

THE FORBIDDEN ROAD

By MARIA ALBANESI.

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"Yes, so I hear. I am rather glad to see you alone." His tone was terse. As Miss Granizer moved forward to the fire he said: "I have come down to ask for news of Camilla. Can you give me any?"

"The girl looked at him for an instant. 'She was here to-day,' she said.

"Here? What time?"

"She came in the morning. I understand she had traveled straight through from Devonshire, only changing stations in town."

He caught his breath in a way that was very like a sigh, and sat down, half shutting his eyes.

"Then she wished to avoid me," he said.

"Where has she gone?"

When Katherine told him, he just nodded his head and said:

"Yes— He paused a moment, and then he said: 'I am very troubled about her.' Indeed, his voice sounded very heavy with trouble.

"The girl waited for him to go on.

"She seems to be slipping out of my hands," said Haverford; "try as I will, I cannot satisfy her, or keep pace with her. I assure you these last few weeks I have been like a creature on wires. I have not known from one moment to the next what she wished me to do. Perhaps I am too exacting. I don't know. I only know that I am wretched, that I cannot sleep for thinking about her; thinking, not in a selfish fashion—I give you my word it is not that—but troubling about her." He sat forward and stared into the fire. "The last time we were together we quarreled rather badly," he said then.

Still Katherine Granizer said nothing.

"There was nothing to say. It was a moment in which silence was more helpful than words.

"We quarreled about Cuthbert," the man said, rising and standing by the fireplace. "She has been sitting to him for her portrait. That I don't object to; but what I do object to most emphatically—what seems so wrong, so unbecomingly on his part, so weak, so foolish on her side—is that she has been getting money out of her. I taxed him with it. He could not deny it. And when I brought the matter to her and insisted on giving her back the money she said very bitter things to me."

He drew his breath sharply; then, as if to himself, he said:

"What is there, who is there, that can help me to give this woman happiness? I hoped I was going to do it, but I have failed, failed right through!"

"How do you know that you have failed?" asked Katherine, speaking for the first time, as if to herself, and with a deal with, yet it is just her very elusiveness that gives her her hold on us. And I know one thing. I can affirm this, that if there is a creature on this earth whom she honestly respects and values, who is that person."

"Respect?" said Haverford. The fire glowed up his face, and she saw that he was smiling faintly. He was silent for a time, and then he said:

"I don't regard the question of Cuthbert as a serious one, notwithstanding that she has taken this peculiar attitude, ranging herself with him against me, and declaring his resolution to let him work up to fortune the greater part of the time she most unnatural thing, there are other points far more serious, unfortunately, which make the situation so difficult just now. I have repeatedly asked her not to go to Lea Abbey, yet you see, she has gone there. And I have felt myself compelled to absolutely forbid her to have any sort of intercourse with Sir Samuel Broxbourne. To-day I learned quite by chance that he has been staying in Devonshire the greater part of the time she has been there. The man is her shadow. Wherever she goes he appears, and when we meet there is a look about him as though he would pick a quarrel with me."

Then Haverford pulled himself up suddenly.

"I really beg your pardon," he said. "I am pouring out my troubles just like an old woman. How pleasant it is here," he added, abruptly, "so quiet, and cozy, and homelike." He paused a moment, then he asked, hurriedly: "How was she looking?"

"Well," Katherine answered, and added, "very ill."

Then her eyes flashed. "Why don't you assert yourself? Why don't you insist on getting married? She belongs to you. When once she is your wife, all this nonsense will end. I think you are as much to blame as she is for this. At least, she has promised you; you ought to exact the fulfillment of her promise."

He turned and looked at her.

"That is how you spoke the first night you came to my house," he said, and his tone had a faint touch of amusement in it. "You are a little bit of a mystery, Miss Kathie. How any one so sharp and impatient as you are can handle children as you do is a marvel."

Katherine was trembling with nervousness, and with a strange sick sensation of pain, but she laughed.

"Oh! I don't believe in fussing," she said; "if I had only had a little bit more spirit when I was with your mother, it would have been a better thing for me. She came back to him, and looked straight into his face. "Do you know that you ought to do? You ought to go over now to Lea Abbey, and bring her back here. You ought to keep her here, and marry her down here. If you want a witness, I'll be one."

"I cannot do that to-night," said Haverford. "I have brought nothing with me, and I really must go back to town."

