

# Washington Day by Day

News Gathered Here and There at the National Capital

## MRS. TAFT ACCOMPLISHED MUSICIAN AND LINGUIST

WASHINGTON.—Somewhat interested in the prospects of Taft's presidential boom is Mrs. Taft, wife of the secretary of "peace and war." If events continue in their present drift she is likely to be a prominent candidate for first lady of the land.

She thinks—and does not deny it—that "the judge" is the best man yet suggested for Republican candidate in 1908. She hopes that T. R. will continue of this mind. She says she thinks T. R.'s indorsement will help.

Mrs. Taft became acquainted with the inside of the White House when, at the age of 16, she was Helen Herron of Cincinnati, and visited Mollie Hayes, daughter of President Hayes, at the White House. Her father was John W. Herron, law partner of President Hayes.

Mrs. Taft takes great pride in being a thorough domestic woman. She is a musician, and an accomplished linguist. She organized and was the first president of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra.

On her sideboard is a magnificent solid silver centerpiece given her by this organization in token of appreciation. Mrs. Taft studied instrumental music for more than 15 years in Cincinnati and abroad, and she has

taught all her children her art. The children inherit the studious disposition of their father. The oldest daughter, Helen, led her classes in the cathedral school, from which she graduated last year, and now is preparing for Bryn Mawr college.

Robert Alphonso, the eldest, now 19, is an undergraduate at Yale. He expects to adopt the hereditary occupation of law. He took a special course two years ago at Oxford in English law and history.

Charles P. Taft, youngest of the family is named for his rich newspaper uncle in Ohio. At the Force public school in this city, he sits beside his crony, Quentin Roosevelt. He knows what he will be when he grows up—a soldier in the army. He plans to go to West Point as soon as dad will let him.

Secretary Taft is not a man of wealth. He has always had to live on his salary, and a secretary's salary does not go far in Washington.

The Tafts, therefore, do not entertain in any showy way, though they are able to select their friends from among the most interesting people, and their fondness for music has brought them in touch with musicians and artists.

## NO CABINET MEETING—TEDDY HAS PHOTOS TAKEN

BECAUSE President Roosevelt wanted to have his picture taken on horseback—at least so the story goes—a regular cabinet meeting was postponed the other day for the first time in the memory of the oldest attaché of the White House.

The president, it is said, has been thinking for some time that he ought to have a few more photographs. As day after day passed without furnishing the necessary sunshine he became more and more nervous. On the particular morning in question, after the cabinet members had gathered the clouds suddenly disappeared and the sky was clear for the first time in two weeks.

Without waiting to give much of an

explanation the executive told his advisers not to wait, but to come around again next day. Then he donned his riding clothes, telephoned the photographer, called for Captain Fitzhugh Lee, and hurried to the riding course at Rock Creek park.

For more than an hour the president rode gracefully in front of the photographer, usually leaping his horse over hurdles. Some splendid negatives were obtained and Mr. Roosevelt feels more than justified in postponing the cabinet meeting.

One pose in particular, where the president is smiling as he sits on his horse while going over a hurdle, is deemed good enough to have warranted almost any halt in government machinery.

## GRANDSON OF GEN. GRANT TO WED SOCIETY GIRL

THE most noted society event in Washington in many a year will be the wedding of Miss Helen Dent Wrenshall, a pretty and talented Washington girl, to Chaffee Grant, of San Diego, Cal., a grandson of the late Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, which will be a function of the early June. While the blood of the greatest general America has produced courses through the veins of the young future bridegroom, the bride-to-be boasts of a lineage equally aristocratic. Miss Wrenshall says she is a lineal descendant of Alfred the Great.

Miss Wrenshall is the daughter of the late Edward Wrenshall, a prominent banker of this place. She is also a talented musician. The love affair is touched with romance and dates back to the time when both were mere children.

When but a young boy young Grant was sent to Washington by his father to attend school. He remained here for two years, and during this period he became acquainted with Miss Wrenshall. Although very young the attachment was very strong, and after leaving the school he returned to

Washington at least once a year.

