



# OUR MAGAZINE PAGE



## Gossip From Washington



IT is not generally recalled that Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, that rarest of products of the republic—a scholar in politics—was once a devotee at the shrine of the roller skate. Always an enthusiastic pedestrian when the roller skating craze was at its height a season or two ago, the learned statesman from Massachusetts, although then past the sixty year mark, decided to learn the art. The senator, who is far more active than many men half his age, succeeded in mastering it after a lesson or two and for some time regularly patronized a certain fashionable rink. The end came one day when in executing an unusually intricate figure the senator took a tumble that might easily have broken a bone or dislocated a joint or two. Fortunately it did neither, but since that time Mr. Lodge has renounced all rinks as vain if not empty things. A brisk walk of half a dozen miles or so now fully satisfies his craving for exercise.

Representative Sant Kirkpatrick of Iowa used to be an internal revenue officer before he came to congress. He has had many thrilling experiences, having been a target for moonshiners' bullets on scores of occasions. Three times at least he received serious wounds in these encounters. The Hon. Sant, as he is referred to by his constituency, is now well past seventy and served from the beginning to the close of the civil war as a first lieutenant in Company K, Second Iowa Infantry. Incidentally he is the only civil war veteran representing Iowa in either house.

Representative Clyde Taverner of Illinois is the only man in congress who is doing daily newspaper work in connection with his congressional duties. He corresponds with a hundred papers.

Out in Solano county, Cal., old timers remember Associate Supreme Court Justice Joseph McKenna from the fact that he never seemed to know when he was "licked." As a boy he had a reputation for gameness and later on, after encountering many difficulties, became successively district attorney and representative in the state legislature from the county. When he had enough of these offices he essayed a trip to congress. Twice he tried, and twice he was beaten, though each time by a close margin. Then he rested on his laurels for years. Apparently he was out of politics for good. But if the people thought McKenna was through McKenna thought otherwise. All the time he had his eye on that free ticket to the capital. There was a redistricting of the state, and the present associate justice announced his candidacy again for congressional honors. This time he was successful by a good safe margin, and from that time to this his star has never waned. In congress he gained the intimate friendship of the late President (then Major) McKinley, who appointed him to succeed Justice Field in 1898.

Edward W. Townsend, who wrote "Chimmie Fadden," is the first Democratic member of congress from the Seventh district of New Jersey in many years. In his native Montclair he was known as a "long hair" (in good United States "highbrow") in contradistinction to the "short hair," or "lowbrow," Democrats, who generally ran party politics in that locality. Year after year the party had split on this purely hirsute question. The "long hairs" were exclusive and would not mix with their "short hair" fellow Democrats. Consequently there was always friction, though this didn't matter much, as far as results were concerned, as the district was normally Republican. Then Townsend got the nomination and came to Washington with flying colors.



Photo by American Press Association.

Justice McKenna.

By American Press Association.

Some Rules of Behavior. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired do it briefly. Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another.—George Washington.

## Today's Short Story

### The Midas Touch

A STRANGER stopped one evening at an inn in an Italian hamlet. A girl in the picturesque costume of the country was setting the table for supper.

"Is that your daughter?" asked the stranger of the landlora.

"Yes, signor. Marina is my child, and a good child she is. Never has she given me the slightest trouble. Everybody loves her."

"She has a sad look."

"That is because she has come to the marriageable age and I have no dot to give her. She loves a young man, Guilemo Luigi, a sheep tender, but he is very poor; besides, he is a dreamer, or he fancies art, which is the same thing. Instead of watching the sheep, he spends his time sketching them. Last week he lost three sheep and was discharged on Saturday. It is this just now that makes Marina sad."

"Is that one of his sketches—that ram hanging on the wall?"

"Yes, signor."

The supper was brought in by the little maid, who stood opposite the stranger while he ate, waiting for his orders with her hands demurely folded and a faraway look in her eyes.

Shortly after supper Guilemo was sent for. When the table was cleared the young fellow came in, wondering, as did Marina and the landlora, what was wanted of him. The stranger went to the wall and took down the picture of the ram.

