

Humorist Tells How He Became Handsome, and Declares It Was Worth It.

To be handsome is not always to be good, but there is surely no harm in being handsome if you can become so without spoiling your face. For years I was considered homely. My best friends admitted it and my enemies made unkind references to it. I knew that there were dermatologists who were perfectly willing to give silver bridges to bridgeless noses, dazzling brilliance to lack-luster eyes and ravishing outlines to hideous profiles, but I did not care to go to the expense. I determined to be my own dermatologist.

I have drawn an outline of my profile as it was before I began to work on my face. It will be seen that, while intellectual, it was not handsome. My ear was too long and my nose too like a toe; while my brow needed building up and my chin pushing forward. My eye, while not beautiful, had character, and I decided not to alter that, but the other features needed manipulation.

I began with my nose. When I went to bed I lay on my back with a flatiron bound to my nose. It was painful at first, but I soon got used to it, and day by day my nose changed its shape until at last it was perfect. I next tried sleeping standing up in a specially prepared bed, with heavy weights hung to my chin. This had a tendency to bring my chin forward. Luckily I was out of a job, so I was able to do my sleeping in the daytime. To give myself a high brow I made a hat like those used by hatters to ascertain the size of the head. This I screwed on my head on retiring, increasing the pressure each night. I also took double doses of headache powders, as I needed them. As I look back it does not seem more than six months that I labored with my visage, but my diary tells me it took a year.

I append a profile of my face as it was after I secured beauty for myself. The difference between the two profiles is great and the torture was great, but it is certainly pleasant to hear people say whenever I appear in public: "Who is that strikingly handsome man?"—Charles Battell Loomis in *Delineator*.

In Praise of Gardening.

Charles Dudley Warner: There is probably nothing that has such a tranquilizing effect, and leads into such content, as gardening. By gardening, I do not mean that insane desire to raise vegetables which some have; but the philosophical occupation of contact with the earth, and companionship with gently growing things and patient processes; that exercise which soothes the spirit and develops the deltoid muscles. In half an hour I can hoe myself right away from the world, as we commonly call it, into a large place, where there are no obstacles. What an occupation it is for thought! The mind broods like a hen on eggs. The trouble is, that you are not thinking about anything, but are really vegetating like the plants around you. I begin to know what the joy of the grapevine is in running up the trellis, which is similar to that of the squirrel in running up the tree. We all have something in our nature that requires contact with the earth.

Had Been Under Suspicion.

"I will ask you," said the lawyer who was trying to throw doubts on the testimony of the witness, "if you have ever been indicted for any offense against the law?"

"I never have, sir."

"Have you ever been arrested on a charge of any kind?"

"Never."

"Well, have you ever been suspected of committing a crime?"

"I'd rather not answer that question."

"Ha! You would rather not. I thought so. I insist upon your answering it. Have you ever been suspected of crime?"

"Yes, sir; often. Every time I come home from a trip abroad the customs inspectors at New York city suspect me of being a smuggler."—Chicago Tribune.

Things Worth Knowing.

Stand not near a tree, iron gate or leaden spout in time of lightning.

Where a lighted candle will not burn, animal life cannot exist. It is an excellent caution, therefore, before entering damp and confined places to try this very simple experiment.

To induce sleep when one is overtired or worried and cannot sleep, being gently rubbed all over with a towel wrung out of hot, salt water, and deep breathing in fresh air through the nostrils has excellent effect.

The Reason of It.

"The boat you see in so close there is the mail boat and its route embraces small settlements all along the coast."

"Embraces so many, does it? I suppose that is why I see the boat is hugging the shore."

Neighbor's Baby Is Useful.

"You watch your neighbor's baby with considerable interest."

"Yes," said Mrs. De Style. "When the weather turns her baby blue I don't let Fido out."

SIDELIGHTS ON THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

by
EDWARD B.
CLARK

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WHEN you take in the city of Washington what the unregenerate call a "rubber-neck wagon" your course is bound to lead by the Cosmos club. Until the Metropolitan club built its new quarters, its building was situated near that which houses the Cosmos members. It was the great delight of the information given on the sightseeing automobile to declare to the passengers that the Metropolitan club, "which you see on your right, is the home of the Lobs, and the Cosmos club, which you see on your left, is the home of the cranks."

Presumably scientists have become accustomed to being dubbed cranks by the unthinking. It has been a long, hard struggle at times for some scientists to get recognition from the world. The Cosmos club has a membership which in-

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PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE — LOOKING EAST FROM TREASURY DEPARTMENT

tudes some of the greatest scientists of the United States, and, in its non-resident membership, some of the greatest scientists of the world.

