THE BLUE PENNANT

By PHILIP KEAN.

Helen Marshall was always dressed with a demureness that made an effective foil for the bronze brightness of her hair, the warm ivory of her skin, the red of her lips. To-day she wore blue—a trim tailored gown of deep-colored cloth, a little, cocky, felt hat, and a great bunch of violets that outshone all the other blues except that of the pennant which she carried at the end of a slender cane.

"You beauty," Holden said, under his breath, as he took his seat beside her on the grand stand.

She turned quickly.

"Oh, Irwin!" her face was brilliant with color, "it's worth everything to see you again. Aunt Sue," she said, to the lady beside her, "this is Irwin Holden, the famous half back of two years ago."

"The king is dead! Long live the king!" Irwin quoted, solemnly. "There have been so many famous half backs, Helen, that it isn't any wonder that Mrs. McDonald doesn't remember me."

"But I do remember," Mrs. McDonald assured him; "Helen has talked of you so much—and," she hesitated, "of your accident."

"I haven't been able to walk well on two feet since," Holden said, grimly, "and this is the first game I have dared let myself see. It makes me wild."

"To think you can't play?" Helen's tone was sympathetic.

"To know I can't ever do things that make a man worth while," bitterly.

"But you have done so many things that are worth while—and they tell me that you are writing a book."

"Oh, a book——" his tone was scornful.

"You might have let me know what you were doing," she complained. "I think our old friendship deserved that——"

"He glanced down at her.

"Ah, our friendship," he said. "I had two good feet when we cemented that, Helen. I wasn't a dummy on crutches."

"Irwin," she flashed out, reproachfully, "as if that made any difference."

"But it does make a difference," he said, as he bent over her; "you know you worship strength in a man, don't you?"

"Yes," she agreed, quietly, "but not always mere physical strength."

"The one isn't much without the other. Look at those fellows now."

Down the field came the teams. The bands on the opposing sides crashed out the good old tunes, college yell succeeded college yell, and the banks of spectators stretching up and up on the seats in solid masses of blue and crimson were agitated to uproariousness.

"Isn't it fine? Isn't it fine?" Helen said, breathlessly, having cheered the blue team to the echo.

Holden nodded.

"They are bound to win," he said. "They are made of the right stuff."

"I only know one of them, personally," Helen told him. "Van Dorn."

"He's the strongest man in the lot. He's an ideal half back."

"He is ideal in more ways than one," she agreed.

He flashed a quick glance at her.

"I have heard you thought so."

"Who told you?"

"Some of the fellows."

She turned her back on him squarely.

"I didn't suppose that you talked me over with the fellows," she said, over her shoulder.

"I don't," uncomfortably, "but one couldn't help hearing that Van Dorn is awfully daffy over you."

"So were you—two years ago."

She said it daringly, giving him a glimpse of flaming cheeks and indignant eyes, and then, once more, he was forced to contemplate the knot of bronze hair under the cocky hat.

His face went white, but he said quietly, "We are missing the best of the game," and turned his attention to the field.

All about them people were absorbed by the play. Aunt Sue, unlearned and unlettered in football lore, was oblivious to everything else. These two alone thought of other things.

It was at Van Dorn's touchdown that the place went wild.

"Oh, he's great, great, great!" Helen enthused, as she waved her pennant frantically. "I haven't seen anything like it since the last game you played Irwin. Oh, do you remember the little blue pennant that I made you pin to your sweater for luck—and it didn't bring you luck——"

"No," he said, dully, "it didn't bring me luck. I lost the game, I lost the strength I gloried in—I lost you Helen."

"No, no," she protested; "you knew you always had my friendship, Irwin."

"But I didn't want friendship, and you knew it and I knew it. And I hadn't the right to ask for anything else, and so I kept away from you. But after two years of separation the temptation to see you was too great, so I sent you the tickets and asked you to come to the game."

"The whole world was changed when I read your letter," she said, simply. "I have missed you so, dear boy——"

Then for a moment he let himself go.

"Oh, Helen, Helen!" he said, brokenly.

But the game was over and a tumultuous throng poured out of the seats.

"Irwin wants us to go to dinner with him, Aunt Sue," Helen said as they went down the steps.

In their walk across the green they attracted more than usual attention, the younger boys admiring Helen's beauty, the older ones recognizing in the man with the crutch the famous half back of two years ago, who had then been reported engaged to the girl by his side.

