

FICTION

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

HUMOR

SIDELIGHTS ALONG WASHINGTON BYWAYS

Making a set speech in the house is a serious proposition with Champ Clark of Missouri, minority leader of the house, and its delivery in the house is made with quite as great care for details as might be expected from David Belasco in staging a play.

In the first place Clark gets down in front of the speaker's desk, where he will have plenty of room to wander around. Being a big man, physically as well as mentally, he looks well to bodily comfort, and for that reason comes into the house on the day of



his speech with an alpaca coat. No frock coats for Champ when he expects to rant and tear around for two hours. His pockets are bulging with handkerchiefs. He is accompanied by one of his secretaries and that functionary is loaded down with books and papers and planted in a seat where he can be within calling distance when his chief needs to be careful and specific and refer to figures.

When Champ gets started on his speech he wanders here, there and everywhere. After he stops to mop away the perspiration on his brow he sheds his handkerchief wherever he happens to be. He is certain to get back to it in fifteen minutes. In the meantime he has wandered from the democratic side over to the majority side, dropping a handkerchief here, picking up one there. Frequently he takes off his spectacles, hands them to his secretary and continues his speech. The secretary wipes them off carefully and the next time Champ is in his vicinity he gives them back.

The secretary has another duty to per-



form. Champ has a habit of telling stories to illustrate his arguments and in doing so he wanders away from what he had started out to say. Finally he brings himself up with a sharp turn, goes over to the secretary, who is following the manuscript of the speech, gets his cue and then takes up the line of his argument.

Members of the house like to hear Clark in a two-hour speech. That gives him plenty of time to indulge in his humorous personality, and although he handles his opponents without gloves no one takes offense.

Representative Adam Monroe Byrd of Mississippi is working energetically to ex-

tend his acquaintance on the democratic side of the house. There's a reason.

Mr. Byrd recently delivered a tariff speech during the consideration of the sundry civil appropriation bill. After the fashion of the orators of the house he scorned to remain at his desk and deliver himself of his remarks quietly. He got out into the center aisle and most of his speech was directed at individual members of the republican organization.

When Mr. Byrd reached the woeless schedule he became particularly vehement; in fact, he became all worked up about it.

He walked up the aisle, talking his speech first to one member of the house organization and then to another. Representative Currier of New Hampshire, chairman of the republican caucus, was the bright particular spot at which Mr. Byrd directed most of his hot shots. Finally he paused at a desk which was occupied by a small man with a Van Dyke beard. To this member of the house Mr. Byrd declared with all the emphasis at his command that the woeless schedule was the most vicious outrage ever perpetrated on the American public. The small member nodded his head. Thus encouraged, Mr. Byrd waxed eloquent and each time he scored a point which brought forth applause from the democratic side the small man to whom the speech was being temporarily directed nodded his head approvingly. From thrashing the atmosphere with his arms Mr. Byrd took to pounding the desk in front of the small member.

"Knowing all the things I have said to be true," said Mr. Byrd, reaching his climax, "knowing the injustice of this sched-



ule; knowing that it was legislation for the interests and against the common people—knowing these things, why did you vote for that schedule?"

"You mean to tell this house that you did not vote for that tariff bill?" questioned Mr. Byrd.

"I do," answered the small man.

"Well," said Mr. Byrd, "I admire you for your convictions."

The house by this time was convulsed with laughter. The small member to whom Mr. Byrd had been addressing his remarks was Representative Edward W. Saunders of Virginia, who had moved over to the republican side of the aisle to hear the speech and enjoy the fun.

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Meat with Eggs.
ROAST BEEF WITH YORKSHIRE PUDDING.

The beef is roasted as usual and the pudding made as follows: Yorkshire Pudding—Three eggs, one pint milk, one cupful flour, one teaspoonful salt. Beat the eggs until very light, then add the milk. Pour the mixture over the flour, add the salt and beat well. Bake in a hot oven for forty-five minutes, and baste with drippings from the beef. If gem pans are used they should be placed on a dripping pan to protect the floor of the oven from the fat. Many cooks prefer to bake Yorkshire pudding in the pan with the meat; in this case the roast should be placed on a rack and the pudding batter poured on the pan under it.

