SPECIAL FEATURES.

The Sunday Star.

PART IV.

PAGES 1-8.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 28, 1909.

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BLUE IS FIGHTING SHY

Slights Invitation to Enter Race for Congress.

TALK INCITES JEALOUSY

Peculiar Situation in Campaign Against Representative Sturgiss.

TWO ASPIRANTS WATCH THIRD

West Virginia District Regarded as Field for Picturesque Politics. Elkins in Control.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

WHEELING, W. Va., November 27, 1909.

Efforts to induce State Senator Fred O. Blue of Barbour county to become a candidate for the republican nomination for Congress in the second West Virginia district against Representative George C. Sturgiss of Monongalia seem to be developing an interesting sidelight. The green-eyed monster immediately looms on the horizon.

It is said that in the event of Blue's entrance in the fight he will discover unexpected support for Sturgiss. Another hustling young republican, who is burning with congressional ambition, is State Senator Howard Sutherland of the county of Randolph. For years the same ambition has been cherished by Judge John H. Holt of Taylor county. Each would not be unwilling under certain conditions to take a fling at the fortunes of a congressional convention in the next few months, but while anxious to supplant Sturgiss, neither Sutherland nor Holt cares to see Blue capture the prize.

Consequently Holt and Sutherland think if Blue is going to fight Sturgiss their chances will best be advanced by a waiting game. In other words, they figure that if successful this time Blue will be a fixture in Congress for some years, to the end that their prospects will be of little value comparatively. Each is under the impression that he is of sufficient stature to take the measure of Sturgiss this time, if given the support which apparently has been promised Blue, or of defeating Sturgiss on common ground two years hence if not this trip.

Chance for Mix-Up.

Naturally, the "dope" credits Taylor county with being in Judge Holt's control, and Randolph likewise in the Sutherland possession, and it is on these calculations that the hopes of the Sturgiss adherents are based in the event of a contest with Blue. The friends of Sturgiss concede the size and character of his opposition, but they profess not to be alarmed. Without a combination of the field against the present representative, which they believe unlikely, they are of the opinion that the element of jealousy will cause Holt and Sutherland to throw their forces to Sturgiss rather than see Blue secure the nomination.

It is a question, however, if Sutherland could manipulate Randolph county. This is also the home county of Senator Elkins. Several years ago N. G. Keim of the same bailiwick tried to go to Congress without the Elkins indorsement, and Sutherland, who was then under the senator's wing, was prevailed on to make a contest for the delegates. Keim proved the stronger, but he didn't get beyond his own county, with the exception of a few delegates picked up in Barbour.

Elkins Favors Blue.

Without the Elkins backing Sutherland could not raise any disturbance, and with Elkins particularly friendly to Blue it is a question if Blue, who was born in the adjoining county, would not be a winner. The worst he could possibly expect under the circumstances would be an even break. In somewhat similar fashion, Blue could look favorably on Taylor, another adjoining county, and might reasonably expect help from Judge Ira Robinson, who is at least equally strong in Taylor with Judge Holt.

Judge Holt's paper at Grafton, the county seat of Taylor, is throwing cold water on the Blue boom, and Senator Sutherland refuses to become enthusiastic. Sutherland, who has two years yet to serve in the senate, has been told to keep his congressional aspirations in storage, but he is characteristically impatient, and in lieu of running next year wants the opposition to Sturgiss to be staved off two years, or until he is ready to do battle with him. Sutherland had not been sworn in as a member of the senate until he made a contest for its presidency. He is alive with ambition and nerve.

Forman Wants the Job.

There is another man with his eye on the Sturgiss seat who may have to be reckoned with, namely, L. J. Forman of Grant county, and president of the senate, who defeated Sutherland for that honor. Forman tried to beat Dayton for the congressional nomination six years ago, and Sturgiss was his sponsor and chief supporter at that time. There are reasons for believing Sturgiss would prefer to see Forman succeed him in case he could not succeed himself. And to add interest to the situation it must be realized that Forman is not averse to taking a whack at the persimmon tree right now if he can catch any of the floating support which is credited with being offered to Blue.

