

Presidents and Pies

An Interesting Account of Washington People of Yesterday and Today By the Wife of the Well-Known Diplomatist

By Mrs. Lars Anderson.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Admiral Long told me that King Albert was very fond of flying, and seemed to have no sense of fear whatever. In a recent flight in a seaplane, he had asked the pilot to do some very dangerous stunts. Seaplanes are not meant for stunting, for they are much heavier than landplanes and differently balanced, the engine being over the passengers instead of in front of them. The pilot realized all this, knew the danger involved, and did not want to take the risk, but the King had asked it, and he felt that he must obey the royal wish at any cost, so stunt he did. Fortunately, everything went well, and his passenger seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

While they were on Long Island, the admiral said, his majesty had been given a very fast car to drive, and made the most of the opportunity by his breakneck speeding. In manner the King is simple, unaffected, and genuine. If he had not been born a prince he could have been an engineer, for he has a natural bent in that direction. Unlike his keen and business-like uncle, the late King Leopold, Albert is a deliberate thinker, one who patiently studies things and takes his time about reaching conclusions. This quality, combined with a strong progressiveness, makes him an excellent ruler. In a country where the Catholic Church is very powerful, his influence has been liberalizing—he has put Socialists into the cabinet with the clericals. But I think his real democracy is best shown by the fact that he has sent his sons to one of the big schools in England.

"It is good," he said, "for boys to play football and get their shins kicked by other boys. If he had not been born a prince he could have been an engineer, for he has a natural bent in that direction. Unlike his keen and business-like uncle, the late King Leopold, Albert is a deliberate thinker, one who patiently studies things and takes his time about reaching conclusions. This quality, combined with a strong progressiveness, makes him an excellent ruler. In a country where the Catholic Church is very powerful, his influence has been liberalizing—he has put Socialists into the cabinet with the clericals. But I think his real democracy is best shown by the fact that he has sent his sons to one of the big schools in England."

"The next thing I heard, however, she was arrested. At the trial, my sister, who had been taken also about the same time, saw a great deal of her. She was very brave and got through it all. The Germans were never able to prove that she was a spy; she merely helped people out of kindness. They condemned her to death while many others who had been doing exactly the same thing received only a term of imprisonment. When asked why she didn't sign a request not to be shot, she replied, 'It is useless, because I am English.' The charges against her were espionage and high treason, but there is in history no precedent where a woman has been shot for such charges as were made against Edith Cavell."

The Queen was especially interested in the success of the Cavell-Depage hospital, for she knew the Depages well and had worked in the Doctor's operating room at Ocean Hospital during the war. The Depages were very successful in their efforts, which had so far exceeded even my hopes that we had \$26,000 to give Her Majesty for the new institution. The committee gathered in a big room at the Longs and formed a circle. The Queen made a tour of it, speaking to the members as I presented them and explained what the war service of each had been, for many organizations were represented.

Her Majesty was exquisitely dressed, in white, a gown in the latest French style with clinging lines, but devoid of drapery; over it she wore a silver cap trimmed with chinchilla fur. Her delicate, sensitive face and tiny stature made her seem very fragile. She is not exactly beautiful, but has that much rarer and more precious quality we call charm, enhanced by an attractive shyness and a touch of wistfulness that are very appealing. It must have been hard for anyone who had not actually seen her at work to realize what heroic and thoroughly important services she rendered her people. A woman of great intelligence, she is, besides, a surgical nurse of long experience, and became a sort of unofficial "Belgium Libre." Not only did she care for the wounded at La Panne, but sometimes under heavy fire in a cellar near the front lines.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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The Best Man

He Was a Stowaway

By NELL BRINKLEY



A LONG with other things that come with that June-feeling of leaning your head on your hand in the middle of the stuff you're turning in for your "sheet," and wishing for a certain deep, dark pool of sapphire shades and diamond flashes that you know of, in the mountains, that would feel mighty delicious flooding around your hot entirety this minute, comes this black-and-white scheme of brides and grooms! Cloudy chiffon floating by on a city breeze turned sentimental; laces and white satin slippers stepping forth from a dark cab; a scalloped awning that ought to be made of spider-webs fringed with down from Love's inner wing instead of oil-rain-proof canvas as it is; a singing organ trembling with angel-voices a million miles away; two rings—one flashing—one glimmering plainly; new

bags whacked onto a train goin' somewhere—anywhere where there isn't anybody else; the straight-up-and-down black-bird clothes of the groom; the bride's pink face—these things are part of the stuff the June-feeling is made of.

There's a wisecracking kind of wedding that tickles most grooms-to-be to death—but which most planning brides can't see—where every decoration is trimmed away but the two rings—the angel-voices—and the new bags goin' somewhere—anywhere—where there isn't anybody! And this sweet-odored, lily-of-the-valley, silver-ribboned bouquet wouldn't be needed there at all—that slip-around-the-corner kind; but this same gaily-headed, star-eyed stowaway would! And he'd be the only Best Man.

