# THE SERVANT QUESTION

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

The great problems revolving around the tariff and States' rights and the income tax may be appalling and portentous, but to the average American woman they are all together not a patch on the servant question. Before the all-absorbing anxiety as to whether Mary Jane will stay, or whether Susan can ever be persuaded to come back, other earthly things fade into insignificance. From North, South, East, and West comes the plaintive plea: "Send us a competent, reliable, well-trained servant." It is just another way of sounding the old Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us."

There are 10,000,000 American women doing their own work in their own homes without pay, while 1,500,000 servants and waiters look after the wants of the remaining 6,000,000 families in this country. This is an arithmetical problem that cannot possibly work out to the satisfaction of all, and so a goodly percentage of the 6,000,000 families are driven into hotels and boarding-houses. With only one servant to every four families, conditions cannot be idyllic, because the heads of three of these families must be ever on the strain to find, capture, and domesticate that rara avis, "a good, plain cook."

Take up any daily paper and see just how many weary housewives are beseeching the cooks, maids, and laundresses of the land to look with favor upon them. This is not a new question in this country. It began with the making of history on this side of the pond. Even the Winthrops, the powerful family of Massachusetts' colonial governor, had their troubles. Whenever ships landed servants in New England, the governor naturally had the pick of the lot, yet in the early days of Boston history we find John Winthrop writing despairingly to his father of the "lying, ungrateful servants" he had. In those days it was a toss-up whether a housewife, be she New Englander or Virginian, should buy a black savage from a slave ship and train him, get an Indian fresh from the forest who might tomahawk her any minute, or go to work and do the job herself.

No wonder a slave ship was often received with tears of thankfulness. The old elders of Newport were wont to gather themselves together after the arrival of a Dutch or English slaver, and piously express gratitude that "a gracious Providence has been pleased to bring to this land of freedom another cargo of benighted heathens to enjoy the blessings of gospel dispensation." At such times there were also some very strong thoughts in their minds about fire-building and other domestic chores that the benighted heathens might conveniently lift from their shoulders in exchange for the said gospel dispensation.

In the South, where the slaves used to be past-masters in the different branches of domestic art, one would hardly expect to find a dearth of servants, yet the housewives of Memphis, which is located near the heart of the black belt, are writing to Ireland for servant girls. In reply a priest wrote that England had already drawn upon his and surrounding parishes for all available girls, and that those who had the best interests of his people at heart were unwilling to see them go into service in foreign lands.

And where is the fault? What is the reason for this lack of hands to do honorable toil which so sorely needs to be done? Is it because in this country "one whom you employ to-day may be your equal to-morrow?" Have we used the right kind of "hired girl" so badly that she won't have anything more to do with us? Or is it due to the fact that women generally lack the executive ability to manage their houses? In a widespread investigation of the question, the chief reasons given by employes for leaving their places were: Hours too long; hours too irregular; too many restrictions placed on personal liberty; too much isolation from friends; too little time allowed for visiting; poor sleeping accommodations; poor food—often the cold and unpalatable remains of the family meal; the illegal withholding of wages, and the tendency of most housewives to have all things done after their own way, when the way of a well-trained domestic might be just as good and much easier.

On the other hand, the employers claim the help they get is untrained; that servants demand too high wages; that they cannot allow liberties, for if an inch is given an ell will be demanded; that if too much liberty outside the house is given, it is likely to encourage a tendency toward immorality; that a great many servants are dishonest and will speedily deplete the family larder if not watched, and the universal finality is "I can't get the right sort of girl; the best members of the working class will not enter domestic service at all, preferring the mills and factories instead."

In this last statement there is much explanation and no little pathos. As a factory hand a girl looses no social caste. She is always entitled to the distinction of "Miss" or "Mrs.," and may mingle with her former associates. As a domestic she becomes merged into the great army of Mary Anns, and finds all the world one big cold shoulder to her small social aspirations. The average working girl is a gregarious creature. She likes to flock with the men and women of her class just as much as do her more fortunate brothers and sisters of the upper ten, and when denied this privilege and right as a servant, her loneliness drives her to the factories, where she can be free.

