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News Snapshots Of the Week

Under the supervision of Secretary of War Baker the nation held the biggest lottery in history when nearly 10,000,000 men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one learned the order in which they become liable to serve their country in the national army.

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SELECTING ARMY WAS A BIG TASK

Capital Is Glad That the Human Lottery Is Over.

OTHER WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Rear Admiral Grant Is Made a Vice Admiral and Is In Command of One Section of Atlantic Fleet—Figures Show Many Men of German Blood In Army and Navy.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 23.—Now that the great lottery has taken place and the 10,000,000 men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one know in what order they will be called for physical examinations, Washington, especially the officials of the war department, are breathing much easier.

The cleverly devised plan for drawing only 1,000 numbers to determine the order in which every man registered will be liable for military service was knocked to smithereens at the last minute when it was discovered that certain local boards, mainly in New Jersey, had blundered in numbering their registrants serially according to registration districts.

As a result Secretary Baker announced that the master key plan, as explained confidentially to the press and as described in detail in press association dispatches, had to be abandoned and a new system of drawing adopted.

Instead of being completed in an hour it took approximately ten and a half hours. This was because the plan for drawing 1,000 numbered capsules and then drawing ten master key numbers to make it possible for the government to determine the relative order of 10,000 numbers by picking only 1,000 gave way to a new system of drawing.

Grant Made a Vice Admiral. Reorganization of the Atlantic fleet has been ordered by Secretary Daniels to meet new problems resulting from expansion of the force to almost twice its normal size for war service.

VICE ADMIRAL GRANT. Placed In Command of One Section of the Atlantic Fleet.



Photo by American Press Association.

involved the addition of another vice admiral to the fleet and that Rear Admiral Albert W. Grant, now commanding the submarine force, had been named for the place.

Admiral Mayo, the secretary said, will remain in general command, with the immediate authority under him divided between Vice Admiral Coffman, at present second in command, and Vice Admiral Grant. The former is to have direct command of a division containing most of the superdreadnaughts and designated as "force No. 2," while Vice Admiral Grant will command the remainder of the fleet under the designation of "force No. 1."

It is understood that the reorganization will not affect the division of the fleet now in European waters under Vice Admiral Sims.

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A Girl's Impressions In the War Capital

By EDNA HUBER, International News Service Staff Correspondent.

GREAT FASHION PROMENADE STAGED EVERY AFTERNOON IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—War hasn't made much difference on Fifth avenue. Chestnut street in Philadelphia is still full of pretty women every afternoon about 5 o'clock, and Euclid avenue in Cleveland is still a show place for Middle Western fashions.

F street in Washington is just full of stunning women and striking fashions every single afternoon. Military fashions have crept in, though. Everywhere I have seen the influence of the war on costumes, but never has this influence seemed so impressive as here in Washington.

You have seen those rather jaunty scarfs that the aviators wear wound round and round their throats. The girls here all wear them. They are made of gray-colored silks and do look stunning, even though I imagine they are a trifle hot and uncomfortable.

Trench sticks—the kind that the English officers carry—are gaining favor here, too. I have seen a lot of dashing young women striding up F street, swinging trench sticks in a soldierly fashion. Swagger sticks seem to be a trifle too feminine for Washington women.

Those natty little two-cornered hats that the English "Tommys" wear are also being worn here a good deal. The girls have them made out of heavy gray linen and I imagine they must be mighty fine for motor-ing.

Lots of the women here are in Red Cross work and they wear the best looking uniforms. They use them for street wear, too. They are made of gray denim, with a three-quarter length belted coat. White riding breeches and tan leather boots added to the costume make the girls look mighty cute.

UNIFORMS GIVE WASHINGTON COMIC OPERA ASPECT.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—Washington is just a blaze of uniforms. It's really the most striking sight one sees on the streets. It looks like a foreign capital.

Of course, the khaki uniforms of our own soldier boys predominate, but the horizon blue of the French officers, the olive-drab of the English, the sea-green of the Russians, the glaring red of French flying men and the blazing white of our own naval officers give Washington the gayest appearance of any city I have seen on this side of the Atlantic. War is really picturesque.

Looking at it from the standpoint of a woman, I should say that the United States soldiers have rather the worst of it for uniforms, in the matter of appearance and comfort.

The slouchy, loose-fitting uniforms of the English soldiers really look awfully comfortable. They wear their coats loose and nice and our boys look as though they were moulded into their garments.

The French soldiers look "all dressed" up, too. I don't really believe they do any fighting in those light blue uniforms. Some of them wear the tightest red trousers, too, but I guess those are just for dress uniforms. They wear a terrible lot of gold braid, too.

Russian soldiers aren't half bad looking. It's rather a weird sort of dress for a man, though—black trousers with a green coat. They are terribly close fitting, so much so that they always remind me of the hero in "The Chocolate Soldier."