She understood him. It was not the first time she had realized how supremely delicate was his attitude toward Camilla. To follow her now might be to suggest to Camilla a desire to know what she was doing; to demonstrate to others his right to do this.

For all this thought and tact Katherine gave him kindest appreciation, at the same time she felt in her inmost way that it was the moment for action.

"Suppose I take the children to town to-morrow? I know she will come if I let her suppose she is wanted," she suggested.

"But they are so happy here, and so well."

"Oh!" the girl answered, almost sharply.

ly, "we are not considering the children now; they don't count. And besides, they can always come back here."

"She sat down on the broad fender stool, and pondered a moment, staring into the fire.

"Really and truly I believe if you pull her up sharply, let her know you are tired of being played with, all will go well. Mrs. Lansing is a bundle of nerves—she has had so much to try her that she is really not able at this moment of taking matters into her own hands. I think it is so natural that she should be doubtful and nervous," said Katherine, "but one thing is sure, that the longer she delays the more difficult it will seem to her to take any definite step. She wants some one else to show her the way. That is your duty."

"She was looking up at him; and Haverford smiled as he looked down at her.

"Practical little person," he said; "you would have made a splendid man, Kathie."

"I mean to be a working woman," the girl answered, "and that can be just as good as being a man."

Haverford did not answer her. He stood looking into the fire for a long time in silence.

"I wish I could feel that all would work out as you say," he said, rousing himself at last; "but—" Then he said, "I know she is ill; she seems to me to be on the eve of a nervous breakdown, but I am not a physician. I suggest seems to have no healing power for her. You cannot think how I brood over her! She is so dear to me. The first living creature who has belonged to me since I was a boy. Mrs. Brenton gave me very much the same advice as yours," he said next. "The last time I was here she urged me strongly to take Camilla abroad at once. I have pleaded with her a dozen times to do this, in vain."

"A long, pregnant silence he rounded off himself.

"Sometimes I ask myself if she would not be happier without me."

"No!" said Katherine, sharply. "What—what an absurd idea!" Then she turned on him with a look that was all fire and place! I would not talk, or think, or sit down and worry. I would simply say I am going to have such and such a thing done, and I would see that it was done."

"She was trembling so much she had to get up and move away from him, and was thankful that the lights had not been lit in the hall, and that it was too dark for him to see her face distinctly.

A moment later she said:

"You must marry me as soon as we can have it, I suppose?"

"This roused him.

"Oh, thank you very much, but I want to get back! I will have some supper in town, and I shall invent a great many things for her to do. I dare say she will find me very tiresome, but I must risk that."

"He held her hand, and looked at her earnestly.

"Thank you so much," he said; "you have cheered me up a great deal. A man is always a clumsy creature in these sort of things, and I am quite sure that everything that is happening is my own fault. Good-by."

"We shall meet soon," said the girl, as steadily as she could. "I shall telegraph to Mrs. Lansing in the morning, and tell her I am necessary to take the children to town. I shall invent a great many things for her to do. I dare say she will find me very tiresome, but I must risk that."

"He laughed and released her hand, and then he moved back again and looked at her in his characteristically keen way.

"I have not asked you how you are yourself," he said.

"It is such an unnecessary question," retorted Katherine, "when you see that I am in robust health."

"Are you? I thought you were looking anything but robust as you came downstairs."

"Now, please, please, don't begin to go through the usual catechism!"

"I won't, except I want to know one thing—have you got the maid you were going to have?"

"All the servants in this house wait upon me and the nursery," said Katherine. "I have only to command and I have what I want. Will that satisfy you?" But he still paused.

"If I could only get her abroad," he said, with a thrill of eagerness in his voice. "I should like to keep her and then send for you and the children. A month or two in Switzerland, and then through Italy by easy stages. Doesn't it sound delightful? Well! Good-by once more, and I think I shall take your advice." He laughed almost cheerily. "If I could only manage to elope with Camilla without her knowledge or consent, how would you enjoy it?"

Katherine clasped her hands.

"At last," she said, "you are beginning to see your way."

He would not let her go outside, nor would he let her summon the butler. He passed the door behind him, and for a moment Katherine leaned against the door and shut her eyes while she fought down the wild tumult of passion and heart suffering that rushed upon her.