"But I can't entertain my servant! I can't take time to amuse her!" cried a horrified housewife in reply to the suggestion that her maid needs a little bit of company and more cheerful surroundings. Possibly not, but she might devise some way of making life a little more livable. When she puts her advertisement in the paper for help, it should bear a promise proportionate to the [illegible]nd. It should say: "We want [illegible] who is reliable, and w[illegible]rk well. We will give [illegible]oom, an opportunity [illegible] her friends, an occasi[illegible]ental and moral imp[illegible] hours of service, and [illegible] like a human being. [illegible] that the mistress of [illegible]ousehold is less mindf[illegible]nd convenience of h[illegible]e is of the welfare of [illegible] horses.

There are mar[illegible] illustrate the griev[illegible] the abuse of the serv[illegible]ught us, and others [illegible]ople with common sense and some of the milk of human kindness in their get-up manage to keep good domestics when they get them. A New York woman who had applied to an intelligence office, was furnished with a giantess who had just arrived from Finland. The mistress began asking the customary questions. "Can you cook?" "Nar," said Miss Finn. "Can you wash and iron?" "Nar." "Can you sweep and dust?" "Nar." "Then in pity's name what can you do?" asked the lady in desperation. A gleam of pleasure passed over Miss Finn's face at the thought of her one accomplishment, and she replied: "I can milka da reindeer."

A Southern housewife tells about her advertisemtnt for a maid-of-all-work being answered by a negro girl who had just enough education to spoil her taste for work. When asked what she could do she replied: "I can do quadratic equations, and I have studied logarithms; also cooking, cleaning, and serving." When serving time arrived she was not on hand. After searching for her high and low she was discovered in the privacy of the pantry reading Laura Jean Libby.

An Illinois woman, who had a good servant, moved into a fashionable community, and got talked about by her neighbors for a strange reason. The lawn was moistened by means of a circular sprinkler which had to be moved occasionally. During the intervals Mary would sit on the front steps and read the evening paper. In the course of time it came to the ears of the mistress that her neighbors were saying she certainly could not be "polite" else she would not allow her servant so much liberty. When an acquaintance asked the newcomer what she thought about the criticism, she replied that after thinking the matter over, she had decided that "Mary wouldn't hurt the steps." This woman was a strict disciplinarian, but a just one. She was too fair-minded to hurt the feelings of her domestic over an inconsequential matter, even though she herself appeared in a false light in the eyes of her snobbish neighbors. She demanded faithful, conscientious service, and in return gave good pay and considerate treatment. In all the years of her long life this old-fashioned gentlewoman was never bothered with the servant question. I know this to be true because she was my mother.

The State of Nevada has only 4,331 servants, and the women in this, as well as many other Western States, are solving the question by doing most of their work themselves. The Western woman is an example of independence and courage where the servant problem is concerned. She finds that in order to promote the general welfare of her family she must depend upon her own efforts and the help of her daughters. She usually manages to have a most homelike home, a most attractive table, and a most cultured family.

Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House fame, says that before the servant question can reach any kind of solution, the housewives must themselves learn to do much of the light work in their homes, and put out most of the heavy tasks. Prof. Lucy Salmon, of the faculty of Vassar College, who has made a deep study of the question, says: "It is inevitable that eventually all articles of food will be prepared outside the house, except those requiring the last application of heat, and that scientific skill will reduce to a minimum the labor and expense of this final stage of preparation."

**To-morrow—"Notes from a Traveler's Diary."**

# THE DETHRONEMENT OF DOUGLAS

BY JANE INGRAHAM.

Harriet Winthrop belonged to the class of girls who bow to physical strength in the opposite sex. Frail, almost flower-like in her beauty, the sort of girl who had been protected and served all her life, she yet decorated her tiny morning room with etchings and small statuettes of classic heroes, famed for their physical prowess, and she could sit through a veritable blizzard to watch a football match and shout herself hoarse for Ted's college team.

Ted was her brother, and he said that somewhere in Harriet's makeup was a strain from the blood of an ancestral belle who had cheered on her hero in the old tournament days. For the Winthrops could trace their lineage to the tournament days—and farther, and even though Mr. Winthrop had lost a large slice of the old family fortune through ill-advised investment, they maintained their social standing, lived in rather severe but elegant fashion, and held fast to every tradition, including the firm belief that no lady rides in a street car or other public conveyance. She may walk abroad for exercise only, but when calling or shopping, the plain, rather old-fashioned brougham of the depleted Winthrop stables was brought into service.

