



# OUR MAGAZINE PAGE



## Gossip From Washington

"It all depends upon the point of view," said Senator Dillingham of Vermont. "These political discussions around here, which convince no one except the persons talking, remind me of a farmer from my own state."

"I had been traveling all day in a buggy with a friend. First we would strike a grade that would take us up, up, up, for five miles and then down, down, down, for five miles. At the top of one enormous climb we saw the farmer in a fence corner. My friend asked him in a jocular vein if there were 'any mountains around here.'

"The old farmer spat a mouthful of tobacco juice before he answered: 'Waah, I don't know of there air any mountains about here, but they're some all fired big hollows!'"

If you had been in Washington a few weeks ago you might have seen tawny haired Victor Murdock of Kansas, militant, eager and optimistic leader of the Progressive party in the house of representatives, on his way to the Henry D. Cooke school with his little seven-year-old daughter by his side.

It was the first day of school, and little Miss Murdock was going to enter the first grade. It was her debut into public school circles.

Now, the Henry D. Cooke school is an imposing edifice, said to be one of the finest examples of school structure in the country. Everything about it is imposing—the broad front steps, the entry, the assembly hall. But most imposing of all was the gentleman whom Representative Murdock queried about the requirements of a little stranger getting a seat in the first grade.

Later Mr. Murdock found the teacher of the first grade.

"Isn't it too bad a person has to go through so much red tape to get a child in the public school?" asked Mr. Murdock.

"There isn't any red tape. All you have to do is to bring the child and leave her. We do the rest."

"But I was talking to the principal, and he told me I would have to get affidavits and certificates and a dozen other things," said the Progressive leader.

"He told you!" exclaimed the pretty teacher in surprise. "Our principal isn't a man; it's a woman—Mrs. C. B. Smith."

Just then the imposing looking man with whom Murdock had talked walked by.

"Isn't that the principal?" he inquired. "He was the man who told me."

"No, indeed, Mr. Murdock!" laughed the teacher. "He is not the principal; he's our janitor!"

The youngest "ambassador" who will take part in the brilliant season now begun in the capital city is Mme. Riario, wife of the former Spanish minister, who is now an ambassador. She was Miss Alice Ward of Washington.

The senate of the United States has been called hard names on the Chautauqua platform, in the crossroads grocery stores and in the muckraking magazines. No one, however, would call it illiterate, but if you don't think it is an alliterative body look at the list:

Ashurst of Arizona? Here!  
Du Pont of Delaware? Here!  
Fletcher of Florida? Here!  
Myers of Montana? Here!  
Norris of Nebraska? Here!  
Newlands of Nevada? Here!  
Owen of Oklahoma? Here!  
Penrose of Pennsylvania? Here!  
Smith of South Carolina? Here!  
Sterling of South Dakota? Here!  
Warren of Wyoming? Here!



SENATOR W. P. DILLINGHAM.

## Today's Short Story.

### After Many Years

ANTHONY OLcott was romantic.

He fell in love with Marguerite Searle, and when her mother

would not consent to the marriage he felt that the bottom had fallen out of the universe. Marguerite would not marry him without that consent, and as there was no hope and he felt he could not live near her and not possess her he went to a point as far distant from his eastern home as he could well get within the limits of the United States. He settled in Seattle.

Marguerite married to suit her mother about a year after Olcott's departure, but Olcott did not hear of it till long after and then only that she was married.

Then Olcott's uncle died and left him a fortune in condition that he should take the uncle's name. Olcott accepted the terms and the fortune and went east to manage his estate.

He was now forty instead of twenty and began to feel the necessity of a companion.

Among those to whom he was introduced after his return to the east was a Mrs. Harding, a widow. There was something about her that reminded him of old love. At any rate he made up his mind the first time he saw her that she was the woman he wanted. He was hurried into a somewhat precipitate proposal from the fact that she was preparing for a two years' absence in Europe. Howe determined to stop this if possible, and the only way he knew to go about it was to offer her the position he had in mind.

"I know," he said to her, "that we have both passed that romantic period

where we think we can love but once. I confess that my heart was given to another when I was but half my present age, and I have been true in a romantic point of view to the girl I loved and shall always be thus true. But the affection of more mature years is still mine to give. That love I offer you."

"I, too," said the widow, "have passed into that stage which you describe. I have had one love in which my heart was absolutely engaged, and I can never have another such. But I can love as you say, and if such a love is acceptable to you it is yours."

Howe winced.

"There is a difference," he said, "between our cases. In yours the object of your love is dead; in mine she may be living, though, I confess, as to this I am not informed. She married years ago, since when I have heard nothing of her."

