

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

His Oratory Is Loud Though State Is Little

WASHINGTON—It is not often that the little state of Delaware is heard from in the house of representatives, but when she does arise to address the chair she bellows like a bull. It was worth while listening to Representative Brockson of that state when he took considerably more than an hour in his effort to deliver the house of the opinion that the whipping posts of Delaware are inhuman, brutal, unconstitutional, and relics of a medieval age when pillories and alleged witchcraft walked hand in hand.

Mr. Brockson received great applause for his oratory, which is just as loud as that of Representative Sisson, who comes from a much larger state, Mississippi; and the applause was not limited to the members of the house. Over in the southwest corner of the gallery sat a man who applauded with his two hands just as loud as any of the members. In fact, when Mr. Brockson made a particularly strong point this well-wisher clapped his palms so vigorously that a doorkeeper had to admonish him that applause in the galleries is not allowed. In the midst of a hot debate one of the numerous Smiths of congress arose.

"According to the gentlemen's statement," he said, "there are six cases pending in Delaware. If that is a fact does it not indicate that corporal punishment has not stopped these brutal crimes? In a little state like Delaware you have six cases at the present moment in which whipping is to be administered."

The house was all ears. "What state is the gentleman from?" asked Delaware's sole representative. "New York," replied Representative Smith, and the contrast between the two states made the house laugh with great glee.

However, Representative Brockson came right back at him. He told Buffalo Smith that the last time four New York crooks came to Delaware they were given the whipping-post treatment—and never came back.

The controversy reminded some of the older members of an almost forgotten incident where a Delaware representative assailed the state of Texas. He ranted for about an hour. Then a Texan, with a long mustache, arose:

"It gives me great pain," he said, "to hear my vast state assailed by a gentleman from a state which has one county when the tide is up—and one and a half counties when the tide is down."

Didn't Know Hearst, but Was Glad to Meet Him

PARKER ANDERSON of North Carolina mingles with the great of the nation with exactly the same nonchalance as he uses in lighting a cigar. Parker knows cabinet officers by their first names, and the "Keep out" sign is always automatically reversed to "Welcome" when Parker strolls into the office of a senator or representative. It was only a few days ago that he paid a call upon Commissioner of Internal Revenue Osborn. The office was crowded with folks, big and little, important and unimportant, job hunters and patronage grabbers, and a clerk was keeping them all back in line until the commissioner had signed his mail.

"I would like to see my friend Osborn right away," announced Anderson in a smooth voice. "No one gets in that door ahead of me!" announced a shrill female who would have been at home brandishing a war ax. "I got here first." "Pardon me, madam," said Anderson, bowing, as an attendant deferentially opened the door for him to pass within.

Well, there are a lot of fellows like that, and a lot of good they can do if they want to. You see, Anderson is a newspaper man. He got into the business from the telegraph end.

They tell a story of him in his telegraph days, which may throw some light on the way the great men of the nation ask him to set down and listen to stories. Once, when he was an operator here in Washington, some fellow made an attack upon William Randolph Hearst.

The telegraph company sent Anderson over to the American bureau to handle the key. His fingers spat lightning for an hour. During that time a long person came out and sat by him. Anderson's cigar went out.

"Say, old timer, get me a match," he said, and he leaned over and slapped the long person a resounding thwack on the leg.

"All right," was the reply, and the lanky one went out and got a box full.

"Hivins," said the janitor. "Don't ye know that's Mister Hearst?"

"No," responded Anderson, still making the key hum; "but I'm glad to meet him."

Great Excitement in the Suburb of Brookland

WHEN is a burglar not a burglar? Answer is: Out in Brookland the other night a woman rushed to the engine house crying for help. A colored man was in her house, she said. No fire fighter who stands ready to risk his life any hour of the day or night, and all the minutes between, is going to disregard a Macedonian cry like that. So, the engine house marshaled one fireman and two citizens, who, returned with the woman to her home, and, sure enough, a light shining from one of the windows showed that a burglar was on his job.

The one fireman and the two citizens mounted guard at the doors, front and back, and one of them—don't ask which; you can't know every little last thing about an incident you get second-hand—called to the man to come out and show himself.

The burglar man stepped on the porch, as big as life, with a gun in his hand. The gun looked as if it were loaded, and knew it. And the man had every appearance of one who is well acquainted with triggers.