There are botanists, astronomers, ornithologists, and, in fact, scientists of all kinds and descriptions, to be found nightly in the great, sweeping parlors of the club's quarters. There is just as much hospitality and jollity in the club as are to be found in the rooms of any social organization in the world—and learning besides there, also. In order to be a member of the Cosmos club you must have something besides money and social standing. It is probable that there are many members of other organizations in Washington, who would be willing to throw their membership into the deep sea, if the act would buy for them admittance into the club of these scientists.

The headquarters of the Cosmos club are in the old "Dolly Madison" residence. It was there that the widow of President Madison lived and held social sway for years after the death of her husband. During the Civil war, for a time, Admiral Wilkes lived in the Madison house. It was Wilkes who took Mason and Slidell from the British steamer "Trent" and thereby nearly brought on war between the United States and Great Britain at a time when such a war might have been ultimate victory to the Confederate arms.

The biological survey of the United States government has lost the services of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who for years was the survey's chief, and who in the early days worked so hard to make these services what he succeeded in making it, one of the most useful departments of government. Dr. Merriam has accepted the direction of the Harriman Foundation for Zoological Research. Mrs. Harriman, the widow of E. H. Harriman, the great financier and railroad man, has carried out the wishes of her husband, and has set aside a large sum of money to be used for purposes of zoological study. Acting unquestionably in line with her husband's wishes, Mrs. Harriman requested Dr. Merriam to take charge of the work.

It is probable that the former chief of the biological survey is the foremost authority in the United States in matters pertaining to certain lines of natural history work. It was Dr. Merriam, more than any other man, to whom Theodore Roosevelt went for advice about the scope of his expected work in Africa. The doctor and the colonel have been friends since boyhood; when in New York state both were pursuing bird studies and exchanging letters on general subjects of natural history.

These words about Dr. Merriam and the Harriman Foundation lead one to tell a story about the late financier, which perhaps will throw some light on a side of his life concerning which most people probably know little. One year ago last winter I went south from Washington, bound for Augusta, Ga., with a friend. E. H. Harriman's private car was attached to the train at one of the stations on the way. It happened that my friend was a close personal acquaintance of Mr. Harriman, and he was invited to dine with the financier on his private car, and was told to bring his friend with him, provided the friend would like to come.

There were several men of large affairs at that little dinner party, one of the guests being the president of one of the greatest railroad systems in the world. The conversation, naturally, was about big affairs of the financial world, concerning which I knew very little, and I am free to confess, cared much less. After hearing a good deal about certain things concerning which the discussion was more or less unintelligible to me, I ventured to break into the conversation and to tell Mr. Harriman that I had such of the journals of the "Harriman Alaska Expedition" as already had been published, and more over, that I had read them.

For the next two hours I had ample evidence that E. H. Harriman cared for something besides railroads. Ten or twelve years before he had

Lafayette was a small personal friend of Wil-

NETS FOR THE BACHELORS

Capital Society Matrons Seek to Round Him Up.

Eligibles Who Have So Far Sidestepped Honeymoons and Minister Fees to Be Given Prominence in Social Affairs Next Season.

Washington.—The bachelor is coming into his own in the capital's smart set. Next season has been set aside for him. They will be made prominent as leaders. To marry off all these eligible men, residents and for the most part workers in Washington, is the big task to be undertaken by well meaning matrons. And when such names as Frank Hitchcock, postmaster general of the United States; John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics; Capt. Archibald Butt, aide to the president; Prince Nicolas Koudachoff, first secretary of the Russian embassy; Viscount de Alte, Portuguese minister; Count d'Adhemar, prominent automobile, and others of like rank are mentioned the file of bachelors takes official if not international proportions and the game assumes responding importance.

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What can be done for them is the question matrons have asked themselves for some time, but will hereafter ask each other. As bachelors are treasures, these men, social leaders declare. They are indispensable, and the name of any one of them will be found on every party list worth notice. But the capital's matrons have decided that as bachelors they may be even better.

What Will They Do?