CORNEBEEF HASH WITH POACHED EGGS.

A dish popular with many persons is corned beef hash with poached eggs on top of the hash. A slice of toast is sometimes used under the hash. This suggests a way of utilizing the small amount of corned beef hash which would otherwise be insufficient for a meal.

Housekeepers occasionally use up odd

The Marriage Question.

Most men look forward to getting married. If they can they will probably marry it. A young man will prevaricate here where word could be taken on anything else. Yet it is a fact that for very many of us the fate of matrimony is in store, and so why should we be afraid to discuss this of all subjects?

In our decision in this case lies our future happiness or misery. A young man ought most certainly to marry, but let him keep in mind that the true idea of matrimony is to create happy homes.

KNEW THE DIFFERENCE



"I left a \$20 bill on the table, Fred. I suppose you didn't take it by mistake?"

"What do you imagine I'd mistake a \$20 bill for—a trading stamp?"

POOR JAKE



The Boss of the Establishment

BY AMERE MAN.

"What do you say," queried the Boss of the Establishment, "to spending Sunday in the country with Tom and Maud?"

"To say nothing of little Algonquin," his wife retorted, with a total absence of eagerness in voice and expression. And then she added: "You've no idea how I dread that all day session with that impossible brat!"

"That's a fine way to speak of your best friend's little boy!" snorted the Boss indignantly. "If I didn't know you better I'd think you were one of those monstrous women who are devoid of the maternal instinct."

"Well," his wife answered frankly, "I'll admit the instinct of self-preservation predominates in my make-up, and when I remember that the last time we were at Maud's her little 'Angel Algonquin' threw a handful of ripe strawberries in my fifteen-dollar parasol and tried to set a hen in my best hat, I don't feel exactly overflowing with maternal tenderness."

"But those were just childish pranks," said the Boss, propitiatingly. "Any healthy little fellow of eight, bubbling over with childish spirits, is liable to do those things. He meant no harm and I am astonished that you should hold such feelings against a mere baby! It's a fine little chap!"

"I'll bet if he put ripe strawberries in your coat pocket you wouldn't think so," pouted the lady.

And nothing further was said of the merits of Algonquin till the appointed Sunday when the little Angel himself, standing meekly beside his mother, uttered a demure but firm little "No!"

As if to refute the latter's criticism, the infant heir behaved during the entire afternoon with a decorum which would drive to despairing imitation the youthful hero of a Sunday school book.

The Boss was enchanted with Algonquin. In fact, he totally neglected his host and hostess to play croquet with their maligned infant.

"Maud, what has come over the boy?" inquired the mystified Boss's wife.

"I don't know," candidly replied the mother. "I've been worried about him all day. He's been so quiet. Really, I don't

think he's well. Algie, darling, come here!"

"Aw, rats!" exclaimed "Algie-Darling," thereby relieving the worst of his mother's fears.

Algonquin came, nevertheless, and with fair grace permitted his brow to be stroked and his pulse to be tested by an anxious maternal hand.

And then Algie, accepting his mother's inability to diagnose his symptoms as a signal of dismissal, rushed off to rejoin his father, and consequently greatest friend—the Boss.

"Say!" said Algonquin, breathlessly, "let's get away from here! Don't you want to see the calf? Look, she's over there now!"

Gazing in the direction indicated, the Boss, now completely under the younger's spell, perceived a youthful but sturdy Holstein that might have given a Hindu Yogi lessons in repose and poise.

"Sure!" he said.

And, accompanied by Algonquin, he made his way to the top of the gentle hill upon which the seemingly gentle calf was browsing busily.

He Discourses Knowingly Upon Heifer Calves and Small Boys.

"Here, boss," said the Boss, persuasively, and the animal answered as promptly as the Boss himself did when addressed in the cooling tones of his better half.

The calf was tethered to a stake by a long rope which lay upon the budding turf in black serpentine coils.

"So, bossy," he repeated, scratching the calf's brow and feeling its incipient horns. "Come and see the calf," he called to his wife, and the whole party started to climb the hill.