After leaving school Grant went to California for his health and later moved to that state with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr. After spending some time in the coast state he returned to Washington and entered a bank. While banking he was associated with Edward Wrenshall, the father of his fiancée, and Mr. Smith. He soon left the bank and went back to California, but not until he had the consent of his sweetheart to become his wife. After going to the coast he soon left of banking and started in the real estate business, which he still follows. His father, U. S. Grant, Jr., is one of the prominent business men of San Diego. The groom is also a nephew of General Fred Grant, brigadier general of the United States army, in command of the department in the East, with headquarters in New York.

The Wrenshall family, according to authentic history, is descended from Alfred the Great through Edward the Elder, whose third daughter married a count of Vermandois, the founder of the line.

## JUSTICE HARLAN WINS BALL GAME BY HOME RUN

JUSTICE HARLAN of the United States supreme court, aged 74 years, made a home run and won the game in a baseball contest at the annual shad bake given by the Washington Bar association at Marshall Hall, Md., the other day.

When Justice Harlan went to the bat the score was a tie and the umpire had called two strikes and three balls. It was a critical and exciting moment, when Justice Harlan smashed the sphere a wicked swat squarely in the nose and drove it to deep center. He started around the bases and his leg work was really marvelous.

His sprinting qualities surprised and delighted the fans, who were wild with enthusiasm. The ball went over the head of the center fielder and was not in the tall grass.

Before it was recovered Justice Harlan had reached the home plate, where he stood sipping a mint julep, which had been prepared hurriedly for the idle Kentuckian as a reward for lining out a four-base hit and showing the younger element how to get around the bases.

It is feared there will be a vacancy on the supreme bench, as "Home Run" Harlan has already received offers of contracts from a number of ball teams

which are weak at the bat and need heavy hitters.

**Improve Wireless Telegraphy.**  
Admiral H. N. Manney, one of the American representatives at the wireless conference in 1906, is quoted in Berlin as authority for the statement that, whereas before the conference a quarter of a mile was the limit for wireless telephoning, it is now possible to communicate over a distance of 30 miles. The system experimented with is meant for marine use only, as it is more costly and less effective on land than the ordinary system.

**Gold Coinage of the World.**  
The United States is coining annually about \$300,000,000 in gold; Great Britain, nearly \$60,000,000; Australasia, a little more than Great Britain; France, about \$35,000,000; Germany, about \$25,000,000, and Japan, more than \$20,000,000.

**Croakers Popular.**  
Says a London dispatch: "Frogs have succeeded monkeys as the reigning pets of the fools who delight in calling themselves society ladies. Not a common frog, of course, but rare and exotic varieties, like the Amazon river frog, which now costs \$100 or more apiece."

# WHAT WOMEN WEAR



COSTUMES IN SHANTUNG SILK AND CHIFFON

Some one has spoken of the present year as a "season of plaids" but this is only true of tailor-made for morning wear; one rarely, if ever, sees a plaid gown worn in the afternoon. On the other hand, stripes are in the full flood of favor, in every possible material; grey and white stripes and dull blue and white stripes are immensely fashionable and in many cases the striped materials are worked with plain-faced cloth in a particularly effective manner.

Recently I saw a costume of this order carried out in dull shades of gray, with the best effects. The skirt which was round and fully gored, was made of the striped material, and there was a deep hem of plain cloth, headed by handsome braidings in a rather dark shade of gray. There was a very short coat—barely reaching below the waist—with a sac back and double-breasted fronts; the coat itself was made of plain cloth, but the lower portion of the kimono sleeves showed stripes, and there was a blouse of chalk white guipure inset with motifs of embroidered muslin. It was a most original-looking little gown, and was accompanied by a cloche of Tuscan straw, with dark gray velvet ribbons twisted round the crown and hanging in a bunch of ends at the right side, over the brim, and a clump of purple violets close to the front.

