



OUR MAGAZINE PAGE



Gossip From Washington



ONCE in a very great while Senator George E. Chamberlain of Oregon likes to hark back to the days when Oregonian civilization was represented by a pair of six shooters and a mule team, which, of course, was more or less aeons and aeons ago. The senator, who is a very quiet man and first achieved fame outside his native state by being elected governor on the Democratic ticket, with all the other state officers Republican, has a fund of yarns of early Oregon politics that is filled with the yelp of cowboys and the barking of guns.

"Once there was a bitter fight between candidates for the United States senate," said he, "and it became necessary to bind the votes tight when secured. The Oregon state legislature was very nearly evenly divided, and a difference of one or two votes at the last moment would decide the issue. Finally every member of the state legislature who could possibly be pledged was tied up in that way. On the day the vote was to be cast the rude state capitol was filled with miners, lumbermen and cowboys, and each had at least one large, ominous gun stuck in a holster on him somewhere.

"They all filed into the chamber where the vote was cast. One of the less obtrusive spectators happened to get a seat near a certain state congressman who had a reputation of turning political flipflops. The spectator leaned toward him and asked: "Are you going to vote the way you are pledged?" "I don't know. I haven't decided." "Well, let me know about three minutes before you change your mind, won't you?" "Sure! But why?" he asked. "Because I want to have a good start before they begin shooting this way."



SENATOR G. E. CHAMBERLAIN.

Contrary to the impressions which the layman may have, the house of representatives is a body prone to occasional levity that reaches on occasion the level of practical joking and causes mild disturbances. Representative E. E. Roberts of Nevada, among those blessed with the divine sense of humor, told this one not long ago to show how mirth can survive even the Congressional Record:

"There was a member in congress who had a great weakness for introducing startling resolutions. He gloried in the fact that every time he broke into print he broke in with a resounding crash.

"One day he introduced a violent resolution doing away with something or other. After it had gone to the table one of the veterans of his party slid over to his chair.

"I wouldn't introduce that and fight for its passage," he confided.

"Why not?" demanded the irate member, bristling instantly.

"Because," replied the veteran, "I understand that a resolution will be brought in to expel you from the house if you push that."

"That was enough for the fiery member. He jumped to his feet and in a loud voice demanded the immediate consideration of his resolution. Then while the house, except those members aware of the joke perpetrated by the veteran, stared in astonishment the fiery member thundered:

"I know what you want to do. I dare you. Expel me! Expel me!" "And it wasn't until the story came out that the members understood the fiery congressman's apparently insane request."

According to Representative Booher, whose undershot jaw and deliberate walk have made him a conspicuous personage about the United States capitol, his native state of Missouri is famous for just four things—hogs, cattle, mules and Democrats.

Fred Britten, the only Republican representative in congress who beat a sitting Democrat at the last election, used to be the champion amateur middleweight boxer of the United States.

Today's Short Story.

A Mountain Wraith

I AM known as Mesereau the climber. The guide upon whom I always relied when climbing in the region about Interlaken was Carl Weber, a German Swiss. He was brave and faithful, and I became very much attached to him.

After an adventure we had on the Matterhorn his affection for me was greatly enhanced. We were alone on the side of that razor backed peak when, walking on a snow edge, a crust gave way beneath me, and I fell. Weber, knowing that the only way to prevent his being dragged after me was to throw himself on the opposite side, did so. There we hung, each dangling over a precipice divided by a sharp edge of rock. Unfortunately Weber's right arm had become caught in a loop of the rope and a bone snapped.

"Herr," he called. "I cannot pull myself up. My arm is broken. I think there is snow beneath you. The rope must be cut. You will fall a short distance and may not be hurt."

"And you?"

"I shall go down a thousand feet."

"Then the rope shall not be cut. I will go up hand over hand and, straddling the edge, will pull you up."

This was the last time Weber and I ever climbed together. Not long afterward, while conducting a party of Englishmen to the summit of Mont Blanc, the snow gave way beneath them, an avalanche started, and all were lost.

On hearing of my faithful guide's death I resolved that I would never climb again. Unluckily for my resolu-

tion while at Chamonix two years later I fell in with a party about to climb to the summit of Mont Blanc.