"You mistake," replied the widow. "My late husband was not the love I refer to. In my girlhood I loved one whom I could not marry."

"Then," said Howe, "we are quits as to these two loves. Dear Mrs. Harding!"

"Call me Marguerite," she whispered, letting her head fall on his breast. "Marguerite?" he asked, starting.

"Yes; Marguerite."

"Marguerite Searle?"

"I was Marguerite Searle."

"And I am—"

"Anthony Olcott."

"You knew me?"

"From the first. A woman's love is not a man's, to forget even the slightest trait, a tone of voice, a step, a look of the eye. She treasures these in her heart, and when they come to her again after years of absence, though disguised, they have for her the same charm as of old."

"Marguerite, forgive me for not—true, you reminded me of yourself, but I confess!"

"There is nothing to forgive you for unless it is for being a man. Men cannot retain what is so enduring in woman."

## SOUPS FOR CHRISTMAS

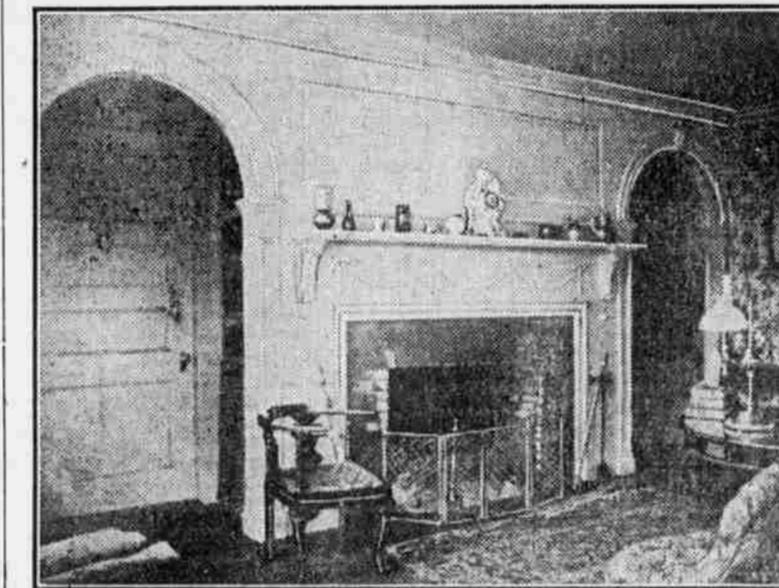
Duchess Soup.—Put one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and when melted add one cupful of grated bread-crumbs. Stir until a golden brown and then add about a quart of chicken stock. Season and simmer half an hour. Rub through sieve, add one cupful of the breast of chicken (fried) and simmer about five minutes, then draw to one side of the stove. Beat together the yolks of three eggs and one cupful of cream, add to the soup, stir one minute and serve.

Salmon Soup.—Put one quart of milk over the fire, drain off the oil from a can of salmon, remove the skin and bones and rub through a sieve. Melt two tablespoonsfuls of butter, add two tablespoonsfuls of flour, stir until smooth and mix with scalding milk, stirring until thickened. Add salt, pepper and the salmon. Serve very hot.

Black Bean Soup.—Wash one pint of black beans and let them soak overnight in cold water. In the morning put them over the fire in a soup kettle with five quarts of cold water. Add one-half pound of salt pork cut in fine pieces and one-quarter pound of lean fresh beef. Chop fine one carrot, one small turnip and two onions. Add to the other ingredients and cook slowly two or three hours. Half an hour before serving season with pepper, salt, a tiny pinch of mace and a little ground clove. Strain and add one-half

Cream of Tomato Soup.—Cook one-half can of tomatoes until soft, then strain. Have ready in a double boiler one quart of milk thickened when at the boiling point with a tablespoonsful of cornstarch mixed with two tablespoonsfuls of butter. Boil ten minutes and season with salt and pepper. Add the strained tomatoes, and should they be very acid add one-half saucerspoonful of soda before turning in with the milk. Serve at once with croutons.

## A Charming Arrangement of Doorways



SITTING ROOM FIREPLACE.

THE arched doorways at each side of the fireplace are an attractive feature of this colonial sitting room. The simplicity of the mantel, which is admirably designed to add to the apparent height of this low ceiling room, is also admirable.

### WAYS OF USING HAM.

Sliced ham is more tender if it is baked than if fried. Cut a slice three-quarters of an inch thick, put it into a small enamel pan, turn three-quarters of a cupful of milk over it, cover and bake for an hour and a quarter.

