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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JUNE 18, 1910.
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The most popular resort on Potomac River.
Fishing, Crabbing, Salt Water Bathing. Hotel Now Open.
COLONIAL BEACH COMPANY,
Foot of Seventh Street S. W.
Phone Main 5912.

Steamer Macalester FOR MARSHALL HALL
The most beautiful resort on the Potomac River—all amusements. Leaves 7th st. wharf daily at 10 a. m., 2:30, and 6:30 p. m.
FOR
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Daily, except Sunday, 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.; fare round trip, including admission to the grounds and mansion, 75c.

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Go With Columbia Turnverein Excursion To-day.
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WHEN A MAN MARRIES
The Novel from Which the Play "Seven Days" Was Made.
By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART,
Author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten."
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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.
Mother, I want you to do something for me. You know who I mean, and—this is awfully delicate, Mum—but he's a nice boy, and I thought I liked him. I guess you know he has been rather attentive, hasn't he? I do like him, Mum, but not the way I thought I did, and I want you to—very gently, of course—to discourage him a little. You know how I mean. He's a dear boy, but I'm so tired of people who don't know anything but homes and mothers.
And, oh, yes—do you remember a girl named Lucille Mellon who was at school with you in Rome? And that she married a man named Harrison? Well, her husband is a little better minded and braver and thinner, and he even built himself an automobile down in South America, because he couldn't afford to buy one, and burned wood in it! Wood! Think of it!
I wind father in Chicago for fear he would come home. The picture in the paper of the face at the basement window is supposed to be Mr. Harrison, but of course it isn't any more like him than mine is like his.
Ann Brown mistook her pearl collar when she took it off last night, and has fussed herself into a sick headache. She declares it was stolen! Some of the people are playing bridge, Betty. My mother is doing a cakewalk to the "Rialto" stage, and the telephone is ringing. We have received enough flowers for a funeral—somebody sent Lolita a Gates Ajar, only with the gates shut.
There are no servants—think of it, Mum. I wish you had made me learn to cook. Mr. Macdonald has shown me a little—he was a soldier in the Spanish war—but we girls are a terribly ignorant lot. Mum, about the real things of life.
Now, don't worry. It is more than I can manage in the Adirondacks, and not nearly so demanding as the South American. KATHERINE.
I, South America must be wonderful. Why can't we get the Gaddy in commission, and send a coaling trip this summer? It is a shame to own a yacht and not use it.
This note, evidently delivered by messenger, was found among other litter in the vestibule after the lifting of the quarantine.
Mr. Alex. Dods, City Editor, Mail and Star; Dear D.—Can't get a picture. Have waited seven hours. They have closed the shutter.—MCCORD.
Written on the back of the above note: Watch the ROP—DODDS.

