

FICTION

THE BEE'S HOME MAGAZINE PAGE

HUMOR

SIDELIGHTS ALONG
WASHINGTON BYWAYS

Insurgents in the house of representatives are not appearing in the house promptly at 9 o'clock each day, as was their wont a few weeks ago. Close observers have discovered that the insurgents come trailing into the house nowadays after the procedural clerk gets through reading the proceedings of the previous day.



Earlier in the session spectators in the gallery could spy numerous insurgents who bowed their heads reverently as the Rev. Henry H. Couden, the blind chaplain of the house, offered prayer. No one was more attentive than Victor Murdock, George Norris, Charles N. Fowler and their insurgent associates. Now, however, the insurgents decline to listen to the chaplain's prayer.



Mr. Couden, if one may judge from his prayers of late, has a very decided opinion regarding insurgent muckrakers and the upholders. John Dwight, republican whip of the house, gets uneasy if the chaplain does not deplore the muckraking game at least two or three times a week.

The chaplain is hammering away at this new found subject far more effectively and often than the most ardent of Speaker Cannon's supporters. While they do not

lived himself of a tirade against muckraking, and from time to time once then he has dwelt on the subject, much to the irritation of the insurgents.

Postmaster General Frank H. Hitchcock has \$2 that he does not know what to do with and he is trying to get on the trail of a man in Texas who is believed to be responsible for Mr. Hitchcock's difficulty. Early in April the postmaster received

a small mail sack. It was directed to him personally and it contained a silver dollar and a piece of paper bearing the following statement: "San Antonio, Tex. April 7, 1910. Postmaster General: I will call on you for assistance on the 14th inst."

Mr. Hitchcock has handled many political problems, but he could not puzzle out a way to take care of that silver dollar. He could not put it into the conscience fund, because it would be impossible to get it out. Neither could he put it into the postal receipts. The dollar, therefore, became a personal incumbrance without the right to spend it, and yet responsible for its safe return upon demand. Finally Mr. Hitchcock wrote to the man who sent him the dollar, acknowledging receipt and asking

what disposition should be made of it. April 14 passed without any notice from the Texan, but a day or so ago Mr. Hitchcock received a letter from the same person, acknowledging receipt of the letter, but shedding no light on what should be done with the silver dollar. Accompanying the letter was another dollar. Mr. Hitchcock now has two dollars in his custody and he would like to get rid of them at the earliest possible moment.

WHAT'S THE USE? BY WEST



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The Tired Business Man Tells Friend Wife About the Time When Women Leave.

BY WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

"What do you think about that Boston professor who says women should study leaves for dress styles?" demanded Friend Wife.

"The women should be given leave to try it," said the Tired Business Man. "Now that the stag at Eve has taken his will I dare the unfair sex to take him up. If they twig his meaning let them bow to the popular demand and perfect themselves in learning this branch of arboreal dressmaking. It won't cost those Boston aristocrats anything, because they can get all the leaves they want from their old family trees."

"Since Mrs. Adam had the bill sent home men have been waiting for a return to those simple and inexpensive gowns which can be made from a pattern printed on the subject which I have viewed, I infer that while the dress Eve wore had a lower Dutch collar than we are accustomed to regular low Dutch—and while the skirt was hacked off higher than just above the ankles, the cutting was also extended to the bill, and all poor old Adam had to lose on the deal was his home and garden, on which he owned his own mortgage and was paying instalments."

"The all leaf dress exposed no high tariff silk hosiery that is mostly exposure and sheen. Owing to the sweet water springs in the garden Mrs. Eve had no pumps which were such tiny margins of leather around the bottom of the feet that they needed things to hold them around the



ankle. And she wore no black velvet at the neck to accentuate the—contrast. And so I think that the professor isn't proposing anything impossible when he suggests that the women go back to leaves. He says that each woman intending to deck herself out like a tree must study the subject, so that there won't be any idiosyncrasies—such as oak leaves for clinging vine wives and so forth. He says women need not go to Paris for styles, but can

just take to the woods. Of course, widows need only go to the nearest vacant lot and pick weeds.

"Every costume should be made of appropriate leaves. I would suggest for the latest girl a dress wreathed from weeping willow. For the literary girl you might contrive an outfit from the leaves of a book. The proud doll who tends the expensive hotel cigar stand should have a gown made of tobacco leaf. The janitress could compose a dandy furnace-cleaning frock of ash leaves."

