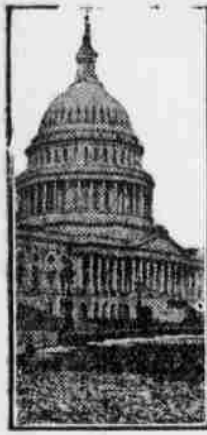




OUR MAGAZINE PAGE



Gossip From Washington



SENATOR WILLIAM H. THOMPSON, the "boy senator" from Kansas, served a long time as judge in his native state before assuming the toga. As Kansas is a prohibition state, there was frequently a great deal of trouble with what are known as "bootleggers" in that section, a "bootlegger," according to accepted local parlance, being a gentleman who carries whisky for illegal vendable purposes around in the leg of his boot or otherwise concealed. A great many of these cases came before Judge Thompson, and he frequently paroled the offender. This made for him several enemies, one of whom told the story on the senator which is now going the rounds. According to this, Judge Thompson was coming out of his courtroom one day when he bumped into a big, burly colored man standing in a dark part of the hall. "I beg yo' pardon, Judge," said the son of Ham, bowing profusely. "I cannot pardon you," Thompson is reported to have replied, "but I will grant you a parole."



WM. H. THOMPSON.

The Wilson administration cannot agree on the subject of beverage. As widely heralded, Secretary Bryan is a devotee at the shrine of the grape juice goddess. President Wilson thinks nothing quite equal to the fragrant, sun brewed liquor found in his favorite fruit, the orange, and now it has become known that Secretary McAdoo is a buttermilk "beard." Twice every day the secretary's doortender brings a glass of fresh buttermilk to Mr. McAdoo's private office. It is one of his chief duties, and he is always punctual, arriving promptly at 11 o'clock and at half past 4.

"Filipino" Jones is what they call Representative William Atkinson Jones of Virginia in the house. The reason is that he knows more probably about the Filipino, by and large, and his habits, hopes and aspirations than any other living white man. Incidentally he is author of the bill granting independence to the Filipinos eight years after it becomes a law. He has almost grown up with the Philippine problem. He has served twelve consecutive terms—a longer term of continuous service than any other member of the house—and during at least seven of those terms he has been on the house committee on insular affairs, having been among the members of the committee when it first came into being. So it happens that few care to cross swords with the Virginia congressman when questions about our island possessions come up. Jones knows his Philippines, and he can prove it. Moreover, he has a lot of finger 'p facts concerning the little brown men that are apt to floor the theorist when it comes down to cases.



W. A. JONES.

Representative Hughes of Georgia has a town in his district that is quite unique in that there is not a single Republican, Socialist, bull mooser or Prohibitionist in it. The town is Danville, Ga. and every time Representative Hughes runs for office it gives him about 500 solid Democratic votes.

Woodward R. Oglesby, who is serving his first term in the house from the Twenty-fourth New York district, used to be a Kentuckian before he became acclimated to the variable political zephyrs of the Empire State. Oglesby is a live wire, and his friends prophesy great things for him if his constituents see fit to return him for a second term.

Uncle Sam approves of tipping. This was shown to be the case a short time ago, when the comptroller of the currency allowed an item for \$1.00 for this purpose, which had previously been rejected by other officials.

Uncle Sam has \$740 that he does not know what to do with. Of this \$610.13 is in the San Francisco mint, left by some "forty-niners," and the balance in the army office in New York city, in the form of silver bullion left for exchange for fine bars and never called for. William G. McAdoo, secretary of the treasury, asked to have the amount converted into the treasury fund to save bookkeeping, as nearly all of his predecessors have done during half a score of years, but George E. Downey, the comptroller, decided that it cannot be done by law. A special act of congress will be necessary.

Today's Short Story

WASTED PITY

SHE and her husband lived in the next flat above mine, and I pitied her. How she could endure to live with a man who kept such irregular hours I could not imagine. I should rather say regular hours, for he seldom came in till morning. It would be 3 o'clock and sometimes 4 o'clock when he passed my floor. I would hear a door open above, and at times when my own door stood ajar I could hear a kiss of welcome. After that there would be moving about above, and sometimes a ripple of feminine laughter, never a scolding word, escaped from their apartments.

Often in summer, when doors and windows were left open to admit air, I could hear the rattle of dishes, the drawing of a cork, the clink of glasses, and knew the couple were having a supper together.