Meantime, what has become of the little "Angel-Algonquin?"

Taking advantage of the Boss's absorption in the gentler and more grateful animal, the youngster had seized the slack coils of rope and wound them quickly about the Boss's legs. Then, just as his mother, father and the still suspicious Boss's wife appeared upon the scene, he gave the tethered calf a vicious kick.

It is perhaps needless to chronicle that the frightened animal began to go around in circles and that the rope, tightening about the Boss's legs, threw him sprawling to the ground.

Whereupon little "Angel-Algonquin" fell upon the grass in a paroxysm of hysterical glee, and the parents scarcely able to disguise their fond pride in the phenomenon's exploit, began to mutter excited apologies.

"You vicious little beast!" exclaimed the Boss's wife, with more conjugal fervor than tact.

Though the Boss laughed with apparent heartiness as he extricated himself, his own secret resentment and the hostess's indignation at his wife's criticism of her offspring combined to make the rest of the visit a most frayed affair.

"Of all the unprincipled, disgusting little brutes I have ever seen," commented the Boss's wife as they journeyed home, "that certainly is the limit!"

"I should say so!" acquiesced the Boss, and this time the "maternal instinct" wasn't even mentioned.

"Say," said the Boss of the Establishment to the Confirmed Married Man next door, "do you remember the story in the Bible of the Prodigal Son and the Fatted Calf? Which one did they kill?"

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Mrs. Timmens Gives a Funeral

"Do your washing this week, Miss Ainsley? Well, I can't say whether or no. . . . We've had great do's here this week. Set down a minute, can't you, and I'll tell you what all happened."

Although I could not spare the time, I knew that if the wash was to be done, Sarah must be consoled; so I established myself in a comfortable chair on Sarah's porch, while she sat by my side, drawing her chair nearer to mine as she became more confidential.

Timmens was taken on Wednesday night at half past one," she communicated in a sepulchral whisper, "and Mrs. Timmens went on something terrible. On Saturday she was some better, and she did give a beautiful funeral. . . . There was eighteen carriages and it was a long ride, although, of course, we couldn't get out no more; but the ride was long, and the carriage was beautiful. I did enjoy that carriage ride! It was the first I have had since Jim was taken. I've striven to earn an honest penny, but what with Jim's being taken, and our funeral and everything, I can't say anything for a rainy day. I work seven days in the week and things worry me a terrible lot—what with the children's measles and Jim's being taken, it's no wonder I have a nervous system."

"Now there's Mrs. Timmens. We all thought as how Timmens would leave her a good bit of money, but if you will believe it, after the undertaker was paid, and the hackman, and the man for the flowers, and Mrs. Timmens's crepe veil and black dress, there wasn't a cent left. I told her she would run up against it if she never asked no questions of the folks that

From Harper's Weekly.

"Excuse me, madame, but would you mind leaving this here in your yard?" he passed me a pillow made all of white roses with little purple dry-looking flowers spelling "husband" all over it. I enjoyed that rose pillow all the way to the grave. It seemed to sort of comfort the little Timmens girl, too. She was a-cryin' pitiful before we took in the pillow, and sayin' she was afraid she would be married to the house. He had fifteen hundred to build him a house, but nothing would do but he must have a portico chair for horses to stand under when they drive up to the front door—that was when they had horses, and I suppose he thought that portico chair would make the house nicer for them; but to get it there was a mortgage. It's strange how some people waste their money—not that I did it when I passed through my year of jeopardy."

"But the best part of the funeral, for poor Mrs. Timmens, was when she seen her husband's coffin. Her two husbands were buried one alongside of the other, and they dug too far to the right so as to interfere with his grave, and Mrs. Timmens was so pleased when she seen the corner of the coffin. I never seen her so pleased!"

"Timmens had thought at one time of burying with his first wife, but that wouldn't have been right, since it was his second wife that was giving him such an elegant funeral. That would have been discouraging."

"Yes, Miss Ainsley, I can do the wash Monday very convenient."

Things You Want to Know Trouble in China—Mr. Knox's Policy.

