Presidents and Pies

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

(Continued from Saturday.)

A soldier from Oklahoma, however, did tell me about a battle in which he had been separated from the Americans and found himself fighting with the Algerians, and finally was left entirely alone beside one. They prowled around together and poked into a dugout. The Algerian called out in bad French and asked if any one was there. Up came three Boche officers. The Algerian insisted upon killing them at once, saying that he never took Germans alive. One of the officers spoke very good English, for he had lived for seven years in New York, and he begged the soldier from Oklahoma to spare his life. The Algerian took all their belongings, weapons, watches, and money and divided them with the American, who finally succeeded in persuading him not to kill their prisoners, and they all started back toward the rear. On the way, however, the Oklahoma man got hit in the shoulder by a shell, and when a French stretcher-bearer arrived and took him off to the hospital the others disappeared and he never saw or heard of them afterwards. But he still treasured a gold watch which had belonged to one of their prisoners.

As we docked, the unwieldy houseboat smashed into the wharf, making a great hole in her side. It caused a lot of noise and jolting, but nobody got excited and the soldiers limped ashore, happy and well fed.

The autumn days were golden. The clock was set back, and the days shortened. The twinkling lights on gay F street gave glimpses of khaki uniforms and the dark blue-black of the naval officers with their gold braid and the French horizon blue, with a touch of flame color on the collars of the Britishers from the home office. Restaurants were filled and canteens, and there was always the lively sound of music issuing forth from phonographs.

Then one day extras were called out, with the amazing news that the armistice was signed. What a celebration! Trucks were filled with office workers, and everyone who had a motor decorated it and drove up and down Pennsylvania avenue. The sidewalks were crowded with people blowing horns, banging tin pans, dancing and shouting. Girls knocked off sailors' hats and threw confetti. It was a wild scene, but a jolly, good-natured crowd.

Processions were formed, with many amusing signs. One group carried a coffin with the inscription, "The Kaiser's Gone to Hell." Another group had a stuffed figure of his imperial majesty, which was pelted with stones, and finally strung up to a lamppost to the delight of the cheering people. Great bonfires were started, and flashlights played on flying machines, and everybody was happy beyond words that peace had come.

CHAPTER XII.

Royalties Arrive.

With the signing of the armistice we hoped that some, at least, of our troubles were over, but it was not long before we began to realize that many difficulties, both at home and abroad, remained to be met and settled. Besides the gigantic problems of the peace table, the great social unrest that had been kept under some sort of control while we were at war broke out everywhere in the form of violence, agitation, and secret propagandas. Boston alone suffered from four public-service strikes within a few months—telephone, street car, railroad and police. Prices soared instead of falling, and matters grew worse rather than better.

Some people felt that the President should have stayed at home and tried to straighten things out instead of going off to France, but others agreed with him that his higher duty lay there rather than here. At any rate, as a humorous versifier put it,

"Then who should go with courage high
To sit in conclave at Versailles—
And stick his finger in the pie?
But Woodrow!"

When Wilson first reached France he was welcomed royally, but as time went on his popularity seemed to wane. People here at home did not understand exactly what the league of nations was all about, and Senators especially questioned some of the fourteen points and refused to give him the backing he wanted. So he returned to America for a short stay in order to explain his views.

The day the President landed in Boston, I happened to be working in the Army and Navy Canteen on the Common, where crowds were gathering to see him drive past and perhaps to get a glimpse of the much-talked-of deerskin coat made for him by admiring Virginians, or of Mrs. Wilson's new red Paris hat. The soldiers who were eating in the canteen, less however, showed no interest in the procession that was to pass so near them, and I inquired, out of curiosity, if they were going to vote for Wilson next term, each and every one replied, "No, I want a Republican." When I asked whom they would prefer, they didn't seem to know, but stuck to it that he must be a Republican.

