maher hasn't a corn; perhaps he has one and it won't come off, or somebody has stepped upon it.

Mrs. Wilson and Flowers of the White House

AS FAR back as one can remember White House châtelaines have been devotees to flowers and have taken great pride in having the bit of ground just back of the right wing planted with the flowers each has liked best. Mrs. Roosevelt chose to have it fitted with so-called old-fashioned flowers, while Mrs. Taft preferred only roses.

The flower associated with Mrs. Wilson is the large orchid, the cultivation of which in this particular garden would be out of the question. Mrs. Wilson has worn the orchid at all society affairs, and, indeed, all times since her engagement to the president was announced. Before that time she was usually seen with great bunches of violets as a corsage bouquet, or the pure white gardenia fastened somewhere to the left of her throat.

The most beautiful foliage as a background for orchids is the maiden-hair fern, which, when separated from the root, wilts so quickly that it must constantly be replenished. It would seem that this has been arranged for in Mrs. Wilson's case by the quantity of potted ferns placed in every available spot throughout the White House. These are sent from the White House conservatories, where they are raised to perfection. There are several varieties of the maiden-hair, each one of which seems to be more beautiful than the others.

The great lawn which stretches from the portico of the White House toward the Potomac is pretty well inclosed in shrubbery and dotted with fine trees of every species. Surrounding the whole place is an iron fence, directly inside of which is a hedge of privet, planted during the administration of President Taft. So rapidly does this favorite hedge grow that it already has become a formidable barrier for those who enjoy seeing the president's grounds, even if they cannot walk upon them. It will not be many more years before the White House enclosure will be as much walled in as are the grounds around Buckingham palace and the other homes of Europe's monarchs.

Woodlawn Mansion May Be Summer White House

WOOLAWN MANSION, the home of Nellie Curtis Lewis, in the historic Mount Vernon district of Fairfax county, Virginia, will be the "summer capital," unless rumor has run away. President Wilson and his wife have made several trips to the Woodlawn neighborhood in the past few weeks.

Woodlawn is located about sixteen miles south of Washington and there are splendid roads for motoring between the two points.

The Mexican situation and necessity for frequent conferences with his advisers over European war problems that confront him give color to the gossip that the president may find it advisable to spend the summer nearer Washington than the summer home recently selected in New Jersey, and it is possible that Virginia may wrest that distinction from the Northern state.

Woodlawn mansion was erected in 1805 by Maj. Lawrence Lewis and his wife, Nellie Curtis Lewis, and is considered the statelyest of all the manor houses of the upper Potomac.

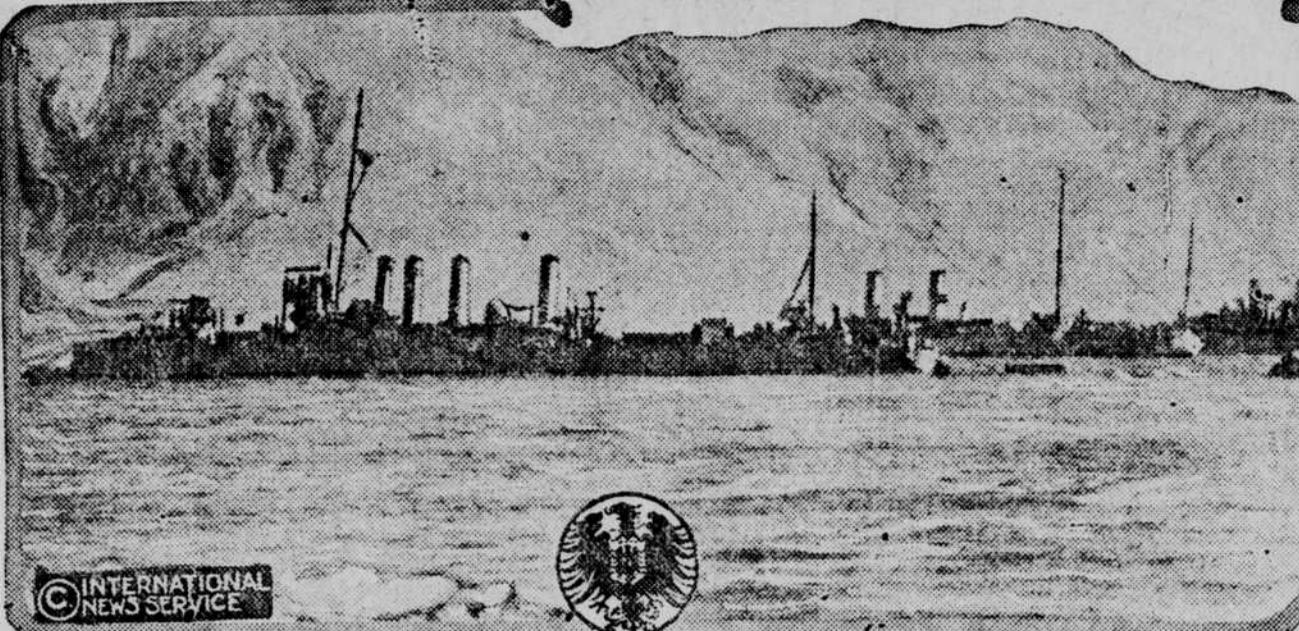
The property is now owned by Miss E. M. Sharpe, who spends much of her time with relatives in Pennsylvania. A former owner is Paul Kester, the playwright, who now owns and occupies Belmont, a fine old mansion, on the hills overlooking the Potomac a short distance north of Alexandria. Both Mr. Kester and Miss Sharpe are said to have spent large sums in improvements at Woodlawn.