Why-ever do you need any other—when you go a-marrying? —NELL BRINKLEY.

When Hearts Are Trumps

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

Author of Nation-Wide Reputation and Writer of Popular Novels and Short Stories. CHAPTER XXV.

CHARLIE BRAISTED had spoken truly when he predicted that he and his companions would be back with the row boats in a hour. A small flotilla of four boats came around a bend in the lake about the same time that the young people who had been for a stroll appeared upon the scene. In each boat was a man. "Boys!" Miss Cynthia demanded. "Where's Barbara? And where's the other boy?"

Charlie Braisted answered, stepping his rowing long enough to explain the situation. Tom White had suggested hiring a canoe instead of a rowboat, and had asked Barbara to wait and come down in it with him. "And she did not need urging," Charlie added, ruefully. "She stayed with me as long as I was running the car—but when the canoe was mentioned she shook me and took up with Tom. Bab's in for anything this evening. She's some sport—believe me!"

A moment later the canoe came into view, Barbara reclining in the stern, Tom paddling gracefully. Barbara waved her hand as merry about greeted her.

"Barbara!" Miss Cynthia called. "Please sit very still! I am always nervous about that kind of a boat." "Don't you worry, Miss Paige," Charlie advised. "Tom's a first rate paddler. If he hadn't been, Bab wouldn't have gone with him, would you, Bab?"

"Of course not," Barbara answered gaily. Then, as an afterthought—"But, say, girls—wouldn't one of you like to come

BOOKS

WATER RESOURCES, PRESENT AND FUTURE USES. By Frederick Haynes Newell. D. Van Nostrand, New York University Press.

In this book the author, Professor of Civil Engineering at the University of Illinois, gives a clear-cut accurate statement of the facts about our water supply. He brings "research" into the light where the layman can see and learn, making special reference to the numerous problems which follow after the war. It is a sympathetic introduction to the plain citizen of a national question which demands universal consideration.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT. By Grover G. Huebner. Assistant Professor of Transportation and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania. New York and London: D. Appleton & Company.

In this presentation, in systematic order, of the particular facts, forms, practices and principles which the men engaged in or contemplating employment in the shipping industry should know with respect to steamship traffic management. The text is divided into three parts. Part I deals with the traffic organization and functions of the various types of ocean services and traffic agencies are classified and defined. In Part II, ocean shipping documents, their contents, forms, and uses, are described, and many are reproduced. Part III deals with ocean freight rates and regulation and contains chapters on ocean freight classification and rate tariffs, ocean rate-making, and the regulation of steamship services and rates by the Government.

Talking Birds. Certain birds not only are capable of producing articulate words and sentences, but it would appear from many well-authenticated instances as if they possess in some degree a faculty which enables them to apply their acquired art of speech with peculiar aptitude.

The raven, the jackdaw, the magpie and the jay may be trained to imitate sounds and to utter words and even sentences distinctly; but more familiar to most people are the talking birds of the parrot tribe, which acquire the gift of speech in a greater perfection than any other of their species. The voice of the parrot is also much more human in its tones; the raven is too hoarse, the jay and the magpie are too shrill, but there are modulations in the parrot's notes when speaking that are sometimes absolutely uncanny in their weird resemblance to the human voice. This superiority is due to the construction of its beak, its tongue and head.

Open to Persuasion. While touring in the Highlands, a motorist was stopped by a local policeman. While he gave his name and address readily enough, he hinted broadly that he might pay to be let off.

"What, sir?" cried the constable. "Dae ye suggest that I wud tek a bribe? Dae ye dare to insult me, sir?"

"Oh, excuse me," said the motorist, quite abashed. "I really—"

"But, now," put in the constable, "supposin' I wis that kin' o' man, how much wud ye be inclined to gie me?"

On His Guard. A youth fresh from the country, who had just been taken on as an assistant in a large grocery shop, was morbidly sensitive and always in fear lest a practical joke should be played upon him. One afternoon he entered the shop and asked for some birdseed. The youth was on his guard immediately. "No, you can't fool me!" he said. "Birds grow from eggs, not seeds!"

Seen in a Glance. Father—Who is the lady who bowed to us just now? Winnie—The one with the black silk skirt, the rose petticoat, plaid silk blouse, purple collar and silver clasp, tan coat, black hat with purple tips, carrying a silver-trimmed bag? Father—Yes. Winnie—I don't know. I only just caught a glimpse of her.