As there was little doing in the canteen, the hostess allowed me to go out and see what was happening. Squirming into the thick of the crowd, I managed to get within two or three rows of the curb, a position from which I could at least see the sharpshooters on the roofs opposite hiding behind the chimneys, evidently put there to protect the President in case of rioting. Some tough boys standing near me in the crowd were very entertaining with their slangy speech, and I amused myself comparing the language of Ade's fables of twenty years ago with that of today. "Oh, boy!" "How'd you get that way?" "You've said a trunkful—express yourself!" were a few of their remarks. I was just concluding that Mr. Ade had a lot to learn when there was a shove and a rush and a gallop of horses, and hats came off, and people stood on their toes and cheered. But I only saw the top of the President's gray head, as the motor passed.

Boston is rather a skeptical city, and Mr. Wilson was welcomed with more enthusiasm than I had anticipated. I found that people who hadn't cared much for him before were rather pleased with him after this visit, especially if they had heard his speech. On the whole, he left a very good impression.

Accounts received later from Washington indicated that he met with less success there than in Boston. His explanation of the league of nations did not fully explain, and some of the Senators, especially Lodge, were still dissatisfied. After a short stay he returned to France.

The following summer, in the midst of a tranquil cruise along the Maine coast, a cablegram arrived which caused us much discussion. It was from the Belgian ambassador, who was abroad at the time, asking if our house in Washington could be made ready at once and servants left there, so that it might be used, during the visit of the King and Queen to this country, as the Belgian embassy. The ambassador had only just been promoted from minister, and his previous house, though it had been large enough for a legation, would not do for an embassy.

Of course, we should have been more than delighted to have answered "yes" to his question, and tried to think of some way to do so. But the house was closed, the servants were all in Brookline, and it happened that we were without a housekeeper. It would have meant getting in a score of extra servants—and who could lay hands on so many at a moment's notice? So altogether it was not possible, greatly to our regret.

As it turned out, however, their majesties did not go directly to Washington as had been planned, but on account of the President's illness they went instead to Boston and then West, visiting the Capital at the very last, just before they left the country.

This change of program naturally complicated matters somewhat. Among other things, it made their Boston stay fall on a Sunday, so that the King was unable to visit the manufacturing plants which he had wished particularly to see. It happened also that Cardinal Mercier was in town that day. In the forenoon the royal family went to the cathedral, lunched at the Copley-Plaza, received a committee of Belgian relief and other war workers, and motored out to Harvard, where the King received a degree. L had been asked to help in the arrangements for their reception, and we were both invited to join the governor and mayor and their wives in receiving the guests at the station and accompanying them during the day.

It had been planned that, after the royal party left Harvard, they should drive over to Weld for a cup of tea and a few minutes of much-needed rest. You can imagine how excited our household was and how we rubbed and scrubbed and put out all our best things, including, of course, our Belgian souvenirs—the piece of ironwork from the Cloth Hall of Ypres, a signboard of Ramscapelle where I went just behind the front-line trenches with General Drubbel; and last, but not least, the handkerchief which the Queen had given me in La Panne one day when I had lost mine!

But all our efforts came to a sad end, for just a few hours before their Majesties' arrival a telegram arrived telling of the sudden death of a member of the family. We sat up all night changing our plans and writing messages, for we had to leave on the first train for the middle west. The big round cake, with its Belgian colors and "welcome" on the icing, was sent in with flowers to the royal private car with explanations and apologies. The streets about our place were lined that day with motors, we heard, all filled with eager people, who, alas, had to go away disappointed.

After the exercises at Sanders Theater the royal party motored to President Lowell's house for tea, instead. The story goes that in the confusion no one had thought to tell Mrs. Lowell that they were coming, so the maids had all been allowed to go to see the procession. Consequently, when the royalties arrived there was no tea until the hostess and her friends rushed into the kitchen and served it themselves. It was a pity our cake had not been sent there instead of to the train!

After a look at the Public Library, the party drove back to the station, and were soon on their way west. In honor of Mr. Brand Whitlock their majesties stopped at Toledo, and afterwards were guests of the Hoovers and Blisses in California. Later, members of their suite told me that they had enjoyed this part of their trip particularly, notwithstanding some of the funny receptions they encountered at the hands of radical mayors who were holding office in some of the smaller middle west communities. Only in New York and Washington did officials of the National Government receive them; elsewhere the local authorities did the honors. The personnel of the party changed from time to time, but Mr. and Mrs. Brand Whitlock went with them throughout the trip, as did the military and naval aides, General Wright and Admiral Long, and the Belgian Ambassador, as well as "Bill" Nye, the famous secret service man who travels with royalty.