CANDLE DRIP BETRAYS THIEF.

Tallow drops on the floor of the vault of the S. Morgan Smith company, manufacturers of water wheels, led to discovery of a theft of drawings and photographs valued at more than \$10,000. Albert H. Myers, a trusted draftsman, has been arrested, admits the crime and has been committed to jail in default of \$4,000 bail.

Most of the blue prints and photographs have been recovered by Detective Charles S. White. It is believed Myers intended to sell them to a rival concern—York (Pa.) Dispatch Philadelphia Record.

GERMAN FLEET WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO SLIP OUT



First photograph to arrive in this country showing a portion of the German fleet. It is believed the photograph was taken at Wilhelmshaven, but the exact location was withheld by the censor.

PENS PICTURE OF VERDUN BATTLE

Correspondent Gets a Glimpse of the Great Struggle in France.

TELLS A TALE OF HORROR

French Artillery Batters Down Dikes of the Meuse, Flooding Field of Fallen Germans—Grim Fight for Life.

In the Village, Northwest of Verdun.

Yesterday I witnessed a great battle, the climax of the Verdun struggle, writes a special correspondent of the New York Times and the Chicago Herald. What a fury of charge and counter-charge of two nations at grips on the blood-stained slopes among the shell-torn trenches these words could convey! In reality it is very different.

Imagine yourself in the dark cabin of a ship, the whole fabric of which shudders in the tumult of her mighty engines as you peer through a narrow slit at a quick-changing cinema on a distant screen. For that was the Verdun battle as I saw it, save that those rapid glimpses revealed horrors no producer would dare feature.

Captain A. had led me through a maze of trenches to an observation post buried deep in a hillside due south of Cumières village.

Two officers and some soldiers are at work regulating the fire of a battery two miles in the rear upon the German trenches down to our right, near the river, where the enemy is massing for an assault. At the same time they directed a searchlight whose rays illuminate their field of vision.

"Follow the searchlight and you will soon pick out the German trenches and see the effects of our fire," says my guide. It is a patch of field, streaked diagonally by a dark line, which is the German trench. Clouds of smoke obscure it at intervals, studded by swift flashes.

I watch interminably. Nothing changes. Then the observer throws another order into the telephone and a second ray doubles the field of view.

He turns toward his companion at the table and reels off figures in a

level, unhurried tone. The latter transmits more figures to the soldier, who has resumed his telephoning.

Suddenly the field patch is covered with scurrying dots, like a mass of excited ants, rushing forward across the light, out of the picture into the darkness. It is the enemy charging at last.

Then a dense thunder-cloud covers everything. The searchlight's rays beat vainly against its yellowish walls. The glass trembles in my hand.

Like a nightmare vision, conjured by magic amid the smoke, a horrible scene is revealed; first dimly, then clearer and finally distinct, in the sharp white light.

The field, the dark line and the rushing ants have disappeared. In their place a ragged hollow, wherein blocks of earth like huge tree trunks roll and quiver.