There was a humiliation, too, in the suffering, a proud shame that she should confess, even to herself, that this man who had just gone from her was so capable of moving her that the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, meant joy, in its most exquisite meaning, and as he passed away from her, taking with him the spell of his presence, the light and the warmth of life itself went with him. And still a very lifetime of self-condemnation would not alter what had come. Love to some natures is borne as lightly, has as little value as a thistle-down floating on the wind; it has the sparkle of a jewel, the fading radiance of a summer day, it fades with the setting sun, and to come again when another day is born. But with other natures love comes but once, and comes to stay; pain, sorrow, age, separation, even death itself, cannot separate it. These are such a love of its dwelling-place in nature such as these.

And it was in this fashion that love had come by stealth, as it were, into the heart of Katherine Granizer.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

For Gray Hair.

Many lovely American women have gray coiffures.

They know its beauty too well to dye their hair.

Nothing is so lovely for its decoration as silver gauze.

Even in the daytime gray hair can be beautified by this ornament.

From luncheon till dinner it can be a bow or a wide snood of silver fibron.

The bow should be placed low or near the back.

If a snood, it looks best around the head at low line.

For the evening there are silver wreaths of grapes and leaves, or garlands of silver wheat.

Smoking Jackets.

They're for the gentler sex.

One does not necessarily smoke in them, though.

Black velvet is the material most employed.

The jacket is made cutaway, with a skirt collar of moire.

Such a little jacket is worn with a slip of plain or plaid cloth.

Its most frequent appearance is at tea in fashionable restaurants.

COLLEGE GOWNS' SYMBOLISM.

Few, Even Among University Men, Know Their Meaning.

It has been said that few people, including many university men themselves, have any definite ideas of the meaning of the gowns worn by collegiate students, says Harper's Weekly.

In America university gowns exhibit much variety, there being a great difference in the various institutions; but all over the country—in fact, all over the English-speaking world—certain distinctions hold.

The ordinary bachelor's gown, the first the student owns, is of unadorned black with pointed sleeves, and is ordinarily made of serge or other simple black fabric. The master's gown is like the student's inasmuch as it is plain black, but the sleeves are cut differently, being long pendants shaped not unlike fish tails, and hanging from the elbows nearly to the bottom of the gown. The master's gown may be made of silk, as may also the English-speaking world—certain distinctions hold.

Most doctors' gowns, especially in England and Scotland, have hoods that give them certain distinctions, and differentiate, by differences in color, the doctorates.

Fifteen years ago a commission of college faculties was formed, looking to the recommendation of a uniform system of American gowns. The labors of the commission were not rewarded with entire success, but they did succeed in a partial codification of the different hoods.

The department, or faculty, of learning is shown by a trimming of color around the hood. Arts and letters are represented by white, theology by scarlet, law by purple, philosophy by blue, science by gold yellow, the arts by brown, music by pink, and medicine by green. In some institutions these colors are displayed in bars across the sleeve. This is true at Harvard, where few of the gowns have hoods.

A WOMAN.

Never feels so virtuous as when she has washed her own hair and cleared the accumulated rubbish out of her bureau drawers.

Generally asks advice in order that she may have the satisfaction of not taking it.

Would never, never be obstinate were it not for her profound conviction of being in the right.

Takes the martyr-like sense of enjoyment in being misunderstood.

Doesn't care a snap for fine feathers in themselves, but only for the influence and position they give her—and that's not her fault!

SPRINGLIKE SILKS.

They shimmer in shop windows.

Checks and stripes are both prominent. The check is larger than pin checks of other years.

Mostly it's in two tones of the same color.

Yellowish brown, with a darker brown, is good.

The striped silks are light and delicate in color.

Stripes are rather wide, and will, it is said, be made up so as to wind diagonally around the figure.

A pretty stripe is in light blue, Nile green, and pearl, the latter stripe the wisest.

IMPROVING THE CUISINE.

For six months she had been pleading with him to buy an automobile.

"They are too expensive," he protested for the hundredth time. "If I bought an automobile I would have to cut down our expenses."

"What expenses?" she asked.

"Why, table expenses. For instance, if I had an automobile I couldn't afford to have chicken every Sunday."

"Why, you goose! If you had an automobile you could run down enough fowls to have chicken every day, to say nothing of big turkeys and nice roasting pigs. Why is it men haven't any brains?"

And the next day he hustled around to the nearest dealer and ordered a racing machine.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Have you ever met the woman who has achieved a reputation for being generous and self-sacrificing by selecting her beneficiaries with such care that she gets her rewards in substantial favors, paying a fancy dividend on her investment of time and strength? If not, just look hard for her among your acquaintances, and see how closely she is living up to her lavish promises of aid, in any and all directions, made for pure effect. Also note her surprise at the goodness of everybody toward her.