From time to time photographs appeared in our papers which showed the King and Queen in swimming, the King and Queen in flying machines, or the King driving the engine of his train. These diversions must have been a welcome change from the formalities which they encountered on every hand.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Boy, Pick Your Friends!

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever,

Professor in the University of Kansas and an Authority on Social Problems.

YOUNG MAN, I want to commend to you the fellowship and the friendship of common, busy men. I want you to know them, to believe in them, so that they may believe in you. I have often thanked God for my humble origin, but have perhaps more frequently thanked him for my present associations with plain and humble men. A brief personal narrative will explain.

Recently I made a trip through Pittsburgh, New York and Buffalo to Montreal to address a noon lunch assembly of the Canadian Club, one of the greatest organizations of the kind on this continent. For a full night and a day we fought our way through a snow storm. At dawn we were there three hours late, and, by that schedule, I had only a margin of ten minutes. We must hold the pace or I would lose the trimble of a 2,200-mile trip to make perhaps the most important address of my life. And, being a stranger, who would befriend me?

Well, my boy, it was the splendid group of men in charge of that snow-delayed train. The dispatcher, the train conductor, the Pullman and dining crews, the flagmen, brakemen and porters—all these worked like a lot of war heroes and used every available means to get me to my appointment on time.

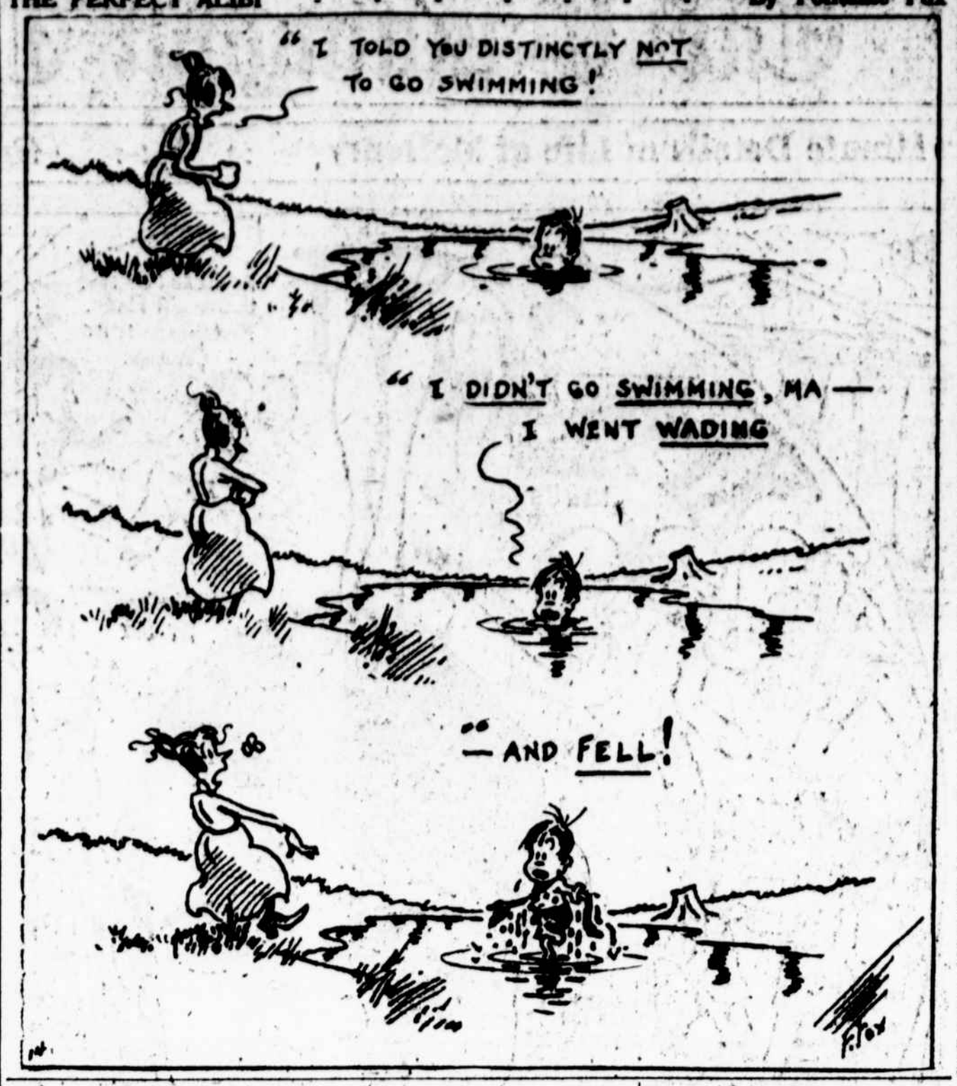
It was worth the price of the trip to jostle with these sturdy hustlers for a day. To voice their sentiments; to prove your training and former experience suitable for getting under their load; to be able to speak their language as they speak it when at their best; to sympathize with their troubles; to find glory in their triumphs; to see divinity in the plain, honest fiber of the great, common man of the world.