"The sweet girl's saccharine costume might be full of sugar maple leaves. As for the flirt, there is nothing like the leaves from the date tree. And the girl waitresses could have neat little tip-suggesting dresses made of palm leaves. Proud dames who wish something appropriate to wear with a hat trimmed by bird's tail feathers should don gowns of burdock leaves. Country girls should wear rhubarb leaves. Women aviators could try fly leaves or falling leaves."

"Bathing suits could be made of water lily leaves. Poplar leaves for poplar girls. Apple tree leaves for dresses worn at eve. Twigs should stick to pear tree leaves. Women bookkeepers could cut a few from loose leaf ledgers, and a fine New Year's day costume would be made of new leaves. Of course, all pretty girls should take the peach tree leaf."

"What kind of leaves would Salome dancers choose?" asked Friend Wife. "Leaves of absence," said the Tired Business Man. (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

The Boss of the Establishment Despite His Wife's Tears, He Gives Her Pet Dog to the Janitor.

BY AMERE MAN.

"What on earth have you got at the end of that rope?" gasped the wife of the Boss of the Establishment as she opened the door of the apartment of her lord's residence. "You wait and see," answered the Boss, mysteriously, as he strode through the hall dragging a mangy hound into the living room.

"Is it something for me?" his spouse inquired anxiously, but coldly. And then, as the Boss yawned and replied, she added disparagingly, "What is it? It looks like a kangaroo or a wart hog."

As though to answer the aspersions cast upon the Boss' newest and dearest possession, a sudden and violent animal took hold of the dog, which began to act as though it were possessed of a devil or a deviating medium.

Such strange whining sounds issued from the cavernous jaws, which caused the Boss' wife to start back in alarm.

"Isn't he great?" the Boss interrogated enthusiastically. "Finest canine specimen I ever saw, and the most friendly. See, he knows me already!" And he extended a playful finger, which the long leashed, long eared beast began to mouth with almost as much enthusiasm as if it had been a bone.

"What kind of a dog is he?" inquired the agitated housewife. "A dachshund!" echoed the indignant Boss. "Are you crazy? He is a registered sheep dog. And the biggest bargain you ever heard of! How much do you think I paid for him?"

Now the Boss' wife did not wish to displease her lord, but she knew no more of the probable price of a pedigree dog than the Boss did of the prevailing cost of face powder.

"Five dollars," she hazarded, and seeing thunder clouds gathering on his brow she added hastily, "ten dollars!"

"Ten dollars?" was the sneering reply. "Oh, no, not \$10! Who ever heard of paying \$10 for a registered pup? Why, they

are two for a quarter all over town!" A long, pained silence on the part of the Boss, wife enquired. The Boss, feeling that the domestic temperature had fallen forty degrees in as many seconds, added propitiatingly:

"I paid \$2 for him and he's a \$10 dog." "What's his name?" the appeased lady condescended to inquire.

"As he's a sheep dog, I think I'll name him Mutton," answered the Boss facetiously.

"I suppose we'll call him Mutton for short?" queried his wife, but hastily added: "That's a joke!"

It must not be inferred that Mutton had remained idle during the conversation. He had, on the contrary, shambled from the living room into the dining room, sniffed at everything in sight uncovered, everything out of sight, overturned a work basket, scattering spoons and scissors right and left, and then, tiring from these exertions, had curled himself up at the feet of the Boss' wife.

To the Boss he paid no attention whatever, but every time his new favorite came a frightened look in his direction, he lank began to whack the floor so vigorously that the chandelier shook.

"Go away!" finally exclaimed his wife in a tone of disapproval which she thought no pedigree dog could misunderstand.

She was mistaken, however, for in answer to the command, Mutton scrambled to his feet, placed two huge, grimy forepaws on her white gown and attempted to leap into her lap.

But the Boss' wife dodged and, retreating to a corner, surveyed the ruin of her previously spotless gown.

"Take him away! Oh, please take him away!" she shrieked, and then diplomacy coming to the aid of terror, she added: "I am sure he must be starved to death! Take him out to the kitchen and give him something to eat!"

In the meantime the Boss' wife became aware of the havoc in the dining room and muttering to herself began to straighten it up.

When the Boss returned she looked up, smiled rather wanly, and remarked: "Dear, when are we going to keep a cow? I think the dog will be lonesome with only you and me and Mary in a five-room flat. He needs something of his own size. Maybe he'd like a camel."

The Boss ignored her feeble attempt at sarcasm and alleged humor. "Who's going to exercise Mutton?" continued the relentless helpmeet, and she drew a long, deep breath of defiance. "I positively wouldn't be seen in the street with that disreputable looking pup, and I'm sure Mary will feel the same way!"

But at these words a terrific commotion arose in the rear of the apartment. The kitchen door was flung open and Mary rushed into their presence.

