

Some People In the Public Eye



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THE whole country sympathizes with William H. Moody, who may be forced to retire from the United States supreme court on account of illness, as no man in public office has worked harder or given Uncle Sam more of his time. Even if he doesn't retire he won't be long.

He doesn't know how. He held the long, short and middle distance records as a worker when he was in congress and when he was secretary of the navy and attorney general and later on when he joined the supreme bench. It may seem out of place to relate a funny story in writing of a sick man, but then it cannot hurt his case, which is the writer's excuse for telling it.

In his constant industry Mr. Moody reminds one of that young man whose relatives took him to Peoria, Ill., one night and led him to the heights overlooking the city.

"Jim," they said, "you might as well quit drinking. You can't drink all they make each day. The task is hopeless."

Jim looked at the myriad lights of Peoria's distilleries and was pensive for a time. Then he brightened up.

"Not so blame hopeless at that," said he courageously. "Haven't I got 'em working nights?"

The sudden illness that struck Queen Elizabeth of Roumania came as



CARMEN SYLVA.

a great shock to the world, her work for her people having made her universally known and beloved. She was born in Neuwied, Germany, on Dec. 29, 1843, and in 1869 married Prince Charles of Roumania. At the outset she won the hearts of the Roumanians, entering with characteristic energy into the life of the people, studying their customs and endeavoring to understand their thoughts and aspirations. During the war of 1877 the princess worked day and night in the hospitals, setting an example which was emulated by Roumanian women. In 1881 Roumania was declared a kingdom, and on the 22d of May of the same year the princess was crowned queen.

It was subsequently that she became known as a writer of poems, novelettes, dramatic sketches and fairy stories and adopted the pen name of "Carmen Sylva." Her romantic nom de plume signifies "songs of the woods." Many of her majesty's literary productions have been translated into English. Sir Edwin Arnold having rendered some of her verses into our language.

Governor Jared Young Sanders of Louisiana, who was recently elected to the United States senate, will be the youngest member, excepting Senator Gore. Sanders is forty-one. He has taken a leading part in state politics and has been much in the limelight. He is a lawyer, has been speaker of the lower house, a state senator and lieutenant governor and was elected governor two years ago.



J. J. SANDERS.

While in that office Mr. Sanders signed the Locke bill, which prohibited betting on race tracks and other gambling. Racing promptly ceased at the City park and fair grounds tracks, but certain horsemen, whose management of races had really caused the bill's passage, kept on racing at Suburban park, in Jefferson parish, across the Mississippi from New Orleans. Governor Sanders, however, threatened to call out the militia, and that settled the matter. He was elected to the senate to fill out the unexpired term of the late Samuel D. McEnery, which will expire in 1915.



Milady's Mirror

Instead of wasting time weeping in front of your mirror, my lady ugly duckling, try the beauty cure from within.

Learn how to smile, how to have a happy disposition. You have no idea how it will transform your face, how it will wipe out all the dull, stupid, sagging lines.

Watch the women singing at a concert and understand the principle of it. One may have a lovely voice and sing very difficult music in a charming manner, but her solemn bearing and the lack of animation in her face will hopelessly repel you.

Another singer may not have half as cultivated a voice, but her charmingly smiling face and her sparkling eyes will attract twice the applause of the other gets.

And it is so in life. Train the lines of your face to curve upward, not downward, and you can only do this by keeping smiling thoughts in your mind. Don't allow yourself to think blue, ugly thoughts, and your smile will be bright, spontaneous and ever present.

A cheerful disposition makes the eyes bright. It makes the skin smooth. It rejuvenates a woman as nothing else will.

Massage is fine for the complexion—keep it up—but be sure to massage your disposition as well.

Care of Hands.

Undoubtedly warm weather brings strong temptation to go barehanded, and the girl who does will not have white hands. For the skin will freckle, if it does not brown, and either will make it coarse. Gloves must be worn. One might as well accept this, however uncomfortable covering the hands may be, if the flesh is to be kept fine.

In point of fact, gloves are not half as uncomfortable as many girls fancy. To begin with, all gloves worn in summer should be at least half a size larger than those for winter. This additional space permits circulation of air, so the fingers do not become warm. Of the kinds of gloves chamisols are more than protective. They are refining to the skin, softening and whitening it. As they wash easily, simply by squeezing them in soapy water and rinsing afterward, they are not to be considered extravagant.

A girl who is much out of doors, yet whose hands are white and fine, wears chamisols all winter, and when she knows she will not remove her gloves before returning home she puts on a certain pair which she always wears when she has previously treated her hands with cream. This treatment consists of rubbing the backs of her hands and the fingers lightly with sweet almond oil, then dusting them thickly with powdered chalk. After that the gloves are drawn on. The chalk prevents the grease from going through the leather, and the skin is under treatment all the time the gloves are on. Such a method should be followed always by a girl who plays tennis or is out of doors much in warm weather.

