



# OUR MAGAZINE PAGE



## Gossip From Washington

**W**HILE Senator James P. Clark of Arkansas was presiding over the senate during the absence of Vice President Marshall he gave one of the colored barbers at the capital the shock of his life. The senator had lost track of the time and was being shaved when he chanced to look at the clock. The timepiece pointed to 11:58, and, as the senator was due to be in the presiding officer's seat precisely at 12, it looked bad for him. With an exclamation that caused the barber to gasp with astonishment, the senator made a flying leap from the chair, grabbed a towel, wiped the lather off his face and dashed upstairs to the senate chamber. At ten seconds before the assembling hour he was in the chair, gavel in hand, ready to call the senate to order, but feeling very uncomfortable under the surprised glances of his colleagues. According to Senator Clark himself, the one gleam of comfort he got out of the situation was that the shaven side of his face was toward the Democrats, the Republican side of the senate having a field of stubble to look over.



SENATOR CLARK.

Sergeant C. L. Dalrymple, who is stationed at the door of the executive offices of the White House, has the reputation of never forgetting a face he has seen or a name that he has heard once. Not long ago a practical joker wrote him an unsigned letter that he was going to make a test of his famed accomplishment. Dalrymple puzzled over the letter awhile and then forgot all about it. A month or so later he greeted a man by name whom he had not seen before for fifteen months and then only once and learned that he had lived up to his reputation as a "never forgetter."

Senator Ollie James of Kentucky, the biggest man in congress, was a page in the Missouri legislature when Champ Clark was a member.

Representative Steenerson of Minnesota lately introduced a bill in congress to allow the use of the Panama canal free of tolls to the vessels of all nations, his theory being that this will prevent a monopoly of the coastwise trade.

Congressman Charles D. Carter of Oklahoma shares with Senator Owen of the same state the distinction of having Indian blood in his veins. He is seven-sixteenths Chickasaw. He is also some fighter, waging constant and unremitting warfare against the extravagances of Indian administration in his state. Every session when the intricate Indian appropriation bills come forth Carter is always to be found neck deep in the battle for his Indian friends back home. When he was twenty-two years old Carter bolted a machine made state convention which had nominated for governor a candidate with whose principles and personality Carter did not believe his people were in accord. He took two full blood Indians with him in the boat, and between them they arranged for the nomination at another convention of Chief Wolf, a Chickasaw sachem. The machine men laughed at Wolf. They called him a "tomfuller full blood," a "tomfuller" being a dish of parched corn of which the elder Indians are very fond. Chief Wolf spoke no English, but he possessed political acumen or something very like it, for the old "tomfuller" walked in. After his election he appointed Carter tribal auditor. That was in 1892, and since then Carter has got the rest of his offices himself.

Tom Heflin, the giant representative from Alabama, is one of the few men under the capitol dome rash enough to emblazon his poetry in the pages of the Congressional Record. For all that, both as poet and statesman, there have been many who have shone less brightly than the Broddinnagian bard from "Alabama."

Protests by certain new members of the house for whom accommodations could not be found in the house office building have resulted in the decision to add another story to that structure. Work will be started soon, and it is hoped to have it finished by next spring. The work will be a simple matter, for the office building was constructed with a view to just such an addition.

### Today's Short Story

#### A Parisian Episode

**W**HILE sitting at a table before a cafe on the Champs Elysees, Paris, sipping a glass of absinth, I heard voices at a table nearby. Several Frenchmen were talking, one of whom was decrying American women. I was young at the time and especially hot headed even for a young man. I threw caution to the winds and, turning to the speaker, said: "You contemptible puppy. If I hear another word from you derogatory of my countrywomen I'll break my cane over your head!" The man looked at me in astonishment, then said in the most polite manner: "It will not be necessary for me to do that." Taking a card from his pocket, he laid it on my table and waited evidently for me to give him mine. Since there was nothing else for me to do I made the exchange, giving him a card on which was my address. Within an hour one of the party I had seen in the cafe called upon me with a challenge. I was not prepared to "crawlish," so I put on a bold front. But in order to gain time I told my visitor that, having medical examinations on hand, it would be two days before I could grant his principal a meeting; he would hear from me in due time. I immediately repaired to the fencing academy of M. Fournier, told my story to its celebrated principal and asked him if he could put me in any condition to fight within the limit of time. He gave me a foil and fenced with me for half an hour, at the end of which