This, my boy, is the accomplishment which I am here especially commending to you. And if you are not capable of real heart-to-heart and mind-to-mind association with such sterling men as those constituting train crews and boat crews and shop crews; then, I say, that you are not competent to enjoy one of the greatest satisfactions of life.

Lay aside that vain ambition to shine in the smart set; put away for a while those super-clothes; take a term of sweating with the laboring classes; learn to lift a common man's load, to eat a common man's meal and to think a common man's thoughts.

That stirring twenty-four hours with the train crew was certainly one of the most pleasurable of my life. I have written to the man "higher up" to thank him for assembling such a crew.

THE PERFECT ALIBI — By Fontaine Fox



Being Neat in the Home

By Loretto C. Lynch.

Authority on All Matters Pertaining to Household Management.

ONCE I asked a woman with a comfortable income why she did not employ a servant. And while she thought as to just how she would put her answer, I could not but help glancing about at the peaceful atmosphere of her well-kept home. The home was a simple one, yet its furnishings were delightfully artistic. It was so well kept. Its mistress seemed to have even mastered the art of washing the clothes without getting a single drop of water on her lovely blue chambray gown.

"I wonder if you will understand," she began, "if I tell you that I look upon my little home much as the Greek of old looked upon his temple. Not everyone is good enough to enter my home, not even to work in it."

Far-fetched? Perhaps to those of us who look upon our homes and our household duties as great burdens it may seem that way. But it brings me to another thing about which some of us might do well to think. It is the question of personal appearance in the home.

Many women at this season are giving attention to new clothes for outdoor wear. And the woman who has the proper sort of pride is giving some of her attention to the purchasing of suitable clothing to wear in the sacred precincts of her own home.

Time is so valuable these days, it is sometimes questionable as to whether it pays to make clothing at home. But a woman should plan her house clothing just as carefully as she plans her street clothing. The shops everywhere are showing very well-designed housework gowns in substantial materials. And the dry goods sections of the shops are showing some excellent materials for the use of the home dressmaker in developing these gowns.

It seems too bad that that most artistic article of clothing which we have borrowed from our Japanese friends should be so shamefully misused by the American houseworker. I refer to the kimono. The kimono is, or should be to the American, a sort of lounging wrap. And it fills this purpose admirably well. But it is most unsuited to the needs of the woman who must do the cleaning, the laundry work and the preparing of the family food, not to mention attending to the children.

Assuming that many women wore kimonos because they were cheaper than the average ready-to-wear house gown, I compared prices at the stores. I saw some very neat house gowns and bungalow aprons that fitted the figure none too closely and were roomy and had comfortable short sleeves. Yet they cost no more and often less than the average flanelette, highly inflammable kimono.