That was why, when many other girls with more money to spend on shopping, tripped up and down the great retail thoroughfare, Harriet Winthrop chafed in the Winthrop brougham, caught in a blockade of snarling motormen, sharp-faced chauffeurs, and obstinate cabbies. The brougham swung to one side, the wheels grating the curb, and Harriet leaned forward to see how close they were to the shop wherein could be found a certain piece of silvery-blue gauze marked down to post-holiday prices. Then with a gasp and a shudder, she leaned back in the carriage and closed her eyes. She had forgotten the silvery gauze, the shop, the jam of vehicles—everything save the tall, square-shouldered figure of a man, whose entire attention seemed to be centered on the tint of pancakes he was turning in the window of a white-front restaurant.

The brougham moved forward a few inches, then several feet. Very soon it would be out of range, so Harriet took one more glimpse at the window, to make sure that her eyes had not deceived her. No—it was he, and this time he was actually handing the white-aproned waitress a plate piled high with golden brown cakes.

What was Jerry Douglas doing in that window, and how could he bestow upon the white-aproned girl precisely the same frank, cordial smile with which he had greeted Harriet at that last dance, after Teddy's team had won through Douglas' clever coaching? She bought half a yard more gauze than she needed and went home firmly convinced that Jerry Douglas had been cooking cakes to pay a wager. That night she went to a dance where many mutual friends gathered—but no one seemed to have heard of the escapade, and she was too proud to make inquiries. The next day she went back to the shop so close to the restaurant. A bit of pale blue velvet ribbon would set off that silver gauze—but she decided that, after all, she did not care whether the silver gauze was developed into a creation or not. Nothing mattered save that her idol had crumbled at her very feet, or, more properly speaking, within a few feet of the wheels of her brougham—for there again was Jerry Douglas, turning what she thought must be very fat and indigestible fried biscuits.

So it was not an election wager or anything of that sort. Ah, she knew! He had gone in for sociology. He was studying the condition of the working classes. Next thing he would be living in one of those dreadful settlement houses, holding club meetings for ragamuffins and poor factory girls and writing silly things for magazines—this man whom she had watched with bated breath on the football field, whom she had pictured as sallying forth to pit his magnificent strength, physical and mental, against the magnates of the commercial and financial world.

Cooking cakes in a restaurant window!

Harriet Winthrop walked with firm, deliberate step to her desk and took down from the wall above it a picture showing a group of lusty young men in football attire, and also a certain individual picture of a young man with a finely-formed head and broad, square shoulders. She thrust the two behind some boxes in the top shelf of her clothespress—and then sat down for a good cry.

Of course, she might have found out what it all meant if Teddy had been home, but Teddy, after leaving college, had gone to Paris to follow up his studies in naval architecture. Anyhow, it did not matter. Of course, it had been only a girlish fancy; and then Jerry Douglas had acted rather strangely since he went back to his Virginia home—a few casual notes, no references to his future career, in which she had betrayed an interest, which she now felt was presumption and unmaidenly—and so she cried some more.

And just after she had worked herself into a fine nervous state, from which would issue forth pallid and forlorn, a messenger brought her a most amazing note. It was from Jerry Douglas, and it calmly invited Miss Winthrop to attend a little supper he was giving at the Empire restaurant, in honor of his promotion. It would be served on the upper floor of the restaurant, at Thursday midnight, after the rush was over, and would she please come, because Mrs. Ned Landers had agreed to act as chaperon, and every one knew that Mrs. Ned was a host in herself.

Here was a perfectly legitimate avenue of inquiry which even the Winthrop pride might not hesitate to follow; so she bathed her eyes, summoned the Winthrop brougham, and drove to Mrs. Ned Landers' smart studio apartment. Of course, she could not accept the invitation, and she would not decline without making inquiries.

Mrs. Landers, shrewdly reading from the white, tired face that something had gone amiss, made tea directly, and Harriet sipped it appreciatively.

"You know, mother is a bit old fashioned——"

"She even disapproved of studio flats, instead of houses?" inquired Mrs. Landers, with dancing eyes.

"She thinks you are the most wonderful manager in the world, but a restaurant supper, I mean that particular sort of restaurant——"

"I understand—and I am just bubbling with the secret. I've been waiting to tell every one for weeks, but Jerry Douglas made me cross my heart and swear no—my dear, he is a hero—the sort you don't often find in this day of spoiled millionaire sons and fawning parasites. When he finished his college course and started to read law with an old friend of his father's, down in Virginia, he made what was, to him, an awful discovery. His inheritance had paid only his bare expenses at college—all the little pleasures, accessories, the social end of the game, his mother had made by her own handiwork. She had been doing exquisite embroidery for a woman's exchange and a New York department store to keep him at college, as his father and grandfather had been kept before him.