Van Dorn, flushed with victory, came up to their table at the college inn.

"I've won your pennant, Miss Marshall," he said, looking like a young god with his great strong figure, his fair hair tossed back from his forehead.

"Did I promise it?" Helen asked, uncertainly.

"Indeed, you did," he stated, securely; "and I shall wear it like a knight for his lady."

With her eyes avoiding Holden's, Helen untied the blue trophy slowly from the cane. In the sight of the whole room Van Dorn pinned it to his sleeve. He did it triumphantly, bending over her with an air of possession that made Holden set his lips sternly and turn to a tense study of the menu.

"May I come back and go home with you?" he asked; but Helen shook her head.

"Irwin will take us," she said; "but I wish, if you have a minute, you'd show Aunt Sue the trophy room. She has never seen it."

As they went away she faced Holden.

"Oh, he took things so for granted," she told him. "I promised, as I might to any of the college fellows—but what will people think?"

"What I think," Holden said, slowly; "that you are going to marry Van Dorn."

Her steady glance met his.

"I am not going to marry him."

"Why not?" he probed.

"Because of this——"

About her neck, at the end of a long chain, she wore a locket of dark blue enamel, marked with a "Y" in seed pearls.

"You remember it?" she asked, as she opened it. "You gave it to me on the evening before that last game."

"Yes," he said, "I remember," and then as he saw what it contained he stopped.

Within was a wisp of bright blue silk, stained and torn and crushed into that small space.

"It is all that was left of the little silk pennant that I gave you for luck," she told him. "After you were hurt I made them let me have it—I have kept it ever since."

His hand closed over it eagerly.

"Dear," he said, and his voice broke, "you know how I love you."

"I have never doubted it—even when you stayed away."

"How could I come—how could I ask you to marry me?"

"How does any man ask?" blushingly.

"But other men are not cripples."

"Oh, what difference does it make?" she flung out. "Haven't you the same mind and heart and soul as before?"

The light that illumined his face transfigured it.

"Marry me," he cried, "and mind and heart and soul shall go to the making of your happiness."

Van Dorn came back presently, making triumphant progress, with Aunt Sue in tow. On his arm was the blue pennant for all the world to gaze, but Holden's eyes rested on it serenely, for above his heart, hidden from the profane glances of the multitude, was the little stained wisp of sapphire silk—the token of his dear lady's favor.

(Copyright, 1907, by A. Barlett.)

THE MAN AND THE "STAR."

When mere man discovers himself mixed with feminine attire he is lost—to rehabilitate a dear old witticism. But he doesn't know it. That's "him." No, he goes blissfully on imagining he is "it."

One of him, who manages a feminine star of the dramatic constellation, conceived the idea of giving the lady's gladsome raiment a send-off, well knowing that the sartorial art comes in for its full share of interest these days. He started out bravely with "The bodice is cut low." That was easy. He felt like a race horse, and shook his head, and champed his bit, as it were, with the firm conviction that he was about to give the dust to the ordinary chroniclers of the modes. A discreet sentence or so, that might safely describe anything from a fire in the congested district to an opening in a lingerie department, carried the good work manfully on.

And then he came to the scarf, asserting: "It is flung over the shoulders and I guess is sometimes worn on the head." Then he had an attack of guilty conscience, and added: "'Tis no great protection from icy blasts, still it is the swell thing for indoor events. It must be seen close to be fully appreciated."

Moral: Secure a seat in the bald-headed row. Now, there was the climax. He should have stopped with that scarf. But, alas! that is man's weakness. He doesn't know where to stop. Even Napoleon failed to discover the psychological moment for vanishing.

So, Mr. Man continued to tread the primrose path of dalliance, and this is what he said, and it is only fair to announce that there will be no extra charge for this inside information: "There is also a fan in the outfit, made of the usual fan stuff." This will surely raise the wind.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Even the school children are infected with the notion that they are so important that the convenience or the plans of older and wiser persons count for nothing. They will have their own way, at any cost, and are fully capable of stirring up a good-sized mess, the disposal of which requires much patience and tact. It comes from overindulgence at home, of course, for many homes are ruled by the children and generally in a tyrannical fashion that brings any amount of discomfort.