A. J. Helmick of Tucker county, who was disappointed when Sturgiss recommended George W. Childs of Jefferson county for district census supervisor, is vowing vengeance and will do his utmost to deliver Tucker to anybody who is a candidate to beat Sturgiss. Post office patronage is another factor to foster the unrest with which Sturgiss has to deal, but down deep under the situation is the personal ambition of aspiring citizens to take his seat at Washington.

Field of Unique Politics.

The second district has always been unique in West Virginia in this regard. It has furnished more picturesque contests than the others combined. There is no off year in that district.

The private secretaries of both Senators Elkins and Scott have been circulating through the state to catch the drift of sentiment as it affects the senatorial futures of their chiefs. They have done a lot of interviewing at the principal towns. The personnel of the next state senate is at present the main object, but later the composition of the house of delegates will come in for their attention.

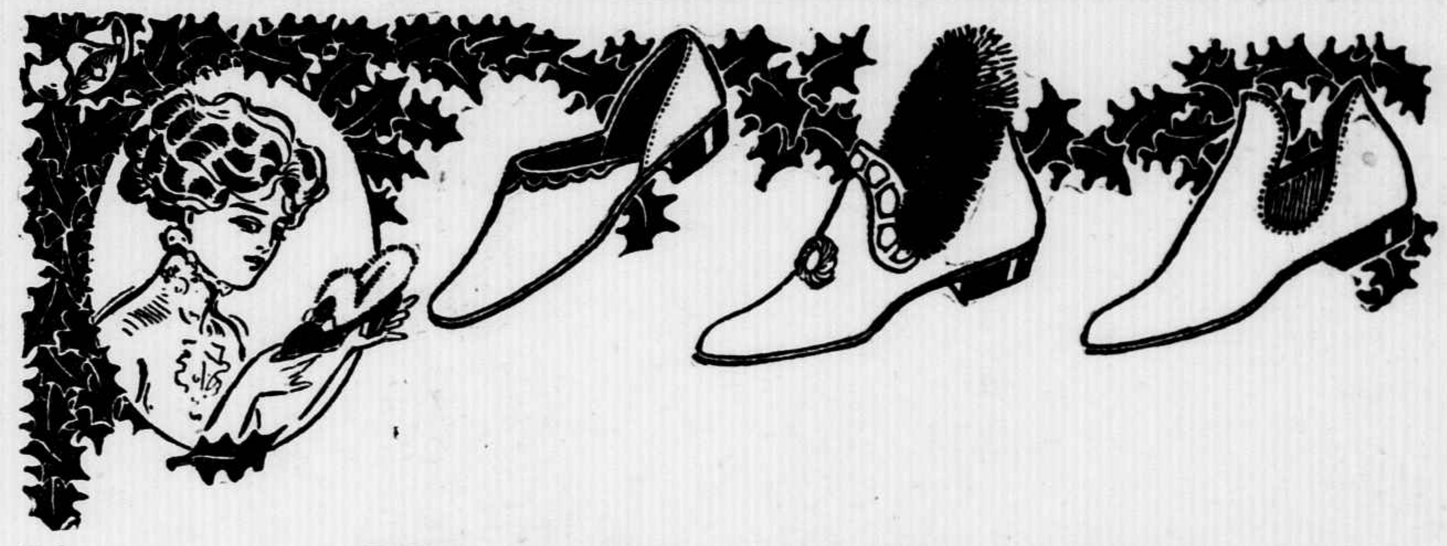
Nothing has been learned yet of the results of the letters addressed by Gov. Glasscock to members of the legislature regarding a special session.

Curacao's Good Schools.

Charles Johnson Post in the Century.

In all Curacao schools, from the most exclusive to tthe humblest government school, in which the little black or parchment Dutch twigs are bent, Dutch, French, Spanish, English and Papiemento are used and taught. By the neighboring islands, and even on the mainland and as far away as Central America, these schools are highly regarded, and a large number of foreign children are sent to Curacao to get their education.

Miss Bertha Van Dreau and Leroy Elliott, both of Greencastle, Md., were married in Hagerstown by Rev. Barnhart of the Dunkard Church.



Xmas Shopping Has Begun.

WISE Xmas Shoppers, who realize the wisdom of selecting gifts early, are already much in evidence at our 3 stores—attracted by our enormous stocks—endless variety—plentiful quantities—generously good qualities—and unquestionably lowest prices.