"His first feeling, being a Virginia man of chivalric pride, was deep humiliation. I am afraid he was a bit hard on the little mother for daring to do such a thing—then he turned his back on the law and came North, going straight to the father of a youngster he had known at college, the sort who roll in wealth made in a single generation. The boy's father has all sorts of commercial interests, including the Empire chain of quick lunch counters, and he promptly offered Jerry the chance to act as cashier in one of those dreadful lunch rooms."

Harriet was leaning forward, drinking in every word, oblivious to the fact that Mrs. Ned was studying her face with matronly amusement.

"Well, this particular lunch room was in a badly disorganized state, and Jerry not only made changes, but he fired the cook, who had been making trouble, and cooked himself until he could get a decent man. He stopped quarreling among the waitresses—and now he is going to Mexico for the man who was just trying him out in a lunch room; and what is more, he is going on a most ticklish and important mission."

Harriet leaned back with a sigh that might have meant reaction—or something deeper.

"And so he has asked just six of us to have that little supper for which he agrees to cook all sorts of things, from pancakes to something he calls buttercakes. Anyhow, it can't be worse for our digestion than some of the Newburg messes our friend makes in chafing dishes. Will you go?"

Harriet rose instantly.

"If you won't think me abrupt—I'm going home this minute to telephone my acceptance."

Wise Mrs. Ned did not suggest that in her hallway was a telephone instrument, which Harriet had ofttimes used, and the girl went her way. Later, as she hung up the telephone receiver in the Winthrop library, her eyes seemed to shine like diamonds, and a soft flush mounted to her pale gold hair. And from the library she went straight to her own room, climbing up to a clothes press shelf and lugged forth two photographs. Then, with her chin resting in the palms of her hands, she sat down, studying them with eyes that still shone with the light that once must have brightened the face of the ancestral belle at the tournament.

(Copyright, 1907.)

### The Elmendorf Lectures.

During his travels last summer Dwight Elmendorf was fortunate to be in England during the famous Warwick pageant, and he took several remarkable pictures in motion of that gorgeous spectacle. One of them, which he projects in his lecture on the "Land of Shakespeare," is made up of 20,000 separate pictures. Mr. Elmendorf considers these the most valuable in his remarkable collection, for they show the great events of English history from the time of the Druids to 1576. His series in this city is an entirely new one, and told in five travel talks. The sale of seats is now in progress at the box office of the New National. The sale of single seats will not begin until next Wednesday morning.

## DAILY FASHION HINT.

*Modish Costume in Shelma Cloth.*

Long-skirted dressy tailormades are quite a feature of wardrobe intended for the sunny South. That of the illustration is made of green shelma cloth, a wool taffeta weave admirably suited to Southern climates. The wide circular flounce allowing additional flare to the skirt is a new feature. The coat is made with a long, box-plaited skirt shaped in at the waist line and apparently buttoned to the plaits in the body portion. Two straps, button trimmed, fasten the coat in front and decorate it in the back.

## NEXT WEEK'S PLAY BILLS.

In "A Marriage of Reason," with which Kyrle Bellew returns to Washington, at the Columbia next Monday, he plays an English earl of broken fortunes but gallant spirit, who, to recoup his losses on the turf, marries Rita Forrest, a Chicago heiress, reputed to be the "most fascinating American girl who ever broke hearts and won a coronet." J. Hartley Manners, the playwright, in the play presents what he considers a type of fine American womanhood, and sets forth reasons why an international marriage ought to, and sometimes does, result in undiluted blessing to the lucky British husband. Rita Forrest, the Countess of Delcombe, is described by her husband, Lord Delcombe, as a "pure, delicate, sweet, womanly little creature, with a most adorably simple manner and a freshness and charm that no British girl has ever equaled," so it isn't surprising if he falls madly in love with her, and is regenerated by this love. Miss Fannie Ward is said to play the role with great cleverness and distracting frocks. In the company which supports Mr. Bellew there are, in addition to Miss Ward, Frederic de Belleville, Conway Tearle, J. K. Adams, Master Richard Storey, Miss Julia Dean, Miss Maragret Fuller, and Miss Maud Ream Stover.