When the interested powers refused to accept the proposal made by Secretary Knox to neutralize and internationalize the railways of Manchuria, a great many people jumped to the erroneous conclusion that Mr. Knox's far eastern policy was a failure. It is true that the proposition was turned down immediately and it is also true that there was never the least chance that it would be accepted. But the fact remains that Mr. Knox's proposition has succeeded in forcing Japan and Russia to make public their Manchurian policy, a policy which they had been pursuing in secret and which could not be successfully attacked except in the open.

The whole future of China depends upon its railways. If China is to be industrially independent in this age of commercial progress, it must have more railroads and plenty of them. If it is to be politically independent in this age of commercial politics, it must have control of its own railroads. If no new railroads are built, China cannot go forward. If the new railroads, when built, are owned and operated by and for foreigners, China cannot hope long to remain an independent state.

The policy of the United States, in its relations to China, always has been that of disinterested friendship, so far as affairs in Asia have been concerned. No other nation has been or is now so disinterested. In 1900 the United States saved the Chinese empire from dismemberment and put an end to the series of territorial seizures which had begun in 1897 and which had caused the great Boxer rebellion. Now, in 1910, the United States is seeking to save China from financial slavery and to put an end to the series of railway grabs which clearly responsible for the present threatened anti-foreign outbreak in China.

Mr. Knox's policy has been but the logical and necessary outcome of fidelity to the principle of the open door and equal opportunity as laid down by the late John Hay. There is nothing new or startling in the diplomatic attitude of the present administration toward Chinese affairs. Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox have merely translated the glittering generalities of the famous Hay note into the hard practicalities and specific terms of a binding commercial contract.

When Mr. Hay proposed that the powers mutually should agree to maintain the territorial and administrative entity of the Chinese empire and should support the doctrine of the open door and equal opportunity, all the powers consented without question and signed the agreement.

When Mr. Knox, ten years later, proposed to neutralize railroad ownership in Manchuria as the only efficient way to secure for China the undisturbed enjoyment of all political rights in Manchuria, under the policy of the open door, the interested powers ably declined and some of them went so far as to intimate, through official channels, that the proposal was impertinent.

As a matter of fact, only the United States, among all the powers, is sincere in supporting the open door doctrine. All the rest have special privileges and none of them is willing to sacrifice its own privileges for the sake of China. So far as Manchuria is concerned, Russia and Japan occupy exactly the same position. Both coveting Chinese territory and both intriguing to obtain a port in Chinese waters, the two nations came to blows and fought a tremendous war wholly on Chinese territory. That was brought to a close by the friendly intervention of the United States, the culmination of which was the signing of the Treaty of Portsmouth. By the terms of that treaty, Russia and China divided the Manchurian railways between themselves, but undertook to interfere with the development of the country by the Chinese, and solemnly engaged to respect and obey the Chinese sovereignty in Manchuria.

The ink was not dry on that treaty before complaints began to be made that the open door was closed, and that, as a matter of fact, the Japanese and Russians were using the railways as a means of securing complete domination and control of Manchuria, political and financial. After awhile the Japanese army, with much ostentation, evacuated Manchuria, and the control of the country passed again into the hands of its rightful owners. But complaints did not cease. It was charged that the Japanese products got through the custom houses without paying the duties imposed upon other wares. In short, it was charged that the open door was completely closed to all but the Japanese. In northern Manchuria, complaints of similar nature, although less insistent, were heard against the Russians. But still, Japan and Russia continued to profess that their only business in Manchuria was to guarantee the open door policy.

Then China decided to build a railroad in its own territory in Manchuria. Despite the specific guarantee of the Treaty of Portsmouth that neither Japan nor Russia would interfere with the development of