A novel fabric which should claim considerable attention for the making of summer dresses, either in bodice and skirt style or Chinese coat and skirt fashion, is Tussore silk striped, producing admirable effects in mixtures of blue and white, and holland color and white, and mauve and white. I have seen these excellently made, and very simply trimmed with cross-wise bands of the same material, with the bodice or coat showing pendant tassels to match, the under-sleeves and the vest being of tuck lawn.

Also I would hold a brief for plain Tussore, or Shantung, as the authorities have now elected to call it, while they have dyed it in every conceivable color, and also accept it with pleasure when it assumes its most natural aspect, a straw tint. No costume looks better than a plain Tussore

voile, which, however, not lending itself to be made into coats, needs must be relegated to bodices whose waists should be determined according to fancy. Many waists of voile gowns are cut low in front and high at the back, encircled with a broad belt, and very effective this is in combination with the wide sleeves, and decked to taste either with many frills or embroidery at the hem of the slightly gathered skirt.

Good combinations of color will do much to stamp individuality on frocks of this pattern, and there are some altogether adorable alliances being made between heliotrope and blue, dull pink and purple, puce and Wedgwood, while a most admirable voile dress all of one tone takes a yellowish shade, almost buff, and looks well under the influence of trimmings of thick crochet lace to match.

Feather boas are making their reappearance, and are mostly shaded with two colors. Many reach to the bust, others to the waist, and others again to the knees, while tassels of silk or feathers terminate them, and velvet ribbons also sometimes do this decorative duty.

Hats are being pushed further and further back, until there is as much hair to be seen from the forehead as from the nape of the neck; indeed, in many cases there is more to be seen at the front than the back. Such a state of affairs is by no means conducive to a trim outline, but it attains favor, and no doubt will continue to do so during the whole of this season. To such millinery I confess I do not pay that fealty which I usually bestow upon any fashion just for fashion's sake, for in truth I do not think it is becoming to one woman out of a thousand, and I am convinced that the other 999 will wear it with enthusiasm. The outline is open and low, the trimming pendant at the back, a wreath of flowers being most popular round the brim.

And now a word concerning the dresses displayed in our pictures. In the larger illustration are shown two costumes, the one on the left being in the new banana colored Shantung silk, striped faintly with red, and the other is of white chiffon pointed with trailing stripes of black ribbon, alternating with applique bands of narrow silver lace and finished off in true lover's knot bows where the whiteness of the chiffon merges into an encircling band of palest blue, patterned with shadowy pink roses, this in its turn being succeeded by a band of silver tissue veiled with a cobwebby black net and headed by folds of plain pink, and blue and silver, and a trail of tiny silken blossoms wrought in blue and pink silk. All this exquisite detail is repeated on the bodice, with the addition of some cobwebby lace, sundry silken and silver tassels, and a knot of black ribbon, catching in a long-stalked rose while a touque where quite a bouquet of pink roses against the hair in front, and three pale blue ostrich feathers curve over the back, is a worthy crown for an exquisite gown.

The dress in our smaller illustration is one of the latest designs in voile and is both exquisite and graceful.



An Exquisite Design in Voile Dress, gown well cut and simply made, crowned with a brown mushroom hat with a floating veil. I quote this as an example of successful simplicity, the coat or bodice of the gown being made to suit the individual figure goes without saying, since this should be a modish mandate of perennial popularity. The serious rival to Tussore silk is

**WHAT SHE DEMANDED.**  
And What She Had to Give in Return to the Man She Would Wed.

The Free Thought Society was holding its weekly meeting, and Sister Anastasia Sharpe was on the platform. "Man" was the topic of discussion, and he was being drawn over the coals as he was never drawn before, for Sister Sharpe was tearing man into shreds. Her dissertation had held the undivided attention of her fellow members of the society. Flushed by this she was moved to end her speech in these pregnant words:

"The man I marry must be brave, as brave as the lion of the forest; he must be bold and courageous. The man I marry must have the love-making ability of a true Romeo. He must be all this, and more, before I could ever consent to become his wife."