The annual engagement of Blanche Bates at the Belasco Theater next week is arousing widespread interest. The announcement that seats would be placed on sale on Thursday was answered by a rush of requests by mail for reservations. Hence it is reasonable to believe that the actress and the stirring Belasco play of California, "The Girl of the Golden West," made an impression of real depth upon Washington playgoers when they were seen here for the first time last season. During next week there will be but one matinee at the Belasco, the role of "the girl" being too great a tax upon Miss Bates' strength to permit of two afternoon performances in addition to the regular evening performances.

Every theatergoer in Washington knows Robert Edeson. His earlier success here in "Ranson's Folly" and "Soldiers of Fortune" was duplicated last year in the Indian play, "Strongheart." Monday he will begin another engagement at the New National Theater in this popular drama. The play is a four-act comedy drama by William C. DeMille, and was acknowledged by Washington last season to be of unusual merit. It is now in the third year of its success. Henry B. Harris, the well-known and successful manager, presents Mr. Edeson and his supporting company in "Strongheart." College spirit abounds in the play. William C. DeMille, the author, has chosen as a background Columbia University, of New York City. His personages are the types found in every college, the dominant figure being the Indian, Strongheart, son of an Indian chief, who, after graduating from Carlisle, completed his education at Columbia. The Indian's prowess on the athletic field, his heroism, and winning personality make him a favorite with his classmates, and they welcome him to their homes until he declares his love for a white girl, sister of his chum. Bitter antagonism is then aroused. The company includes Ira Hards, Mary Boland, Sydney Ainsworth, Frank J. McIntyre, Marjorie Wood, A. Byron Beasley, Beatrice Prentice, David Todd, Richard Sterling, Pauline Boyer, Francis Bonn, Desiree Lazard, David Swim, Harrison Ford, Paul Dickey, and Clay Bond.

Chase's next galaxy of polite vaudeville novelties will introduce next week Louis A. Simon, Grace Gardner, and the great brothers Boller, Jack Norworth, McCrea and Poole, Lillian Tyce, Raffayette, Hathaway and Siegel, and the motion pictures of Aladdin. The Simon-Gardner company is credited with leading all farcical organizations in vaudeville. It is said that their latest version of "The New Coachman" is a laughing success of the most extraordinary sort. It is a genuine uproar of fun. The Bollers are direct from Berlin, and they offer feats from high platforms that are very sensational, it is said. Jack Norworth, the favorite spieler, will deliver his famous "College Boy" collection of quips. McCrea and Poole are billed as "The Men with the Iron Nerve." The other features are all out of the ordinary. The sale of seats is in progress at the box office.

There is the gay spirit of Halloween in "Under Southern Skies," which comes to the Majestic Theater next week, beginning with Monday's matinee, with a company numbering twenty-seven persons and a beautiful scenic production. One of the attractive features promised is the Halloween celebration with its merry pranks and the jolly pumpkin dance. "Under Southern Skies" is by Lottie Blair Parker, author of "Way Down East," and is said to be a charming picture of Southern life. It contains a wholesome love story, interwoven with humor and pathos. The scene is laid in Southern Louisiana in 1875. The usual Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday matinees will be given.

"The Eyewitness," a new melodrama by Lincoln J. Carter, a very successful author of this style of play, will be the attraction at the Academy next week. The play is in five acts, and contains four wonderful mechanical and scenic effects, each a novelty in conception and design. The invention of daring mechanical effects for the stage has made the name of Mr. Carter famous. "In the Eyewitness" he is said to have outdone himself, creating a series of sensational surprises that are calculated to hold an audience spellbound. An unusually strong cast is promised in the play.

"Campbell's Nightingales" will appear at the New Lyceum Theater next week. It is heralded as the pioneer of a wide realm of new ideas. The company this season is said to include the largest and prettiest chorus on the American stage, together with an exceptional array of vaudeville talent. The scenic and electrical effects are the best to be had. Two funny burlesques, "College Life" and "Hello," are given, and there is an olio of well-known artists—Richy W. Craig, Dan Gracey and Ada Burnett, Mozelle and Kennett, Yorke Comedy Four, Four Sisters Leigh, Thorndike and Blodgett, and a chorus of twenty beautiful young ladies who can sing and dance.