Following His Calling. A little man was charged in a police court the other day with being a suspicious character. "What were you doing at the time of your arrest?" asked the magistrate. "Simply waiting!" replied the prisoner. "What were you waiting for?" "My money." "Who wud you be waiting for?" "What did he owe it to you for?" "For waiting." The magistrate took his glasses off and glared at the prisoner. "Do not jest with me!" he said. "Now, tell me—have you a trade?" "Of course I have!" "Then what is it?" "I'm a waiter!"

Are You on the Right Road?

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever, Professor in the University of Kansas and an Authority in Child Training.

I ESTIMATE that there are a round million young men and youths in this country now unconsciously in the first stages of hoboism. Check up yourself and see if you are in danger.

There could be enumerated at great length a list of useless, wasteful, non-productive, parasitic, blind-alley, or near-gambling occupations destined, as I believe, soon to dump their patrons into a big army of untrained job hunters and unclassified wanderers.

My young friend, I urge that you quiz yourself on this score. Two or three matters here give practical assurance of a coming economic and vocational crisis in the young lives concerned. First, their present wage is beyond the effort required; second, the job depends upon the waste and profligacy of the classes higher up, which will cease with hard times; third, the young victim of this blind alley-graft is saving nothing and is learning nothing that will lead to promotion or lay the foundation for a future business. Young man, the jig will soon be up.

There is one alternative, my boy, and that is to cut your lazy wasteful job and start where you can do something worth while. Get into some kind of honest business where you can learn as you go, and work hard for promotion. Start with small wages, if necessary. Roll up your sleeves and put yourself into a fighting mood.

It is a glad day of self-discovery when a boy finds out that he can win his way and make his mark in the world through his own well-placed effort. Hop to it! One week from the time when you read this I want you to have that new promising position and be able to say in the future that you escaped hoboism by the skin of your teeth.

Accommodating. A car had just started when two women, rushing from opposite sides of the street to greet each other, met right in the middle of the track and in front of the car. They there stopped and began to talk. The car stopped, too; but the women did not appear to realize that it was there and headed it not. Finally the driver showed that he had a saving sense of humor. Leaning over the front of the car, he inquired in the gentlest of tones, "Pardon me, ladies, but shall I get you a couple of chairs?"

Leap Year Opportunities In Congress

By EDITH McDOWELL-WISE.

PROBABLY the youngest bachelor from Texas is a snappy, black-eyed Congressman from Valley View, Texas—Marvin Jones. Those who know say he is a wonderful dancer, and the girls also claim that he is a "devilish flirt," but that does not suppress them from snatching every opportunity to secure a dance with him.

Jones is also a lawyer, very popular with his colleagues from Texas, and intends to become a flier while in Washington. It is his boast that he will some day own an airplane in which to travel back and forth to Congress, and the girl who has designs on him will have to be a good flier. He is also fond of horse-back riding, and is often seen galloping through the riding path in Rock Creek Park. However, he can always be found on the floor of the House during the afternoon, and is very popular with his constituents.



MARVIN JONES

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

PEOPLE talk of the pleasures of travel, the delights of the far southern seas; yet they readily rave of the desert and wave and their jaunts to the wiles of Hebrides. And they say it is better than study, to toddle about, here and there, in the lanes of the Chinks and the land of the Sphinx, and to see how the Japs do their hair. They converse with an ease that I envy of the wonderful things they have seen, for they've made lengthy stops with the Finns and the Wops and many a nation between. I will say they embarrass me greatly, till I feel I will surely succumb to the pangs of my shame as of Greece they exclaim, while I sit there and twiddle my thumb. For the fact is, I am not entitled to discourse of the great Chinese wall or the African plain or the beauties of Spain, for I never have traveled at all. And while others were viewing the landscape or sailing about in a junk, I have stuck close around my old stamping ground and never got far from Podunk. All those travelers' stories a chap said; and yet, I am not ill-content when I note that some chaps who know all about Lays still keep on every month paying rent. Yes, I'm glad that I haven't been trotting to Venice and Paris and Rome, but have stuck right around and have

bought me some ground; for O, Boy! I have copped me a home! And often I'm tempted to wonder if I've missed anything overseas half as good as this spot where my cares are forgot and I'm sure of my comfort and ease. It is fine to be posted on places till you talk like a well-written tome, but that isn't a patch upon lifting the latch to the door that leads into your home!

Polite Language. At one of the big London hotels there is a page boy who in his spare moments is much given to the study of the best English literature. Recently he was paid his wages with a small fine deducted for a breach of the regulations. Indignant, the boy said to the manager: "Sir, if you should ever find it within the scope of your jurisdiction to levy an assessment on my wages for some trivial act alleged to have been committed by myself at some inopportune moment in the stress of one's avocation, I should suggest that you refrain from exercising your prerogative. The failure to do so would of necessity force me to tender my resignation." The manager, tottering, reached a chair, and in gasps asked the boy what he meant. "In other words, if you fine me again I shall chuck the job!" said the lad.