"Please, please," she said, "there's a strange beast in the kitchen and he's after eating the steak I left on the gas stove."

The Boss covered the distance to the kitchen in three leaps, his wife following. And, sure enough, there was Mutton munching the remains of a choice porterhouse, his tail pounding a rapturous thrumming on the floor.

"Drop that! Drop it instantly!" the Boss commanded. An ominous growl rewarded him, but that was all. The steak remained in the jaws of the enemy.

"Sure," said Mary, "he's a fine animal! He looks just like the janitor's dog that died."

"Ray," asked the Boss hopefully, "does the janitor want a new dog?" (Copyright, 1910, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

Vacation Time. Soon off to the country will flock in a board. The city folk, haughty and proud, And the farmers' will wish, when they're crowded his board. That his wife hadn't boarded the crowd. —E. T. M.

Things You Want to Know The Naval Observatory.

Tonight one of the four moons of Jupiter will be in transit across the face of that big planet and another will pass behind it in eclipse. It was through observations of the movements of the moons of Jupiter that the theory of the velocity of light was evolved—a discovery of prime importance in astronomy. Observations of their movements were being made in order to assist seamen to reckon their positions, and it was found that the eclipses occurred twenty-two minutes earlier when the earth was nearest to Jupiter than when it was at its most distant point. It was concluded that it required twenty-two minutes for light to cross the orbit of the earth. It was later found that the motion of the earth and other things had to be taken into the reckoning, and then the actual velocity of light was determined.

After the solution was worked out indirectly it was concluded that it must be worked out directly, and many ingenious machines were brought out to do so. Perhaps the most accurate and conclusive tests of light velocity ever made were those of the late Simon Newcomb and A. A. Michelson working out of the naval observatory at Washington. To measure the velocity of something which flies so fast that it will race around the earth seven and a half times in a single second might seem an impossible task; but these two representatives of the naval observatory set themselves to work to it. At the base of the Washington monument they set up a big mirror. In the grounds at Fort Myer, two and a quarter miles distant across the Potomac river in Virginia, they stationed a revolving mirror, with a speed of 350 revolutions to the second. By revolving this mirror with great rapidity they were able to note how far it would turn in the time required for a ray of light to flash across the intervening space between Fort Myer and the Washington monument and back again. They found it would cover the distance in the forty-thousandth part of a second, and thus they were able to settle positively the question of the velocity of light. Their instruments were so delicately adjusted that they would measure the millionth part of a second as easily as a carpenter measured a board.

The naval observatory is one of the largest of Washington that is a tourist seldom sees, and, in fact, its work is of such a character that to make a show place of it would interfere with its usefulness. It is here that America gets its time. The day was when sun time was accurate enough for any man, but with the advent of the railroad and the telegraph, the standard time became a necessity, and the complex conditions of modern civilization requires a time accuracy as near to the absolute as may be. In the single matter of navigation, an error in time might lead the commander of a fleet to miscalculate his position, and a war might be decided through the disadvantage of a fleet which did not have the correct time.

If there is a necessity for correct time the naval observatory is the result of that necessity. Its great master clock, kept in an isolated vault, in a sealed case, the temperature of which is not allowed to vary more than the hundredth part of a degree, is one of the wonders of the world of delicate scientific instruments. It is so accurate that it never varies more than three-thirtieths of one second, and at times has run for weeks without getting out of the way more than the hundredth part of a second. In the sealed case, which is kept there is a little thermostat and an electric light. A change of the hundredth part of a degree of temperature will affect that delicate thermostat as much as a change of forty degrees will affect a thermometer. When it gets the two-hundredth part of a degree colder than normal the thermostat shivers and turns on the little light, which serves it as an automatic stove. When it gets the two-hundredth part of a degree hotter than normal the thermostat begins to mop its brow, and can be pointed only north and only must the temperature be kept constant.

Yet with all the wonderful accuracy of this clock a careful check must be kept upon its performance, in the doing of which one finds a precision almost startling in its care. In a little square house on the corner of the observatory grounds there is an instrument which verifies the time two or three times a week, and is, after all, the source of the nation's time. It is mounted on two great pillars of granite, and looks like a cross between a cannon and a telescope. It is on the exact meridian of Washington, and can be pointed only north and south. To make its readings worth while it must be adjusted with a delicacy almost unbelievable. It cannot rest with but a small percentage of its weight on its pivots. The entire weight, except for a few pounds, is supported by a sliding arrangement, only enough of its weight being allowed on the real bearings to give it steadiness and to

prevent wear. At its side there are two delicately adjusted wheels, or circles. These may be turned the smallest conceivable fraction of an inch, and while they are about two feet in diameter, it is necessary to have marks on the rims so fine that they cannot be seen by the naked eye. Four microscopes of considerable power are used to enable the observer to see the lines in the silver on the rims, and to make sure that the instrument is exactly set.