The one fireman and the two citizens went into conference and appointed a committee of one to go for the police. And when an officer showed up and called out for the burglar man to come and show himself, the answer came sizzling back:

"Come in and get me." There was no mistaking an invitation like that, so the policeman, with his courage as true blue as his coat, marched in the house and got him, but Lor.

He wasn't a burglar man, after all. He was a guard.

It seems the lady of the house and the gentleman of the house had stopped playing together in their matrimonial backyard, and the husband had put a watchman in the house to see that she didn't move out the things that we classics would call their lures and penates—meaning furniture.

That's all; only it helps to show how astonishingly seldom things are what they seem.

She Gave the Crowd Something to Snicker At

A WOMAN with a nubia over her foreign black hair and with eyes as fresh as spring water gave a crowd something to snicker at the other afternoon. She was brisking along Seventh street when she stopped with a shocked suddenness to look in her brown cord bag. Something must have gone wrong with her finances for the inventory brought to the spring-water eyes that distracted look that comes from trying to think up where the money went.

She repeated the rummage act, without relief. Then—and here's where the free show came in—she plumped herself down on the curbstone, ranked the bag open and spilled its contents in her lap and unwrapped each package.

She must have been an early Christmas shopper woman, for her layout included a wool knitted elbow with brass symbols that strike when you pull a string—maybe, and there was a calico cut and a tiny set of tea things decorated with red flowers that come off at the first washing, you know—and a child's hair ribbon that the clerk had tied into a bow—and there was spool cotton and shoe laces and safety pins and—

The price of each purchase did the woman count up by thumping her fingers on her knee. But her anxiety showed no sign of a let-up until, with a flash of belated memory, she pushed a hand under her jacket and brought out a pin with a glass set that was better than a truly emerald, because it was as big again as any emerald ever dared to be and a whole lot greener.

The obviously missing dime had been tracked to its lair; the money problem was solved.

Then the woman stuffed every "buy" back in her bag, scrambled to her feet and brisled off, serenely unconscious of the show she had so freely provided.

And she will never give her spectacular stunt another thought—unless somebody happens to ask how she got all that dust on the seat of her gown.

PARTNERS FOR LIFE

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"Things look pretty dubious, you see," observed Lawyer Bailey.

"There is no doubt that my father's business is in a critical condition. Well, I am here to mend it."

"I hope you do and you look as if you are going to give the experiment a good, hard try," observed the attorney with an admiring glance at the clear-faced, supple-limbed young man before him.

Perceval Deane had been called from the midst of splendid attainments at college to realize the true nobility of a self-sacrificing father. Deane & Marvin had been to the son a synonym for stability and profit. It was an old iron manufacturing business and although Perceval had known that it had got somewhat behind the times, he had never mistrusted that it had been narrowly grazing the edge of ruin for many months.

"The situation is easily told," said Mr. Bailey. "Two years ago your father's partner, Mr. Marvin, induced him to agree to investigate a chance to purchase a Peruvian concession to cost \$30,000. This they had every assurance could be sold within a year at an enormous advance. Nearly all the capital of the firm was turned into cash. Mr. Marvin departed on his mission. He wired from San Francisco and since that time not a word has been received from him."

"They think he was murdered—robbed?"

"That's the only way they can explain this unaccountable silence," agreed the lawyer. "Cramped for capital, your father has seen the business fairly go to pieces. He kept the true state of affairs from you. He has even paid Mrs. Marvin the old liberal drawing account of her husband. She has a daughter, Elsie, just finishing her education. Poor woman! It was a severe blow when your father broke down physically and mentally and she learned the bitter truth as to how affairs stand."

Perceval Deane figuratively took off his coat and started in to make time and ability count. The first thing he did was to send his father and a

merged their exertions for the sake of their dear ones! Perceval attended to the packing and crating of articles ordered. Elsie did all the billing and correspondence. Often she insisted on aiding Perceval at his work. Her soft silky hair sweeping his face, her perfumed breath, the touch of her fairy hands would send a rare thrill to his soul. He could scarcely control the impulse to take her in his arms and tell her how he loved her.

Then came to Perceval Deane the disappointment of his life. A young man came to the village. For two days he was almost constantly with Elsie. It was whispered about the village that he was the brother of Elsie's closest school friend and her fiance.

Elsie came back to work more shy and self-conscious than before. She was still kindly and helpful, but there seemed to be a barrier now between them. One day she came to where Perceval was busy.

"Mr. Deane," she said, "I find that while you have been sending mother a regular allowance, you do not draw any money yourself."

"Oh, that's all right," insisted Perceval brightly. "I will take my share when the collections come in."

