

WASHINGTON .- There are three octogenarians in the United States senate now. Senator William Pinckney Whyte of Maryland, stands with Senators Pettus and Morgan, of Alabama. He is in his eighty-second year, just about the same age as Mr. Morgan, but is as vigorous as men of half his age and is by far the spryest of the group of senators who have passed the three score years and ten mark. His rapid step gives promise of an ability to run a foot race. His form is as straight as a cedar and he would easily be taken for a man just in the prime of life.

To him it was an interesting experience when he stepped up to the vice president's desk a few days ago and took again the oath of an office from which he had retired just a quarter of a century ago last March. He was a good deal affected as he

got good

modetion

need it dress

WHYTE

looked out over the senate chamber and thought of the group of men who sat in those seats when he was one of their colleagues. Only three men who were in the senate when he retired saw him take the oath of office. These were Senators Allison, of Iowa, Teller, of Colorado, and Morgan, of Alabama. Two of these, Senators Allison and Morgan, have been in continuous service since Mr. Whyte retired in 1881 and the other, Senator Teller, was only out of the senate three years during which time he was secretary of the interior under

Mr. Whyte retired from the senate at the beginning of the Forty-sixth congress at which time there were in the senate such men as John A. Logan, Roscoe Conkling, John J. Ingalls, James G. Blaine, George Frisbie Hoar, William Wisdom, Davis, of West Virginia, Cockrell, of Missouri, Garland, Vorhees, Zeb Vance, Hill and Brown, of Georgia, Bayard, of Delaware, Lamar, of Mississippi, Vest, of Missouri and Hampton of South Carolina.

MARYLAND'S "GRAND OLD MAN" MOST INTERESTING.

Senator Whyte is a most interesting character and has earned the title of Maryland's "Grand Old Man." He has a beautiful country estate called the "Roost" on the Gunpowder river in eastern Maryland. He is very fond of outdoor life and while he attributes his activity and excellent health at his advanced age to an abstemious life, very largely, he also gives credit to outdoor living.

"I get plenty of fresh air," said the senator speaking of his excellent health the other day. 'Nearly every afternoon I go for a drive, whether I am in town or in the country. We stay in the country from June to November and I drive all through the beautiful valleys in that section. We live informally at our house in the country as well as in town. There are always seats at the table for those who may drop in. At one meal we may

have five, and 16 at the next. I never write a note to any of our friends on gill edged paper inviting them to dinner; we just like for them to come."

When the senator first came to the senate it was in 1867 during reconstruction days, and a number of the southern states looked to him as their representative. "I was the senator from Virginia, he says, "and I was also the senator from Georgia. At least that is what they used to call me and the people from both states used to write to me about matters they wanted attended to. It was in the reconstruction period and it was alleged that these two states were not entitled to senators. Some of the other southern states had carpet bag representatives, but for a while I looked after Georgia and Virginia as well as Maryland."

The new senator will have about 18 months to serve before the Maryland legislature meets and elects his successor. The hearty welcome he has met with at the hands of senators, new and old, is assurance that this will be a very cluding dogs. She leaned over and as a shawl. Thinking the request was satisfactory rounding out of his public life, as at his age he will not expect to be reeleceted.

ONE OF THE MOST FINISHED SCHOLARS IN PUBLIC LIFE.



It is barely possible that the house will shortly lose one of its most interesting characters and one of its ablest members. John Sharp Williams, the minority leader on the floor, has under consideration the proffer of a professorship in the University of Virginia. He has been asked to take the chair of political history in that celebrated institution of learning. This offer is very attractive to Mr. Williams as he is a graduate of that university and is one of the most finished scholars in public life. Political history would be well treated at his hands | their noses and grew coldly silent, just | One morning the master left the house, for he is thoroughly posted on the subject and has as if some one had said something to leaving behind him a letter he had forhimself had a hand in the making of considerable | shock their sense of modesty. political history in the United States.

Mr. Williams is divided in his wishes as the public service has grown very enjoyyable to him, particularly since his party has repeatedly hon-

him by making him their leader on the floor of the house. If the Democrats should elect a majority in the next house of representatives Mr. Williams would undoubtedly be the leading candidate for the speakership., although he would have many rivals, as the Democratic side would furnish a number of ambitious gentlemen who would be willing to wield the gavel. Mr. Williams confesses to being averse to the strenuous life and this characteristic leads him to look upon the career of a university professor with considerable favor.