### Burton Holmes at the Columbia.

Burton Holmes will be heard in "Naples, and Nearby" at the Columbia Theater Sunday evening at 8:30 o'clock, and again on Monday afternoon at 4:30. On Tuesday afternoon his topic will be "The Tyrolean Alps." Both give Mr. Holmes every opportunity for beautiful illustration in colors and in motion pictures.

## MASONIC VETERANS FEAST.

### Hold Twenty-ninth Annual Dinner at Ebbitt House.

The Masonic Veteran Association gave its twenty-ninth annual dinner last night at the Ebbitt House. Several visitors were present from Baltimore.

A short business session, at which eight new members were admitted, preceded the social function, which was opened with an invocation pronounced by Rev. Abram Simon, rabbi of the Eighth Street Temple. Toastmaster J. S. Sample called upon the following to respond: Dr. Ober, junior grand warden; William E. Andrews, B. H. Warner, and Hon. M. D. Sperry.

## METHODISTS UPHOLD FRANCE.

### Washington Preachers Adopt Resolutions Indorsing Government.

At a meeting of the Washington Preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church resolutions were passed indorsing the policy of France in dealing with the Catholic Church.

A copy of the resolutions is to be sent to M. Jusserand, the Ambassador from France.

### Beneficiaries Want Will Construed.

J. C. Kennedy Campbell and others, legatees and beneficiaries under the will of the late Mrs. Marianna A. B. Kennedy, who died December 4, 1901, yesterday entered suit against Henry Randall Webb, executor under the will of Mrs. Kennedy, and others, and asks the court to construe the will and codicil of the testatrix, and especially the legacies named therein. Douglass S. Mackall, attorney for Mr. Campbell, states that among other real and personal property, Mrs. Kennedy left property 715 Market space, which yields a monthly income of $200, which amount, he claims, is more than sufficient to pay the interest on the legacies as stipulated in the will of Mrs. Kennedy.

### Subscriptions Exceed $1,000,000.

An official of the United States Trust Company stated yesterday that the committee having charge of subscriptions to the capital stock would be enabled to close the books to-day with a sum a little in excess of $1,000,000. It is expected that the directors of the company will be announced within a few days, and that other important steps will be made to start the company.


AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBIA Washington's Leading Theater
MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2:15.
SPECIAL PRICE TO-DAY MATINEE.
The Sensation Of Paris—200 Nights. Of Berlin—100 Nights. Of N. Y.—100 Nights.
And Washington Indorsed This Verdict.
CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS
OTIS SKINNER
In the International Success and Most Important Drama of Modern Times.
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A Play That Interests Both Churchmen and Atheists and Offends None.
NEXT WEEK — SEATS TO-DAY
KLAW & ERLANGER Present
KYRLE BELLEW
IN
"A MARRIAGE OF REASON."
A Piquant, Patrician Play, Whose Characters Washington Will Recognize.
BURTON HOLMES
TRAVELOGUES
NAPLES SUNDAY AT 8:30 MONDAY AT 4:30
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BELASCO TO-NIGHT 50c to $2.00 Mat. Saturday. 25c to $1.50
Independent of the Theatrical Trust.
Lew Fields And His All-star Co. In the Musical Absurdity, ABOUT TOWN
And a Travesty of David Warfield's
THE MUSIC MASTER
With Blanche Ring, Peter F. Dailey, George Beban, Edna Wallace Hopper, Harry Fisher, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Grossmith, and Lew Fields.
And nearly Threescore Players in Both Productions.
SEATS NOW SELLING.
NEXT WEEK'S ENGAGEMENT.
DAVID BELASCO PRESENTS
BLANCHE BATES IN THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

TO-NIGHT, 8:15 NEW NATIONAL MATINEE SATURDAY
GRACE GEORGE
In Wm. A. Brady's production of
"CLOTHES"
By Avery Hopwood and Channing Pollock.
NEXT WEEK—SEATS SELLING.
HENRY B. HARRIS PRESENTS
ROBERT EDESON
IN THE GREAT COLLEGE PLAY,
Strongheart.

