

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 tranquillizing 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 giver on the sightseeing automobile to declare to the passengers that the Metropolitan club, "which you see on your right, is the home of the lobby, 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-



CONNECTICUT AVENUE—LOOKING NORTH FROM N STREET

cludes 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 there is 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 memberships 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 insured 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 themselves 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 Zoological 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 moreover, that I had read them.

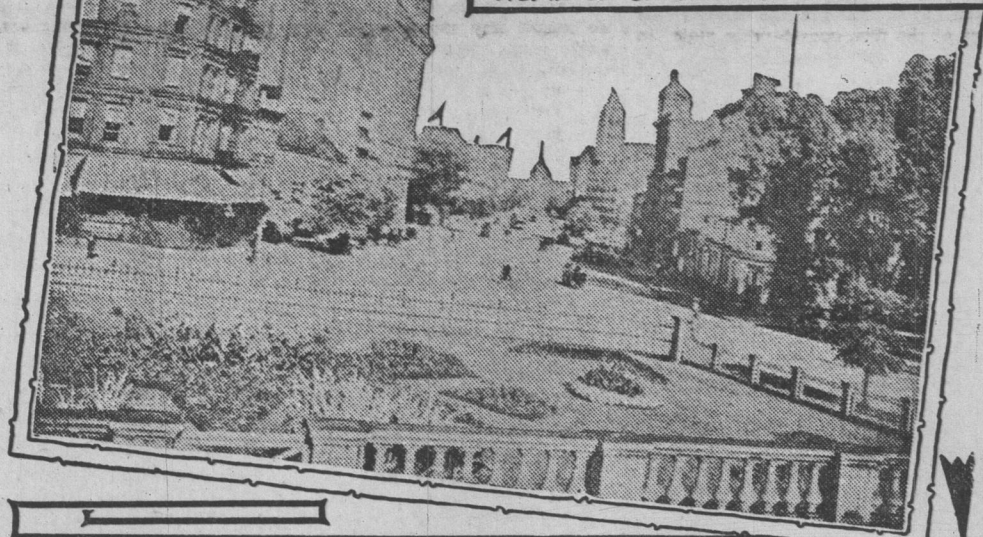
For the next two hours I had ample evidence that E. H. Harriman cared for something besides railroads. Ten or twelve years be he had



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HOME OF SECRETARY KNOX



PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE—LOOKING EAST FROM TREASURY DEPARTMENT

taken a company of naturalists to Alaska with him as his guests. He had had a delightful time with the scientists and they had profited much in a knowledge way by the trip to comparatively new fields. I found that Mr. Harriman was keenly interested in birds, trees, shells, flowers, stones and mammals, and that he knew and appreciated nature in all its forms. That was the only time I ever saw E. H. Harriman, but from what he said during the two hours and a half spent in his car that winter night I was not at all surprised when I found out that he had provided a fund for zoological research.

Across Lafayette square, due west from the Cosmos club, is the vacant Decatur mansion. This house was built by Commodore Stephen Decatur in the year 1819, and it was from its portals that he went forth one year later to meet his death at the hand of James Barron, also a naval officer, who had challenged Decatur to a duel. It is American history and the circumstances are known to all, but it might be said that it was Barron who was in command of the United States ship Chesapeake at the time it was overhauled by the British ship Leopard and searched for alleged deserters from the British navy.

Books have been written about Lafayette square, but the stories that are told about the men whose statues are in the square, and about the men who lived in the houses surrounding it, are endless, and not all of them, perhaps, have found their way into print. The statue of Lafayette was erected at one corner of the square not long after the statue of Andrew Jackson had been put in place in the center of the square, provided a square can be said to have a center. Lafayette visited America in 1825, and even today one hears occasionally of some living person who remembers his visit.

Not long ago there died in Chicago, at her home on Elm street, the aged Mrs. Davidson. She was born in Charleston, S. C. Her maiden name was Ancrum; she was a granddaughter of Col. William Washington, a first cousin of George Washington. It was William Washington who at the battle of the Clouds fought a hand-to-hand fight with Colonel Tarleton of the British forces. Colonel Washington succeeded in cutting off the thumb of Tarleton's sword hand, and then there was interference which separated the combatants.