time he told me there must be something the matter with my sight since my thrusts invariably fell far short of the mark. I told him that an accident had deprived me of the use of one eye, with the accompanying loss of power to adjust a focus. He looked very grave. On a table was a pile of circulars of the fencing academy, each bearing a half tone picture of its principal. I picked up one of them, remarking that I would keep it for the likeness, whereupon M. Fournier opened a drawer in which were a number of cabinet size photographs of himself and, selecting one, handed it to me. I asked him to put his signature on it, and he wrote: To Dr. Alexander Germain, whose skill with the foil far exceeds mine. GUSTAVE FOURNIER. An idea had struck him, and the moment I read what he had written it struck me. With a grateful pressure of the hand I left him and, going to my rooms, placed his photograph in a conspicuous place on my mantel. Then I sent a message to my adversary's second that I would be happy to see him with a view to settling the preliminaries of a meeting. All Paris knew the face of Gustave Fournier, and my visitor had not entered my room before he noticed the picture and, going to it, read the presentation inscription. He then took the seat I offered him with a different expression on his face. "To begin," I said, looking at him savagely, "having the choice of weapons, I choose rapiers. I prefer extra size, extra length, if they can be obtained." He listened to all I had to say without a remark and left me to report the terms. He returned after awhile with the statement that his principal had been understood; that he had the highest regard and admiration for American women and could not consent to meet me on such an issue. I took ten lessons of Fournier at \$50 a lesson.



**THE VANITY BOX**

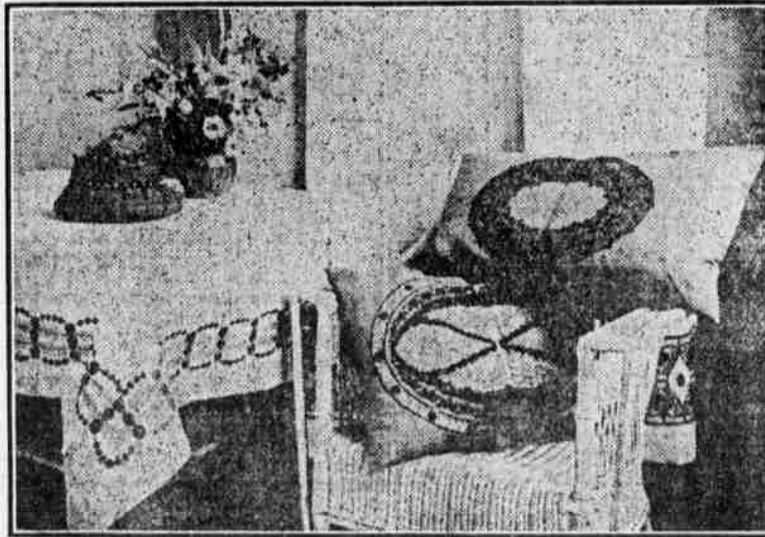
The thin woman must eat all she wants and then a little bit more; she must rest a great deal, especially after eating; she must exercise for half an hour each day and take only one sweat bath a week, but a lukewarm bath should be taken every day. Sulphur for purifying the blood can be taken with molasses. Mix one tablespoonful of molasses to two of sulphur. Take a tablespoonful each morning for three mornings, then stop for a morning and then take for three mornings. Do this for about two weeks. Green liquid soap, which is recommended by skin specialists for fine skins or for those which have the pores extended, can be made at home. Take equal parts of glycerin, water, alcohol and green castile soap. Shave the soap into the water and stir over the fire until the mixture is smooth. Add the glycerin and lastly, after the kettle is removed from the fire, the alcohol. Add a tablespoonful of eau de cologne if perfume is desired.