All this was said as Sister Sharpe stood firm and erect upon the platform, with her right hand high in the air. As she finished she smiled sweetly and waited to see the effect her words had upon her audience.

**Brother Boniface** was the first to arise, and very politely he propounded the following question:

"Sister, your words have been listened to with rapt attention; Sister Sharpe bowed graciously; but may I ask in all seriousness, and will you answer in as many words, 'What can such a man as you would accept, expect in return for all you demand of him?'"

Silence fell upon the assemblage. Sister Anastasia Sharpe stood confounded and perplexed. The passing moments all the more intensified the silence, which was only broken by a sonorous voice that came from somewhere in the distant dark background, and which said:

"A lemon."

The ceremony quickly broke up without ceremony. Sister Sharpe was taken away in a hack. While the male members made their way to the side exits.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Never.**  
After a man has been mentioned for the presidency it is never necessary for his friends to worry lest he may fall to take himself seriously.

# THE BETTER CHOICE

By C. V. Gregory

"I heard some good news to-day, Nancy," he said, leaning forward expectantly. She raised her eyes questioningly.

"Father's bought a farm in Dakota," he went on, "and he wants me to go out there and run it for him next year." He paused, but she did not reply.

"Well?" he asked at length.

"It will be a very good chance for you."

"And you?"

"I'm getting on very well teaching school."

"But I don't want you to teach school, Nancy," he pleaded. "Think how much nicer it would be to have a little home of our own."

"I don't want a home of my own," she replied, turning her head away.

"Have you forgotten your promise?" he asked, a note of mingled pain and surprise in his voice. "You told me once you loved me." There were tears in her eyes as she looked at him imploringly.

"I know I promised, Jimmie," she said, "but I was young then and scarcely realized what it meant."

"But, Nancy—"

She checked him with an appealing gesture. "I don't love you, Jimmie. I've tried and tried, but I can't. I don't believe I ever did." Mechanically she drew off her ring and held it out toward him. He made no move to take it, but rose abruptly and walked over to the window. For a long time he stood there, gazing at the whirling snowflakes outside, and when he finally turned and came back his face was so changed that the girl in the big armchair hardly recognized him.

He came and stood in front of her chair, steadying himself a moment before he spoke. "Think of these four years, Nancy," he said. "These four happy years, and that one particular evening long ago when we were out on the lake and the moonlight turned the waves to rippling silver. Oh, I was happy then. It all seemed too good to be true. To think that you, the dearest girl in all the world, had promised to be mine and only mine. It seemed like a glorious dream. Yes, it was a dream, and I am just beginning to wake." His voice broke and he buried his face in his hands.

"Don't, Jimmie, please don't," she sobbed. "Don't you see that I can't help it? You'll find some girl out there, Jimmie, a nicer and a truer girl than I am."

"I never want to see another girl," he replied. "Good-by, Nancy, I hope you'll be happy."

In a moment he was gone out into the storm and darkness with an awful loneliness freezing his very soul, and back in the house a fair-haired girl leaned her head on the arm of the old chair and sobbed herself to sleep.

Slowly the weeks passed away. The bleak winter with its sleet and snow had gone, and the beautiful summer flowers were fading one by one to make room for the gorgeous colors of autumn. Nancy had been attending summer school and was coming home again—home to the little white schoolhouse and the dear, exasperating children. Somehow the thought of it did not awaken any of the old enthusiasm. She used to think she loved to teach, but now—well, she was almost afraid she was beginning to hate it. She kept thinking of him and remembering his many little acts of kindness. How good he had been and how many!

There was a sharp shriek of the whistle and the passengers were nearly thrown from their seats as the air-brakes were suddenly thrown on. Then there came a crash, and outside the cries of excited men mingled with the hiss of escaping steam. The passengers hurriedly climbed out and ran forward. A stock train had broken a truck and in stopping to repair it had neglected to put out signals to warn other trains that might be approaching. The train crews, with the help of some of the passengers, set to work at once to remove the wreckage. Before they had gone far they came upon a body of a man, crushed and bleeding, but still alive. Carefully they cut away the timbers that held him, and carried him out and laid him on the grass. A well-meaning old gentleman attempted to lead Nancy away from the gruesome sight, but too late. She had recognized the blood-stained features, and with a frightened sob she sprang forward.