Incidentally, I saw some aprons worth mentioning. One shop showed me a Jack-of-all-work apron. It was made of rubberized material. It covered the form from neck to ankle. It completely protected the clothing beneath, so that one might scrub or wash in the washtub or cook in spattery fat without getting a speck on the neat house dress you might be wearing beneath it.

Moreover, it could be washed off with a sponge and soap and water each evening and be spick and span for the next day. It enabled one to appear at a moment's notice to interview the grocer or insurance man or some other caller without the embarrassment of being wet or untidy.

The "Devil-Fish."

Fish to which this fiendish title has been applied, weighing up to 200 pounds, are sometimes caught by the Japanese. These fish are amphibious, and are often seen wobbling on their tentacles like giant spiders in search of patches of sweet potatoes. The natives kill them with clubs. In the water they are caught in jars lowered to the bottom, which the octopus enters, thinking them a good retreat from which to catch its prey.

All His Fault.

To hear the well-known preacher quite a crowd had collected. And he was fully up to expectation, declaiming and orating loudly enough to satisfy the most captious critic.

In the midst of his eloquent sermon an infant began to wail, but the minister kept steadily and eloquently on.

At last the mother of the infant rose to leave the church with it.

"Dont go on my account, madam," said the minister from his pulpit. Your child does not disturb me in the least."

"But you disturb my child, answered the mother coldly.

Do You Know That—

The River Amazon and its tributaries provides 50,000 miles of navigable water.

Harnessed to a tiny wagon a fly has drawn 170 times its own weight over smooth surfaces.

An Oregon fruit grower has perfected a seedless apple. In form it resembles a banana. Though elongated it is plump, and its fruit is more tasty than the ordinary apple.

The wet flat lands of Ecuador produce a vine yielding a fruit which, when dried, forms a sponge superior to animal sponges.

An acre was originally the amount of land which a yoke of oxen could plow in a day.

Aerated waters were originally made about 1767, in imitation of natural mineral waters.

The first successful aerial photograph taken by the British was one of Neuve Chapelle, in 1914.

The first Englishman to settle in Japan was a sailor named William Adams, who died there in 1620.

Achill, or Eagle Island, the largest island belonging to Ireland, is connected by railway with the mainland.

A bat cannot rise from a level surface.

Sugar is found in the sap of nearly two hundred plants and trees.

There is only one sudden death among women to every eight among men.

In Sweden the public houses are closed on Saturday—pay day—while the savings banks are kept open until midnight.

Their First Haul.

With the summer come sunshine and flowers and lots of other joys—and sorrows. Little Dorothy's mother was fully alive to the situation and made preparations beforehand.

She sent her little daughter into the kitchen to go through the parcels from the grocer's shop and pick out some by papers.

But Dorothy returned not from the place of cooking, and at last mother got impatient.

"Hurry up, dear," she called from the dining room. "Can't you get them?"

"No, mammy," came a sad little voice in reply. "They've got me, but we're both coming."

The "Weeping Willow."

It is recorded that about the year 1748 a resident at Twickenham, England, planted a "weeping willow" tree which had been sent to him from the river Euphrates, Western Asia. The tree flourished, and subsequently it became the custom to plant it in cemeteries, owing to the graceful droop of its branches. There is a legend to the effect that this was the tree upon which the exiled Jews hung their harps as they sat down and wept by the waters of Babylon, and that it was the weight of their harps that first caused the boughs to droop.

If the Thyroid Is Tired

By Brice Belden, M. D.

NOT only does that wonderful little gland in the neck possess its own inherent qualities but it also reveals a peculiar ability to stimulate and co-ordinate the functions of the other ductless glands, upon the activities of which so many important—indeed, vital—functions of the body depend.

The system of glands throughout the body furnishing the internal secretions which stimulate various physiological mechanisms has been compared to a cartwheel, in which the thyroid occupies the hub position, with its activities radiating through the various spokes representing other glands of the group. The rim of the wheel represents the final glandular tone.