"But we must not be thus privileged!"

"I—I fancied perhaps you particularly needed your allowance—just now."

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired Elsie innocently.

"I heard you might leave here. That is, I fancied—well, as you are engaged—"

"Engaged?" repeated Elsie vaguely. "Oh, you mean to my recent visitor?" and she burst into a merry laugh. "He was a very good friend, but anything farther than that was never possible with me and utterly out of the question with him—when he learned how poor I was."

"Yes," observed Perceval, "we are both poor."

"But, oh! so glad to share that poverty cheerfully, almost happy—"

"You say that!" cried Perceval, unable to restrain his fervent emotions, and her downcast eyes, her blushing face told him that his love was returned.

One evening a pale, travel-worn man came to the Marvin home—the missing partner. What a story he had to tell of adventure, imprisonment, escape, the \$30,000 safely hidden, the final investment and—wealth!

What a reunion it was, when Mr. Deane was called home to learn the joyful news! What glowing prospects presented for the partners—and Elsie and Perceval partners for life!

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ASSERTS FLOWERS FEEL PAIN

French Scientist, After a Series of Experiments, Is Most Positive in His Opinion.

Can flowers feel pain? This is a question to which French physiologists are giving attention at the present time.

M. L. Chassaigne believes that they can and do. His opinion is based on interesting experiments. Taking a mimosa plant, he exposed it to the action of heat. The leaves withered as if in pain. A simple mechanical effect, says the skeptic; a proof of sensibility, says M. Chassaigne, since it does not take place if the mimosa be anesthetized.

If the vase containing the mimosa is placed in a glass globe with a piece of cotton impregnated with chloroform or any other volatile anesthetic for half an hour, the foliage becomes wilted and the plant has all the appearances of being in a deep sleep. If it be now subjected to the action of heat it remains unaffected.

M. Chassaigne has repeated the same experiment with many different kinds of plants, but always with the same result. "It is maintained," he says, "that plants do not suffer pain because they have no nerves."

"Many physiologists hold that nerves are but the extension of protoplasm, modified and adapted to fulfill the required function. Hence the protoplasm of plants can perfectly well act as a rudimentary nervous system."

Blood Covenant.

In the legendary lore of the Norseland there is reference to blood covenanting. Odin was the god of light, of power, of knowledge and of war, while Lok was the discordant and corrupting divinity, symbolizing sin, shrewdness, deceit, treachery and malice, yet at one time they were in the sacred union of blood friendship, having mingled their blood in a bowl and drunk together.

Another of the methods by which the rite of blood friendship was observed in the Norseland was by causing the blood of the two covenanting persons to interflow through their pierced hands while they lay together underneath a lifted sod. Thus in one of the Icelandic sagas we read of Thorstein, the heroic son of Viking, making blood friendship with Arngnyr, Jarl of the Orkneys. They opened a vein in the hollow of their hands, crept beneath the sod and solemnly swore each of them should avenge the other if either should be slain. There are other examples of blood covenanting in the Norse sagas, and traces of the custom creep out in our own folklore tales.

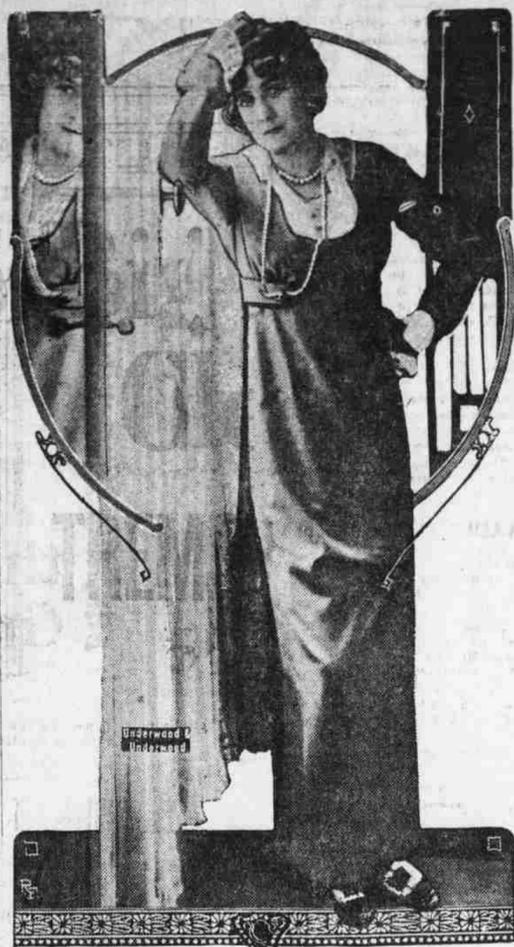
That Labeled Trunk.