### An Old Favorite A Recipe For Salad

To make this condiment your post bags the pounded yelow of two hard boiled eggs; Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve. Smoothness and softness to the salad give. Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl! And, half suspected, animate the whole. Of mordant mustard add a single spoon. Distract the condiment that bites so soon. But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault To add a double quantity of salt. Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown And twice with vinegar procured from town, And lastly o'er the flavored compound toss A magic soupcon of anchovy sauce. So green and glorious! O herbaceous treat! 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat. Back to the world he'd turn his festering soul And plunge his fingers in the naked bowl. Severely full, the epicure would say: "Fate cannot harm me. I have dined today." —Sydney Smith.

**Water Pressure.**  
The pressure of water at a depth of 100 feet is 43.31 pounds.

### A COZY CORNER FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE



WILLOW CHAIR AND FANCY CUSHIONS.

**B**RAIDING combined with embroidery was used for the decoration of the linen sewing table cover illustrated here and the cushions for the easy chair which stands by the open window, where it can command both light and air when the housewife sits down to attend to the weekly mending. The cover on the table matches in tone the portieres and curtains of the room. The chair is one of the season's novelties in willow.

#### BEAUTY HINTS FOR OFFICE GIRLS.

Are you worn and tired? Is your face wrinkled with care? In nine cases out of ten you will have to answer "Yes" if you have any respect for the truth, for in the summer time fatigue—and its accompaniment of wrinkles—is a common complaint among women. Very few women know how to rest. The life of the average girl, whether she works in an office, labors at home or lolls in luxurious ease, is usually filled to the brim with useful or useless tasks which she feels she must perform. It is all right to keep busy, but it is all wrong to regulate your life so that you must keep on the go from morn until night without a moment's rest. It is this continuous rush and bustle which destroy beauty, bring on wrinkles and encourage fatigue. Stop and rest awhile if you have any desire to preserve your good looks! Let us take first the case of the girl in the office. Of course she will find it more difficult than her home sister to find time to rest in the midst of her work, but if she is determined to find it she will succeed. Certainly she cannot lie down and take an afternoon siesta—the very greatest aid to good looks—but she can very easily take ten minutes from her luncheon hour in which to sit very quietly in her chair, eyes closed, body relaxed, mind a blank to everything except rest. Ten minutes of such treatment will leave her wonderfully refreshed if she can manage to relax completely for even that short time. Then when she arrives home, which she does probably a little earlier than in the winter time, instead of rushing to wash and dress herself for an early dinner or hurrying to finish a bit of sewing she has been doing in leisure hours, why not take off one's clothes and lie down for a half hour or more?

#### SEASONABLE CANNING HINTS.

For all simple canned fruits it is best to make a sirup of sugar and water, varying the sweetness to suit different fruits. When this sirup has boiled about two minutes drop in the fruit. Thorough scalding of berries is all that is necessary. The fruit thus canned is whole and of good color. A can is seldom lost. Surplus juice with a distinctive flavor may be canned and put away until some later fruit ripens. The juices may then be mixed and made into jelly, or it is an excellent addition to mince-meat, for flavoring and coloring pudding sauces, for tapiocas, etc. The sick person will find the juices of peaches, apples, raspberries, blackberries, strawberries and huckleberries a very refreshing drink. The largest amount of spoiled fruit is due to the jars and covers not being thoroughly sterilized. Before using the clean jars should be put on in enough cold water to cover them and boil for ten minutes; then they are sterilized. They should be lifted from this hot water just as they are needed. The importance of tight lids and new rubbers cannot be overestimated. Only new rubbers should be used, and they should be dipped into hot water before being placed on the jar. There are a number of little contrivances that may be bought for a trifle or even made at home that are great labor savers when canning fruit. Parers and corers for peaches, pears and apples may be bought cheaply. The best paring knife is a good pocketknife with the butt of the blade wrapped to protect the hand and prevent cramping. The short kitchen knives are also useful and may be bought for 5 or 10 cents each. The jar filler is one of the most useful helps. It is not merely a funnel, but screws on to the jars like a lid and does not allow the liquid to come in contact with the rubbers.

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