If gloves seem to interfere with holding golf sticks or tennis bats cut off the finger tips; then the fingers will be free while the skin is protected. Gloves once cut do not wear as long as when whole, but those worn for recreation may be taken from the stock which is too old to wear when visiting or shopping.

If the backs of the hands burn or tan easily a mixture of lemon and sweet almond oil will act as a bleach. Lemon juice and powdered magnesia should be mixed into a thick mass; then enough almond oil must be added to reduce it to a paste. A drop of bitter almond oil to a tablespoonful of the paste improves its bleaching qualities. This mixture must be spread over the skin before gloves are drawn on and may be used during the day or at night.

To Walk Gracefully.

Nearly every woman walks far too rapidly for anything like grace to enter into her movements.

Tall women for some reason walk more slowly than little ones. Their elbows, shoulders and hips move from side to side with every movement of their feet.

If you want to be graceful don't look at your feet, but hold your head well up in the air. Don't shuffle. A little thoughtfulness and practice in high stepping will soon break you of this ugly habit.

Don't bend your back at the waist under the impression that you are thereby walking erect. It throws the stomach forward and is almost as inimical to grace as round shoulders.

Use a Medicine Ball.

A medicine ball is a good possession for any one shut up in an office all day. A few minutes spent in throwing it will send the blood coursing through the veins. Fencing and bowling are both admirable sports for those who need exercise, and every office worker should seek out some opportunity of practicing them. And in any case she ought to do all the outdoor walking she can get into the day without over-wearing herself.

SLY MR. PERKINS.

Winter Promises For a Summer by the Sea.

BROKEN UP BY CONDITIONS.

Entries in the Diary Made Null and Void by a Combination Which Had Not Been Foreseen—Now It's the Catskills Next Winter.

By M. QUAD.

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

"MR. PERKINS," said Mrs. Perkins as they sat together on the veranda of their house the other evening to see the sun make his setting, "I presume you have your diary in your pocket?"

"Always carry it, my dear," he replied.

"Then please turn to the month of December of last year—about the 10th, I think."

"Certainly, Mrs. P. December, eh? Here it is. About the 10th, you think? On the 10th I find this entry: 'I think I am going to have a boll on my neck. If I do I shall not blame my dear second wife.'"

"Then turn to the 11th or 12th."

"Certainly, my treasure. Ah, here we have something under the date of



FAMILY DOCTOR TELLS PERKINS HE'S CRAZY.

the 12th. Um—um! It reads, 'Have promised wife that we will go to the seashore and stay for two months.' Is that the entry you have in mind?"

"It is, Mr. Perkins. Are we at the seashore? Have you said one single word about going there since that night?"

"If I have I don't recollect it."

"But of course you have some excuse handy? You know you always wriggle out of every thing."

"My dear Mrs. Perkins," he said after drawing a long breath, "that word wriggle hurts my feelings. I am neither a snake, a worm nor an eel. I simply use philosophy to convince you that I have your best interests at heart. Advance your case and I will have my philosophy ready."

"That entry in your diary is my case."

"Then we will take it up at once. On the 12th of December we were having a howling old blizzard. The thermometer was 4 degrees below zero. The pump in the well was frozen up. We had just got news that our neighbor's dog on the one side and our neighbor's forty-five chickens on the other had been found in the cold embrace of death. Forty-five chickens and a dog, Mrs. P., and a bulldog at that."

"And what of it?"

"You were nervous and excited, my dear, and to get your mind in another channel I spoke of the seashore. The time was a long ways off. The husband doesn't live who won't promise his wife anything she may suggest six months ahead."

"Then you never meant that we should go?" she accusingly exclaimed.

"Why He Promised the Seashore. I knew it depended on certain things. For instance, if I found a wallet with a thousand dollars in it in the road and Mr. Rockefeller didn't think his loss worth advertising for, why, then we would skip right along."

"Go on and wriggle. You have got a fine start!"

"Having looked for the wallet in vain, I thought of mortgaging our house and lot for the money. I think I should have done so had I not discovered that there were two mortgages on it already. Third mortgages are rarely taken, Mrs. P.—very rarely."

"Another fine wriggle!"

"Some men would have given up at this point, but you have a husband who never gives up. I said to myself that you should go to the seashore if I could possibly compass it. I tried to borrow \$500 on my note of hand. The results were surprising. None of my friends had over 50 cents to spare. In this emergency I turned to lottery tickets. For thirty days I expected to draw the capital prize of \$100,000. For the next thirty I'd have been glad to hit 15 cents."