* * * *

Headstrong daughters and sons are daily bringing sorrow and disgrace into families which have always been able to look the world squarely in the face. It is generally conceded that children which are carefully trained have great respect for the wishes of their parents after attaining the age which the law says emancipates them from parental authority. Habit is strong, as a mother told me one day after her son had voluntarily relinquished his latch key. She had been used to sitting up till he came home from evening entertainments, but when she reached the age of thinking of her bed at an early hour she supplied the young man with a latch key.

* * * *

He liked the idea of having his freedom, and it was rather late when he reached his silent home with its dim hall light. He crept up the stairs to avoid waking his mother and went to bed with the feeling that he had lost something which he missed very much. The feeling was intensified the next night and on the third he found himself unable to sleep. After dinner on the fourth day he hung about his mother's chair for some time before he reached the point of asking her to return to her old-time custom of sitting up for him and giving back the latch key which had not proved the convenience he had expected.

* * * *

"I will come home early so that you need lose no sleep," he promised, and he kept his word on that and all other nights save those when he knew he would be out late and asked for the key. What mother would not be pleased to grant such a request? This one was eminently sensible and knew that the knowledge that she was waiting patiently for him was the best of safeguards against temptation. You can imagine the kind of man he is and always has been, a safe man for any girl to marry, as a good son makes the best kind of a husband.

* * * *

It is a pity that there are not more of this class. The other kind seem to predominate. There are sons who not only neglect their parents but are cruel to them, and here are both sons and daughters who make home anything but a haven of rest and peace. They usurp all the privileges of the place and pay nothing toward its support. Do you know many who pay for the privilege of having home comforts, who help to swell the family income? I do not. They resent such a proposition.

BETTY BRADEEN.

ART OF BEING WELL DRESSED.

It is, indeed, a gift, this ability to dress well. And well means suitably. Some women have it thrust upon them by lavish fortunes.

Others acquire it only after years of earnest striving. And some, alas! never attain it. Unfortunately, the last named are the most conspicuous. We are always finding the woman who appears in a ball dress at the "little dinner;" who is likely to arrive at a ball in what looks like a tea gown; who may be seen at the theater in anything from marketing to opera rig; who has been known to invade the country in paper-soled house shoes and demi-train; who, of a truth, is capable of anything in the way of murdering fashions. What luster this blunderer sheds upon the woman with the additional "sense of dress," she who drove the poet to—

My love in her attire doth show her wit,
It does so well become her;
For every season she hath dressings fit
For winter, spring, and summer.

The cachet of simplicity, by the way, is the height of modistic achievement. A peep into futurity, under privileged auspices, confirms this, and also proves that the best designers have gone in for excessive detail so cleverly subordinated as to suggest pronounced outline.

* * * *

Nearly every model is trimmed. But with such discrimination! Adornings for street attire receive the greatest attention. Strapping may be employed; it is wonderfully well planned and executed, and the waistcoat, jabot, or other accessory is perfection. The same rule holds all through the sartorial gamut. It is as true of evening dress as it is of street dress.

A priceless piece of lovely embroidery or old lace never comes amiss on an evening dress, but unless the lace or other trimming is good, it is better to put your money into inimitable cut. Take the best frocks of the moment, the trimming of many of which consists of folds of cross-way satin of the same shade. Their success lies in the long, flowing lines, which fit closely and yet have a graceful hint of drapery.

* * * *

There is no doubt about it that the chief charm of the fashion of the hour is the return to graceful draping, and beautifully falling stuffs must therefore be employed. This does not make for economy, for our crepe de chine, heavy satins, and beautifully faced cloths are all advancing rather than falling in price. But they are perfect of their kind, and if we must economize let it be in the matter of trimmings, which we can surely do without if we have glorious coloring and wonderful stuffs.

* * * *

In many cases the dressmaker is skillful enough to make a dress look as if the wearer has been wound into it as she stood, a veritable triumph in bandaging. This is the acme of skillful arrangement and manipulation. In nearly all cases we see soft white applied near the neck in the form of a very high collar with frills of lace constituting a jabot. Very smart, too, are the colored embroidered cloths. A Princess frock of biscuit cloth is made entirely of openwork embroidery, and had a square yoke inserted with crepe de chine of the same shade, showing a good deal of handwork and a fascinating jabot. This was surmounted by a charming toque, having a wide black velvet brim, with a crown of embroidery and a big golden osprey at the side.

* * * *

Headgear is decidedly improving, and in another month or two promises to be perfectly lovely. Instead of the enormous cloche hats, with huge crowns, some chic women are wearing the straight, simple lines of the Gainsborough persuasion, with a single sweeping ostrich feather, which never fail to be the perfection of taste. Some rather large tricorne hats show a cluster of three plumes in different colors.