For luncheon grind the ends of a boiled ham and mix it with a button onion that has been chopped fine and a little minced parsley. Put the mixture into a pan with a little butter and moisten with hot water or cream. Simmer four or five minutes and then heap on slices of toast.

A little grated American cheese mixed with minced ham used in sandwiches is delicious if the sandwich is fried brown and served very hot.

Cold ham is tasty if it is shredded and cooked in currant jelly sauce. Put a cupful of the shredded ham into a saucepan with a level tablespoonsful of butter and half a cupful of currant jelly. As soon as the jelly and butter begin to bubble add four tablespoonsfuls of sherry and a seasoning of paprika. Simmer the mixture about five or six minutes and serve with toast.

**HOLIDAY BLOUSES.**

Colored chiffon waists are shown in some very attractive styles, the colors over white lace or net being exceedingly well liked. Owing to the sheerness and softness of the combined laces and chiffons they meet the requirements of present fashions more than any other materials. Special styles in these waists are also being brought out for the holiday trade, these newest models representing the high colors, such as the oriole and minaret yellows, eco blue, bermuda red, hunter green, etc.

### THE CHATTERBOX.

At eighteen we learn to adore a woman in a moment, at twenty we love her, we yearn for her at thirty, but at forty we consider whether she is worth the trouble.

Paul de Kock.  
God created women to mollify men—Voltaire.

The more women look in the mirror the less they look to their house.—Old French Proverb.

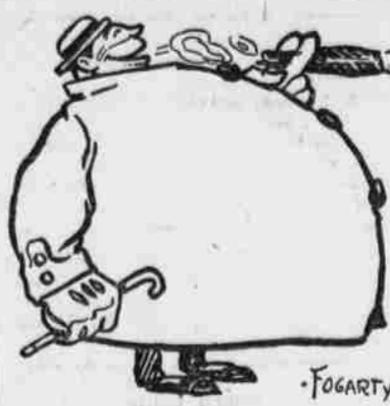
gill of sherry. Have ready in a hot tureen three sliced hard boiled eggs and a lemon cut in slices, pour the soup over them and serve.

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FOGARTY.

### So Comforting!

Hub—The doctor says that if I keep working at this pace after money I shall be a wreck at forty-five.

Wife—Never mind, dear. By that time we shall be able to afford it.

### A Comprehensive Order.

Mr. Hyde (of Hyde & Tallow, Chicago)—Waiter, I want a dinner.

Waiter—Will ze gentlemen haft table d'hote or la carte?

Mr. Hyde—Bring me a little of both and have 'em put lots of gravy on it.

### She Might.

Woman can't do man's work. She couldn't be a blacksmith, for example."

"No?"

"Could she?"

"Doesn't it consist largely in wielding the hammer?"

### An Old Favorite

## Olde Englishe Carrolle

GOOD rest you merry, gentlemen.  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born upon this day.

To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray,  
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas day!

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,  
This blessed Babe was born  
And laid within a manger  
Upon this blessed morn,  
The which his mother, Mary,  
Nothing did take in scorn.

New to the Lord sing praises,  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace.  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface.

Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas day!

### THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

What's the Answer.  
What trade did little Jack Horner work at?

He was a plum-mer.

What other name would you call an eavesdropper? An icicle.

What would you call a boy who eats green apples? A pains-taking youngster.

When is a ship not true to its captain? When she lies at the wharf.

Why is a scholar learning the alphabet apt to get stung? Because it begins with A.B.

Why is a newly hung picture like a conspiracy? Because it's a framework.

Why did the noodle cry "All is lost"? Because it was in the wash.

What gives the ocean great social prominence? Its many swells.

### Not Much of a Rabbit.

A little boy was carrying a pet rabbit in his arms when suddenly it sprang from him and ran away. With all haste he ran after it, calling frantically, "Come, bunny, come; come back, bunny." But bunny did not come back and did not even pause in his flight to the fields. The little fellow ceased his futile efforts to capture the fugitive and, while the tears forced themselves out of his eyes, shook his fist and shouted, "Well, run, then; you're not much of a rabbit any how."



"Hey, Jimmy; ain't yer a-rushin' the season?"  
"Rushin' the season? Naw! When I picked out a suit at the Chrismus clothin' fund it was a warm day, an' I wanted to look swell!"

Grammatical.  
Why are teeth like verbs?  
Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

A Riddle.  
Where head and body duly meet  
I am as slender as a bee.  
Whether I stand on head or feet,  
My figure shows its symmetry.

But when my head is cut away  
The metamorphosis is strange;  
Though both of them unaltered stay,  
Body and head to nothing change.

Answer.—The figure 8.