Whether these gentlemen will select wives from the host of beautiful and talented Washington girls, or whether they will go outside of the city for their life partners seems to puzzle those interested in the outcome of their future. For rumor has connected most of the names mentioned with other names. Postmaster General Hitchcock has been credited with an engagement to Mrs. Stickney, a rich widow living in London. Mr. Barrett is—some of those who know him well say—in the midst of a heart

marriage of Captain Butt, prefers that he wait a little longer. Captain Butt must accompany the president on all his trips, be with him from early morning until late at night, whenever he gives an entertainment, or is seen in public, or receives delegations. All these duties, from the president's standpoint, take Captain Butt's time up to an extent too great for a married man. And it is said that the president had rather his aide go without a wife than release him. What Washington wants to know now is whether the captain is a strict adherent to duty or if he will let the whole thing "go hang" when the girl wishes it.

Prince Koudachoff has been in Washington for several years. He is one of the few bachelors of the diplomatic corps who has remained single and given no rise to gossip about his engagement. It is not known if he will be transferred soon or not. He has already passed the period of time during which secretaries of embassy may consider themselves safe from transfer to another post. But the early change in the ambassadorship may cause his retention here for some time to come.

Count d'Adhemar, a Belgian, who has adopted the United States as his place of residence, and who has a large estate in Virginia and apartments at the capital during the winter, is one of the popular bachelors. He is also known as the man of whom a photograph cannot be had. Gossip has connected his name with girls more than once, but now all of them have married, and Count d'Adhemar has the laugh on all his friends who accused him of being unable to continue single.

To continue the list, there is William F. Hitt, son of the late Robert R. Hitt, who, while one of the richest and most popular bachelors here, is mentioned as the future husband of Miss Katharine Elkins through the "message" of the bride's bouquet and the piece of wedding cake under the pillow, both obtained at the wedding of Miss Townsend three months ago. Mr. Hitt's friends tease him because they say he actually put the cake under his pillow and slept on it.

CANNOT MAKE RAIN.

The war department refused to use artillery to produce rain in the district where forest fires have been devastating the western country. Rain making was a few years ago in this country, and Uncle Sam spent large sums of money sending up bombs and firing cannons at the skies. The report on the experiment was adverse, so the government has no more faith in rain-making. Oddly enough, the people of Italy, whom we are apt to regard as non-progressive, are very much interested in guns to affect the weather. In all the vineyards of Italy there are to be found curious funnel-shaped guns pointing to the sky. The chief danger to the vines in that country is from hail. The Italians believe that these guns, when fired, dissipate the clouds and prevent hail storms.

Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau, in giving his opinion on the subject, said in part:

"The reason why rain usually follows the great battles of history is that commanders of necessity move armies and began engagements, if possible, on fair days; then, as rain falls on an average of one day in three, if it does not follow a battle it is due to the fact that a drought prevails. In other words, the regular operations of nature should bring rain during or at the close of a battle begun during clear weather.

"It is the opinion of the most eminent physicians and scientific experimenters of the world that rain cannot be caused by the setting off of explosives, but only by a marked increase in the vapor content of the air by a decided lowering of the temperature, in neither of which processes can man operate on such a stupendous scale as to imitate nature."

"The agricultural department has for years combated the mercenary efforts of charlatans to prey upon the credulity of the public to get both public and private revenue for their efforts to produce rain. If the government should accede to the request to have the army fire its heavy guns in an effort to cause rain with which to put out the forest fires, these pseudoscientists, having in a measure the sanction of the government for their operations, would for many years to come have a fruitful field for their fraudulent work."

The Element of Doubt.

Captain Butt, who radiates in the White House, always at the left of the president, and refuses to be hidden by the presidential shadow, is said to be the despair of natural-born matchmakers. And in Washington, strange to say, there are no matchmakers worth considering who have daughters of their own to marry off. It seems to be the spirit of the life here, where men come and remain a month or ten years, if not the rest of their lives, and then go. This lack of assurance as to how long any popular man will remain in Washington tends to accentuate the desire to give him a wife from Washington before the exigencies of duty take him away to other parts of the world.

Captain Butt smilingly evades all questions of his matrimonial intentions. The girls, who seem to know when a man has "fallen," persist in declaring that he shows preference for Miss Townsend. No assurances can be obtained from the latter's family. Miss Townsend herself says that she will discuss her wedding plans when the time comes, adding jocularly: "If it ever comes."

It has been hinted that the president, while not frowning against the

Wu Ting-Fang, the irrepressible and everlasting question mark of diplomacy, is a real example of the old man who can come back. When he came to Washington first he was amused and then shocked almost everybody with whom he came in contact. He was not altogether relished in diplomatic circles, because he had an unpleasant, not to say undiplomatic, way of stating things. He was in many fencing bouts with John Hay and Elihu Root, and both of them enjoyed him, although they distrusted him.

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