MAY ENTER RACE FOR GOVERN ORSHIP IN KENTUCKY.

Senator Joseph Clay Stiles Blackburn, of Kentucky, will retire from the senate on the third of next month. During the few remaining months of his service he will occupy the highest position of honor in the gift of his fellow Democrats on the floor of the senate. He will be the leader of the minority. This is the place so long held by the late Senator Gorman and to be chosen for it is proof of a senator's popularity and staunch partisanship. The principal part of the duties of a minority leader is to take advantage of every opening where party capital can be made. He is also the chairman of the minority caucus and the decisions of such a caucus are put into his hands

for enforcement. Mr. Senator Blackburn is an old time south-

erner and one of the very few confederate soldiers in congress. He served in the confederate army throughout the whole of the civil war and has a record for bravery that is most creditable, but of which he makes no boasts. He has not made many speeches of late years, but while in the house and in his early days in the senate he was noted as one of the fine orators of congress. He had an aptitude for the coining of high sounding, attractive phrases. He is the author of that celebrated expression: "He who dallies is a dastard: he who doubts is damned."

The senator has always been noted for the profound eloquent way in which he can state a most self-evident fact. The veriest platitude he can make appear as a new thought and a literary discovery. It has often been said of him that he could take the proposition that two and two make four and express it in such a manner and in such eloquent thunder that the average man would suppose that he were combatting a theory that had been long established to the effect that two and two do not make four. Mr. Blackburn will probably enter the race for the governorship in Kentucky.

EXPRESSIONS OF ENTHUSIASM FOR BRYAN.

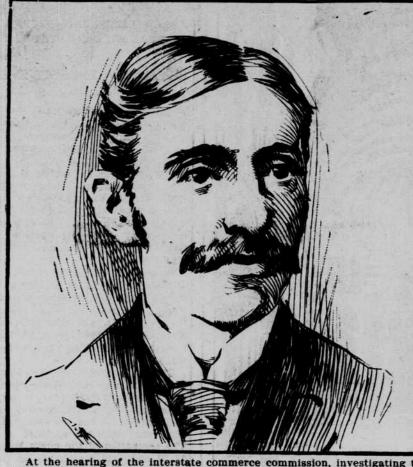


Political circles in this city have all been stirred up recently by the revival of the talk of William Jennings Bryan as a candidate for the presidency in 1908. Mr. Bryan served two terms in congress away back in the early 90's and while in Washington he made a vast number of warm friends and intense admirers. The recrudescence of his boom for the presidency has brought great pleasure and satisfaction to these old friends and they have seen to it that the mention of his name has received the greatest enthusiasm. It has been noted that during the last few weeks in the house whenever a Democratic orator would mention the name of Bryan the applause would be instantaneous and enthusistic. There are a few Hearst enthusiasts among the Democrats in the house and to

There is a warm sympathy and freindship between Mr. Bryan and Pi dent Roosevelt. They have many things in common and have advocated simi-

that these two men stand for virtually the same principles and Roosevelt's popularity will be needed to keep up the Republican hopes. It would be a contest is, their principles do not differ very widely.

ACCEPTED GIFT OF FORTUNE.



At the hearing of the interstate commerce commission, investigating the alleged discrimination by railroads in the distribution of coal cars. W. A. Patton, assistant to President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania railroad, admitted that he holds 6,140 shares of stock, with a par value of \$307,000, which were given him by various coal companies.

DIFFERENT KIND OF PET.

Handsome Young Woman Had Something Better Than Dogs to Love.

When the thin woman in the long When the Leicester woman was relates the New York Press.

"What a dear little fellow he is," chirped the thin woman. that he had to sniff for breath.

"Mine is a French poodle," answered terriers are coming into style, though." fat woman. "I had to give up fifty for hairs plucked from their fair faces. Sandy.'

hand.

woman.

help it?" "What kind is yours?" came the at least. eager query.

"Mine? Oh, I haven't any. Mine is a baby.