* * * *

It is predicted that the smart jackets of plain blue serge will be worn with both wool and linen dresses. Black cloth jackets will also be worn with frocks of every description. The only thing likely to militate against this fashion is its economy. It was taken up by the smartest dressers early last fall—the hint being from Paris—and just how it will survive the caprices of Dame Fashion is not now to be told.

As ever, the one dress woman will pin her faith to a faultless coat, with a selection of blouses to make it fit various occasions.

A PLEASING STYLE FOR A BLOUSE.

The woman who sews for herself will find the waist sketched a pretty style for making without much difficulty. In mull or another tub fabric a bit of embroidery or insertion might adorn it, though the waist is quite attractive enough without further elaboration than the groups of tucks in waist and sleeves. Pongee fashions some very practical and pretty waists in this style, while a light cloth or silk might serve as well. For the medium size three yards of thirty-two-inch material are needed.

Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

This pattern may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving the number (2785) and size wanted.

ENGAGING A SERVANT

When engaging a servant, be careful to explain her work to her, and let her understand that work must be done in your way, and not in the way of any former mistress she may have had.

Try to arrange the hours so that the servants may have an opportunity to attend church on Sundays.

When the servants do well, encourage them by a few words of praise.

Give your orders for the day as early as possible.

See that the maid knocks on each bedroom door before entering.

See that the maid or butler does not let visitors stand in the hall; they should be instructed to lead the way to the drawing-room, draw back the portiere, and stand aside to allow the visitors to enter, at the same time offering them a small silver tray on which the cards may be placed.

Be strict in requiring the maids to be exceedingly neat in their dress; never allow them to wear a soiled apron, collar, cuffs, or cap. The butler's linen must be equally immaculate.

A page boy wears black livery piped in red or yellow, or a suit of dark green, navy blue, or brown cloth.

His trousers should be long, with or without a piping of color on the outside seam of the leg.

The coat should be cut short on the hips, in a small point at back and front, and should fasten up to the chin with many brass or silver buttons.

A bit of white linen should show above his standing coat collar and below his buttoned cuffs, and he should wear white gloves.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS.

In washing silk handkerchiefs care should be taken to prevent their turning yellow. One should never be boiled, nor have any soap rubbed on it.

Make a lather of finely shredded white soap and water, wash and squeeze the handkerchiefs in it, press out all the moisture possible, and dry quickly in the sun. Iron them while they are still damp, but not wet.

White silk handkerchiefs used as neckties are sometimes cleaned very well with dried and powdered starch in which a little powdered blue has been mixed.

The handkerchief is spread over a clean linen cloth; with a pad of clean white linen powder is rubbed over the silk, then dusted out.

Iron with a moderately hot iron. Two folds of slightly damped linen are laid over the silk on the right side. This brightens it considerably.

THE RETREATING CHIN.

Nothing weakens a face more than a retreating chin. Unfortunately, comparatively little can be done for it. It can be remedied to a certain extent in childhood by rubbing from the throat up and out, holding the head well up during the process.

Sometimes, too, the trouble may be caused by the way the jaws close on account of the position of the teeth, and a good dentist may often be of help.

Bandages worn round the chin at night, so placed that the lower jaw is forced forward, will sometimes remedy the defect slightly, especially when begun on quite young children.

Learn to carry the head up and slightly thrown back, and study the style of hairdressing best adapted to conceal the receding chin.

CLEANING GLACE SILKS.

It is advisable while glace silk is drying to shake it repeatedly and get it smooth by this process, so that it may not require ironing, as the application of hot metal removes the natural crispness from the silk and entirely spoils its appearance.

All soft silks, however, look better if troned, but this should not be attempted until all the benzine has passed off, as the heat of the iron might ignite the spirit and the silk be destroyed.

What We Like.

The love of glitter is part of our human nature. It begins when the infant first "takes notice," as the nurses call it, and good taste has many a battle with this primitive instinct.