A far-seeing matron told me, one day, that she was years learning a single lesson. When her feminine friends offered to help her through trying occasions, like moving and sickness, she was deeply touched by their generosity, and when the day of need arrived and was met by one excuse after another and she faced the situation alone and unaided, she had no suspicion of double dealing, so carried no resentment in her heart. Each year she had the same experiences with the same friends, till common sense told her to do a little detective work and find out why all women did not have her experience.

Then she learned something. The women for whom favors were done always paid heavily for them in solid benefits. She had merely done the things she expected were to be done for her, so her stock was below par. Now she hires whatever she wants, services for which she pays stipulated wages, and when her friends offer to do things for her she finds nice ways of declining the honor and keeps a silent tongue. She says that it is a good thing to know people as they really are, also to feel under obligation to nobody who cannot be squared by dollars and cents.

In the last seven days I have heard a deal of complaint from this-bodied women who had the cares of illness thrust upon them. It seems inconceivable that one can even think of self when a loved one is fighting with illness. What does a tired body amount to under such circumstances? One would get that on a holiday jaunt and not complain of it, either. Whatever the weariness of body and mind they are insignificant beside the misery of one on a sick bed, and it is inhuman to grudge any sacrifice sickness demands.

Selfishness is the keynote of the century. We cultivate the people who can contribute most to our pleasure, and a disinterested act is so rare as to be open to suspicion. We give presents where their full value is returned, and donate where our names will appear in fat, black type. "A sordid little soul" a woman called her neighbor who filled a basket with smooth, red tomatoes one summer afternoon and tripped around to a neighbor's home at a time she suspected the fruit was being gathered. She frankly confessed that she expected to exchange her vegetables for fruit, hence her neighbor's unflattering name. But the neighbor was doing much the same thing every day, without the frankness. It is easy to be generous and self-sacrificing with the surety of a handsome reward dangling over one's head, isn't it?

GOLD MUFF CHAINS.

One young woman has a reputation for artistic dressing that she earned wholly by cleverness. Her yearly outlay for new garments is very insignificant, but she has the occasional service of a home dressmaker, who knows how to carry out suggestions as well as cut and fit garments.

When a new frock is needed it is chosen with an eye to long service, so the color and design are unobtrusive and the fastenings are simple and yet allows the hand to be deeply buried in the muff.

This does for the woman who is not luxurious. She who is, wears on her wrist a chain of gold links, sometimes jeweled, sometimes firmly attached to the muff by a small ring sewn inside the latter, or again finished with a patent clasp which can be attached to the hand-warmer at a moment's notice.

When opening her purse or otherwise using her hands the muff hangs on this cord or golden support, which is of a length sufficient to allow the free use of the hand.

STANNISONS
6th St. & Pa. Ave.
"THE BUA CORNER"

Out of nearly fifty different Special Sales for to-day this one is probably of interest to the greatest number.

100 styles of 15c
Paris batiste at 9 1/2c yd.

THE reason is they are "SUPPOSED" to be "seconds." Regarding this point we would say they are really so perfect that if all "seconds" were as good as these we would never sell a yard of perfect goods at regular prices. You can hardly detect any imperfection, and none whatever will be noticeable when the goods are made up.

The price this is the biggest bargain we expect to have this whole season in 1908 wash goods.

The defects are more technical than actual. Fine cotton material, printed in polka dot, check, cross-bar, dash, ring, and a dozen other designs and combinations, each in a variety of dainty colorings.

These patterns are not to be had elsewhere at so low a price, as we bought them at 15c—more than 50% off.

Just what you want for wash dresses, shirt waists, and the new mannish style wash suits. It will pay you to buy to-day.

IN THE WORLD OF WOMEN

There are women who have a positive genius for making one dollar go as far as two in the hands of the ordinary spender, but they are not women who read the advertisements with a view to buying whatever strikes their fancy.

A woman of this class keeps an eye upon her belongings, and repairs when necessary or replaces articles too far gone for repairs. She takes stock of her wardrobe and alters whatever seems hopeful and makes additions when needed. Whatever she buys is chosen after mature consideration, and is sure to fit in with all her surroundings.