House in protesting against the march his library. He had a distinct recol-

A Bils

WOMAN'S DAMAGING VANITY

Love of Fine Appearance Sometimes Leads to Painful Self-Sacrifice.

gray ulster sat down in the subway missing some time ago, her relatives car opposite the fat woman holding a published a detailed description of her. bright little Scotch terrier, it could be It contained this sentence: "Small toe scen at once that they had points of of each foot missing." As it was very common interest, and that these points unlikely that both toes had been amof common interest consisted of dogs, putated by accident, some one asked the woman's mother to account for the losi toes. After a gallant effort to evade the question, the old lady reluct-"Isn't he a dear?" cooed the fat antly confessed that her daughter had woman, smuggling her pet so closely the toes severed to enable her to wear very small shoes!

It is well known that hundreds o the thin woman. "I hear those gray women suffer torture every week by having their cheeks tinted with elec-"Yes, they're all the rage," said the tric needles, or having almost invisible

In most lonely districts-such as the A handsome young woman who oc- islets of the Irish and Scottish coastscupied the seat by the thin woman was the women have a weakness for an interested listener to the colloquy, gaudy colors. A parson in little St. She was good-looking enough to at- Kilda tells of a servant-maid of histract attention anywhere, and she a native of the island-who asked his locked as if she loved everything that permission to take a brightly-colored was worth loving in this world, in- Persian hearthrug to church to use gave Sandy's head an affectionate pat, merely a crude joke, he laughingly asand Sandy tried to lick her gloved sented. To his astonishment, he beheld her, a little later, walking "You love dogs, too?" said the fat jauntily down the aisle of the church, with the rainbow-colored rug about her "Oh, yes," was the reply, "who could shoulders, admired and envied by the feminine portion of the congregation,

His Idea of It.

A certain congressman from Vir-And the fat woman and the thin ginja has long retained in his employ woman raised their brows, turned up a colored man by the name of Ezekiel. gotten. Some time in the afternoon he remembered the communication, and, as it was of some importance, he Senator Bacon, of Georgia, was ac- hastened back home, only to find that tive at the war department and White the letter was nowhere to be seen in of Father Sherman across Georgia on lection that the letter had been left

QUEEN'S TEMPORARY ABODE.



El Pardo palace, near Madrid, in which Princess Ena was a guest until her marriage to King Alfonso, is one of the old royal mansions near the Spanish capital. It stands six miles northwest of the city, and is, in fact, only a fine hunting seat. The buildings are rambling and roomy and the immediate environs uninteresting, but the structure itself, which was restored by Charles III., contains many art treasures and priceless heirlooms.

he was marching through . Georgia. asked if he had seen the letter. At the Cannon birthday reception President Roosevelt in stiaking hands with Senator Bacon said: "Here is the man who stopped Sherman's secsea." "That's better luck than I had envelope!" the first time," Bacon replied. "I tried Sherman, but I never got anywhere on Spectator. the project."

Answered.

John Wesley Gaines, while in one of his tantrums, inquired in impassioned tones: "Why do we sit here like a lot of cowards and raise every-that newspaper men ever have any body else's salary and not raise our leisure?—Cleveland Leader. own?" Prompt reply came in solemn tones from Congressman Sims, of his own state: "Because we want to come back here." John sat down and another southerner remarked: "Sims shows the conscience that makes cowards of all congressmen."

the route taken by Gen. Sherman when on a table. He summoned Ezekiel and "Yessah, yo' lef' it on yo' table."

> "Then where is it now?" "I mailed it, sah."

"You mailed it! Why. Zeke, I had ond march through Georgia to the not put the name and address on the

"Jes' so, sah! I thought it was one to stop the first march to the sea by of dem anonymous letters."-American

> Silly Idea. Poet-Will you look over this bit of

verse at your leisure? Editor-See here, young man, what ignorant fool ever gave you the idea

Use Liquid Food.

In France it is a penal offense to give any form of solid food to babies under a year old, unless it be prescribed in writing by a properly qualified medical man.

GLADYS AND

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Dr. Ogden Moore leaned back in his official chair and let his clear gray eyes rest critically upon the rows of pathetic faces before him.

"The following patients will please remain." He called a dozen names; the other patients trooped out.

"I have asked you to remain," he said, "because I feel that you all need a little outling to assist my treatment. and I wish to ask you if you will be my guests to-morrow on a trip down the Sound."

There was an astonished silence.

"I should like to have you meet me to-morrow morning at eight o'clock on the pier at the foot of East Twentysixth street. I will make all arrangements, and if any of you wish to bring a member of your family or some friend I shall be glad to have you do so. To-morrow is Sunday, you know. Mind you don't disappoint me. It's part of your treatment, you know," he added with a kindly smile.