"This ram," he said, "is out of drawing. The foreshortening is bad, but of course foreshortening is very difficult. Let me show you how it should be done."

Taking a pencil, he swiftly sketched a background around the animal, making the outline of a cliff at its feet.

"Ah, signor, it will step off the cliff!" said Guilemo, delighted with the life that had been infused into the drawing.

"Ah, signor," he added after a pause, "if I could but do that!"

"You may not do it in figures, for your talent lies in animals. You are rather a Landseer than a Bouguereau. Nevertheless you will one day be a great painter."

The next morning the stranger took his departure, and, before doing so, sent the picture, placing first his name on the corner, to an art dealer in Paris to be sold.

"I go to Florence," he said to the landlora. "In a few weeks I will return this way and will stop with you again."

One morning a month later the stranger reappeared at the inn and was received by the landlora and Marina.

"Where is Guilemo?" he demanded.

"Ah, signor, since you were here he has not found another situation. He is starving."

"Send for him. I have a letter for him," said the traveler briefly, and a few moments later the lad was before him.

"Guilemo," said the stranger, "how would you like to go with me to Paris to study art?"

"Oh, signor!" exclaimed the youth, catching his breath.

"Here," he said, opening the letter and taking out the rectangular paper, "is the means for your education."

He handed a check to the boy, before whose eyes danced the figures 10,000 francs.

"If you are a steady fellow and do not yield to the temptations of Paris, if you wish to return and marry Marina, I will make another sketch for her dot."

A few moments passed before the two young people could realize what it all meant. Then with true native Italian simplicity they knelt before the stranger. Marina's eyes were wet with tears, and, taking the artist's hand, she kissed it.

"Who are you, signor, who by the touch of your brush can turn paper into gold?"

"My name is on the face of the check. I must put it on the back that you may draw the money."

All stared over the shoulder of Guilemo, who held the check, and read the name "Melsaenler."

Guilemo went to Paris to study. There was no need of a dot when he married Marina, for as soon as he completed his studies he sprang into fame.

## Summer Bungalow Living Room



THE summer bungalow is popular because it is built and furnished on lines that suggest comfort. Illustrated here is a bungalow dining room. While it is here fitted for summer use, it might also be used as an all year room. The fireplace at one end of the room, with its gleaming brass and irons and the decorative brick finish above it, the polished beams and the wall finished in rough plaster, all harmonize with the simple furnishings. A long table of the craftsman type is substituted for the usual round or square dining table and may be used for work, reading or dining. A long simple buffet and a plate rack flank the wall. Bookshelves are seen in the chimney corner, where in an ordinary dining room the housewife's stock of books on cooking or other household topics may be conveniently kept. Quiet old colonial chairs in old hickory are used. The stained and polished floor has a single large rug spread before the fireplace.

## WHAT HOUSEWIVES SHOULD KNOW.

To hurry the cooking process of anything cooked in a double boiler add salt to the water in the outer boiler.

To mend the side of an iron utensil use putty. Place ashes and salt over the putty, which will thus be effectually hardened in a few days.

If clothes are soaked overnight the labor of washing will be greatly lightened by adding one teaspoonful of pure ammonia to each tub of water.

After removing all dust wipe screen doors with kerosene, and they will look new, and as long as the odor remains mosquitoes and moth millers will give them a wide berth.

## A RAPID SURVEY.

Small bows of colored satin and lace are trimmed with crystals, and quite a number are made in the jabot form, the bow at the top being rather small and the ends spreading and long.

Yellow linings for cloaks and coats have become very popular, especially in alliance with dark blue.

Nowadays the girl who looks on the bright side of things and rather enjoys a rainy day wears a bright purple or amber coat made of oil silk, which is extremely light in weight and good for golfers.

This is a season of bright colors, and a prominent shade is yellow, beginning with the palest sand color and running to browns.

## HOW DO YOU LIKE THESE?



**Fair Exchange.**  
An old lady seeing two boys fighting walked up to them and said to the older one:

"You naughty boy, you mustn't quarrel; you should learn to give and take."  
Small Boy—That's just what I did, misses. I gave 'm a punch in the eye and took his orange!

"Now, young man, can you tell the class what is the belt north of the equator?"  
"Can't, sir."  
"Quite right."