A woman the other day planned to dress her bed so that a pair of hemstitched sheets and four pillow cases to match, bedcovers, might form a part of the dressing. The sheets were made before double width sheeting was put on the market, and there was a beautifully sewn seam in the middle of each. The pillow cases were too narrow to accommodate any pillows she had in stock, so she had to do some hard thinking. She was resolved to put those old pieces to some use, for there was elaborate fagoting as well as hemstitching on them, and the cloth was better than can be purchased to-day at any price.

Another muff vagary of the year is the combination handbag and muff, the latter being a huge affair of shirred chiffon, the opening of the bag being of some rich piece of silver or goldsmithery. Over this two silks are thrown, lightly attached to the pure-mouthing, but hanging loose from the muff otherwise. These smart muffers are worn at the theaters, and in the bag part is contained opera glasses, vanity bag, etc.

It does not take a whole lot to make the average woman happy and contented. She expects affection and faithfulness as her right, and is content with the modest little allowance if she is unrestrained in the matter of spending it. The man who expects his wife to keep her personal expenses within the limits of her pocket money does not have much to complain about. There are no annoying bills for him to face each month, and no lecture on extravagance for her to hear. In such homes the duties are shared and the leisure enjoyed together.

Why should there be more happiness than where the men selfishly angle down in big chairs, with pipe or cigar and newspaper, while women do all the numberless last chores of the day? Both men and women have already done a day's work, and why should the burden fall on some while the others shirk?

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The Leading Music House of the Capital City.
Sanders & Stayman Co.
1327 F St.

AMUSEMENTS.

To-night at 8.15 **COLUMBIA** Thur. and Sat.
AUGUSTUS PITOU PRESENTS
CHAUNCEY OLCOTT
IN A NEW ROMANTIC DRAMA,
O'NEILL OF BERRY
BY THEODORE BURT SAITRE.
PRICES: Box, \$1.75, \$1.00, \$0.50. Main, 50c, 25c, and 10c.

NEXT WEEK HEATS THURSDAY.
Henry W. Savage Offers
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK
IN A NEW COMIC OPERA,
A YANKEE TOURIST
BY RICHARD HARRISON DAVIS.
LYRICS BY WALLACE IRWIN.
MUSIC BY ALFRED G. ROBYN.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.15 **NEW NATIONAL** MAT. WED. & SAT.
Only local theater offering exclusively American and foreign stars of the first rank.
Win. A. Brady and Joe B. Grimmer Amusement
THE MAN OF THE HOUR
Telephone Orders Cannot Be Taken. Next Week—Low Deckard's Minstrels.

TO-MORROW AFTERNOON AT 4:30—SEATS NOW
THE FRENCH OPERATIONAL ANTHEM
MME. OLGA SAMAROFF
THE FAMOUS PIANISTE
Prices—\$1.50, \$1.00, and 50c.

BELASCO WASHINGTON'S PLAZA THEATRE
Offering only the Leading American and Foreign Attractions.
TO-NIGHT—Weds. Wed. & Sat.
MARGARET ANGLIN HENRY MILLER
In the "Long-awaited 'Great American Play'"
The Great Divide
By William Vaughn Moody.
8:00—8:15—8:30—8:45—9:00
Next Week—EDDIE FAY, in "THE ORCHID."

Chase's POLITE VAUDEVILLE
Daily Mat. 2c and 5c. Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c.
The French, Sensational, and Wonderful.
Marcel's Living Masterpieces of Art
Grand Impressionist, (Landscape) Revolutions!
John Hyams and Leslie McIntyre.
Added attraction in "Ten Hundred Wares"
Next Week—MORRIS, in "THE GREAT DIVIDE."
Little Miss Vera, Administrative Motion Pictures.
NEXT WEEK—MORRIS, in "THE GREAT DIVIDE."
ENGLISH ROCKERS, "FRED NIBLO, KELLY & GIBBE, etc. BUY SEATS TO-DAY.

GAYETY THEATRE, 9th St. near F.
ALL THIS WEEK, MATINEE EVERY DAY.
THE BOWERY BURLESQUERS
Headed by BEN JANSEN
BETTER, BRIGHTER, AND STRONGER THAN EVER.
Extra!—ENTERTAINING—Extra!
The Original BURNS-MOIR Fight Pictures
Next Week—The Parisian Widows, with Lala Salkin.

New Academy Mats. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.
ALL THIS WEEK.
The NINETY and NINE
—WITH—
MISS BAYCNE WHIPPLE
And a Cast of Unusual Excellence
THE GREAT LOGGERS RACE THROUGH A FOREST FIRE. MORE REALISTIC THAN EVER.
Next Week—DEADWOOD DICK'S LAST SHOT.