Among them the tiny dark things are writhing like fallen leaves fluttered by the breeze. Those shapeless objects are German soldiers.

As the smoke cleared I distinguished arms raised in agony or supplication. Some try to crawl upward; they form heaps, sliding back together as one mounts another and drags him down.

Meanwhile from the right of the scene what seems to be an immense blacksnake creeps forward. In the ray of the light it glimmers, and the observer beside me muttered: "My God!"

It reaches the lip of the hollow and the mass of crawling men quiver with a new agitation. It is the water of the Meuse overwhelming the Germans by the same concentration of melinite that ruptured the river's dikes. With frantic gestures the Germans fight up-

ward. There comes a flash and another cloud-patch, half veiling the chaos of earth and water and drowning men.

Then the shells begin to fall rapidly and the searchlight abandons the struggle against the smoke, swinging higher along the bare hillside. A few moments later it returns. I see a placid pool glimmering beneath the ray, save where a glimmering spot of blackness is floating motionless.

I look at my watch. Three hours have passed since we entered the post. That is what I saw of the greatest battle for Verdun.

LONG JOURNEY OF AN EGG

Consumer Paid Twenty Cents a Dozen More Than Producer in Kansas Got.

Russell, Kan.—A. J. Olson, a Russell county farmer who sells hundreds of dozens of eggs annually, on February 9 wrote on an egg a request for the consumer to write him and inform him where the egg was purchased at retail and what the cost was.

Olson sold his product to a Russell dealer for 25 cents a dozen. The eggs were then shipped to Ellsworth, from where they were shipped to Pendleton, Ore., by express.

The Oregon retail merchant paid 34½ cents a dozen, and they were retailed at 45 cents, that being the price paid by the woman in Oregon who broke the egg bearing Olson's letter. Olson received a letter from her recently, and she gave the details of the egg's career and end in the far Northwest.

most terrific explosion, which shook the boat although we were one and one-quarter miles away. What happened I don't know, but something must have got it in the neck, judging by the bang. We had a small duel with a small gunboat one day on the surface and drove her off, although she fired 200 rounds from her two guns. After we were left alone and everything ran like blazes when we got anywhere near.

"The only drawback was that we all had dysentery, and Halifax, the second officer, and a seaman got badly burned setting fire to a steamer, Mr. Cochran and I had to keep watch all the time, and by the time 24 days were gone we were absolutely done up. What Halifax went through with his burned feet for three weeks below I don't know.

"We had no trouble in getting in the Sea of Marmora, but when we came down we had an awful time, as the Turks had rigged up all sorts of nets and things to catch us, and we got mixed up in them and also were fouled by mines three times.

"The reception we got in the harbor was great. The whole fleet and everything manned the rails and cheered us madly. Just imagine us—all dirty and unshaven, and the flag with bullet holes all over it, and conning tower all dents from bullets and rusty—steaming through the lines and thousands of men cheering like mad. Battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats, transports and the captains leading the cheers. It was great! I have heard cheers before, but this was the real thing. Poor old Cochran's eyes were full of tears as he saluted to the cries of 'Are we down-hearted?' and 'Well done, E-7!'

"At present I am resting on land and basking in the light of popular favor. It is very nice to be a hero among one's own cloth, you know, because they really mean it, and they really understand."

KILLS THREE BIG WOLVES

Lives of 525 Deer Estimated to Have Been Saved by Work of Oregon Hunter.

Portland, Ore.—Three gray wolves killed by Jake Dumont of Tillamook, Ore., will net him \$75. The state pays a bounty of \$20 each and the county pays \$5 additional.

The pelts were received at the office of the state fish and game commission and showed the wolves to have been of unusual size. One was fully seven feet from tip of nose to tail and the two others were not more than six inches shorter.

Carl D. Shoemaker, state game warden, estimates that the death of the wolves saved 525 deer. He says that one wolf would kill an average of 175 deer a year.

For sixteen years McClellan has been confined to a wheel chair because of an injury to his head when he fell down a mine shaft near Uniontown. Following the injury a silver plate was inserted in his skull and he suffered from dizziness. During the last sixteen years he was unable to stand.

Recently he requested that the prayer services be held at his home, and the other night the members of his church held the weekly service there. During the services he got out of his wheel chair and sang a hymn. After

Kin Hubbard Essays

NOISES

By KIN HUBBARD.



