



OUR MAGAZINE PAGE



Gossip From Washington



HANDMADE verse instead of court made law has been handed out by Representative Edward T. Taylor of Colorado in many an instance where he believed he could serve his clients better with common sense than jurisprudence. Taylor is one of the big characters of the mountainous state from which he comes, and in addition to his knowledge on the subject of irrigation, public lands and law, he is considered to be a shrewd and farseeing citizen worth while knowing.

He had a law case once in which a ranchman named Greenough rode twenty-five miles one hot day to find Taylor in his little office at Glenwood Springs. Greenough's complaint lay in the fact that a neighbor's hens would stray across the dividing line and scratch up Greenough's garden sass.

"I'm tired of talking to that fellow," said the ranchman, "and I want to get out a court injunction against the hens—not the owner—the hens! Do you understand?"

"How many hens are there?" asked Taylor.
 "About a thousand," replied Greenough.
 Taylor figured up the number of eggs that a thousand hard working hens might produce, and then instead of giving words to a long bit of legal advice, he scribbled down a four line verse and handed it to Greenough. This was the verse:

If the poultry of your neighbor man
 Into your yard should chance to stray
 Don't let your angry passions rise,
 But find the hens a place to lay.



CONGRESSMAN E. T. TAYLOR.

Not that Representative Robert F. Broussard of Louisiana is at all flippant about his food. Far be it from anything of that sort. Mr. Broussard likes all food, some more than others, but all of it to him is good and the subject to him is ever interesting. Good natured always, it is not for him to complain. In fact, probably no man in public life has more reason to be contented with his lot. He is rounding out his eighth term in the house and has nicely buttoned up a six year term in the senate following that. Contented? Why, that's his middle name.



R. F. BROUSSARD.
© by American Press Association.

But the other day he struck a steak in the house restaurant that did not appeal to him. Sadly he pushed it away from him.

"What's the matter with it, Bob?" asked a fellow member, who was lunching with him.

"I don't know," said Broussard, "but it tastes like washed money."

Senator Ashurst of Arizona has a unique hobby in literature. He has read the Congressional Record without missing an issue for nearly twenty years. He gives an hour each day to it. On the side he has a reputation as being a händler man with his fists than any of his fellow wearers of the toga.

A. Mitchell Innes, councillor of the British embassy, is an enthusiastic speed advocate. He likes to shove up to the high gear when driving his auto across country roads. Recently Dudley Field Malone, third assistant secretary of state, introduced the British secretary to a native of Dublin, N. H.

After the greetings the British councillor remarked:
 "I've been to Dublin frequently."
 "Yes," replied the native; "I saw you coming through there last summer, and your dust hasn't settled yet."

Charles W. Stewart, librarian of the navy department, wants all public men to have life masks made so that future generations can see how they looked.

Today's Short Story

The Widow Sackett

THE stage stopped for supper at the Widow Sackett's. She was young to be a widow and a very pretty widow at that. When we drove on, I, being seated on the box by the driver, asked him about her, remarking that she was of the melancholy rather than the vivacious type.

"She was gay enough onct," replied the driver.

"Ah! When was that?"

"It was when this here country was the principal cattle range in the hull middle west. It's given over to big grain growin' now. Then it was all cattle. Olive Ross was the purtiest gal in the hull range. Her father was in charge of a ranch owned by an eastern company, and Olive was the belle of the range. The young men used to flock around her like flies on to a molasses barrel.

"As time went on the field of Olive Ross' lovers dwindled down to two. That was because everybody knew that one of these two was a-goin' to git the prize. Penn Sackett was one o' the principal men on the ranch her father had charge of. Consequence was he had a better chance than the others. But jist as everybody supposed he'd landed Olive along comes Dick Corey, the head man of another big ranch, and for a time drives Sackett to the wall. Then when the fust edge had wore off'n Corey things settled down to an off and on between the two.

"One day when she'd been urged by both her lovers to come to a decision the idea popped into her head that it would be a fine thing to git up a lasso contest between 'em. So she told 'em

she'd marry the one that could lasso the other.

"I was at the big lasso contest between Penn Sackett and Dick Corey. They was both fine lookin' fellers, though Sackett was the favorite.

"The men, mounted on the best horses to be found on two ranches, rode out on to the rope ring staked out for 'em and begun to throw. They was considered the best throwers anywhere about and threw true every time. But they was as good dodgers as throwers, and every time one o' 'em saw the rope comin' he'd be out o' the way before it got to him.