Scarcely one of the hundreds of different styles in demand this season—is wanting here—while many of the newest things can ONLY be found here.

And what after all is more useful—more attractive—or more appropriate for gifts—than Footwear!

FREE A Pair of Warm-Lined BOOT-SOCKS (Until December 1st) With Purchases of RUBBER BOOTS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Nothing you can give the young folks will tickle them more than a pair of our High-cut Buckled "STORM KING" Boots or a pair of our Rubber Knee Boots.

Largest Rubber Footwear Stocks South of New York.

All kinds of Rubber Boots, Overshoes and Arctics for men, women and children are here. Best qualities and lowest prices.

House Slippers For Men In Endless Variety.

High-cut English "Cavalier" Slippers; unique and beautiful; in several colors at.......... $2.50

Brown, Wine or Black Kid, Calf or Lizard Skin Fausts, Romeos and Low-cut Opera Slippers. Real chamois lining.......... $1.95

Splendid $2 Quality Soft Kid Black or Tan, Elastic Side Nullifyer, Opera or Everett Slippers.......... $1.50

$1.50 grade Kid-lined House Slippers; popular colors; patent leather trimmed. Also All-felt Romeos and "Comfy" Slippers.......... $1.25

Other Slippers, 49c and 95c

House Slippers For Women. Luxuriously Comfortable Kinds.

Best $2 and $2.50 grades of "ANTOINETTE" Ribbon-trimmed, Seamless Felt Juliets; plain colors or such dainty shades as taupe, purple, light pink or blue.......... $1.69

$1.50 grades Fur-trimmed Flexible Leather-soled Juliets in 5 colors; also Padded Wool-sole "COMFY" Slippers.......... 95c

Warm Felt House Slippers, with leather or felt soles, at.......... 49c

Women's Lamb's Wool Soles for knitted slippers.......... 19c

Boys' and Girls'

Warm Juliets and Comfy Slippers; all sizes.......... 75c

Boys' Kid Romeos or Low-cut House Slippers, in several colors.

49c to $1.25

Women's Evening Slippers for Gifts.

Dainty SUEDE PUMPS, underlaid with gold kid—GOLD KID PUMPS—BRONZE KID PUMPS—"CLEOPATRAS," something new; High-cut Sandals with 6 or 7 straps; in bronze or black suede. SATIN SLIPPERS in many popular shades, trimmed with pom-poms or rhinestone buckles.

Prices, $3.50 to $6.00.

Women's $5 Grade Suede Boots.

Same styles and qualities you'll find elsewhere at $5 are $3.50 here. Daily shipments keep the assortment of all sizes and widths complete.......... $3.50

"BEND-EESY" Comfort Shoes.

One of the finest gifts you can possibly think of. Unlike other "COMFORT" Shoes, they are shapely and attractive looking, unhampered by "cushion" soles or other unsatisfactory devices. The features that make the "BEND EESY" so comfortable are: softest leathers, kid lining, fine workmanship and the famous "BEND-EESY" soles.

For Men, For Women.......... $5.00 | For the Young Folks, $2 to $3.50

Women's "WI-MO-DAU-SIS" Shoes.

Better fit and style—more comfort and wear—than any other shoes in the world at their prices. Shown in many handsome styles for women of every taste. All leathers.

Fall and Winter Boots.......... $3.00 | Oxfords & Pumps..... $2.50 & $3

Women's $2.50 Grade Boots.

Again this coming week we place on sale fully 25 different styles of unusually well made and serviceable Up-to-Date Boots that could readily bring $2.50, at $1.95. Styles include patent colt with kid or cravenette cloth tops, tan or black kid and calfskin. Any desired shape or size at.... $1.95

"JOCKEY BOOTS" for Children.

Patent leather fronts, black calf tops, with patent leather cuff at top. In all sizes at.......... $1.50 to $3.00

Same with brown, red or champagne kid tops for little tots.......... $1.75 and $2.00

Men's and Boys' STORM SHOES.

Made of very best weatherproof and waterproof tan and black leathers.