A New York woman had just returned from a trip around the world. The trunk which she took with her was naturally covered with labels from the different hotels, steamships and expresses which she had visited or used, and, though it had been an unusually expensive and very strong trunk, it was somewhat in need of repair by the time she landed in this city. She accordingly sent it to the place where she had bought it and asked how much it would cost to have it put in good order.

Imagine her surprise to receive a letter from the firm, telling her that a thorough rehabilitation of the trunk would cost a certain moderate sum; "but," the letter concluded, "if you will give us the trunk, we shall be glad to give you in return a new one exactly like it." If you walk up Broadway you may see that much belabeled trunk in some show window, as an advertisement of what a certain firm's trunks can stand.

How harmoniously they worked together that first week! What a joy it was mutually to feel that they were

Cloth Gown Suitable for Daily Wear



As comfortable and easy hanging as a morning gown but with every mark of afternoon apparel, this design is the simplest of all interpretations of our present modes. The skirt and bodice appear to be cut in one, but are separate.

The skirt, made of two pieces in goods of average width, might be draped on the figure from a single width of the widest materials. It is shaped in at the hips and there is a little fullness at the back. The shaping and gathers afford just room enough for the swell of the figure at the hips.

The waist line is high and very easy in order to make a free movement of the arms possible. It is cut with long shoulders and large armholes. The fullness at the bust is taken care of by a group of plaits at each side terminating under the belt.

It is in its careful finishing touches that the gown displays the talent of its noted designer. All very simple models must rely upon finish and cleverness in cut or drapery, to rise out of the class of the commonplace.

The square neck is shaped and finished with a piping of velvet. The front is cut into a double breast, the overlapping side fastened down with two buttons. Its lower edge lies over the top of the skirt where bodice and skirt are joined.

A narrow belt, with rounded ends, is finished with a piping and fastened

with a fancy button at each end. It does not encircle all of the waist, allowing a straight front appearance (which is smart and clever) in the interval between the ends.

There is a small turnover collar in the sailor shape, of fine embroidered batiste. The neck is filled in with a folded chemise of the same net finishes the sleeves.

A strand of large pearls and a longer one of smaller pearls finishes the pretty toilette. But pearls might be replaced with strands of any of the many fashionable glass beads that harmonize with the gown in color.

This model is well adapted to the unusual new shades in which fashionable fabrics are made. Mustard color, gold, green, paprika, mahogany and the curious blues and greens that are displayed in cloth and silk look best when made up in the simplest manner. But the design is good in the colors which we know well, such as royal blue, amethyst, golden brown and dark green. It would be pretty developed in black, and is an especially good model for velvet.

Colonial slippers and silk stockings are worn with it, and such a dress calls for a simple and well dressed coiffure. Like all simple things it will not grow tiresome to the wearer, and might be used daily during the reign of our easy going fashions.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

DRESSING THE BABY WHEN HE GOES OUT IN COLD WEATHER

THE baby must have his airing every day no matter if the weather be sharp. He must be thoroughly protected against the cold and never allowed to get chilled.

Besides the clothes he wears in the house he is to be provided with articles which he will need to fortify him against the cold. If he is dressed

prettily. Knitted or crocheted boots are made with quite long tops for the baby's outing, and fastened with soft crocheted cord and small zephyr tassels at the ankle.

When his head and hands and feet have been protected, he has the added comfort of his coat. Finally he is tucked into his carriage under a robe of fur or elderdown and the top adjusted to protect him from the wind if there is any.

The baby is sometimes kept too warm in the house, and is fretful on this account. In steam heated apartments particularly, he will not need a lot of flannels. He must always wear his hand over the bowels, but a pinning blanket is not needed. He wears a flannel petticoat and a light slip. But for a house not so warm, or when he goes out, he must have an ample supply of extra clothing.

His dresses and skirts are not made as long as they used to be. Twenty-seven inches now is the standard length. They are not much trimmed, but are made of very fine materials and finished with fine lace edgings, little tufts, small sprays of hand embroidery and scallops. Feather stitching is much admired. One who knows how to sew nicely can make all his belongings in the best manner at home.

Tea Apron of Finest Batiste.