"It wasn't one o' them performances where it's all over too soon. Fact is it was plain from the fust it would be a case o' tire out. For an hour both men wore under a big strain with watchin' and throwin' the rope and turnin' their horses this way and that away. Corey made the best throws 'cause he was excitin' hisself most, but that sort o' thing was wearin'. Sackett seemed more collected and didn't get tired so soon. I always believed he knew the gal would be his'n anyway. At any rate, he waited till Corey's arm worked pretty slow and his turns was lang'id-like. Then he makes half a dozen tosses, the last one catchin' right around Corey's body and pinionin' his left arm. I saw Olive look up, 's if thankin' God, and there was a cheer. I was still lookin' at the gal when I heard a shot and, turnin', saw Corey had drawn and fired at Sackett. Corey got two shots in before Sackett could git out his gun. Then the two had it till their guns was emptied and both o' 'em was layin' limp on the ground.

"Corey was dead when they picked him up. Sackett lived long enough for a parson to hitch him to Olive.

"That's the end o' the yarn," continued the narrator after touching up his horses. "Olive Sackett wouldn't never have no more lovers nor marry any man, though some mighty rich ranchers tried to git her. When her father died without leavin' her anything she opened the place where you got supper and has kep' it ever since."

NECKWEAR OF NET.

White net is extensively employed to fashion many of the loveliest collars and jabots worn at present, and many of the most expensive designs can be copied by the clever needle worker.

Purchase a quantity of white net and a pattern for a well fitting turndown half collar and place the latter over the net, folded double. If the edge of the collar is straight lay it along the fold and cut out the material. Neatly join the outer edges, turn the collar and bind the neck with a bias strip of net. In each corner embroider a spray of small flowers or a single daisy and border the collar with a narrow plaited frill of lace or net.

To the collar join two plaited frills of net four inches wide, which extend down the front to the base of the V shaped neck line. Fichus of net are deep sailor collars with rounded corners, with the ends extending to the waist belt in front. These are cut from a single thickness of net and are bordered with plaited frills of lace or the same material.

The finely dotted or embroidered nets are also used for this purpose.

Dainty jabots are fashioned of plaited net arranged in two or three tiers and edged with lace or embroidered scallops.

Net is inexpensive, and neckwear of this material is a becoming addition to any frock.

ETIQUETTE ADVICE.

A girl is often in doubt whether or not it is considered proper to ask a man to call. The answer is, "It all depends." In some localities it is considered the thing for a woman to extend an invitation to call to a masculine admirer, and in others such invitations are not extended until the man asks for this privilege. There are advantages in both methods. A girl should let her common sense decide.

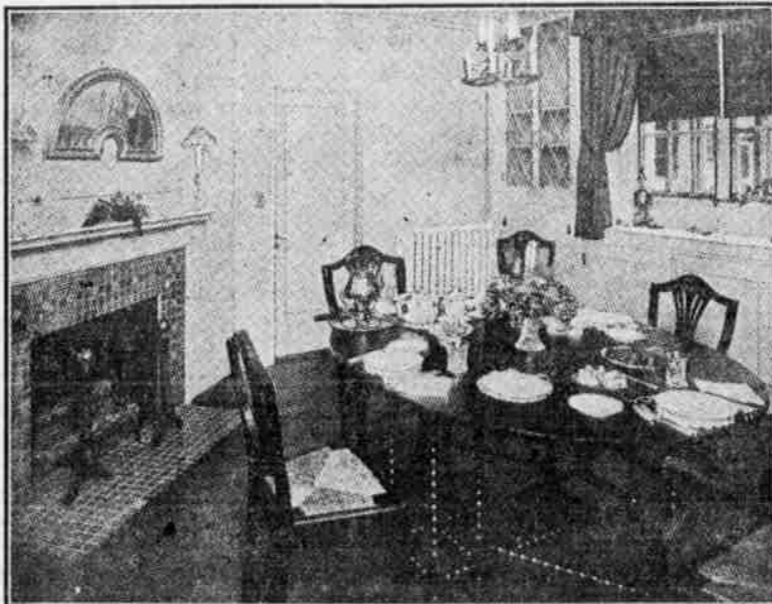
For instance, if an admirer gives every evidence that he would like to continue the acquaintance and hints tactfully for an invitation to call, then a girl would be quite justified in taking the initiative and extending the privilege which she can see is desired greatly. Many men will not ask outright for permission to call, knowing that there is nothing left for the girl to do under such circumstances but extend the invitation. But any woman with common sense can see if such an invitation would be welcomed and extends it if she thinks she is justified in doing so.

Grilled Mushrooms.

Grilled mushrooms on toast make a delicious entree for lunch or dinner. Sometimes bacon can be added, or you can use the chafing dish method of browning them in olive oil.

Kidneys and mushrooms boiled and cut up together are most appetizing.

For the National Holiday



THE THANKSGIVING TABLE.

A SIMPLE Thanksgiving table is the one illustrated here. The conventional fruit decoration occupies the center of the board in a handsome cut glass basket. The black walnut table is so handsome a piece of furniture that a cloth is eschewed, embroidered doilies being placed under the plates. The courses have been brought in and the dishes removed showing the table at the dessert stage. The dining room is a cozy, oddly shaped little room which suggests the colonial in its style, although the furniture really belongs to the late 70's.