What happens when a thyroid gland becomes chronically tired, and lies down on its job, as it were? This type of sabotage brings about the following symptoms:

First, mental sluggishness. Irritability from slight causes. General moodiness. Inability to concentrate. Forgetfulness and fatigue. Lack of confidence. Tendency to sleep a great deal. Morning heaviness, wearing off during the day.

There is a tendency for the hair to come out and for much dandruff to form. There is no brilliance to the hair, which is coarse, dry and dusty looking.

The head aches on slight effort, either over the brow or back of the head.

The eyes tend to sink in and are dull in expression. The outer part of the eyebrow tends to thin out, the outer half of the upped eyelid is likely to puff.

There is a tendency to catarrhal trouble in the nose, with the formation of crusts.

The lips are dry and cracked and the teeth become soft and tend to decay. The tonsils are enlarged and attacks of tonsilitis are frequent.

These patients are susceptible to colds and are slow in recovering. There is a tendency to winter cough.

There is a tendency to gain weight. The smaller joints crackle easily. The skin is dry and thick and scales easily. Eczema is common. There is but little perspiration. The nails become ridged, thickened and frail.

The heart beats sluggishly, and the extremities are cold and damp. Cold weather is very badly borne.

Happily, medical science now possesses the means of combating this condition most successfully.

One Way to Do.

Author, to friend: "Can you suggest any way in which I might improve my new novel?" Friend: "You might put the last chapter first." Author: "But all the characters die in the last chapter!" Friend: "Too."

When Hearts Are Trumps

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

Author of Mother-Wife Reputations and Writer of Popular Novels and Short Stories.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE picnic was a success. That was the universal opinion.

The night was perfect. The gay party reached the shores of Silver Lake, which was their objective, in time to witness the glorious sunset.

"It won't be dark at all tonight," Matilda Chambers remarked. "By the time the sunset dies away, the sky will be brilliant with moonlight."

They had their supper seated on rugs on the shore of the lake, which lay as smooth and shining as a sheet of glass.

"This evening was made on purpose, wasn't it?" Miss Cynthia observed, when the supper was ended. "Why don't some of you young folks go out on the lake for a while? Aren't there boats for hire a little way from here?"

"Oh, yes," Charlie Braisted replied. "Some of us will go up for them to the boathouse and row down here. Who'll go with me?"

There were several volunteers.

"We will be back with the boats in less than a half-hour," Charlie said. "The rest of you might amuse yourselves meanwhile gathering up the remainders of the feed."

"Thank you!" was the sarcastic rejoinder from several girls.

"No—you young people go for a stroll," Miss Cynthia suggested. "I can clear up what is left here."

"And I will help you," John Brandon said.

"Oh, no, Mr. Brandon! Barbara and I will attend to this," Miss Cynthia began. But Barbara interrupted her—

"Charlie!" she called, as young Braisted started towards his car. "Mayn't I please go with you for the boats?"

"You bet your sweet life you may, Bab! Come along," was the ready response.

Seizing her by the arm, he almost lifted her into the automobile, then sprang to the chauffeur's seat himself.

Barbara Runs Away.

"There's room for another chap here in front!" he called. "Bob will sit between us."

Tom White made the third on the front seat, while three boys sat in the tonneau. Barbara was the only girl in the expedition.

The chaperone tried to interpose, but her words were drowned by the roar of the engine as Charlie started the car.

"Well, you are a peach, Bab!" he exclaimed, steering his automobile carefully along the narrow road leading up to the boathouse. "I did not think you had the nerve to do such a thing! How did you dare?"

"Because I wanted to come and did not want to stay behind," was the prompt reply.

"Oh, I see! You thought your aunt would make you work!" Tom White teased.

Barbara nodded without replying. She would prefer that he should think that than that he should suspect that she did not want to remain with her aunt and John Brandon.

She felt just now as if she could not stand that. As Aunt Cynthia had decreed that the rest of the party must go for a walk, they would obey. John Brandon by himself was all very well, but Barbara was horribly embarrassed at the thought of being left at this juncture with him and her aunt.

In spite of her niece's defection, Miss Cynthia carried out a part of her program.

Five minutes after the departure of the car and its occupants, the other young people were strolling along the edge of the lake, as the chaperone had directed, and she and John Brandon were alone together.