the territory by the Chinese, both nations objected to this new railway project. As the railway was to be built through southern Manchuria, the Japanese took a lead in the opposition. China, utterly helpless to oppose Japan in war, was forced to submit, and last August China was compelled to humiliate itself by acknowledging in a treaty that it had no right to build a railway in its own territory without obtaining the consent of Japan. But still Japan continued to assert that its occupation of Manchuria was wholly and solely in the interests of the open door policy. Just a year ago, the Chinese government announced that it would seek to float a large loan for the purpose of building two great railways, one to connect Canton and southern China with Hankow, thus establishing communication through to Peking, and the other from Hankow westward to the rich, but now almost inaccessible province of Szechuan. German, British and French capitalists were about to take the loan when the United States asked that American capitalists be permitted to participate. This request precipitated a terrific struggle in international banking circles and in the world of diplomacy. In July, President Taft, disregarding the ordinary channels of diplomatic intercourse, wrote directly to the prince regent of China and asked for a share in the loan. As a result of this extraordinary action, American capital was admitted to participate on an equal basis with British, German and French money. Then came other railway propositions in which the Americans had a great share and which tended further to complicate the situation.

In January, Mr. Knox made his proposal for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways. The United States government declared "one of the most effective, if not the most effective, way to secure for China the undisturbed enjoyment of all political rights in Manchuria, and to promote the moral development of the eastern provinces under the policy of the open door practically applied, would be to take the railroads of Manchuria out of the eastern politics and to place them under an economic and impartial administration by vesting in China the ownership of its railroads; the fund for that purpose to be furnished by the nationals of such interested powers as might be willing to participate and who are pledged to the policy of the open door and equal opportunity."

Tokyo and St. Petersburg immediately and positively declined to accede to the proposition. Other nations side-stepped. Germany, perhaps, was more than any of the other great powers. Great Britain, as an ally of Japan, and facing the possibility of serious trouble with Germany, was placed in a most embarrassing position. The proposal absolutely failed, so far as the project of neutralization was concerned.

But it resulted in clarifying the Manchurian situation. Japan and Russia have been forced into the admission that their occupation of Manchuria is political and strategic, and that the Chinese sovereignty in that territory is but a ghost without substance or authority.

In the face of the rising tide of unrest and dissatisfaction in China, the Russian foreign office declares that the "Treaty of Portsmouth involves two parties, Russia and Japan. This means that the obligations to China expressed in that treaty are to be interpreted only in the interests of the signatory powers. It means that Japan and Russia have agreed to divide Manchuria between them and to intrude themselves permanently and uninvitedly in the land of the open door. The world suspects the existence of a secret convention between Russia and Japan and daily expects the promulgation of an open treaty between those two empires so lately at war."

The Chinese people are greatly agitated, they are angered against the encroachment of foreigners, they are incensed because the reigning dynasty does not right their wrongs, and they are on the point of open rebellion. Such an outbreak would be most unfortunate and would mean the end of all efforts to save the Chinese empire from disruption. For the good of the people of China, and in the interests of the peace of the world, Mr. Knox has volunteered to the prince regent to assist the Peking government in maintaining quiet in the empire.

What is called Mr. Knox's policy, may be credited, in large part, to President Taft. Mr. Taft knows the orient and is a firm supporter of the traditional American friendship for China. All that has been done in his administration with respect to Chinese affairs was foreshadowed in his great speech which Mr. Taft delivered at Shanghai in October, 1907.

BY FREDERICK J. HANSEN.
Tomorrow—Trouble in China. IV—Progress of Reform.

With the Humorists

From Harper's Bazar.
HE ROSE TO IT.

"Do you know," said a little boy of 5 to a companion the other day, "my father and I know everything. What I don't know my father knows and what my father doesn't know I know."

"All right. Let's see, then," replied the older child, skeptically. "Where's Asia?"

It was a stiff one, but the younger never faltered.

"Well, that," he answered, coolly, "is one of the things my father knows."

NOT TO BE BROKEN.
"Has your husband a strong will?"

"My dear! His will is incontestable."

UNDAUNTED.
Mrs. Barker—I was married in 1907. Chicago Woman—How interesting! For my part, I never kept a diary.

EASY.
Knicker—Astronomers can predict when a comet will return.
Hooker—So can I. Bridget won't come back at all.

Daily Health Hint.

It is wise never to nurse or feed a young child at a shorter interval than two hours, and never between the hours of 11 at night and 5 o'clock in the morning.

HARD GUESSING.
He—Well, if you want to know, I married you simply for your money.
She—I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for.

