



OUR MAGAZINE PAGE



Gossip from Washington

The White House Set

MRS. WOODROW WILSON, besides being mistress of the White House, is a master of the mysteries of culinary art. She can prepare all manner of dainty dishes, the recipes of which are her own secret, in especial being a famous cakemaker. Nothing delights her more, when opportunity offers, than to descend into the domain of the White House chef, clad in a gingham bib and apron, and, with her sleeves rolled up to the elbows, prepare and bake a cake of her own invention for the delectation of her family or some particularly favored guest.



JESSIE WILSON.

Mrs. Secretary Bryan is a born housekeeper. She can not abide hotel life. She loves to entertain, but prefers the presence of a few intimate friends to the more formal large gatherings, which her position as the wife of a cabinet officer compels her to undergo from time to time. During Secretary Bryan's visit to the Pacific coast Mrs. Bryan took advantage of her husband's absence to enjoy a few days' "rest cure" at a Washington sanitarium as a brief respite from the burdensome social obligations which of necessity are a part of her daily life.

Miss Eleanor Wilson, whose intimates call her "Nell," is an enthusiastic horsewoman. No "namby pamby" trots for her, but a good stiff hurdle, the stiffer the better if the horse will take it. She is a constant source of alternate admiration and terror to Washington folk when displaying her horsemanship.

The daughters of the president, while lively, agreeable and brimful of life, steadfastly decline to permit the allurements of society to divert them from their self imposed labors in behalf of good citizenship. They are also enthusiasts in all forms of outdoor sport.

Mrs. David F. Houston, the popular wife of the secretary of agriculture, is noted as a woman who can keep a secret. Before going to Washington she was a leader in the Equal Suffrage league. Her favorite hobby, after her husband and children, is the practical study of social economies.

The wife of the secretary of war, Mrs. Lindley M. Garrison, is noted for her keen sense of humor. It is said that in this respect she even outshines her distinguished husband, who has considerable reputation as a wit himself.

Mrs. Josephus Daniels, whose husband holds the navy portfolio, is well known in Washington society. Her mother, Mrs. Adelaide Worth Bagley, and her sisters, the Misses Belle and Ethel Bagley, have lived in the capital many years. She has a brother, David Worth Bagley, who is in the navy.

Mrs. William C. Redfield, whose spouse before entering the cabinet was once mentioned for vice president, has been called the typical "Wilson woman." She is very democratic and home loving and is said to have the same tastes, same tendencies and same likes and dislikes as the president's wife.



MRS. DANIELS.

Today's Short Story

The Cyclone

GERALD MAXWELL, being threatened with pulmonary trouble, decided to give up business, go west and live an outdoor life. Taking his family with him to Kansas, he bought a farm there and entered upon the work of raising crops. He succeeded in re-establishing his health, and a family of children grew up about him.

One day a neighbor owning a farm on the opposite side of the road from the Maxwells died, and his family moved away. A few months later the closed farmhouse was reopened, and an ill favored man was seen moving about the place. He had bought the farm and, being a bachelor, had gone to live alone on it. His name was Stuntz. He came from Kentucky, was about forty years old and was in all respects a disagreeable looking person.

As a matter of policy Mr. Maxwell went over and made his acquaintance, and Mrs. Maxwell invited him to supper. He accepted the invitation, but said very little during the meal. The only person present who seemed to arouse his attention was Caroline Maxwell, the oldest daughter, aged twenty.

Not long after this Stuntz joined Miss Maxwell on the road and walked with her. She treated him civilly, though she found it difficult to do so. One day Mr. Maxwell was astonished at receiving a call from Stuntz for the purpose of asking for Caroline's hand. The father concealed his disgust as well as he was able, saying that any such match would be impossible.

From this time forward Stuntz spent all his leisure time arranging annoy-

ances for the Maxwell family. He contrived that his cattle should get within the Maxwell fences and tramp down the crops; he shot Tommy Maxwell's pigeons; he appropriated the Maxwell fruit.

One day Mr. Maxwell was obliged either to surrender his manliness or protest at the shooting by Stuntz of the household dog, beloved by all the Maxwell family. Stuntz went into his house to get his gun to kill Maxwell, whose wife, terrified, dragged him within doors and locked him in.

The next morning Stuntz was seen sitting on his porch with his gun in his hands, evidently watching for Mr. Maxwell's appearance.

The weather was hot and murky, ragged clouds passing overhead. During the afternoon a dark mass of cloud appeared above the southern horizon. Mrs. Maxwell, looking out of a window, saw it. She also saw Stuntz sitting with his gun across the road not 200 yards away. Presently the cloud assumed the shape of an immense balloon, and the whole family went to the cellar.

Stuntz was not facing the balloon cloud and didn't see it. Furthermore, he, being from Kentucky, had had no experience with Kansas cyclones. On came the pillar of cloud, gyrating like a top and humming like a mighty cataraet.

Then suddenly Stuntz, amid a mass of whirling timbers which a second before had been his house, went up into the air. Whirling like a teetotum, turning a thousand somersaults, he was carried with the rapidity of a cannon ball for a mile and a half, then was dashed to the ground from an altitude of several hundred feet.

When the Maxwell family emerged from the cellar they saw neither Stuntz nor his house. His gun was lying with a broken stock in the road. The cyclone had cut a swath covering the Stuntz house and leaving their own unharmed.

ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND



IF your wife is a doctor, why didn't you go to her for your cold?"

"Too expensive, doctor. Last time she ordered me to spend six weeks at Palm Beach and came with me herself."

Both Henpecked.

"We're henpecked, pa, ain't we?"

"Why, what do you mean, my boy?"

"Well, ma makes me wash my hands before I come to the supper table, and she makes you wash yours before you hook up her back."

He Got Even.

"Brown sent me a brick by parcel post, but I got even with him."

"What did you do?"

"Passed the word along to a number of agents that he was figuring on taking out more life insurance."

Differentiation.

"The man who runs this store has got the right idea all right."

"How so?"

"He advertises, 'Bagpipes and musical instruments.'"

Cupid and Card Index.

"Charlie is so systematic."

"How now?"

"I asked him in my last letter if he liked my eyes, and now he refers me to his communication of Feb. 24. Says he treated the subject exhaustively in that communication."

Behind on His Schedule.

"What's the matter, old top?"

"Lumbago."

"I have a remedy I wish you'd try."

"I'll put your remedy on my waiting list. At my present rate of progress I'll get to it in about two years."

Not Big Enough to Go 'Round.

"One hundred ways to cook an egg," read Mrs. Newlywed from a new cook book. "Oh, dear, I can only cook this egg once!"—Judge.

FIRST AID TO THE COOK.

Every cook knows the patience and time wasted in hunting holders, which seem to have a way of disappearing just at the moment that they are most needed. All this may be avoided by sewing two holders at the end of inch tapes, which are suspended from a tape band which fastens around the waist, just as an apron band does. Let them reach to the bottom of the dress, one at each side of the waist line. They will always be ready when needed. Have some of your kitchen holders made of double size and stitched together on three sides, so that the hand can be thrust into them almost as into a mitten. This will save the hands from getting red, rough backs, which readily crack and chap.

A handy hook is made by taking any smooth stick and inserting into one end a good strong screw hook, right angle shape. It is useful for various purposes. It will draw hot utensils from the oven, pull down window shades that have jumped beyond one's reach, pull windows down from the top and reach anything tucked away in the corners of shelves, etc.

An Old Favorite The Lost Chord

SEATED one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wandered idly Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing Or what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of music Like the sound of a great amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight Like the close of an angel's psalm, And it lay on my fevered spirit With a touch of infinite calm.

It united pain and sorrow Like love overcoming strife, It seemed the harmonious echo From our discordant life.

It linked perplexing meanings Into one perfect peace And trembled away into silence, As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord divine Which came from the soul of the organ And entered into mine.

It may be that death's bright angel Will speak in that chord again. It may be that only in heaven I shall hear that grand amen.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

If He Only Had a Tail!



Little Carlo—Dear me; I wish he had a tail to wag. I could tell then whether he was angry or only in play.

Elephant Nurses.

India has some of the strangest children's nurses in the world, for many elephants are used there in that way. The mother or nurse who wants to be relieved of the care of the baby for awhile shows it to the elephant, and then places it within reach of the long, twisting trunk. No matter how the child may try, it cannot get away from the big beast, who gently brings it back by an infolding circle of the trunk if it begins to stray. The little creature may tumble about as it will between the four big feet; not one of them will brush its dress carelessly.

Even elephants which are cross to other people are gentle to their keepers and may be trusted with children without the least danger.

Why It's Called Worsted.

The cloth is called worsted because it was originally manufactured in large quantities at Worsted, England, which was then a comparatively large and flourishing place.

A Legend.

I have heard that all the tears That we never cry All are saved throughout the years Until some time by and by, When they're changed to jewels gay, Gems that farlie far away Catch and fling upon the grass. We can see them as we pass, And they make the morning bright With their gleaming, happy light. Think! The drops of dew you see Might belong to you or me! —Youth's Companion.

Riddles.

When is a blow from a lady welcomed? When she strikes you agreeably.

What snufftaker is that whose box gets fuller the more snuff he takes? A pair of snufflers.

Why is a fishmonger never generous? Because his business makes him selfish.

Why are religious communities like bees? Because they are in-sects.

Why ought an omnibus to be considered secure from lightning? Because it has a conductor.

MASTER'S SALE of Valuable Heavily Timbered REAL ESTATE In Partition.

The undersigned, a Master appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Susquehanna county to make sale of the real estate in partition proceedings between William Main et al. plaintiffs, and Robert H. Rose et al., defendants, will expose to public sale and vendue at the Court House in Montrose, Pa., on **Thursday, the 15th day of May, 1913** at two o'clock p. m., the following described real estate:

FIRST PIECE—Comprising 284 1-4 acres, more or less.

This piece is covered with heavy timber chiefly hemlock, original growth and also a portion of the waters and ground thereunder of "Silver Lake," one of the most beautiful fresh water lakes in northeastern Pennsylvania, and shore line thereof about three-quarters of a mile, making a very attractive spot for cottagers, fishing and boating; in the center of the hill country of Pennsylvania about 1800 feet above sea level.

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Any further information desired concerning either tract will be furnished by the Master, together with map of the tract.

JOHN S. COURTRIGHT, Master.
Montrose, Susq. Co., Pa.

A. B. SMITH, Attorney.
Montrose, Pa.

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