Men's - - - - $2.50 to $6.00

Boys' - - - - $1.50 to $3.50

Wm. Hahn & Co's 3 RELIABLE SHOE HOUSES

Cor. 7th and K. Sts. 1914-1916 Pa. Ave. 233 Pa. Ave. S.E.

Pinehurst

The Pinehurst Park Company announces that on and after December 1, 1909, the prices of the remaining lots will be advanced 10%.

PINEHURST PARK COMPANY, 10th and G Sts. N.W.

oc27-tf

For Sale—Special opportunity for party desiring a fine old residence at low price.

House contains twenty immense rooms, with stable in rear.

Frontage on two streets.

Lot contains 13,500 feet.

Location, six blocks northwest of Union station.

Within one block of two car lines.

Box 42, Star Office.

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$25 to $50 Cash and $10 a Month —will pay for an acre homesite in the suburbs near Washington.

$300 to $600 per acre.

Two desirable tracts—one in Hyattsville, with water, sewer and gas available—both convenient to steam and electric cars.

Glad to take you out any time you say in our automobile to view the property.

The F. S. Carmody Co., Owners.

1413 G St. Phone M. 3353.

no27-sa,Su,tu,40

5½% Investments

Real Estate Loans on first-class Washington real estate—notes in denominations of $250 and $500 each; also larger loans. We collect the interest, see to the payment of taxes, etc., free of charge. No expense to the lender.

Moore & Hill, Inc., 1333 G St. N.W.

no17-tf,20

Mrs. Helen M. Rothstein, eighty years old, died at the home of her son, Augustus F. Rothstein, a manufacturer, of Hagerstown, Md., after a lingering illness of cancer. For the last twenty-five years she made her home with her son in Hagerstown. Two sons survive.

English Playwright Condemns Modern Novelist

From a Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, November 22, 1909.

ALFRED SUTRO, the dramatist, has rediscovered a flaw in the universe of fiction. He is lamenting the trend of young writers to whom the one great law is for the individual to develop in himself an acute sense for the fullest life.

"They are noisy souls," he says, "always protesting, and duty does not exist for them. Their heroines are not women, but super-women. Their heroes never pause in their upward march to refrain from hurting the humbler creature at their side."

Furthermore, they are usually unhappily married, and invariably they meet their affinity. In due course the superhero sits with the super-heroine by his side; his thoughts go back to the woman who was his wife and he says beautiful and deathless things about her. So, had she not her reward?

Cruelty is the dominant note of this new school. The humbler virtues are ruled out of court. Sutro finds "life itself a mass of beautiful contradictions, having at its root love." Therefore he repudiates the young writers who are inclined to scoff at that root.

Sutro's condemnation could have been prophesied by those seers who tell one's character from the state of one's bureau drawers. Sutro has an "orderly nature." Recently a gentleman who was visiting the dramatist asked permission to write a note to a friend, and in doing so disarranged the order of the blotter and its "surrounding district" on Sutro's sacred work table. As often as he threw a pen where it had no right to be, or a scrap of paper trespassed with equal seriousness upon the just-so-ness of the scene, so often did Sutro restore the article to its assigned place; and when the visitor had finished his furiously written epistle and had risen from the study chair his host went quietly over to the ruffled table and carefully "tidied up."

Later in the day he found his visitor sitting on a chair with the waste paper basket between his knees, busily engaged with its contents.

"My dear fellow," cried the dramatist in pained amazement, "what on earth are you up to now?"

A fiendish smile lit up the countenance of the visitor as he replied sweetly:

"You ought to be grateful to me, my dear Alfred. Can't you see I'm neatly folding up all the bits of paper in this untidy basket of yours?"

Robert Sherard, a Paris correspondent, has known every Frenchman of eminence for many years past. Of Alphonse Daudet he tells a story which goes to show that the novelist's heart was stronger than his head. Daudet, in his anxiety to see every one happy, used to keep a bowl full of silver coins in his room, so that any Bohemian of literary tendencies who needed help might take a few without feeling ashamed. But there were those who came to his receptions only for the sake of the bowl and put too liberal an interpretation on the invitation extended to them.

"I used to see the fellows pocketing the coins by handfuls," said Daudet, "and in the end I had to abandon the practice."