At first I determined to adhere to my resolution to climb no more, but when one of the party began to talk with me about the trip and when I spoke of remaining below manifested some surprise that such a "noted climber" should be content to see others go without going himself this decided me to be one of the party.

We made the Grand Mulets, the hut built for a halfway stop, by evening and started the next morning under a cloudy sky for the summit. Within an hour we were enveloped in by far the worst snowstorm I had ever encountered in any of my ascents.

I have never before seen Alpine guides thoroughly frightened. "We must return to the Grand Mulets," they all said, and, turning, we began to descend. But how could we descend any more than ascend, not being able to see a distance of ten yards? If we stopped we would be overcome by the snow. If we proceeded we would likely go into a crevice or over a precipice. And what was the use of moving when we did not know which way to move?

I went out on a circumscribed exploring trip and stood apart from the rest, awed by the whirling snow, when I heard a voice—a voice familiar, never to be forgotten.

"Herr, folgen sie mich!" (Sir, follow me).

At that moment I saw through the snowflakes a vague form a short distance before me. Calling to the others to come, I followed it, they trailing in behind me. There were heights above and chasms below, but we walked near them without danger. And there before us, flickering, now fading, disappearing, but always reappearing, was the figure.

Within twenty minutes we reached the Grand Mulets.

Who or what led us to safety I leave for the reader to surmise.

GREEN PEAS FOR WINTER DINNERS.

Who doesn't lament the fact that early June peas have lost their summery flavor when they come tumbling out of tin cans on cold winter days? Fresh green peas are plentiful and cheap in summer, and those who enjoy them then wish they might last all the year around.

An English cook who likes to experiment in preserving has tried her luck at green peas. She has found a way which she considers very satisfactory, and the directions are as follows:

The peas must be quite fully grown, but not old, and they must be gathered on a dry day. After they are shelled put them into perfectly dry wide mouthed bottles. It is very necessary that both the peas and bottles should be quite dry, as if not the peas turn moldy. Shake them into the bottles well to make them lie as close as possible, cork the bottles and tie moistened bladders over them tightly to exclude the air. Set the bottles side by side in a large fish kettle with hay at the bottom and round the sides as well as round each bottle. Pour cold water into the boiler up to the necks of the bottles and put on the fire, and after the water boils let it continue boiling for two hours. Then take the pan off the fire, but leave the bottles standing in it until perfectly cold, then take them out, and wipe them dry. Pour melted resin over the tops and put them away to keep in a cool dry place.

COIFFURES UP TO DATE.

A favorite style of evening coiffure is to pile the hair high on the head with an aigret fastened at the side. Round faces or long oval faces may have their effectiveness improved or impaired by the very position of the aigret.

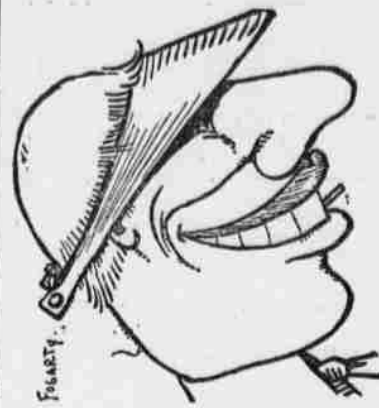
A round face is lengthened when the aigret or fancy is placed so as to mount directly from the middle of the forehead. And the oval face finds its counter effect in placing the aigret at



MODISH COIFFURE.

the side. In a day of millinery which looks with disfavor upon curled ostrich the feathers may be put to excellent use in evening coiffures.

For the woman who wears her hair knotted directly in the back there are still other types of attractive adornment. A narrow jeweled band may slip around the head, passing over the forehead, where appears a small pendant, after the fashion of that worn by Mme. Maeterlinck.



Out of Date.
Wife—Any fashions in that paper, Jack?
Jack (who has just settled a dress-maker's bill)—Yes, but they're no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper.

An Impossibility.
"Does your wife ever attend your lectures?"
"Of course not. That would never do."
"Why not?"
"Could any wife sit and hear her husband talk for two hours without interrupting him?"

The Reason.
"Did you notice how heartily Briggs shook hands with me?"
"Yes."
"He wasn't satisfied with shaking one; he grabbed the two."
"Yes. I suppose he thought his watch would be safer that way."