ELMENDORF
Magnificent Telephotographs, in Color, Motion Pictures.
5 MONDAY MATS. AT 4:30.
Ireland....Monday Mat., Feb. 4
England..Monday Mat., Feb. 11
Scotland..Monday Mat., Feb. 18
Norway..Monday Mat., Feb. 25
Midnight Sun, Mon. Mat., Mar. 4
SEATS NOW SELLING
For Entire Course Only—Prices $4, $3 and $2.50. This Sale Closes Jan. 29, 6:00 P. M.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY MATINEES TUESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY.
ALL THIS WEEK.
A. H. Woods Presents the Scenic Wonder,
Secrets of the Police
In Four Acts and Fourteen Scenes.
Depicting Accurately the Famous and Notorious Places of Five Countries.
Next Week—THE EYE-WITNESS.

NIGHTS, LOWER FLOOR, 50c | Lafayette Amusement Co.'s MAJESTIC MONDAY, SOUVENIR NIGHT. | MATINEES MONDAY WED., SAT., 25c
ALL THIS WEEK.
FIRST TIME HERE AT POPULAR PRICES
THE FAMOUS COMEDY DRAMA,
A Message From Mars
THE PLAY WITH A PURPOSE.
NEXT WEEK—UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES.

Chase's POLITE VAUDEVILLE
Daily Matinees, 25c. Evenings, 25c and 50c.
Vaudeville's Racing Sensation,
"THE FUTURITY WINNER," BETTER THAN "BEN-HUR."
With Kingsley Benedict. Staged by Ned Wayburn.
EMMA JANVIER, LATE THE SUPREME HIT OF "THE SPRING CHICKEN."
In the Monologue That Made Her Famous.
JAMES F. MACDONALD. JOHN W. WORLD and MINDELL KINGSTON. CARON and HERBERT. Ethel Macbonough. Count de Butz and Bro. "An Episode of High Finance" Motion Pictures.
Next Week—Louis Simon. Grace Gardner and Co. The Great Brothers Boller. Jack Norworth. &c.
Buy Seats To-day.

Popular with the People. NEW LYCEUM
MATINEE DAILY ALL THIS WEEK.
THE TIGER LILIES
Presenting
2—FUNNY BURLESQUES—2
25—PRETTY GIRLS—25
AND FUNNY COMEDIANS.
Next Week—THE NIGHTINGALES.

MEET ME AT THE
POULTRY AND PIGEON SHOW,

Masonic Temple, Ninth and F Sts. N.W.
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Admission, 25c. Children, 15c.
Leading exhibitors from Canada to Georgia. Incubators hatching each day of show. Also beautiful display of Cage Birds and Parrots. Doors open each day from 9 a. m. until 11 p. m. Come and see the Feathered Beauties.

UNDER AUSPICES OF
THE BRITISH EMBASSY
A Travel Talk On
JAMAICA
Illustrated with Telephotographs in color, including many views of KINGSTON and Vicinity,
Will be given by Mr. WOODWORTH CLUM,
At the Belasco Theatre, TUESDAY, JAN. 29TH, at 4:30 p. m. The entire proceeds will be devoted to the relief of the
Kingston Earthquake Sufferers.
By courtesy of Messrs. Shubert and Belasco, the use of the Belasco has been donated for the occasion. Seats on sale at the box office on and after January 28th.

BENEFIT PLAYGROUND ASSOCIATION
Edward Howard Griggs
OF NEW YORK.
Lecture on "Carlyle," third in course on "Great Moral Leaders," Friday, January 25, 8 p. m., Church of Covenant lecture room, Conn. ave. and N st.
Tickets, 50 cents. Few reserved seats at 25 cents extra. Course tickets for three remaining lectures, $1.25. At T. Arthur Smith's Agency, 1327 F st.

POLO TO-NIGHT AT CONVENTION HALL PARK CLUB VS. C. C. R. R. POLO


## BURY MAJ. BAILEY FRIDAY.

### Services, Which Are to Be Private, Will Be Held at Residence.

Arrangements for the funeral of Maj. Milo V. Bailey, who died at his home yesterday morning of an attack of heart failure, have been completed. The ceremony will take place on Friday at 2 p. m. The service, which will be private, will be held at the residence of the deceased, 510 I street. It is expected that a number of Maj. Bailey's comrades in the G. A. R. will attend the burial. The service will be read by Rev. Donald McLeod, of the First Presbyterian Church. Interment will be in Arlington Cemetery. Gen. W. W. Dudley, Gen. L. T. Michener, Perry G. Michener, Horace P. Springer, Walter Safford, and J. B. Morrey will act as pallbearers.