Miss Gladys Harte rested her round elbows on the rail of the rustic summer house and gazed long and thoughtfully at the great moon.

"That is right," observed Dr. Moore, who was standing at her shoulder. "Look at the moon, dear!"

She looked up swiftly. "You must not call me that, Ogden." "Why not?" he asked, quietly.

"Because I don't love you! Nor do think," she pursued relentlessly, "that you love me."

"I don't believe that I quite understand you, Gladys," he answered, rather formally.

She turned to him in sudden anger. "Can you blame me, Ogden?" she asked swiftly. "Last week I wanted you especially for a sailing party which Jack Reddington was getting up; but no, you had an engagement-"

"But that was one of my clinic days -" he interrupted, a slight change in his voice. "Yes-and you were unwilling to give

it up for just one afternoon for me. And yesterday I took advantage of your insistently repeated requests to use the Lotus and made up a little party for to-morrow afternoon. Now, you tell me that you have made other plans for Sunday-"But my dear girl!" he cried desper-

ately, "why didn't you let me know? I promised the Lotus only yesterday afternoon to some friends." "Why can't you tell them that they

must wait?" she asked sharply. "Because-" He hesitated-"I can't!" he finished abruptly.

Promptly at seven bells the following morning, Ogden stepped into the Lotus' cutter and was pulled smartly in. His guests were punctual in arriv-

The sun was about two hours from the clear western horizon as the fleet Lotus ripped her way through the calm waters of the Sound. The day had been one of unalloyed

delights. Thanks to the candid hospitality of their host, the guests were entirely at ease with their novel sur- in surprise—"and about you!" she addroundings before Hell Gate was

Ogden, from the bridge, where he had gone to speak to the captain, con- a dear!" she added impulsively, and templated his guests thoughtfully. As hurried down the steps, a suspicious for the women, Ogden thought that he moisture in her sweet eyes. had been often presented to those of far less charm of manner and appearance than several among his guests; yet all of these people represented a class as far removed from "his set" as if they had belonged to a different

race. "Every Sunday, hereafter," he said to himself, "These, or others like them; hereafter the clinic gets a seventh share in this packet-Gladys or no Gladys!"

Just then the captain approached. "Dr. Moore," he said, "the Aurora is becalmed on our port bow and is signalling that she would like to speak He looked at her thoughtfully.

to you, sir." Ogden gianced up in vexation. The Aurora recalled an episode of the evening before which he had been trying all day to put from his mind.

"Very well," he replied, "run over and see what she wants." The fleet Lotus was soon abreast of the stately schooner.

"Can you take us aboard and drop is at the Yacht club?" came through the megaphone, "this calm is likely to

last until midnight." Ogden's tace hardened a trifle. 'Very well," he replied, a bit stiffly.

The newcomers, chattering gally, caught a low, heart-rending sound. boarded the yacht and proceeded to after awning. For Ogden himself, close against his chest. there existed absolutely no doubt as to the ethics of the situation. The patients were his invited guests, and as such were the peers of any who chose or their own accord to make use of his vessel. While the numbers made a general introduction uncalled for, he would not hesitate to present any individual of either set who happened to become adjacent.

"Hello, doctor!" called a pleasantfaced young fellow who was walking two darkeys: past. "I say, who's that pretty woman talking to the little Frenchman? Introduce me, will you?"

"Certainly." Ogden led him aft. "Mrs. Morrell, let me present Mr. Van Beuren," he said quietly, adding,

"M. Lajoux, Mr. Bentley." "Dr. Moore!" called a pretty woman with kind eyes and a wide, generous mouth. Ogden recognized her as a

less galeties. "Who is that stunning-looking young man with the eyes?" she whispered. "He is an Armenian, Mrs. Townsend. He is studying law in New

ed about the Yacht club for her harm-

"Oh, do bring him here. I want to Ogden walked over to the young Ar-

talk to him!" penian and told him his mission. The

young man was delighted. Leaving them, Ogden walked forward and lit a cigarette. Before he had operator's.-Life.

been there long Gladys swept past him, her face crimson. He caught the angry flash of her eyes and at the same time noticed that her youthful escort wore an expression of horror and amaze-

"I say, Dr. Moore," exclaimed the young man, "can I speak to you a moment? Do you know what that Armenian chap talking to Mrs. Townsend

really is?" "I think so," said Ogden.