MAJESTIC THEATRE
Matinee Mon. Wed. and Sat., 2:15, 5c.
Evenings, 7:15, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Good Seats on Main Floor, 25c.
A. W. Ureca Presents David R. Gally
Ed. Walker, Ureca's Greatest Comedy Success.
WE ARE KING
Next Week—WINE, WOMAN, AND SONG.

Popular with the People. **NEW LYCEUM**
MATINEE DAILY ALL THIS WEEK.
ORIENTAL COZY CORNER GIRLS
2-MONSTER BURLETTAS—2 AN OLD OF ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE ACTS
55-COZY CORNER GIRLS—3
Next Week—YANKEE DOODLE GIRLS.

ENTERTAINMENT AND BALL
GIVEN BY THE
MASONIC TEMPLE
CORNER 7TH AND F STREETS N.W.
Tuesday Evening, Jan. 21, 1908
8:15 P.M. Admission, 25c.

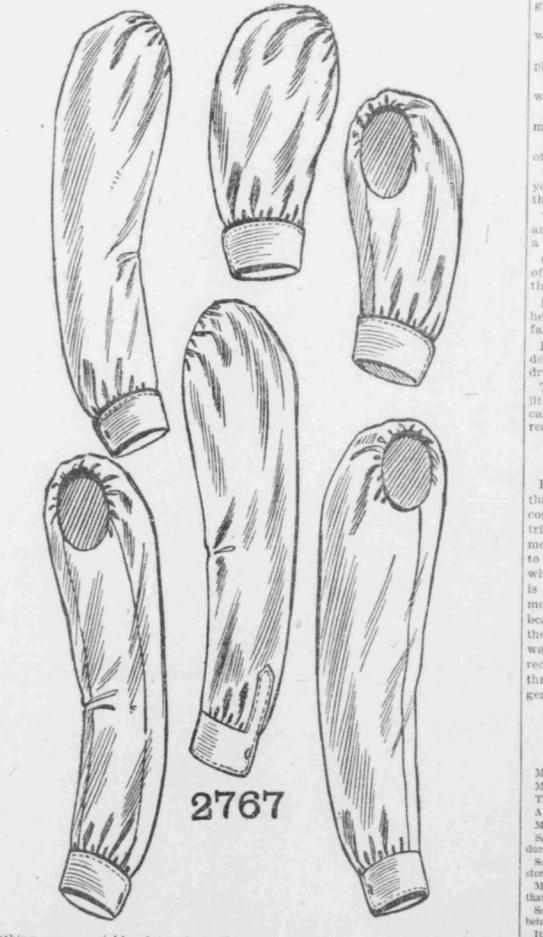
FOURTH ANNUAL CAT SHOW OF WASHINGTON CAT CLUB
JAN. 22, 23, 24, 1908, LENOX BUILDING, 1215 N. Y. Ave. (near 14th St.)
Admission: Adults, 50c; Children, 25c. Cats entered and received for exhibition all day Tuesday and until 10 o'clock Wednesday. No charge for entry, which includes care, feeding, and caging until end of show. 2:15 P.M.

SKATING RINK, CONVENTION HALL
3 Sessions Military Band, Aft. & Night, 25c Mor. 15c.

Your opportunity may be found among the want ads of The Herald this morning.

One cent a word will place your wants in the homes of 30,000 readers.

A USEFUL SET OF NEW SLEEVES.



Nothing more quickly determines the precise age of a garment than the style of its sleeves, whereas the woman who is not prepared to discard her season-old shirt waists makes a point, if it is wise, of bringing them up to date by remodeling the sleeves. The new one and two seam shirt-waist sleeves now in vogue are well-demonstrated in the set of sleeves sketched. These are such a full or shorter length and with two styles of cuff, and will be found quite invaluable by the home sewers who, from choice or motives of economy, prefer to do their own remodeling. To develop either style of sleeve requires one and one-quarter yards of 28-inch goods.

Sizes, 32, 36, and 40 inches bust measure. The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

A pattern of this may be obtained by enclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 24 Fifteenth Street, northwest, giving the number (2767) and size wanted.

NOTED ON THE RUN

Tricorne hats are coming in again. Nattier blue is one of the most favored hues.

Footmuffs are a new automobile accessory.

One sees muffs and short cravats of glossy seal skin.

Shower and velvet coats are worn with cloth skirts.