Surely she must have had something of the bohemian in her nature, and, above all, I wanted for a wife a woman of that kind. I pitied those men whose wives must always remain at home and make their husbands miserable unless they are always at home too. What a jewel a woman must be who could receive her husband at all hours of the morning after he had spent nearly the whole night carousing or playing poker at his club, give him a loving kiss and cook a supper for him! And when this is kept up night after night what must the enduring amiability of that woman be?

One morning I did not hear the husband come in at the usual hour, and the next day a doctor's buggy drove up to the front door. The doctor went up to their flat. He came every day for awhile; then a hearse stopped at

the door, and I knew that the poor woman would no longer suffer the irregularities of a brutal husband. She never returned to the flat.

Some eighteen months afterward, while at an evening party, I saw her standing chatting with the hostess. I recognized her at once. In a moment I was sidling up to the hostess and received the coveted introduction.

I refrained from telling the widow that I had lived beneath her and was aware of how she had been obliged to sit up night after night waiting for that husband. In time she consented to become my wife.

I had put off so long telling her that I had known of her former domestic life that I resolved to defer doing so till immediately after our marriage. Indeed, I wished to make an experiment. Would she endure as much from me as from her first husband? I proposed to put her to the test. On our return from the honeymoon I told her that I desired to visit a former bachelor chum. She assented. At 3 in the morning I opened my front door and went upstairs. I expected to see my wife's bedroom door open and feel her arms about my neck. What was my disappointment to find that the door remained closed. I opened it and entered. My wife was sound asleep.

I should have considered myself fortunate not to receive a dressing. But I did not. I was angry. I made so much noise purposely that finally I woke her up.

"Pretty late hour this," she said, "for the day after the full of the honeymoon. Could not you make less noise and permit me to sleep?"

This was too much. I told her how I had often in the past heard her husband go home at that late hour and how she had received him. I, who had taken what was left of a chilled heart, instead of getting a kiss or a hot supper received only complaint. She listened to me in some surprise and when I had finished said:

"You gander! My first husband was the editor of a morning newspaper."

NO SLIT IN FALL STYLES.

Advance models in ready to wear apparel for women now being shown in the department stores reveal some very striking effects.

The newest in the two piece garment is the "combination," the skirt of the suit being either plaid, of mixed goods or striped, while the coat is plain, with collar and cuffs of the material of the skirt. Coats are plain, with kimono sleeves, and trimmed with many buttons of cloth or metal.

Skirts for the fall are very much draped. Many folds of drapery are placed in both front and back of the skirt. Early styles in skirts are long and very much more narrow than any of the skirts in some time, which is really saying something.

But, most surprising of all, search for the famed slit as much as you will in the fall models and you will not find it. Some of the skirts have a fold of goods resembling a slit, but it is only there so that the wearer may be able to take a step or two.

Many of the coats have sashes of silk with jet buckles. Purple in all shades will be the raging color of fashion, while terra cotta, blue and all shades of brick color will play a part in Dame Fashion's life this fall.

APPETITE LAGGING? BE A CUBIST.

Post impressionistic food is the latest.

To show that you are thoroughly informed in futurist art you should enter a restaurant nonchalantly if you can this hot weather and deliver yourself of an order like this:

"Bring me crystallized rose leaves and cream cheese."

Or, "Be so kind as to bring me an order of lamb chops perfumed with violet."

Other really cubist orders are:

Fried chicken perfumed with carnation.

Pigs' tongues and pineapple sauce.

Clams and lemon marmalade.

Baked tripe and chafed orange peel.

Fillet of mutton with shrimp sauce.

Hashed brown potatoes, pomegranate flavor.

Spinach with Roquefort cheese dressing.

Currant jelly and chopped green pepper tart.

Vanilla flavored coffee.

Creme yvette and anisette.

Broiled mackerel and cranberry sauce.

THE WHITE KITCHEN

THE kitchen may be made as attractive as any other room in the house. For the summer it is particularly pleasing if finished in light tones like the one illustrated. The wide casement window fitted with leaded panes has a deep sill which accommodates pots of growing herbs convenient for use in flavoring. Underneath the window is a fitted cabinet in which may be tucked away those kitchen utensils that detract from the lightness of the room. A little table on which pastry may be rolled out has a glass



KITCHEN IN WHITE ENAMEL.

or marble top. The kitchen cabinet, with its place for everything, is a kitchen convenience that is appreciated by the orderly cook. The door should be covered with a good linoleum, while above the wainscoting the walls may be neatly enameled or covered with tiled paper, so that from time to time they may be wiped off with a damp cloth and thus kept spotlessly clean. Plenty of fresh air and a good light, which depend on the window arrangements, are essentials of the model kitchen.