"Well, I'll bet you don't! He's valet in the Powhatan club!" Ogden's straight eyebrows came to-

gether and his cold gray eyes grew

"Do you know what else he is?" he "What?"

"He's a guest aboard my yacht and as such is not open to criticism." The young man drew back a trifle

and Gladys' face paled with anger. "Will you be so good as to put us choked a trifle.

"Immediately. There is the Yacht shoulder and turning quickly saw Van Beuren. There was an expression in information might be secured. the young man's frank eyes that brought the blood to Ogden's face.

"Before I go ashore, doctor," he said, "I want to tell you that I think you are a brick! Lajoux has given you dead away! I am going to find something for that little chap; we can always use an alert Frenchman in our exporting business." He held out his hand, which Ogden took, blushing furithe first time in the whole day.

Van Beuren laughed and turned away. They had by this time entered the basin off the Yacht club and presently the party from the schooner prepared to disembark.

Mrs. Townsend paused for an instant out her hand to Ogden, who was standing by the rail.

"Mr. Yarosian has told me all about himself-" she paused, and at the softening of her voice and eyes, Gladys,



"THEN YOU WON'T-FORGIVE-ME-OGDEN?"

whom she was delaying, gazed at her ed. "I am going to do something for him this winter. He is too bright to press clothes-and I think that you are

Gladys' face looked mystified as she followed her into the waiting launch.

Dr. Ogden Moore, from his seat upon the broad rail of the veranda, ignored a pair of big blue eyes which many times that evening had sent their pleading message.

"Ogden!" said a soft voice at his shoulder, a voice that held the faintest suspicion of a quaver. He arose quickly to his feet.

"Yes, Gladys?" "Ogden-can you forgive me?" her voice contained a passionate appeal.

"I'm afraid not, Gladys," swered in a tone of regret. "Then you won't-forgive-me-Ogden?" It was the faintest whisper. "I am very sorry-" he began coldly,

then paused, finding the words diffi-

cult.

Gladys turned slowly from him and started to walk back toward the clubhouse. The mellow moon rays rested lovingly on the fair, thoughtless head, now wiser than a week ago; wiser for the knowledge of some of the exquisite pathos of humanity. Ogden saw her round shoulders lift suddenly and

"Gladys!" He reached her in one distribute themselves about the decks, swift stride. His strong arms drew her some glancing curiously at the rather to him; her own crept softly around odd-looking group of people under the his neck. Her tear-stained face was

"Oh, Ogden-" she sobbed. "Hush, darling! Of course I'll forgive you."

An "Exclamatory" Ailment. A colored man in the employ of Representative James D. Richardson, of Tennessee, was detailing to a friend the particulars of a relative's illness, when, according to the congressman, the following dialogue ensued between the

"Yes, siree!" exclaimed the negro first referred to, "Mose is sure a sick man. He's got exclamatory rheuma-

tism.' "You mean inflammatory rheumatism, explained the better-informed colored man; "de word 'exclamatory' means to yell."

"Yes, sir, I knows it does," quickly responded the other, in a tone of decidyoung widow who was rather celebrat- ed conviction, "and dat's jest what de trouble is-de man jest yells all de time."-Success Magazine.

> A sparerib-the first woman. A yellow peril-the golden calf.

A dangerous pilot-the bunco steerer. A burning question-fire insurance. A dark event-an African cake-walk. A frigid stare—the ice man's. 'A syndicated story-the Mormon's

A watery grave—the ruined stock

Jealous Husband **Gave Clue**

"It is generally the duty of a post office inspector to solve the mystery of a robbery of mail without a single clew to begin with," said Inspector in Chief Letherman to a Boston Globe

"The recent finding of a mail pouch destined for Newton, but reaching the waters of the harbor, with the letters gone, is a case in point. I remember when I was an inspector at Cincinnati I was called out by telegram to unravel the mystery of a lost