"Let it go, Mr. Perkins, and don't waste breath!"

"Wall Street With Usual Results. But, having opened the subject, we must follow it, my dear. After my failure to borrow money I took a shy at Wall street. Then Wall street took a shy at me. Same old story, Mrs. P. Stocks went down, and I went up."

You may have noticed how perturbed I was for a few days?"

"No, I didn't," she replied. "If you lost \$3 on Wall street you concealed it from me wonderfully well."

"But I was not yet at the end of my resources, Mrs. P. A determined man never is. I went to our family doctor and stated the case as strongly as I could. I even told him that you had gone into a decline and might not last six months."

"What did you want to tell him any such nonsense for?"

"I thought he might advance us several hundred dollars in a lump sum and let me pay him back on the installment plan—a quarter a week. I was disappointed, however. He said that the sooner you died the sooner you would be among the angels."

"Mr. Perkins, I don't believe you are telling me the truth!"

"Gently, dear—gently. When I spoke about the seashore he used these words to me. They are graven on my memory and can never be ungraven: 'My dear man, are you crazy? Do you want to get rid of your wife before her time? Is there no human heart in your human breast? Take Mrs. P. to the seashore and you take her to her doom!'"

"Those are his words, Mrs. Perkins, and when I asked for an explanation he said: 'Don't you know, Mr. Perkins, that Mrs. P. is fresh—too fresh, and that the seashore is salt—very salt. And can you not conceive of the results when a too fresh body is brought suddenly into contact with a too salt one? You are a murderer at heart to entertain the thought of taking your wife to the seashore!'"

"Next time I see the doctor I'm going to ask him if he said any such thing!" snapped Mrs. Perkins.

Deaths at Summer Resorts. "I believed in him, of course," resumed the "wriggler." But I thought it wouldn't do any hurt to have a little talk with Phillips, who was at the seashore last summer. I'm glad I did. He kindly permitted me to copy some statistics he had made, and here they are. Listen:

"Number of persons who dropped dead in the water while bathing, 542.

"Number who suddenly collapsed on the sands, 456.

"Number found dead in their beds from too much ozone, 320.

"Number who died in their husbands' arms, 946.

"Number who barely reached to perish amidst familiar surroundings, 658.

"Number of bereaved husbands in one week, 876.

"Number of undertakers who amassed wealth in one season, 327."

"There are the statistics, Mrs. Perkins, and when I say that after looking them over I made up my mind that we would go to the Catskills instead of the seashore I trust that you will lay your hand in mine and acknowledge that your interests are always and ever paramount with me."

"What? Are we to go to the Catskills?" she joyfully exclaimed.

"We are, my love—we are."

"You dear old darling! I'm sure I'd rather go there."

"I thought you would. We run no risk going to the mountains."

"Oh, it will be so nice! Can we start Monday?"

"Well, hardly, my love."

"Then when?"

"About the middle of January."

Mrs. Perkins rose up and gave him one awful look and then stalked into the house, and Mr. Perkins looked after her and then said to himself:

"Just like the rest of them! When they get what they want then they want something different!"

Nothing in a Name. "Did you ever hear the story about the Irishman who was caught in a trap game raid with some Chinese?" said Captain Carroll of the local detective bureau. "It happened not so very long ago in the First precinct."

"The plain clothes men had been sent out to investigate a crap game somewhere in Market street. They brought in four Chinese and Mike Kelly, an Irishman. Of course they were all lined up in court the next morning in front of a roomful of spectators."

"What's your name?" asked the judge of the first of the prisoners.

"One Lung," said the man.

"One Lung, you're fined \$10. And your name?"

"Ong Foo!"

"The other three gave their names as Sing Ho, Wah He and Foo Gee. Each was fined \$10. Then it came the Irishman's turn. He did not wait, but stepped up to the desk.

"Your name?"

"Oh, —! Here's your ten dollars. Never mind the name." — Newark Star.

The Meanest Woman. "We have often heard about the meanest man, but I think I know the meanest woman."

"What has she done?"

"She is trying to compel her husband to let his whiskers grow because his beard is so stiff that when he shaves it reminds her of her mother wounding the clock when she used to live in the country and was dissatisfied with her lot."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Up to Date Cruise. "Oh, Genevieve, say you'll drift with me down the stream of life in my little canoe!"

"Make it a motorboat, Willie, and I'll say yes."—Browning's Magazine.

The Village Blacksmith—1910. Under the spreading chestnut tree The village smithy stands The smith a lonely man is he. For his shop is in other hands. And before the door a puffing steed Now oil and gas demands. —Harper's Weekly.

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