Lafayette was a strong personal friend of Wil-

liam Washington, and when he visited Charleston in the year 1825 he was a guest at the Ancrum residence, Mrs. Ancrum, the mother of Mrs. Davidson, being a daughter of Colonel Washington. Mrs. Davidson, then a child six or eight years old, remembered the visit perfectly and kept until she died a present which Lafayette had given to her, the grandchild of his old friend and comrade in arms.

There is no statue of Washington in Lafayette square, though one day there may be, for it is said to be possible that Andrew Jackson may be put elsewhere and George Washington may take his place. The nearest physical approach, so to speak, that one gets to the first president, in Lafayette square, is in the White House, which fronts it. It may not be generally known that the White House was completed before Washington died. It was only a few days before his death, as Washington tradition has it, that George and Martha Washington walked through the recently completed White House, to give their approval or disapproval, as it may be, of the arrangement of the rooms. It is possible that that visit to the capital was the last one which the Father of his Country made, for it was only a short time afterward that he died at his country seat, Mount Vernon.

Reference to Mount Vernon brings to mind the fact that there is living in Washington today an aged man named John Lane, who is the only living person who ever saw George Washington. Now, inasmuch as the Father of his country died 111 years ago, this may seem to be something pretty close to a false statement on its face, but it is the truth nevertheless.

When John Lane was a small boy the driver of a stage that ran between Washington and Mount Vernon asked the lad if he wanted a ride, and the answer was a hasty climbing up to the seat of honor by the driver. The boy made the trip all the way to Mount Vernon and arrived there just as they were removing the body of Washington from the old tomb to the new one. In order to make certain that the remains had not been tampered with by ghouls who not long before had broken into the old tomb, the coffin was opened and John Lane, aged ten, was lifted up to look on the face of the Father of his Country. Mr. Lane is today the only person who survives a little company which was present at the removal of the body.

## NETS FOR THE BACH

Capital Society Matrons Seek to Round Him Up.

Eligibles Who Have So Far Sidestepped Honeymoons and Minister's 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. Archie Butt, aide to the president; Prince Nicolas Koudacheff, first secretary of the Russian embassy; Viscount de Alte, Portuguese minister; Count d'Adhemar, prominent automobilist, and others of like rank are mentioned the file of bachelors becomes official if not international proportions and the game assumes corresponding importance.

What can be done for them is the question matrons have asked themselves for some time, but will hereafter ask each other. As bachelors they 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 benedictines 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



Nets for the Bachelors.

mystery involving a beautiful girl of Bogota, whom he met while he was United States minister to Columbia. Captain Butt's name has been linked with that of Miss Yvonne Townsend, daughter of Mr. Lawrence Townsend, former United States minister to Belgium. Miss Townsend has also been spoken of as the girl with whom King Manuel of Portugal is in love.

Viscount de Alte has been in Washington eight years. He has remained a bachelor for a longer continuous period than any of his confreres while in service in this city. It is also worth remembering that the marriages of Washington girls to foreign diplomats are increasing each year, while those of the last eighteen months exceed the total of the preceding three years. In fact, the Portuguese minister is regarded by his intimates as a sort of enigma. He is highly popular with the women, and no man ever made a more courtly bow to fair damsels, but he has not dropped the least hint of attachment for any one girl, although he is the confidant and friend of many.

#### 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

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 Koudacheff 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 fad a few years ago in this country, and Uncle Sam spent large sums of money sending big 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 followed the great battles of history is that commanders of necessity move armies and begin 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, or 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 pseudo-scientists, having in this measure the sanction of the government for their operations, would for many years to come have a fruitful field for their fraudulent work."

#### ONE WHO IS ABLE TO COME BACK

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 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. When Wu retired as Chinese minister the first time the belief was expressed that he was "down and out"; in fact, it was intimated that he might have to lose his head if he returned to China. But he was found useful at home, and then was again sent to the United States as minister. But he had become too much of a success as a successful diplomat, he was recalled. Now the Chinese government seems to have need of him, and has put him in an important place in the foreign office.