In spite of the greatest exactitude that is obtainable in the mounting and operation of a transit instrument there is always a remaining margin of error; but it happens that this margin of error has a law of its own, and that when the observations are made it may be compensated for in the computations. To reduce error to a minimum, however, the transit telescope is watched with great care. There are many tests made to insure that it is always in plumb. One of these is by the use of an artificial horizon. This consists of a pan of quicksilver and tinfoil, which gives an absolute level. The telescope is stationed in a vertical position, and the observer looks down through it into the pan of quicksilver. If the threads in the field of the telescope exactly coincide with their images in the quicksilver it is known that the telescope is still in position.

When the observer wishes to fix the time he takes the transit of about 5 o'clock stars. As one looks through the transit telescope he sees ten very fine lines across the lens, and two others passing through them at right angles. The instrument is so adjusted that the star which is to be observed passes down through the field of the telescope between the two lines, crossing the other lines as it goes. Each time the star crosses one of these lines the observer presses the key of a chronograph, and the fact is registered electrically. But even here there is a margin of error because of the "personal equation." One observer may press the key the thousandth part of a second later than another observer. Allowances must be made in the computations for the personal equation. In some of the newer transit instruments there is an attachment at the eye piece cut out unlike the combination wheel to a safe, and by turning its wheels transits are recorded without the intervention of the personal equation. The drudgery of the whole procedure comes when the observer has to make his computations from his observations. These involve mathematical calculations of vast proportions. The spider's thread is the key to exact observations with the transit telescope, and thus it may be said that the world's time hangs by the filmy thread of nature's first weaver. The secret of all the observations at the Naval Observatory is the use of the infinitesimal in the penetration of the infinite.

One of the rooms at the observatory which is full of interest is the chronometer-testing room. Here dozens of instruments are gathered together and are watched for a period of six months, so as to make sure that they are as nearly accurate as they can be made when they are delivered to the ships which reckon their position by them. Every vessel in Uncle Sam's navy must carry at least three chronometers. If they carried only one, there would be no means of knowing when it went into error. If they carried only two, they could not know which was right, and which was wrong in case of variation. In the testing room it is aimed to keep the temperature as near to an approximation of sea condition as may be. Wet clothes are hung up around the room for this purpose.

The big twenty-six-inch telescope, which has the honor of being housed in a dome of its own, has some history attached to it. It was through this instrument that Prof. Asa Hill discovered the moon of Mars. Many other studies of great interest have been made through it. The instrument was constructed for about the same time that the reaper king, McCormick, contracted for his big telescope. At first it seemed that the government would have to wait until his instrument was built before it would get its telescope made. But McCormick generously agreed to waive any advantage the priority of his contract gave him, and so they were built together.

One can scarcely realize the change that has been wrought by the work of the Naval Observatory. Before standard time was established in the United States, there were no less than seventy different standards. With the railway and the telegraph, it would be impossible for the country to do business on the old-time basis. To show how it would work, the time cannon in Paris affords an interesting illustration. This little gun is fired every day at high noon by the falling of the rays of the sun on a burning glass. At different periods of the year the time of this gun-fire varies. At one period the man who set his watch by it might be fifteen minutes slower than the train he wished to take at the Paris station.

By FREDERICK J. HASKIN. Tomorrow—Water for Thirsty Lands.

Musings of a Gentle Cynic

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star," is the favorite song of the average actress.

When we are in trouble we are always full of sympathy—for ourselves.

A woman seldom appreciates her first husband till she gets her second.

The modern hero is composed of nine parts printer's ink. The tenth part doesn't make much difference.

The minute a woman's dresses begin to feel comfortable she knows she is losing flesh.

The man who thinks he knows it all is never the father of a boy old enough to ask questions.

In spite of a popular tradition to the contrary, the only solution in the average man's closet is a trouser's stretcher.

It's a good thing that poverty is no disgrace, or lots of us would be very grateful.

The men who treat their friends better than they treat their wives don't deserve to have either. I can afford to say this because I have no wife.

The fellow who drowns his sorrows in the flowing bowl seldom has an opportunity of using it to christen his joys.

Many a man is such a liar that he wouldn't take his own word.

There is a remedy for every evil, also "something just as good."

Daily Health Hint

Camphor as a medicine is a quick, mild and brief stimulant, and will do wonders if at hand when needed in conditions which it will not effect if used too late. If taken in the first chill of a cold it will often effect a cure.