"Jimmie!" she cried, as all unmindful of the wondering crowd she knelt beside him and threw her arms about his neck. "Jimmie, don't you know me?" Slowly the eyes opened and the lips parted in a wavering smile. Tenderly she bent over and kissed them. "I love you, Jimmie," she whispered. "I'm just beginning to realize how much I do love you. You're not going to die, are you, Jimmie? You'll live for my sake, won't you?"

His bruised face seemed almost transfigured with happiness as he nodded a silent assent. And he did live, though the doctors gave him up more than once. But Nancy's loving care was rewarded at last and he began to improve slowly, though it was months before he was entirely well. Nancy never went back to teaching school, but if you should ever happen to go out to a certain part of South Dakota you would find her and Jimmie in one of the coziest, happiest homes in the whole state.

**Believe in Wandering Jew.**  
The belief in the Wandering Jew is still held in France among the peasantry of Brittany and Picardy. When a violent windstorm comes on they make the sign of the cross as they say "The Wandering Jew is passing by!" ("C'est le juif errant qui passe!")

A claim for £184,000 against the ex-Empress Eugenie for a loan granted to her husband in 1855 is about to be heard in the French courts. Isn't there any statute of limitations over there?

# WHY SHE REFUSED HIM

By Tom Masson

(Copyright by Joseph B. Bowles.)

He reached forward, and took her hand in his. For a moment—it seemed to him only an instant of time, and yet it was just long enough to convey its own meaning—she allowed it to remain. Then she withdrew it.

He was a wise young man. If he had attempted to pursue even this infinitesimal advantage, and to reach forward again, doubtless he would have been rebuked in that queenly manner which upon occasion she could so easily command.

And so he was content to wait, and change the subject.

It is proper to state, however, that the new subject was more in line with his real train of thought than the old. They had, when he made his advance, been talking on the commonplace topic of the latest historical novel.

Now he turned slowly, and looked her squarely in the eye.

"I'm going to marry you," he said.

"Are you indeed? When did you make up your mind to that?"

"Oh, some time ago. I mean it, you know."

"And lose a million?"

He turned again, abruptly.

"How did you know anything about that?" he asked.

"Your father told me."

"When?"

"Oh, some time ago. He called."

"Why, you must have known then—"

"That you wanted to marry me? No, I didn't. All I knew was that you had spoken to your father about it. You know you might have changed your mind—afterward."

He smiled grimly.

"What you mean," he said, "is this: that I thought it best to consult the governor first, and find out where I stood with him, before I found out where I stood with you."

"Yes."

He got up and took a turn around the room.

"Well, that wasn't exactly it," he continued. "You see, if I had had any doubt about marrying you, I wouldn't have done that—I would have gone for you first, and let the rest go. I meant business, and I thought it ought to be done right. Besides, I said to myself: 'If the old man turns me down, then my conscience is clear.'"

She apparently unheeded the last part of his remark.

"May I ask," she said, "what made you so sure of me?"

"I wasn't. But I was sure of myself. I knew the girl I wanted. That is everything in love."

"You seem to have gotten very wise all of a sudden."

He grasped the top of the tarnished gilt chair with both hands, and leaned against it hard, as he looked into her eyes.

"I've knocked around some," he said. "Since I've left college, I've run with the Newport crowd and the high people in town. I've had a lot of girls thrown my way, but I wouldn't give a white chip for the whole gang. I've seen them at their best and worst. They're all right—some of them. It's the life I don't fancy. I don't care for the pace."

It was her turn to smile.

"But there's nothing about me," she said, "that ought to specially recommend itself to you. Why, I even have to earn my own living."

"But your grandmother didn't, did she?"