The spinster began at once to talk.

"I am sorry that Barbara should have gone off in that impulsive way. But you must not judge her too harshly."

Her companion interposed quickly.

"You are mistaken, Miss Cynthia, if you think that I judge her at all. She is young and has a right to her own pleasure. That she should be happy is the main thing—isn't it?"

An Avowal of Love.

"Ah, but that is just where the trouble is!" Miss Cynthia came a step nearer to him and spoke hurriedly. "The child is not happy. That is why she is so excitable this evening—why she snatches at any opportunity to keep from thinking."

"Why—what has happened? That is,"—correcting himself—"an impertinent question for men to ask—but, I mean—I hope that nothing serious has happened?"

His companion shook her head.

"Oh, no," slowly—"only the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. And heretofore Barbara has been so youthful, so untouched by deep things that she is distressed when she finds herself caring more than she has ever cared before—and she cannot understand."

She stopped abruptly and began gathering up the various receptacles that had held food and packing them into a hamper. John Brandon assisted her. He was thinking very hard, as she meant he should. Their task was soon complete; then the man spoke.

"I am sorry if Barbara is depressed"——

Barbara's aunt interrupted him. "Oh, she is not distressed. I may have used that word, but that is not what I meant. It is only that she has suddenly awakenened to the realization that life—and love—are here, and that she may miss the best. In other words, John, her eyes are opened."

"Opened?" he repeated, softly. Then impulsively: "Cynthia—you must have seen that I love the child! There—I have said it! Sometimes I have almost dared hope—then I have been afraid that some younger man—Robert Elliot, for instance——"

Miss Cynthia checked him. "You have nothing to fear from any young man, John. As for Robert Eliot—Barbara is done with him forever. I am in her confidence, so I know all about that."

(To Be Continued.)

BOOKS

KINDRED OF THE DUST. By Peter B. Kyne. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

Those readers who will be tempted to read this new book because of pleasant memories of a certain "Cappy Ricks," will be in no wise disappointed. In fact, it is a reasonably safe assertion that the majority will vote "The Kindred of the Dust" as an even better story than those which related the doing of the redoubtable "Cappy." It is a more mature and sustained workmanship which Mr. Kyne displays in this story of the Northwest lumber region.

The setting is in the State of Washington, on the Bight of Tyee, where Hector McKaye, Scotchman, has established the sawmill town of Port Agnew, which he rules in paternal fashion. Hector, known locally as "The Laird of Tyee," owns the entire town, houses, streets, waterworks, lighting plant and hospital. He pays his men well, and looks after their wellfare, in many ways, and tolerates no I. W. W.'s or other disturbers. In fact, his greatest delight is in beating up radical orators and throwing them out of town.

Hecter lives up to his title of "The Laird" in every way. Proud and sensitive, he possessed a certain amount of sentiment and affection, most of which was centered in his only son, Donald. Donald's life had been spent in Port Agnew, except for four years at college, and Hector looked proudly to him as his successor in the business. Father and son understood each other well enough, and there had never been the slightest misunderstanding between them until the coming of the woman—Nan Brent—with whom Donald fell in love. Nan was the daughter of a squatter on the McKaye property, well-born, but poor, and riotously beautiful. What complicated Donald's love affair with Nan, and furnishes the theme of this enjoyable story, is the fact that "Nan of the Sawdust Pile," ostracised by the townsfolk, had made two mistakes in life. She had been deceived into motherhood by a bigamist, whom she left, and had fallen in love with Donald McKaye, for whom she named her child.

Though old Hector ruled all about him with a heavy hand, he found himself powerless to stop the progress of the love affair between Donald and Nan, and a most complex state of affairs results. However, Mr. Kyne brings about a reconciliation between "The Laird" and Donald, and the latter's belief in the woman he loves proves to have been fully justified.

A Ministerial Slap.

Said a minister of the Gospel one day in the course of his sermon: "Looking now at the congregation, I wonder why there are no poor among us; but when I count the offertory I know it will show there have been a good many here!"