"In th' Cafe th' Low Necked Cabaret Nightingale Sings 'You Made Me Love You' as She Wabbles Aimlessly Among th' Tables Scatterin' Talcum Dust Over th' Steaks an' Caviar Sandwiches."

flourishin' enough t' support a "Pearl" laundry or a "Weekly Banner" we find th' fussy little gasoline engine puffin' an' snortin' like an enraged wart hog brought t' bay. Ever'where thro' August an' September th' oratorical eruptions o' th' Chautauqua stage drive our feathered songsters from th' sylvan grove on th' edge o' town t' remote an' distant thickets. Thro' th' tumult an' bustle o' traffic we cross th' downtown street with our life in one hand an' a cane or a mackerel or somethin' in th' other. In th' evenin' when we git ready t' retire some kind neighbor decides t' try out a new grand opera record on th' Victrola, or th' blusin' debutante next door grows tired o' holdin' hands an' concludes t' do a little foot work on th' player pianist. At intervals thro' th' night we're aroused by th' milkman as he whistles his way t' th' window sill t' keep up his courage, or by th' rough voice o' th' street sweeper as he curses his rules. How glad we are when th' wide open muflex' o' some early riser proclaims th' breakin' day. Once back in th' city streets we hear th' constant rumble o' heavy trucks an' th' terrific explosions o' countless tires an' our thoughts revert t' th' siege o' Vicksburg. We are surrounded by th' artillery o' traffic.

Nothin' seems t' succeed these days without noise. Th' prosperity o' our towns an' cities is measured by th' noise producin' facilities. Even a feller's prominence in every walk in life is reckoned by th' noise he makes. If a feller quietly buys a nickel seat gar these days th' bang o' th' cash register destroys his whole line o' thought. In ever town that's

Is The World Getting Better?

With th' possible exception o' Professor Tansey's lecture, "Th' Poets o' Korea," delivered some months ago, th' debate last night at "Possum Run School, No. 3, wuz th' intellectual event o' th' season. Th' question up for debate wuz, "Is th' World Gittin' Better?" Miss Pop Angel took th' negative side while Miss Pearline Moots appeared for th' world, an' led off in th' discussion by sayin':

"It requires but a peep int' th' ole family album o' a generation ago t' convince th' most sallow pessimist that th' world has made wonderful strides. T'day th' white lawn tie an' frock coat no longer deceives us. T'day th' sinister motive kin no longer lurk behind opery length whiskers with impunity. Th' shamans' illusions o' th' past have been pushed int' th' open an' the drudgery an' privation o' th' dark ages have been relieved by progress an' enlightenment. Who would return t' th' ole days o' th' monthly bath when

"In these Babylonian days o' dress an' diversion when a quart measure is so small it bruises th' currants an' our women dress ten pounds lighter than a straw hat it is not possible t' find with all our boasted civilization, th' counterparts o' those sturdy God-fearing patriots an' home makers whose faded likenesses repose beneath th' clumsy covers o' th' ole musty album in th' garret.

"We may bathe oftener an' dress thinner an' git more alimony, but we should not allow our enthusiasm t' make us forgetful o' the fact that we are payin' a good fancy price for th' comforts an' conveniences o' th' age—that while we're in th' swim t'day we may be subpoenaed t'morrow."

(Protected by Adams Newspaper Service.)

Queer Thing About July.

How we came to pronounce July as we do now, with the accent on the second syllable, is one of the unsolved mysteries of speech. Named, of course, after Julius Caesar, it should really be pronounced to rhyme with "July," and so our forefathers actually did pronounce it. Spenser, for instance, has the line, "Then came hot July boiling like to fire," and even so late as Johnson's time the accent was still on the "Ju." It is one of many words which would startle those ancestors of ours, spoken as we speak them now.

Getting Warm in a Cold Bed.

Many people have to sleep in cold rooms in winter, and some, not being able to warm up readily after entering the bed, lie awake a long time. To warm up quickly in a cold bed, lie upon the back, with the bedclothes well tucked in about the neck and shoulders, draw up and extend one foot, then the other, alternately, drawing the foot up as far as possible. Keep this up for a few moments; and if done with vigor, by the time one has drawn up each leg and straightened it out, say, 100 times, one will be in a glow, and will usually feel sleepy, the