## The Artful Sportsman.

A gentleman who had the reputation of being a bad shot invited some of his friends to dine with him. Before dinner he showed them a target painted on the barn door with a bullet in the bullseye. He said he had shot this at a distance of 500 yards.

During the dinner one of the guests asked him how he managed to fire such an excellent shot.  
"Well," said he, "I shot the bullet at the door at a distance of 500 yards and then I painted the target round it."

## A Poor Shot.

Wife (discussing shooting affair)—The woman says she didn't intend to shoot him; she fired at random.  
Hub—I see; she missed that and hit her husband.

## Now He Does.

Elleen—Did George ever tell you I rejected him twice?  
George's Pliance—Yes, he often tells me of the lucky incidents of his life.

## Correct.

The teacher was explaining the tenses. "Now, Willie," she said, "suppose I should say, 'I have a million dollars.' What tense would that be?"  
"That'd be pretense," answered Willie.

## Short Cuts Though.

"Pa, where is Easy street?"  
"It leads off Hard Work avenue, my son."

## SCIENTIFIC PUZZLES.

The white of an egg and rattlesnake poison are formed of identically the same amounts of the same elements.

The oil of roses and common coal gas are each formed alike, both being composed of four atoms of hydrogen and four atoms of carbon.

Sugar and gum arabic are likewise brothers of the same weight and texture.

All the hydrocarbons, known to science as a combination of sixteen atoms of hydrogen and ten atoms of carbon, are alike in their composition. To enumerate some: Oil of orange, lemon, cloves, ginger and black pepper.

The suggested explanation of these peculiarities is that the atoms are placed differently toward one another in the molecules of the different substances.

Other things just as peculiar are evident when certain substances are united chemically. Thus hydrogen gas, which is odorless, and nitrogen gas, which is also odorless, when united go to make ammonia, which has a very strong odor.

## An Old Favorite

### Psalm Twenty-three

Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!  
I want shall never more be mine.  
In a pasture fair and large  
He shall feed his happy charge  
And my couch with tenderest care  
Midst the springing grass prepare.

When I faint with summer's heat  
He shall lead my weary feet  
To the streams that still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow,  
Thou with oil refreshed my head,  
And, his mercy to proclaim,  
When through devious paths I stray,  
Teach my steps the better way.

Though the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread,  
Thou my soul anew shall frame,  
While my every wish I see,  
By thy rod and staff supplied,  
Thy my guard and that my guide.

While my foes are gazing on  
Thou thy favoring care hast shown;  
Thou my pious board hast spread;  
Thou my soul anew shall frame,  
Filled by thee, my cup o'erflows,  
For thy love no limit knows,  
Constant to my latest end,  
Thy my footsteps shall attend  
And shall bid thy hallowed dome  
Yield me an eternal home.  
—James Merrick.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER



"What I do want is a pleasant looking likeness."

## Making a Will.

Any number can play this game. One person represents a lawyer; another his client, who is about to make a will.

The lawyer writes down a numbered list of articles supposed to belong to his client and then asks him to say to whom he will leave each article, mentioning them only by number. He writes down what the client says, and when the latter has bequeathed all the lawyer reads the will aloud, with the names of the persons to whom each article has been left.

The legatees should be among the company or else be persons well known to all and the list of property be as undesirable and absurd as possible, as the more unlikely and unsuitable the gift the more fun.

A different lawyer and client should be chosen for each will.

## Out of the Riddle Box.

Black we are, but much admired;  
Men seek for us till they are tired.  
We fire the horse, but comfort man.  
Tell me this riddle if you can.  
Answer.—Coal.

Thirty white horses upon a red hill  
Now they tramp; now they champ;  
Now they stand still.  
Answer.—Teeth and gums.

Higher than a house,  
Higher than a tree,  
Higher than a steeple,  
Now, what can I be?  
Answer.—A star.

Formed long ago, yet made today,  
Employed while others sleep;  
What few would like to give away  
Nor any wish to keep.  
Answer.—A bed.

Long legs, crooked thighs,  
Little head and no eyes.  
Answer.—A pair of tongs.