

THE LAVENDER GIRL

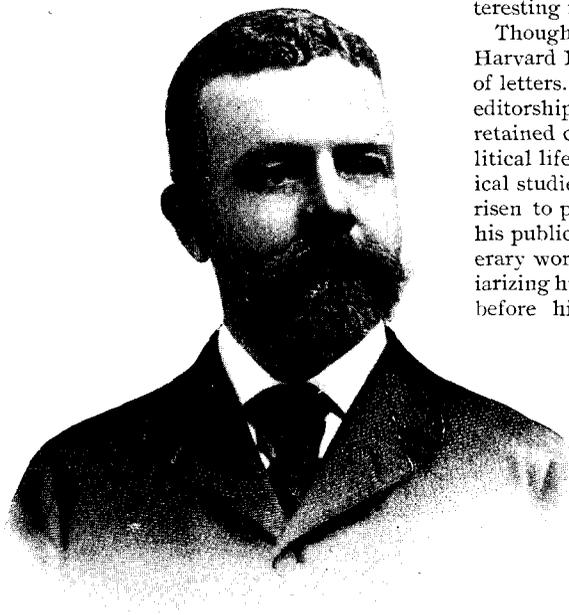
A GATHERER of lavender,
When all his work was o'er,
Fell fast asleep, in slumber deep,
Upon his fragrant store ;
And as the scent, with fancy blent,
Charmed sleep's fair silver streams,
This gatherer of lavender
Went gathering fragrant dreams !

Clarence Army.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is one of the foremost representatives of the younger element which has stirred up the United States Senate so constantly in the last two or three years. He went to the Senate Chamber from the House of Representa-



Henry Cabot Lodge, United States Senator from Massachusetts.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

tives, where he had made some reputation as a legislator; and he immediately began to take an active part in the Senate proceedings. According to precedent, he should have remained in his seat for at least a year without making even a motion to adjourn. When he arose, on the second day of his membership, and offered an important resolution, his older colleagues were shocked and amazed. Mr. Lodge, however, went on in his iconoclastic way, encouraged by public approval, and he is today one of the most interesting figures in the Senate.

He takes an active part in debate, he has ideas of his own about pending legislation,

and he is especially interested in civil service reform. Last summer, during his vacation, he visited Europe and picked up some ideas about the application of civil service rules to the consular service. This will be one of his specialties in the present session. He is also deeply interested in the question of immigration, and has written several interesting magazine articles on the subject.

Though Mr. Lodge is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, his profession is that of letters. He went into Congress from the editorship of a Boston paper, of which he retained control after his entrance into political life. He has written several historical studies; but, like other men who have risen to political prominence, he finds that his public duties give him no leisure for literary work. His time is taken up in familiarizing himself with the questions that come before him, and preparing speeches and reports.

A TRANSPLANTED STAR.

Just two years ago, a writer in a musical journal expressed regret that Eleanor Mayo had grand opera aspirations. Her voice was perfectly adapted to operetta, he declared; to attempt anything more would be to invite failure. It seems a pity that fate interfered to prevent the world from finding out just what right to make a Cassandra of himself this gentleman possessed. But the prince came along, in the shape of Colonel

James Elverson, and wooed *Princess Bonnie* from her artistic aspirations.

Mrs. Elverson is the daughter of Frank Mayo, but was not brought up to follow in her father's footsteps. She had seen scarcely half a dozen rehearsals in her life before she went on the boards herself. To this lack of familiarity with theatrical environment she ascribed the ordeal of stage fright through which she went. She is described as having been a particularly wilful and "undependable" prima donna. Her manager stood in nightly expectation of having her put on her street gown and go home in the middle of the opera. But her goodness of heart is un-