OLD FASHIONED BEAUTY METHODS.

Homely, old fashioned face washes are now being used by the fashionable women of England in preference to the expensive preparations of "beauty experts," according to an article printed recently.

It is asserted that many women take with them wherever they go big jars of thyme and elder waters and that others are using distilled water without any other ingredient.

The "simple" method of beauty culture includes the use of the following: Distilled water, elder and thyme waters for the face; lemons for bleaching the skin; buttermilk, both for a wash and to drink; cucumber juice for the complexion; nettle, dandelion and colts-foot beers to drink as being good for

the skin and lanolin and cocoa butter instead of more complicated "face foods."

One "beauty expert," who sacrificing the profit from the sale of high priced nostrums, advocates the use of the simple washes used by the great-grandmothers of the beauties of today, said: "Buttermilk is most excellent for both exterior and interior treatment, but it is somewhat difficult to obtain. Usually only very large farms now make their own butter."

"I believe, too, in nettle beer and make my own in summer time. All women can take the precaution of never washing the face in places like London in water that has not first been boiled. This is the cheapest form of beauty culture."

Another admission was made by a well known hairdresser, who said that the simplest and most efficacious hair tonic was vaseline rubbed into the roots.



She Knew.
"Miss Janet is a long time coming down," he said to the pretty parlor maid. "Perhaps she is—ha, ha—perhaps she is making up her mind whether to see me or not."
The maid smiled coldly.
"No," she said, "it is not her mind she is making up."

Can You Explain This?
Four men met at the club one evening and sat down to play for money. Separate scores were kept by each player. When they ceased playing and came to square accounts they found that each of the four was several dollars richer than when he sat down. None of them had lost.

Not Ready Yet.
In a storm at sea the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger.

"Oh, yes," replied the sailor. "If it blows as hard as it does now we shall all be in heaven before 12 o'clock to-night."

The chaplain, terrified at the expression, cried out, "The Lord forbid."

WHAT THE JOLLY FELLOWS ARE SAYING

How Did She Know It?
Mrs. Brown—Mrs. Jones has the worst habit.

Mr. Brown—What is it, dear?
Mrs. Brown—She turns around and looks back every time we pass on the street.

Mr. Brown—How do you know she does?



"Buck Skin."

An Old Favorite

ARRANMORE

By Thomas Moore

O ARRANMORE, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee!
And of those days when by thy shore

I wandered young and free,
Full many a path I've tried since then
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How lithe upon the breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along the foamy surge!
Or when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light,
Which dreaming poets sing!

That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene,
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave
At sunset oft are seen.
Ah, dream, too full of saddening truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth—
As sunny and as vain!

COLOR SPLASHES.

Bright greens, lemon yellow and a curious but very rich tone of rose are fashionable and are being used in one toned effects.

Although navy blue is not a bright color, it is much worn, because it is so harmonious with all the brilliant shades. A new walking frock is made of navy blue crepe, trimmed with mahogany satin, appliqued with blue beads.

A lovely gown made of soft white satin has a wide crushed belt of white printed with roses of a rich hue.

A bright shade of golden brown—especially in crepe de chine, crepe meteor and canton crepe—is well liked for the out of door costume.

White dresses trimmed with fancy silks printed in gay colors will solve a problem for many women who realize that they cannot array themselves in costumes of many colors.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

THE OCTOPUS

Mary had an Octopus
Which she could never lose.
It followed her to school each day
In India-rubber shoes.



An Odd Bird.

There is a bird that has neither tail nor wings. It is allied to the ostrich and emu and is known to the natives of New Zealand, where it is found, as the kiwi-kiwi. Its scientific name is the apteryx. It is easily alarmed and for this reason inhabits regions covered with extensive and thick beds of fern, in which it quickly hides when frightened.

The apteryx has a very long and slender bill, of which it makes a remarkable use in supporting itself when it rests. The natives pursue it for its skin, which is very tough and flexible and much prized by the chiefs for the manufacture of their state cloaks or mantles.

Riddles.

What is the difference between a boy and his shadow? The boy can see his shadow.

Why is a ship the most polite thing in the world? Because she always advances with a bow.

What is the difference between a boy outside of a theater and one within? The price of admission.

The Water Way.

I'm zackly four years and a half,
En a mos' obedient boy,
I like to jump aroun' en laugh
En fill the house with joy;
But though I love to clap en stomp,
It's no use how I try,
I never can get anything
Until I start to cry!