"I reached the town late in the evening, and hunted up the postmaster, who was a prominent politician ashore?" she asked in a voice that and a man of high standing. He told me there was absolutely no clew to the pouch, which should have arrived club right ahead." Ogden bowed and at 11:15 p. m. the night before and walked away. Before he had taken a did not. He said, however, that a city dozen steps he felt a hand laid on his officer had said to him that if some one talked with a certain woman some "This woman, it was said, would

was furnished. Just before the parade I went to the street number designated, but saw no one answering the description at any of the windows. "There was a lady, very refined and well dressed, wearing the same sort ously and hopelessly embarrassed for of a coat and furs, standing on the curb, but it did not seem possible that she could know anything about the robbery. Still, as a matter of duty. I moved beside her and handed her

"She did not glance at it, but turned her face away. I then asked when the as she was about to descend and held parade started. She made no reply, but turned and walked away. I followed at a distance, and saw her en-

"I went back, thinking I had been woman who had been described to me.

the place was not the most aristoeratic in the world. Far from it.

I could and would see the postmaster about it.

got it. She said a man who owed her some money had sent it to her. I told her if it was all right it would be paid the next day, and changed the subject. At length she asked me if I would drink a glass of ale and started down to the cellar to get some. As an excuse when she was half down stairs I offered to help her, and started down. 'You must not come down here-my husband will not like it,' she said, but I kept on down.

"The cellar was filled with plun der-hams by the score, boxes and packages of all kinds, and one box opened at one end exposed two or three silk parasols. I asked her what the collection meant, and she said her husband was going to open a store and had been collecting mer-

was going into business for himself

"I had heard of the pillaging of freight cars when I first came to town, but as I was not on that errand I made no further remarks. The next day bunches of looted mail began to come into the post office, picked up by citizens. It was found under board sidewalks, in store boxes

ceived, as a present, and asked me

what I thought they were worth. "The next visit resulted in a full confession of all she knew about the robbery. She had an admirer who gave her the order to be cashed and the handkerchiefs.

"The husband was suspicious of him, and gave the slight tip to the postmaster. I learned that the admirer was employed at a livery stable and slept in the loft, that he was in the habit of hitching up for the man who had the contract for carrying the night mails from the trains to the post office, and that the two were very chummy.



these the mention of Bryan has not been particular great economic principles. At a Gridiron club dinner a little more than a year ago these two distinguished men were guests and it is still an interesting miniscence to those who attended that banquet to recall the way Roosevelt

and Bryan threw bouquets at each other. One of the interesting features of present political speculation is that if Bryan is nominated by the Democrats in 1908 Mr. Roosevelt must be renominated by the Republicans, if the latter hope to win the election. It is claimed largely of personal popularity of the two candidates if, as the general impression

THE PATIENTS

writer.

pouch containing valuable mail.

witness a parade next morning from a window in the office of a business company, and a description of her

ter one of the richest homes.

deceived, and saw at the window the I walked into the crowd around the windows and handed her my card. 'I cannot talk to you here, but come to my house to-night,' she said, 'this is the address.' "I called that evening, and found

"She chatted for a time, and then, becoming friendly, asked me if I could get a money order for \$50 cashed for her. I told her I thought

"I took the order, and the next morning satisfied myself that it did not belong to her, and, furthermore, that it was in a letter sent in the missing pouch. "I went back to the house to see her about it, and asked where she

chandise. "She pledged me not to tell, as he had not resigned his position yet. and did not want it known that he

until he got all prepared.

and out of the way corners. "The mail had all been opened and rifled, but the letters were in the envelopes. On my next visit to the lady's house she showed me four silk handkerchiefs she said she had re-

"I went to the stable and was told the employe was asleep in the loft. I took an officer with me. We had to go up a ladder. There was nothing in sight in the loft but a pile of hay. but I noticed a tunnel in it. reached in, got hold of a dog and quickly withdrew my hand. We then took a fork and turned over the hay and at the end of the tunnel found the man we were looking for.

"He confessed that day. He told us where the pouch was hidden, and we found it. He proved to be an exconvict from a neighboring state. He got five years and the mail wagor driver got three, and all I had to go on was a little tip from a jealous

Norwegian Moss. Prof. Hansteen, of the agricultura

school at Aas, Norway, finds that & greenish-white moss common in that country can be converted into delicious and nutritious food by being subjected to a chemical process, compressed and cooked. He says that nine ounces of moss, costing two cents, will make a good dinner for six persons-which is evidence that his zeal outruns his discretion, inasmuch as an ounce and a half of food is not enough to make a substantial meal for a normal man or