The Joysmiths Are at It Again

Very Sad.
"See here, waiter!" thundered the impatient customer. "What took you so long with my eggs?"
"Excuse me, sir," replied the waiter. "You see, they were mislaid."



"See here; none of your Pocahontas business on this one!"

Rosewood, Brass Finished



CABINET IN FRENCH DESIGN.

THIS attractive parlor cabinet is of French design and workmanship. It is of rosewood finished with brass, with two handsome medallions set into the doors. The old clock and pieces of Chinese ware on top of the cabinet are displayed to advantage, while the mirror in its narrow, graceful frame is effective at the back.

CLEANING JEWELRY.

Jewelry is supposedly worn for ornament, but much of it is kept in such a condition that it is anything but ornamental. There is no surer sign of carelessness than to wear pins, rings and chains so black and greasy that onlookers may be pardoned for questioning the personal cleanliness of the wearer.

There is no excuse for this dirtiness when soap and water are to be had. It is well to purchase a small box of jeweller's sawdust to expedite drying and polishing. A rouged chamois is also helpful.

It is particularly ill advised for the girl who works to wear dirty jewelry. Indeed, she should wear as little as possible. A watch, cuff buttons and a simple brooch or pin at the neck is all that is permissible for good taste. These should be kept shining.

LITTLE HELPS.

Ah, heart of mine, dost sit and sigh
And of weary days complain?
But sweet and clear from the maples near
The robins sing in the rain.
—Sarah L. Arnold.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how.
Everything is happy now;
Everything is upward striving.
—J. R. Lowell.

Then sing, ye birds; sing a joyous song!
And let the young larks bound
As to the tabor's sound.
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts today
Feel the gladness of the May.
—William Wordsworth.

Stand upright, speak thy thoughts, declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share.
Behold, proclaim it everywhere,
They only live who dare.
—Anon.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

To stitch dollies, centerpieces and other articles having buttonholed edge three times around the outer edge of the scallops on the sewing machine before embroidering prevents fraying when laundered and is far easier than to put in the extra row of fine button-hole stitches.

A convenient way to launder the little plaited skirts so much worn by the wee folks is to baste down all the plaits before laundering the skirt. The time saved in ironing more than repays the extra work.

To give a garment of heavy cloth the fine finish which is so desirable, baste the material securely and press before stitching, then stitch and again give a thorough pressing.

When making little boys' drawers and waist in one piece run a wide tuck at the waist line and sew the pants buttons to this; then the garment can easily be lengthened when necessary and a strip of goods stitched underneath to strengthen and sew the buttons on.

An Old Favorite

MY HUNTING SONG

FORWARD! Hark! Forward's the cry!
One more fence and we're out on open!
So to use at once if you want to live near us—
Follow them, hark to them, darlings, as on they go.
Leaping and sweeping down into the vale below!
Cowards and bunglers whose heart or whose eye is slow
Find themselves staring alone.

So the great cause flashes by,
Nearer and closer its purposes open,
While louder and louder the world echoes cheer us:
Gentlemen, sportsmen, you ought to live up to us.
Lift us and lead us and halloo our game to us—
We cannot take the hounds off, and no shame to us—
Don't be left staring alone!
—Charles Kingsley.

FOR THE CHILDREN



A GERMAN FAVOR.

Riddles.
Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relatives? Because they are but slightly connected.

What is the color of a grass plot covered with snow? Invisible green.

What animal would you like to be on a cold day? A little 'otter.

Why are strawberries like the letter "N"? Because they make ice nice.

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.

Why should we doubt the Giant's Causeway? Because Ireland has so many sham-rocks.

What is a button? A small event that is always coming off.

Why is a shoeblack like an editor? Because he polishes the understanding of his patrons.

Longest of Bridges.
The Lion bridge, near Sangang, China, is the longest in the world. It extends five and a quarter miles over an arm of the Yellow sea and is supported by 300 huge stone arches.

Don't Kill the Toad.
Don't kill the toad, the ugly toad,
That hops about the door;
Each meal the little toad doth eat
Is a hundred bugs or more.

He sits around with aspect meek
Until the bug is near,
Then forth he shoots his little tongue
Like lightning double geared.
And then he soberly doth wink
And shuts his ugly mug
And patiently doth wait until
There comes another bug.