S. KANN SONS & CO.
8th ST. & PA. AVE.
"THE BUSY CORNER"

To-day

The big sale of fine laces and embroideries

Without question is the biggest sale we've ever had, and the best for our patrons. Nineteen different lots—several of these containing more than 100 different patterns. All were detailed in yesterday's papers. This morning we wish to call special attention to the following:

French and German Val. laces and insertions,

3-4 to 2 inches wide. Worth 75c to $2.50 a dozen yds. Sale price, a dozen yards 55c

This is undoubtedly the finest collection of French and German Val. laces, and the biggest values ever offered in this city. In all there are about 6,000 pieces—a dozen yards to the piece—and probably one-half of the entire collection are in matched sets. You know the matched sets are first to go. Make selections early.

STARVATION PAY OF WOMEN

From a book on women's work and pay recently prepared by the French ministry of labor, it appears that there are 14,382,000 adult women in France, and of these about 6,382,000 live on the products of their trades or occupations. A few receive high pay, as Paris figures it. Cutters and polishers of precious stones receive $1.85 a day, which is as much as many men make. This is about the maximum.

The minimum for female factory workers is found in some country places, where they get two meals and 5 cents a day.

The average factory wages for women and girls is figured as from 50 to 70 cents a day.

The ministerial report figures that in trades in which men and women are employed indiscriminately, doing the same work, the man averages $1.07 a day and the woman only 50 cents. Sometimes the quality of the woman's product is slightly inferior to the man's, but to offset this she is more patient, polite, and amenable to orders.

After figuring up what the women receive the report goes into a discussion of what a working woman needs to live on. It concludes that she can just keep alive on 40 cents a day in a large city and 20 cents in the country.

Perhaps by way of breaking the force of the figures collected—for they have given a painful shock to French public opinion—similar statistics have been collected and published regarding women's pay in Germany. In Berlin, it is said, female clerks receive by the month about $16.25, heads of departments and chief workwomen get $21, men's pay being about one-third to one-fourth higher for similar jobs. The wages for lower workers are $5 to $15 a month.

Then comes a calculation of the cost of living to a working woman in Germany, as follows:

	Per year.
Lodging and breakfast ($3 a month)	$36 00
Dinner (10 cents a day)	26 50
Supper (8 cents a day)	29 20
Washing (12 cents a week)	6 25
Dress	13 75
Shoes	6 50
Repairs	3 75
Soap, toilet requisites	4 00
Heating and light	2 50
Taxes	75
Compulsory old age and sickness insurance	6 00
Trade union dues	75
Postage, car fares, pleasure and extras	3 00
Total	$148 95

This gives an average expenditure of $21.41 a month, which is twice as much as some working girls receive in pay. It is stated that out of every 100 working women of all classes in Germany, 38 would be unable to live on their earnings.

HOW TO DINE

It is not alone to eat.

It is to be at one's best.

It is to be as fresh as a rose.

It is to cast aside life's tiresome details.

It is to drink wine that is old, to hear jokes that are new, and to meet friends that are middle-aged.

Youth may scoff at this, but youth is entertained with noise and romping—a dance brings out youth's strong points.

Chicago Bosses Like Widows.

A great many Chicago employers look upon the divorce court as the greatest institution on earth. This is because it takes a divorce court to make a grass widow, and anything, they argue, that will increase the supply of widows is a good thing for the community, says Arthur West in the Chicago Tribune.

There are many reasons why employers like widows. A widow is not so flighty, and she is willing to take up with a good many things that an unmarried girl, or one who never has known the trials and tribulations of married life, will not tolerate. In most instances the widow is a woman of sorrow, and among employers it is believed that a woman can find relief from her sorrow only in work.

Certain it is that widows are the best workers. They are less apt to complain about working conditions, and if they happen to have children dependent upon them, as most of them have, they are glad to get work at any price and under almost any conditions.

All of the downtown department stores have large numbers of widows on their pay rolls. The manager of one of these stores, who was willing to talk on the subject, and who insisted his name should not be used, said he would rather have one widow behind his counters than half a dozen ordinary shop girls.

Watch for Sediment.

Do not patronize a milkman whose milk, after standing for an hour or two, has a sediment at bottom of bottle. It shows that the care of the milk is open to suspicion. Illness may result, so even if the thought that perfect cleanliness has not been observed is not unpleasant, change dealers.

The Real Secret.

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try and like what one has to do.—Barrie.

The New Kinsman Optical Establishment

Is conceded to be the handsomest and best equipped in Washington.

You can consult our Mr. Kinsman here at any time and feel assured of the best optical service.

KINSMAN

708 14th St. and 908 F St.

THE MAN'S ARM

Is not to be taken.

A maid must let it alone.

Of old, people walked arm in arm.