Do You Know That—

It is estimated that about 4,000,000 pins are destroyed daily.

Hawks are said to be able to fly at a rate of 150 miles per hour.

Nearly every Japanese until recently followed the profession of his father.

There are nearly 100 ways of saying "my dear" in the Manx language.

For a Chinaman to wear spectacles in company is considered an act of discourtesy.

The school children of Sweden, under the direction of their teachers, plant about 6,000 trees each year.

Snow ten inches in thickness will, under normal conditions, yield one inch of water when melted down.

The blowpipes of the Indians shoot an arrow 200 yards with wonderful precision.

Three varieties of dogs never bark—the Australian dog, the Egyptian shepherd dog and the "lion-headed" dog of Tibet.

At one period in Holland there was a ban on the sale of oranges and lemons. The reason was the hostile feeling towards the Stadholder's family, whose favorite color was orange.

The largest yield of bone from a single whale was taken in 1893, and amounted to three thousand one hundred and ten pounds.

Five is considered a sacred number among the Chinese.

Cork, notwithstanding its buoyancy, will not rise to the surface from a depth of two hundred feet below the ocean's surface, owing to the great pressure of water. At any depth short of that it will gradually work its way to the surface.

Following His Calling. A little man was charged in a police court the other day with being a suspicious character. "What were you doing at the time of your arrest?" asked the magistrate. "Simply waiting!" replied the prisoner. "What were you waiting for?" "My money." "Who wud you be waiting for?" "What did he owe it to you for?" "For waiting." The magistrate took his glasses off and glared at the prisoner. "Do not jest with me!" he said. "Now, tell me—have you a trade?" "Of course I have!" "Then what is it?" "I'm a waiter!"

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in here instead of in one of the rowboats? Because, if so, please say the word and I will change places with you."

"The dickens you will!" Tom exclaimed. "You'll do nothing of the kind! I guess I invited you to come with me, and here you go trying to drop me already!"

"Indeed I do not, Tom," Barbara assured him. "Only I don't want to be selfish."

"Well, I do, so there's the difference," Tom retorted. Then, raising his voice, "Come along, the rest of you! We'll go up the lake as far as the river, then come back. We can do that easily in an hour."

He let his canoe float while he watched the rest of the party board the various boats. John Brandon helped Miss Cynthia to a seat, then started to take the oars.

But one of the young men interferred.

"Let me row, Mr. Brandon, won't you? It is only fair that we young folks should be the work."

Without a protest Brandon resigned his seat as the oars. Barbara, noticing this, felt a sudden pity for him.

"That was well meant," she reflected. "But I wish the boys would not trust him, if he were so many years older than they are."

Then she remembered that Daisy Greenwood had said that John Brandon was of the same generation as Miss Cynthia Paige. "Let Aunt Cynthia did seem years older. For John was so alert in his movements, so!"

"What are you thinking about?" Tom White demanded, observing the serious look on Barbara's face. "Nothing," she replied. "But do let's get started. Everybody is ready now."

"Sure! Here we go!" turning the canoe out toward the center of the lake. When out of earshot of the others, he asked a sudden question: "I say, Bab, what made you look so grave back there? Your expression changed all in a moment."

Barbara answered frankly: "I was noticing Harry Watson insisting on rowing in Mr. Brandon's stead. And I was sorry."

"Because Mr. Brandon is not old only about forty, and you boys make him seem like an old man. To my way of thinking, it is not quite fair."

"Well," Tom rejoined slowly, "I never thought of that. Perhaps we mark the difference too plainly, and it is a pity. For Brandon's a dandy chap."

He was studying the girl opposite him, and even in the pale moonlight saw her change color slightly.

"Could it be true, as rumor suggested, that she cared for John Brandon? This young creature only a little over twenty and a man double her age—too bad! And what about Bob Elliott?"

A desire to know the truth moved him to what sounded like a casual comment.

"He and Elliott are both great friends of yours, aren't they?"

"Yes," was the curt reply.

"Well, you're lucky to have two such friends. It's hard to say which is the 'finer'—they are so different."

Barbara laughed sarcastically. "Different! I should say they are! One is absolutely dependable, while the other—"

"Well, go on," her companion urged. "And the other is—what?"

"I'll not. But forget that silly speech. Let's sing something."

A moment later the pair started the old but popular tune of "Juanita." The occupants of the other boats caught up the refrain, and the lake was musical with fresh young voices.

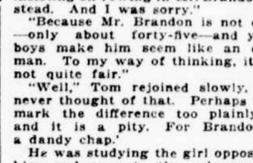
It was when they neared the shore on their return trip that Tom started to hum the first bars of "I Hear You Calling Me."

"For goodness' sake, don't!" Barbara exclaimed with a sharpness annoyed him. "That song's threadbare. I hate it!"

(To Be Continued.)

MOTHER!

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