Sherard was seeing Daudet off at the Victoria station, London, on his return to Paris, when Meredith came up to say "Good-bye" to his brother novelist. The two had gripped hands heartily; the train began to move and, Daudet's hand being stiff from rheumatism while Meredith's fingers were none too supple from gout, the two were unable to release their clasp. The train increased in speed, and Meredith tottered on the brink of the platform. Sherard, therefore, seized Meredith round the waist with both arms and simply "yanked" him out of Daudet's grip. Then Meredith turned round and said with his characteristic urbanity, "To whom am I indebted for my timely rescue?" This was Sherard's introduction to Meredith.

In a flower-decked cottage in the village of West Humble lives the man who for thirty years was the faithful servant and devoted friend of Meredith. A mile away, at the foot of Box Hill, is the house in which the poet and novelist lived for a large part of his placid, beautiful life. Frank Cole was much more than Meredith's gardener; he was his body-servant and general handy man, and in the poet's later years took him for his daily airings. First, Mr. Cole supported his master with his arm, then came a bath-chair period and, finally, a donkey-chaise. He also accompanied "the master" on the latter's infrequent journeys. They always traveled third-class and Meredith did not like the accommodation.

"Why don't you go first, sir, and let me go third?" the servant asked.

"No," said Meredith, "I'd rather have your company than travel first-class alone."

"Sometimes," Mr. Cole said, "when I worked for him first he would write all day, and other days he would do little or nothing. He never seemed to care about his own comfort. He used to sleep at first all the year round in the little chalet near his house, and he would get out of bed every morning to let me in, until I suggested that he would save himself from catching cold if he gave me a key. His only luxuries were good wine and good cigars, and he was a splendid judge of both. Every now and then he would have a bit of luck and get hold of some extra precious wine, and this always delighted him."

Cats and Birds.

From the Boston Transcript.

The misinterpretation by some of the newspapers of a section of the report recently issued by Prof. E. H. Forbush, state ornithologist, has made it necessary for that gentleman to put forth a disclaimer to protect himself against the embarrassment of correspondence that is burdening his desk. It was stated that he advocated the licensing of cats, whereas he made no suggestion of such a policy. He does make, however, some interesting statements concerning cats and classes them among the natural enemies of birds, in which he would find little difficulty in meeting all challengers. The cat is something of a gourmet, and while rats and mice content it as a stable diet, it is always ready when opportunity serves to pamper itself with a game course of birds. Cats are held to be more destructive of bird life than even hawks, because while one of the latter may destroy 730 birds in a year and the cat not more than 50, "there are at least 150 cats to every bird hawk, and provided that these cats averaged only 10 birds apiece in a year, they would destroy 1,500 birds to 730 killed by the hawk."

Many years ago Robert B. Thomas' "Almanack" made this statement: "The cat is a good mousetrap and it is easy to set." That is a definition worthy of Dr. Samuel Johnson's Dictionary. It has commended the animal to household service and it has come to be accepted as an indispensable feature of protective equipment. Moreover, in spite of their predatory qualities, cats are popular as pets, the gift of beauty and apparent responsiveness to endearments, even though insincere, giving them a secure place in the affections of the susceptible, notwithstanding the indictment against them in this report that they carry "diphtheria and other diseases that are peculiarly fatal to children."

A Pink Tea Swindle.

From Everybody's Magazine.

It was prohibition country. As soon as the train pulled up, a seedy little man with a covered basket on his arm hurried to the open windows of the smoker and exhibited a quart bottle filled with rich, dark liquid.

"Want to buy some nice cold tea?" he asked, with just the suspicion of a wink.

Two thirsty-looking cattlemen brightened visibly, and each paid a dollar for a bottle.

"Wait until you get outer the station before you take a drink," the little man cautioned them. "I don't wanter get in trouble."

He found three other customers before the train pulled out, in each case repeating his warning.

"You seem to be doing a pretty good business," remarked a man who had watched it all. "But I don't see why you'd run any more risk of getting in trouble if they took a drink before the train started."

"Ye don't, hey? Well, what them bottles had in 'em, pardner, was real cold tea."

Queer Tasks of Smart English Hostesses

LONDON, November 20, 1909.