Now such a walk would occasion merriment.

In the daytime it's unheard of; in the evening unnecessary.

Naturally in the evening a man offers his arm (not as a girdle, mind).

An authority advises a man not to feel hurt should a woman refuse his arm of an evening.

This authority asserts that many women find it easier to walk alone, and haven't an idea of lacerating Mr. Man's feelings.

"JUST STRETCH."

"Stretch," commands a high priestess of beauty, going on to prove that this foreign cult is the sum total of physical improvement. In short, to be fetching, just go on stretching. The New York World has been driven to verse by this new way of beauty. It advises—

If your cheek has lost its dimple
'Neath the march of Time, the wretch,
There's a remedy quite simple—
Take a beautifying stretch.
All the beauty you desire
This one exercise will fetch;
Even truth—imagination—
Are much better for a stretch.

Silk Raising in Java.

Consul General Henry B. Miller, of Yokohama, forwards to the Department of Commerce and Labor the following Japanese newspaper note relating to the establishing of silk culture in the East Indian island of Java.

"Various attempts have been made during the last few years to introduce the Japanese silk worm into Java. These efforts were mostly unsuccessful, in consequence of the eggs hatching out before reaching their destination. A method of checking the development of the eggs has now been discovered, however, and the Japanese silkworm has been successfully introduced into Java, where the climate is well adapted to silk culture and where a rather prosperous silk industry exists in the neighborhood of Batavia, thanks to the energy of a wealthy Chinese sericulturist, who until lately used worms of other origin, and who already exports his silk to Europe. We have been shown a skein of silk from Japanese silkworms reared by him, the first to arrive in Japan. It is somewhat heavier and slightly coarser than the silk raised in this country, but the quality is good and the thread is even."

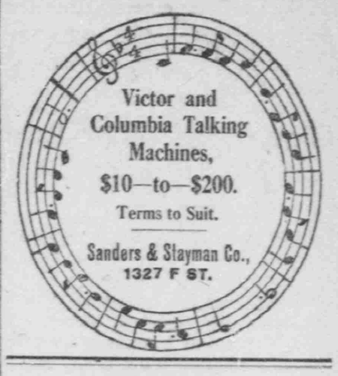
A Woman's Age.

From the Lady's Pictorial.

How seldom it seems to be realized that all discussions on the delicate subject of feminine age are really the outcome of affectation. Those who are so fortunate as to be in the secret with women who really look twenty, but could count twice as many summers, do not find that they are in the least disposed to "talk ages," but women, on the other hand, who are indelibly stamped as of uncertain years never tire of angling for compliments by barefaced allutions to their antiquity.

Greatest Game Preserve.

One of the greatest private game preserves and summer homes in the West is about being completed in the heart of the hardwood belt of upper Michigan by Marvin Hughitt, jr., son of the president of the Northwestern Railroad. He recently bought an entire township, consisting of 23,400 acres of land, which includes several of the most beautiful interior lakes of upper Michigan.



AMUSEMENTS.

To-night at 8.15 **COLUMBIA** Mats. Thurs. and Sat.
America's Favorite Laugh Makers,
WILL M. CRESSY AND BLANCHE DAYNE
In the Droll, Jocose, and Whimsical Comedy,
A VILLAGE LAWYER
By Will M. Cressy and James Clarence Harvey.
A LAUGH IN EVERY LINE.
NEXT WEEK—
Wagenhals and Kemper Present the Distinguished Author and Comedian,
MR. LEO DITRICHSTEIN,
SUPPORTED BY MR. FRED BOND,
IN HIS NEW COMEDY,
BLUFFS
Mr. Ditrichstein is the adapter of "Are You a Mason?" "At the White Horse Tavern" and "Before and After."

BELASCO WASHINGTON'S PLAYHOUSE BEAUTIFUL.
Offering Only the Leading American and Foreign Attractions.
BEN GREET
AND HIS LONDON COMPANY IN THE FOLLOWING REPERTOIRE:
TO-NIGHT and Thursday Night (with scenery),
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.
To-morrow Night.....MACBETH (Elizabethan)
Tuesday Night.....MACBETH (Elizabethan)
Wed. Mat.....MERCHANT OF VENICE
Wed. Night.....MASKS AND FACES
Fri. Mat. and Night and Sat. Mat. and Night,
HAWTHORNE'S BEAUTIFUL WONDER TALES
Next Week—BERTHA KALICH, in MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS.