Daintiest among afternoon tea aprons is the one made of a half yard, half width, of finest batiste or organdy, finished at the lower and side edges with cotton lace picot bordering that is scarcely more than a series of long, loose loops, and at the top slightly gathered into a waistband of narrow ribbon, decorated at both ends with bowknots, from which fall a half dozen or more ends in quarter inch wide ribbon, bownkotted midway of the length. The center of the apron is ornamented with two insets of ornate bordered flat lace. One of these placed six inches below the waistband, is a four-inch square, and the other placed six inches above the lower edge, is a two by four inch oblong. Of course, lace of any other substantial sort could be employed and white net, soutache embroidered, is equally as pretty as flat.

Duvetyn, which has made so strong an appeal this fall for suitings, has much in its favor besides the exquisite colorings in which it is to be had. It is not only soft and supple, but has considerable warmth.

Anyway, false hair looks better on a woman's head than when scattered about on her dresser.

Some of the things you are waiting for will come to you much quicker if you hand the waiter a quarter.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in cold water. Adv.

Help! "He claims to understand all women thoroughly."

"My, isn't he any older than that?"

Natural Kind. "I caught a firebug yesterday."

"A confirmed criminal?" "No; a glowworm."

Stop that cough, the source of Pneumonia, etc. Prompt use of Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops gives relief—see a bottle.

And Baby, Too. Heck—What do you do when your wife asks you to mind the baby? Peck—Mind my wife.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

Strain Was Too Great. "Heah about Chawlie?" "No. What's wrong with him?" "Brain fever."

"My word! What caused it?" "Trying to roll a cigarette in a high wind."

Reflection on Hospitality. At a certain Scottish mansion notorious for scanty fare, a gentleman was inquiring of the gardener about a dog which some time before he had given to the laird. The gardener showed him a lauk greyhound, upon which the gentleman said:

"No, no! The dog I gave your master was a mastiff, not a greyhound."

The gardener quietly answered: "Indeed, any dog might soon become a greyhound by stopping here."

Radium and Its Manufacture.

Although, until recently, the manufacture of radium has been carried on almost wholly in France and Germany, there appears to be no good reason why our American carnities should not be treated at home, says a writer. Carnotite is much more easily treated than pitchblende and the essential features of methods for its chemical treatment are well known, although much of the mechanical detail of operation has been kept secret. As the mechanical requirements, however, are those which any well grounded chemical engineer should be able to solve, there seems to be no good reason why any of our carnities could be shipped abroad, even at two or three times the present market price of the material.

ECZEMA BURNED AND ITCHED

203 Walnut St., Hillsboro, Ill.—"My child had a breaking out on the lower limbs which developed into eczema. The eczema began with pimples which contained yellow corruption and the child's clothing they were greatly irritated. They seemed to burn, which made the child scratch them, resulting in a mass of open places. They made her so cross and fretful that it was impossible to keep her quiet. They caused her to lose much sleep and she was constantly tormented by severe itching and burning."

"I tried several well-known remedies, but got no relief until I got a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which did so much good that I got a large quantity that cured her in ten days after she had been affected for two months." (Signed) Mrs. Edith Schwartz, Feb. 28, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

JUST TO COMPLETE BANQUET

Pathos in Youngster's Longing That Made Strong Appeal to Rich and Charitable Man.

The late Edward Morris, the Chicago meat packer, was worth over \$50,000,000, and contributed every year to charity as much money as he spent upon his home.

Mr. Morris, like most charitable souls, had a host of anecdotes that threw a quaintly pathetic light on poverty. Thus at a Christmas dinner in Chicago Mr. Morris once said:

"Every eater of a Christmas dinner should think of the little urchin who stood in front of a rich man's basement kitchen, inhaling rapturously the rich odor of roast turkey that gushed forth from the open window, and muttering over and over to himself:

"Gee, I wish I had a slice of bread to go with that there smell!"

1913 RECORD Magnificent Crops in all Western Canada

All parts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have produced wonderful yields of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Wheat graded from Continent to No. 1 Hard, weighed heavy and yielded from 40 to 45 bushels per acre; 22 bushels was about the total average. Mixed Farming may be considered fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. In 1912, and again in 1913, at Chicago, Manitoba carried off the Championship for beef steers. Good schools, markets, convenient climate excellent. For the homesteader, the man who wishes to farm extensively, or the investor, Canada offers the biggest opportunity of any place on the continent.

Apply for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

G. A. COOK, 128 W. 10th St., Kansas City, Mo., and 2, Broadway, N. Y. City, N. Y. Canadian Government Agent

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