VAGARIES OF FASHION.

The Parisiennes are all wearing their blouses several sizes too-large for them—intentionally, of course, because it is ultra smart to do so. Whether you have your blouse made by one of the smartest couturieres or whether you



SMART BLOUSE.

buy it at the big stores you must see that it looks as if it were fashioned for some one broader and fuller than yourself. Its shoulder seams must be very long or nonexistent, as in the kimono style, and at the waist it must be loose and baggy and fall over the belt in folds that are really untidy. To wear anything that is tight and fits is to argue oneself not in the mode.

HINTS FOR THANKSGIVING HOSTESS.

AN attractive Thanksgiving centerpiece is formed of a hollowed out pumpkin filled with chrysanthemums or fruit. Shade the candles with tiny crumpled paper pumpkins and have miniature log cabins fashioned of chocolate straws dotting the table.

Place cards decorated with turkeys, fruits or vegetables are appropriate for this occasion.

The refreshments should consist of New England dishes: Brown bread sandwiches, doughnuts, cookies, mince and pumpkin pie, pound cake, cider, apples, nuts, popcorn and molasses candy.

For souvenirs provide tiny spinning wheels or Puritans' hats.

If you have a fireplace it would add more pleasure to the evening if the young people could pop corn over the glowing logs. This is an excellent opportunity for them to relate a clever story or anecdote concerning colonial days. When it is time for them to depart for home allow each to choose a strand of colored yarn, the boys from one basket, the girls from another.



TOBARTY

Life Through the Funny Man's Specs

Great Business.
 "Well, Jinks," said the friend who had not seen him for years. "I hear you are rich now. How did you make all your money?"
 "Racing."
 "Why, I thought you once swore you'd never bet!"
 "That's a fact. I didn't bet. I merely started a pawnshop just outside the race track entrance for those who wanted the fare home after 'picking the winners.'"

Bumps That Lied.
 "Ah, you should be married, sir," said the stage phrenologist, feeling the bumps of the volunteer who had 'come forward.' "You shouldn't suffer bachelorhood. Look at your clothes! Wretchedly mended. Did it yourself, I suppose?"
 "Oh, no, sir," replied the victim truthfully, "you see my fourth wife can't sew as well as my third could."

An Inducement.
 Wife—I wish, Henry, you'd get me a nice clock for my room.
 Hub—But I can't afford—
 Wife (interrupting)—If you will I'll set it back two hours the evening you go to the club.

Not a Girl of Her Word.



"Mamma," said the little girl, "sister don't tell the truth."
 "Why, Jennie," said the mother, "you mustn't say such things."
 "Well, last night I heard her say, 'Charlie, if you do that again I'll call mamma.' And he did it twice more, and she didn't call."

WOMEN CARPENTERS NOW.

The woman who can't hammer a nail or plane a board will soon be as much a thing of the past as the little girl who spent her playtime in making a cross stitch sampler.

A good forward stride into oblivion she took the other day when the Toledo public schools put carpentry into the manual training courses of the girl pupils. Eighteen are now enrolled. When they have learned their A B C's in hammer and saw wielding they are to be taught how to make furniture for possible future homes.

An Old Favorite. How Sleep The Brave.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blessed!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!
 —William Collins.

-: For the Children :-



"I can't help it, Willie. Youse look so—good!"

"Poor as Job's Turkey."
 Of course Job never had a turkey, for this fowl is a native of the land of the stars and stripes and was never heard of until this country was settled by travelers overseas.
 Nevertheless Job's turkey is described by the author of "Sam Slick" as so poor that it had only one lonely feather in its tail and had to lean against a fence to gobble. Since the appearance of that book Job's turkey represents the last extreme of poorness and forlornness.

Conundrums.
 What four letters of the alphabet would frighten a burglar? O-I-C-U.
 Why is a buckwheat cake like a caterpillar? They both make the butterfly.

What is the difference between a new five cent piece and an old quarter? Twenty cents.

What question is that to which you must always answer "yes"? What does "y-e-s" spell?

Hunt the Ring.
 Form the children in a circle, place one of the party in the center and ask the circle of youngsters to sit down on the floor. A cord is then passed to them on which there is a ring. Each child keeps his hands moving rapidly, thus concealing the ring from the person in the middle, who is endeavoring to see who has the ring. When it is correctly located the one who has it takes the center.

Hidden Nationalities.
 1. Ralph Thaxton has been in danger many and many a time. 2. Nevertheless he neither came nor sent a message. 3. All hope seemed lost as he defended the pass. 4. Of all our decorative trees the fir is hardiest in this climate.

Answers—1. German. 2. Norse. 3. Swede. 4. Irish.

The Point of Similarity.
 Why is a proud girl like a piano? She is full of airs.