Our own United States naval officers are the very best looking men in town, though. Their white duck uniforms always look so cool and they are really wonderful looking men. It almost makes a girl wish she could be a sailor.

I like our own fighting boys the best, though—the enlisted men. They are such a darling, wholesome looking crowd of chaps, tanned and bronzed and strong looking. They are not at all lacking in gallantry, either, for I have watched them and they are every one gentlemen.

Washington just seems to be full of soldiers. They are here from every country. It makes the city really quite gay, though.

WOMEN FIND WASHINGTON DULL AT NIGHT—NOTHING TO DO BUT HIDE ALONG THE POTOMAC.

WASHINGTON, July 23.—War seems to have cast a powerful gloom over Washington. Nights here are the most boring things ever. Really, no one seems to stir out at all, and the streets are just deserted all of the time.

Perhaps it is Summer and not the war, but anyway Washington isn't the gay place I had expected to find. There is no entertaining at the White House and that may have set the example for the rest of the society here. Everyone is hitting and no one is dancing.

There are four roof gardens in town. One of them is exclusively for men, and of the other three there is only one that has dancing. There is only one cafe where they dance during the dinner hour, and the city must be terribly dull for the hundreds of girls and women who have been brought here by the war.

White House garden parties were the real big events of the Summer season in Washington in former years, so I have been told, but there will be none this year. I don't know, though, as it will make much difference to the girls and women from other towns, for they must find that Washington functions are terribly functional, I am sure.

A garden party in the Pan-American Union gardens for one of the vis-

iting war missions was the most rigid affair I have ever attended. It is all probably due to the dignity of diplomatic courtesy, but it was truly just too stiff and formal for anything. It was a terrible shame, too, for the Pan-American Union gardens are wonderful, and furnish an ideal spot for such a reception.

It's so terribly hot here that afternoon teas should be very popular, but they aren't. Tea dances which enliven the twilight hours in New York and other Eastern cities don't seem to be known here.

Washington's entertainment seems to be the "evening drive." It appears as though every one gets into a motor car or a Victoria hack and drives along the Potomac river drive right after dinner. It is a wonderfully pretty drive, too, and the early evening is really brilliant along the river bank, for one sees hosts of celebrities rolling along in a coach or motor, enjoying the cooling breezes from the river.

EVERYBODY IN WASHINGTON BUSY IN WAR WORK.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—We may be at war, but it really doesn't seem to be serious business. Everyone in Washington seems to be going along with no very serious thoughts about war, and about everybody is engaged in some sort of war work.

Perhaps it is too womanly, but it does seem to me that war is grave and serious business. No one in Washington seems to think that way. They take it as a matter of course.

"Wait until the first casualty list comes in," an old officer told me today at luncheon. He seemed to think that would wake the city up to the horrors of war, but I am beginning to doubt whether these men and women who are carrying on the war will ever get the truly horrible impression of war that the people of Europe have.

War today seems to be a distant and foreign undertaking to most Washingtonians. The city is too far away from Europe to ever really realize that our men and boys are going to suffer horrible things. They can never bring many wounded back here to Washington, and they will probably never bring bodies back. There will never be a funeral cortege across the great bridge over the Potomac to Arlington, where other dead heroes of the nation are laid away.

I have wondered since I have been here if America isn't going to suffer too much because she is too far away from the front line trenches to ever know what her men are actually undergoing.

American women have given their sons, and it seems to be the duty of the Government to take just the best care of these American boys. Perhaps they are doing it, but every one I have talked to has talked only of guns and troops and shells, and none have said anything of souls or bodies or young lives.

War is not in women's vocabulary. She suffers too much from war to be able to face it. But Washington is all war, every one talks and eats war. It wears terribly on a woman. I am heartsick and weary of war talk and I am going back to a little house on the Schupkill. In the shadow of the battlefields of old, and see if I can forget amid the peace of Valley Forge the horrors of the war across the seas.

IN MEMORIAM.

MIMA MALISSIE CLARK.

Mima Malissie Clark departed this life the 7th of July. It was hard to part with her. No one knows how hard it is to give up mother until they have experienced it. She has been called to her reward, where parting is no more. It is a blessing to know that there is a way to meet her. Kind friends, pray for us that when we have served our days here upon this earth that we may meet our loved one who has gone before.

"Sleeping sweet within her grave O, mother we know thou art, Where there is no mournful yesterday To disturb thy peaceful heart.

Mother, O mother, in Jesus sleep No pain or aching heart hath she, Awaiting loved ones to meet her Come over, dear ones, to thee.

To sing sweet Psalms and praises With Jesus oh, tis so sweet To know our dear mother in heaven We shall soon meet.

May the Lord guide us and give us strength that we will be able to meet our dear mother who has gone and is waiting for our coming. We desire to thank the people for their tender care, which they gave her through her illness. A FRIEND. Lincolnton, Route 6, July 21, '15.

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