"IT is a positive favor to get people to stay in your house," was a remark made by the Duchess of Northumberland a short time ago. Her grace is the chatelaine of historic Alnwich Castle, Syon House and other establishments.

Her remark expressed the feeling of many other hostesses of the older school who, notwithstanding their palatial homes, broad acres and splendid shootings, have no idea of how to entertain modern guests, who are more like children than anything else, and must before all things never be allowed for one moment to get dull. And as a naughty urchin will often be as much amused by a penny whistle as a jeweled rattle, so will the modern man and woman get pleasure out of the simplest things. The successful hostess of this century is she who, so to speak, plays up to her guests, having studied their little ways.

At Coombe Abbey, the residence of Lady Craven, the only daughter of Mrs. Bradley Martin, the great treat is to see the hostess feed her beloved Orpingtons and other prize fowls each morning. The house party all follow their hostess into the farm yard, where the birds, which she mostly calls by name, are fed from her hand. She wears a simple "tub" muslin or cotton frock and a little Peter Pan collar. This is the occupation which Lord Craven most enjoys seeing his wife engaged in. Some little time ago Shannon painted the countess in the farmyard surrounded by her pets.

With the rage for dancing the "table cloth dance" has been revived. While the fruit and wine glasses are still on the table it is taken for granted at one or two houses that the hostesses who are renowned for tripping the light fantastic shall perform a pas-seul in and out among the grapes and the decanters. The Marchioness of Tullibardine, a lively Scotch woman, has been the one to revive this fashion. She is one of those who have no difficulty in filling her house because guests look forward with such pleasure to her performance at the end of dinner. Society women were very much addicted to "table cloth" dancing. The lovely Countess of Chesterfield, then Miss Enid Wilson, the beauty of the moment, caused a sensation by performing a reel in tights at a house party. It was done to win a wager. Lord Chesterfield, hearing of the escapade, broke off the engagement. However, love triumphed and he renewed his addresses.

The artistic and domestic instincts are not often combined. The Ladies Marjorie, Victoria and Diana Manners are the exceptions which prove the rule. When Prince Arthur of Connaught, who for years has been in love with Lady Marjorie, is staying with her parents if things are beginning to pall it is the duty of the girls of the house to go to the kitchen with all the house party and turn out a number of recherche sweets which have mostly been invented by themselves. The servants having been sent off to the village for the afternoon, the aristocrats sit over the kitchen fire, making toffy and anything alse that comes into their heads. Tea is served in the housekeeper's room, Prince Arthur helping, like all the other young cavalry officers or future peers, to bring in the tea things and cut bread and butter.

Manicuring one another's hands is quite as much in vogue at house parties as it was a year ago. The number of smart hostesses who regard it as their duty to put their guests' nails in order is legion. It was thought for a while after the late Lord Salisbury's clergyman son made a historical appearance one Sunday morning at a baronial hall and found the whole house party manicuring one another's nails that the pastime would be dropped. It proved too alluring and has obtained a new lease of smart favor.

The Smallest Engine.

From Answers.

Tiny Tim is the name of the smallest engine in the world. It is made of gold and steel, and is so small that a common house fly seems large in comparison. It weighs just four grains complete, which is the weight of an ordinary match. It takes over 100 such engines to weigh one ounce, almost 2,000 to weigh a pound, and more than 3,000,000 to weigh a ton.

The engine bed and stand are of gold. The shaft runs in hardened and ground steel bearings inserted in the gold bed. These bearings are counter-bored from the inside to form a self-oiling bearing. The fly wheel has a steel center and arms, with a gold rim, and the complete wheel weighs one grain.

The cylinder is of steel, with octagonal base, highly polished. The stroke is 1-32 of an inch; bore, 3-100 of an inch. Seventeen pieces are used in the construction of this engine.

The speed of the engine is 6,000 revolutions a minute. When running 100 a second no motion is visible to the eye, but it makes a noise like the noise of a mosquito. The horsepower is 1-480000 of one horsepower.

Compressed air is used to run it; and it may be of interest to note that the amount required to make it hum can easily be borne on the eyeball without winking.

Miss Bertha Dean, nineteen years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Whittington Dean, jr., of Wingate, Md., died at Cambridge Hospital of typhoid fever, with which she was taken while working at Salisbury.