Maj. Bailey's death came after a short illness, following a gradual decline of several years. He was born in Marion, N. Y., in 1841, and removed later to Chautauqua County, where he resided until 1861.

At the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted in the Seventy-second New York Volunteers, where he served until the close of the struggle. He had been closely connected with the railway mail work, and had done much to improve that branch of the government service. He was also the founder of the Railway Mail Service Benefit Association, of which he was president. He leaves a wife and two grown daughters, one of whom is married.

### Delay Funeral of Maj. Gordon.

Arrangements for the funeral of Maj. Frank B. Gordon, son of the late Gen. John B. Gordon, who died of pneumonia at the Emergency Hospital Tuesday, have not been decided upon. Relatives here are awaiting news from immediate members of the family, who are now in different parts of the country. It is possible that the body will be buried at Atlanta by the side of his father, a general of the Confederacy. During the Spanish-American war Maj. Gordon performed gallant service with the Third United States Volunteers. He is survived by his mother, a wife and son, Kilbourne Gordon, who is now in the government service in Cuba.

### Mrs. Elizabeth E. Curtis Buried.

Mrs. Elizabeth E. Curtis, who died at the home of her son, Dr. Marvin A. Curtis, 626 East Capitol street, was buried yesterday afternoon in Congressional Cemetery. Rev. John Compton Hall, pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist Church, conducted the services. Mrs. Curtis was sixty-eight years of age, and a native of the District. She was the widow of Lemuel W. Curtis, who died several years ago.

### Funeral of G. T. Haslam.

The funeral of George T. Haslam, assistant chief of the law division of the Pension Office, was held yesterday morning from St. Aloysius' Church. The services were conducted by Rev. Father McCarthy, assistant pastor of St. Aloysius' Church. The interment took place in St. Mary's Cemetery.

### Funeral of A. L. Helbig To-morrow.

The funeral of Arthur Lee Helbig, a draftsman at the navy yard, who died Tuesday, will be held to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock from the home of his father, Frederick W. Helbig, 1742 Seventh street. Mr. Helbig was well known as a pianist. He was twenty-six years old, and born in Baltimore. A delegation from the Knights of Pythias, of which order he was a member, will attend the funeral. Mr. Helbig is survived by his wife and two children.

## DEWEY PLEADS FOR SHIP.

### Wants the Hartford Saved Out of Honor to Farragut.

Admiral Dewey has written a letter to Secretary of the Navy Metcalf objecting to the assignment of the old cruiser Hartford, the flagship of Farragut, to the New York Naval Militia, as has been requested of the Navy Department.

Admiral Dewey says that the famous old ship should be kept at the Naval Academy as a sacred relic of the greatest naval hero of the civil war. Secretary Metcalf agrees with Admiral Dewey, and it is likely that the militia will not get the Hartford, although President Roosevelt will pass on the matter before a decision is announced.

## ROB INSTEAD OF RENTING.

### Thieves Enter Two Homes Under Pretense of Seeking Rooms.

Word was received at police headquarters last night that two men, who claim to be Frenchmen, and speak no English, had successfully robbd two houses yesterday.

The men visited the houses under the guise that they intended to rent a room, aid while there proceeded to appropriate whatever they could get their hands on.

The men called at the house of Mrs. Wilkins, 514 Twelfth street northwest, where they gained access to several rooms under this pretext, and then carried off a pocketbook containing $40. Later in the afternoon they succeeded in getting another pocketbook containing $50 from the office of J. G. D'Eponie, in the Harper Building, on C street, between Fourth and Sixth streets.

### Talks on Standard of Living.

Miss Helen Varick Boswell, of the National Civic Federation of New York, gave a lecture in the parlors of the Portner on "How Home Industrial Conditions May be Improved." The speaker, who was assisted in her explanations by many illustrations, asserted that the only way to build up a higher standard of living was to improve the condition of the people who create the products of the world. She explained the methods taken by employers belonging to the welfare department of the Civic Federation to provide comfort and hygienic improvements for their employes.

### Snatches Woman's Purse.

While on her way to her home last evening, Mrs. Rachael Taylor, of 1209 Twenty-first street northwest, had her pocketbook snatched from her hand by a young colored man. Mrs. Taylor was on Twenty-first street between L and M streets when the man stepped from behind her and grabbed the pocketbook. She followed the man for nearly a block, but lost trace of him before she could get any help.