"Why, no, I suppose not. She was a Puritan."

"Well, mine did. I've heard the governor tell the story. So what's the difference? A few years of time more or less, a generation or so."

She opened her eyes rather wide.

"You seem to have taken on such a sudden weight of accumulated philosophy," she said, "that I hardly recognize you. Where's Jack Wakefield, member of 20 clubs; the great polo player, the howling swell? That sort of fellow doesn't go with such depth as this."

"Can't a man do that sort of thing, and still—be a man?"

"Why, of course; but they don't go together as a rule—"

"Well, maybe you did that for me, or maybe the governor got mad. I don't know which. He's lived so much by himself, of late years, that the old fellow is crabbed, I guess. But he did turn me down hard."

"What did he say?"

"I don't know that I can rehearse it all—it was some time ago. But the main point was that, if I married you, he'd disinherit me. My allowance would continue, but no more. He must have gone direct to you to make a sure thing of it, didn't he?"

She turned her head slowly, and looked far away out of the dingy window, beyond the street, past the whirl of the great town, into the unknown distance.

"Yes," she said, "several times. He doesn't want you to marry me. Not a bit."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference to me whether he does or not. I can go out and hustle for myself. Money isn't everything."

The boarding house bell rang—not an unusual occurrence. Outside there was the slow snorting of an automobile.

He drew nearer to her. Again he took her hand.

"Helen, dear," he said, "what's the answer?"

She brushed away a tear.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "You're too good for me."

He laughed—a spontaneous, hearty laugh.

"That's a good joke," he said. "Too good for you. Ha! Look here! Let's be honest with each other. I've had



"Money Isn't Everything."

slathers of money, and there's nothing in it. Why spoil the game just because of a paltry million? I tell you, it's all right. I assure you, I'll never mention the matter again. We can live."

She shook her head.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "You don't love anyone else, do you?"

There was no answer.

"I know what it is," he said. "It's your pride. Never mind! I can wait. Of course, it's embarrassing for you. You don't care anything about the money, of course, but your conscience troubles you about my losing it—naturally. Well, never mind. I'll show you! But now, dear, can't you give me some little word of encouragement?"

A capless maid entered the musty drawing room, holding in her red fingers a card.

"For you, miss," said the maid.

"Very well, Martha. Ask him into the small reception room, as usual."

Then she held out the missive to him.

"I am afraid," she said, "there is no hope for you. You see, I am going to marry this gentleman."

He took in the familiar name in one burning glance.

"The governor!" he exclaimed.

## NOW SHE'S MAD.



Mr. Huntum—I'm going to India to hunt for six months.

Miss Catchem—And I suppose you will forget all about poor me.

Mr. Huntum—My dear, it will take a terribly fierce elephant to make me forget you.

**Old Dog Signed His Will.**  
New Augusta, Miss.—The first case on record in this state of a dog making its own will, and of it being offered for probate, is reported here.

Fifteen years ago "Doc" McAllister, the largest planter in this section, died, leaving a pet bound. In his will he set aside \$250 for the care of the dog until death. Ford McAllister, the eldest son of the deceased, was given control.

"Tobe," the bound, died recently, leaving numerous progeny, of which

## SIMILAR PREJUDICE.



Mistress—I didn't like the look of that man's face you had in the kitchen last night, Bridget!

Bridget—Just what he said about you, mum!

**Genius.**  
Mrs. Kawser—"How is Johnny getting along as a grocer's clerk?" Mrs. Crossway—"Well enough, I guess. He can tie up a package with a knot that you can't untie to save your life, and yet it'll come untied itself as soon as you get on the train with it."

young McAllister is very fond. Desiring to preserve the bequest for the benefit of the pups, when the old hound was attacked by sickness, the boy drew up a will in proper form, witnessed by two citizens, and placing a pen between the claws of the aged dog, the animal made its cross mark

Bagdad's trouble is the "Bagdad button," a sore that attacks practically every resident, and leaves a button-shaped, permanent scar.