TO-NIGHT AT 8:15. **NEW NATIONAL** ONLY MAT. SAT.
Only local theater offering exclusively American and foreign stars of the first rank.
CHARLES DILLINGHAM PRESENTS
FRITZI **SCHEFF**
IN THE BEST AMERICAN COMIC OPERA,
"M'LLE MODISTE" By Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert
NEXT WEEK—ETHEL BARRYMORE.

NEW NATIONAL THEATER.
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
CARL POHLIG, Conductor.
Tuesday Afternoon February 25, at 4:30 — Symphony BEETHOVEN NO. 7
Soloist: MME. JOHANNA GADSKI, Soprano.
Tickets at T. ARTHUR SMITH'S, 1411 F st. nw.

Chase's POLITE VAUDEVILLE
Daily Mats. 25c and 50c. Eve's, 25c, 50c, and 75c.
Jesse L. Lasky's "The 9 Pianophiends."
The Spectacular Musico-Comical Novelty de Luxe.
The Misses Elinore in Their New Act.
Ella Bradna's Horses. The Quaker City Quartet. Darras Brothers. Lewis and Green. Marseilles. "British Naval Maneuvers" and "Rapid Railway Building" Motion Pictures.
NEXT WEEK—STALEY'S TRANSFORMATION. WILLIE PANTZER CO. GUS EDWARDS' BLONDE TYPEWRITERS. WITH JOHNNIE STANLEY, &c. BUY SEATS TODAY.

NEW ACADEMY MATS. TUESDAY THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY
ALL THIS WEEK.
SHADOWED BY THREE
THE GREATEST OF DETECTIVE PLAYS.
SEE The Greatest Effect Ever Produced. A 60-horsepower Thomas Flyer Running Wild and Dashing Through an Oil King's Residence.
Next Week—"THE WIZARD OF OZ."

GAYETY THEATRE, 9th St. near F
ALL THIS WEEK—MATINEE EVERY DAY.
WEBER AND RUSH PRESENT
The Dainty Duchess
SEE THE LATEST SENSATION,
"THE AUTO BEE"
SEE THE GREAT FRANCELIAS & CO.
"SEE THE UNIVERSITY GIRLS"
AND A BIG COMPANY OF FORTY.
POPULAR PRICES. SMOKING CONCERTS.
Special—M'LLE LOUISE AGOUST & CO. in a bit of French Vaudeville, "M'LLE FOULARD."
Next Week—HARRY BRYANT'S BIG SHOW.

POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE — NEW **LYCEUM**
ALL THIS WEEK—MATINEE DAILY.
COLONIAL BELLES
GIRLS! GIRLS!! GIRLS!!!
OF BEAUTY, GRACE, AND ABILITY.
EXTRA! EXTRA!
BEDINI AND ARTHUR
Next Week—STROLLING PLAYERS.

SKATING RINK, CONVENTION HALL
One-mile-match Skating Race.
Washington Birthday Skating Carnival.
Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday all fancy-skating couples should be at the rink these nights to practice for the Fancy Skating Contest, February 22. Three prizes. Open to amateurs only.

Animals Love Tobacco.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Animals frequently possess a positive love for tobacco, according to a menagerie trainer.

"In my early days," he said, "I was connected with a circus which possessed the unique attraction of a terrier which, among other tricks, had been instructed in the art of smoking a clay pipe. The curious point was that the animal actually got to enjoy its pipe, and would insist on having it at the usual time every Sunday, as in the performance on week days.

"The parrot is, perhaps, of all birds the most apt to take up bad habits. A friend of mine has one which is passionately fond of eating and chewing tobacco. If given a sufficient quantity the bird will make itself positively drunk with the nicotine, and will stagger about its cage in exact imitation of the actions of an intoxicated human being. Long practice has made the bird somewhat of a connoisseur respecting its favorite luxury, and it now treats fine-cut tobaccos with contempt. Its particular delight is the rum-soaked plug affected by sailors.

It is among the simian tribe that tobacco-loving quadrupeds are most frequent. This is probably owing to the monkey's overpowering faculty for imitation, which sometimes gets it into trouble.

"A friend of mine has a monkey which is addicted to snuff. The animal has been taught to take a pinch from the box of a visitor with all the courtly air so prevalent in the days when snuff-taking was the fashion."

The Great Gift.

It is a great gift of God to be born humane, with a hatred for cruelty and injustice.—George Eliot.