I trim myself to the storms of time; I mas the rudder, reef the sail, Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime; Lowly, faithful, banish fear. Right onward drive undaunted; The port well worth the cruise is near, And every wave is charmed. —Emerson.

WAY OUT OF IT.



"Don't you think a woman should have a vote?" "Sure—provided she doesn't use it."

Savory Rolls.

Savory rolls in great variety are made out of chopped meat either with or without egg. The variety is secured by the flavoring materials used and by the sauces with which the baked rolls are served. A few recipes will be given below. While these definite directions are given it should be remembered that a few general principles borne in mind make recipes unnecessary and make it possible to utilize whatever may happen to be on hand. Appetizing rolls are made with beef and pork mixed. The proportion varies from two parts of beef and one of pork to two parts of pork and one of beef. The rolls are always improved by laying thin slices of salt pork or bacon over them, which keep the surface moistened. The fat of the salt pork which the baked rolls are served with, so that they will not curl up in cooking. The necessity for the salt pork is greater when the chopped meat is chiefly beef than when it is largely pork or veal. Bread crumbs or bread moistened in water can always be added, as it helps to make the dish go further. When onions, green peppers, or other vegetables are used, they should always be thoroughly cooked in fat before being put in the roll, for usually they do not cook sufficiently in the length of time it takes to cook the meat. Sausage makes a good addition to the roll, but it is usually cheaper to use unseasoned pork meat with the addition of a little sage.



CANNELON OF BEEF. This dish is prepared by making chopped beef into a roll and baking it wrapped in a buttered paper, a method designed to keep in the steam and so insure a moist tender dish. The paper must be removed before serving. The roll should be baked occasionally with butter and water or drip-pings and water. In preparing the roll an egg may be added for each pound and a half of meat, and chopped parsley, onion, juice, lemon peel, or finely chopped green pepper make good seasoning. A thickened gravy may be made from the drippings, the liquid being either water or tomato juice.

Strips of pork laid on the roll may be substituted for the buttered paper and baking.

False Steel Arches Used to Support Insteps Will Often Prevent Corns

As appendicitis may affect the general health for months without the cause being known, so can broken arches hurt the feet so a woman may think she has corns, rheumatism and many other ills, when in reality she has a weak arch. There is no doubt of that, because the fine bones in the top of the foot become misplaced, so the toes are not held as they should be and pinched against each other or are pushed off to one side and so press against the leather. Therefore, I think any woman who is troubled with aching feet should use a steel arch during the day.

She will have no doubt, after once trying, whether or not she needs it, for if she does the brace will give a feeling of support beneath the foot which will be gratifying. If she does not require it, or the steel is too much arched, she will feel as though she were stepping on a protuberance, which indeed is the case, and she will be uncomfortable accordingly.

All shoe shops and many druggists now keep such arches in stock, and unless the trouble is more than a broken arch a person can usually be fitted without difficulty.

A woman should not use a steel that is not comfortable, however, for she may harm her feet.

If a woman's toes are afflicted with corns, and an arch relieves the foot, it is more than probable she can cure the sore places, because the pressure to which they have been subjected will have been removed. Should the corns be between the toes, a few weeks of patient care will probably cure the spots.

A soft corn is not unlikely a blister, and if, after soaking the foot, the edges of the sore are worked with a pointed stick, a corn knife, the top will lift off as a blister. In the center there is a small cone which should be gently but firmly worked around, always from the edges to the middle. The kind of knife I mean is not that of horn handle and blade, but a straight piece of steel, one end of which is cut bias, as it were, and the other a scallop. Such a knife is invaluable, and is also excellent for manicuring. It should not be sharp for either purpose, for, in chiropody, when the skin has been soaked enough, it is so soft no sharp edge is required.

The little corn has been removed, the place it has occupied will be slightly hollow. This should be painted, night and morning with iodine to prevent new skin from forming in a hard state and, before drawing on the stockings for the day, a piece of tissue paper should be placed between the toes, not only to prevent irritation from friction, but to absorb natural moisture, which is one of the causes of soft corns. MARGARET MIXTER.

Two Bats. They fished together, he and she, Beside the babbling mountain brook. He used minnows small for bait, She used a sweet but saucy look.

When they quit the noisy stream The maiden's home they sought. He hadn't hooked a single thing, But a "mucker," she had caught.

Be-er-I. The optimist grew thoughtful, And his words were earnest, wise—"The world is getting better, But the climate's getting worse!"

And remember, Theodore, the next time you come home at three in the afternoon you'd better remain at the club!