CHAPTER IX.
Flannigan's Find.
The most charitable thing would be to say nothing about the first day. We were baldly brutal—that's the only word tried—truly—the really sincere kind—tried to patch up one quarrel after another and failed. He rose superbly to the occasion, and made something that he called a South American goulash for luncheon, although it was too salty, and every one was thirsty the rest of the day.
Bella was horrid, of course. She froze Jim until he said he was going to sit in the refrigerator and cool the butter. She locked herself in the dressing-room—it had been assigned to me, but that made no difference to Bella—and did her nails, and took three different baths, and refused to come to the table. And of course Jimmy was wild, and said she would starve. But I said, "Very well, let her starve. Not a tray shall leave my kitchen." It was a comfort to have her shut up there anyhow; it postponed the time when she would come face to face with Flannigan.
Aunt Selma got sick that day, as I have said. I was not so bitter as she thought I did not say that I wished she would die. The worst I ever wished her was that she might be quite ill for some time, and yet, when she began to recover, she was dreadful to me. She said for one thing, that it was the hard-boiled eggs and the state of the house that did it, and when I said that the grip was a germ, she retorted that I had probably brought it to her on my clothing.
You remember that Betty had drawn the nurse's slip, and how pleased she had been about it. She got up early the morning of the first day and made herself a lawn cap and telephoned out for a white nurse to come the next day, and for a white uniform for a nurse. She really looked very fetching, and she went around all the morning with a red cross on her sleeve and a Saint Cecilia expression, sitting on bottles of medicine—most of it flesh reducer, which was pathetic, and closing windows for fear of drafts. She refused to help with the house work, and looked quite exalted, but by afternoon it had put her down somewhat, and she and Max shook dice.
Betty was really pleased when Aunt Selma sent for her. She took in a bottle of cologne to bathe her hair, and we all stood outside the door and listened. Betty tiptoed in her pretty cap and apron, and we heard her cautiously draw down the shades.
"What are you doing that for?" Aunt Selma demanded. "I like the light."
"It's bad for your poor eyes," Betty's tone was exactly the proper bedside pitch, low and soothing.
"Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea!" Dal hummed outside.
"Put up those window shades!" Aunt Selma's voice was strong enough.
"What's in that bottle?"
Betty was still mild. She swished to the window and raised the shade.
"I'm so sorry you're ill, but we all sympathize. This is for your poor aching head. Now close your eyes and lie perfectly still, and I will cool your forehead."
"That's nothing the matter with my head," Aunt Selma retorted. "And I have not lost my faculties; I am not a child or a sick cow. If that's perfume, take it out."
We heard Betty coming to the door, but there was no time to get away. She dropped her mask for a minute and was biting her lip, but when she saw us she forced a smile.
"She's ill, poor dear," she said. "If you people will go away, I can bring her around all right. In two hours she will eat out of my hand."
"Eat a piece out of your hand?" Max scoffed in a whisper.
We waited a little longer, but it was too painful. Aunt Selma demanded a mustard foot bath, and he hot lemonade and her back rubbed with liniment and some strong black tea. And in the intervals she wanted to be read to out of the prayer-book. And when we had all gone away, there came the most terrible noise from Aunt Selma's room, and every one ran. We found Betty in the hall outside the door, crying, with her fingers in her hair and her cap over her eyes. She said she had been putting the hot-water bottle to Aunt Selma's back, and it had been too hot. Just then something hit against the door with a soft thud, fell to the floor and burst, for a trickle of hot water came over the sill.
"She won't let me hold her hand," Betty wailed, "or bathe her brow, or smooth her pillow. She thinks of nothing but her stomach or her back! And when I try to make her bed look decent, she spits at me like a cat. Everything I do is wrong. She spilled the foot bath into her shoes, and blasted me for it."
It took the united efforts of all of us—except Bella, who stood back and smiled nastily—to get Betty back into the sick-room again. I was supremely thankful by that time that I had not drawn the nurse's slip. With dinner ordered in from one of the clubs, and the omelet ten hours behind me, my position did not seem so unbearable. But a new development was coming.
While Betty was fussing with Aunt Selma, Max led a search of the house. He said the necklace and the bracelet

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Entire line of factory samples
women's low shoes in all sizes (2 to 8) and widths (A to D)
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in all styles and leathers that are fashionable this season.

did not give me the bracelet; instead, it struck me his tone was suddenly severe.
"Now look here, miss," he said; "you've played your trick, and you've had your fun. The Lord knows it's only folks like you would play April fool jokes with a fortune! If you're the sensible little woman you look to be, you'll put that pearl collar on the coal in the basement to-night, and let me find it."
"I haven't got the pearl collar," I protested. "I think you are crazy. Where did you get that bracelet?"
He edged away from me, as if he expected me to snatch it from him and run, but he was still trying in an elephantine way to treat the matter as a joke.
"I found it in a drawer in the pantry," he said, "among the dirty linen. And if you're as smart as I think you are, I'll be glad to see you in the morning—no and nothing said, miss."
So there I was, suspected of being responsible for Anne's pearl collar, as if I had not enough to worry me before. Of course, I could have called them all together and told them, and made them explain to Flannigan what I had really meant by my delicious speech in the kitchen. But that would have meant telling the whole ridiculous story to Mr. Harrison, and having him think us all mad, and me a fool.
In all that overcrowded house there was only one place where I could be miserable with comfort. So I stayed on the roof, and cried a little and then became angry and walked up and down, and clenched my hands and babbled helplessly. The boats on the river were yellow, horizontal streaks through my tears, and an early searchlight sent its startle like a tangible thing in the darkness, just over my head. Then, finally, I curled down in a corner with my arms on the parapet, and the lights became more and more prismatic and finally formed themselves into a circle that was Bella's bracelet, and that kept whirling around and around on something flat and not over-looked, that was Flannigan's pain.
TO BE CONTINUED—MORROW.

Hear and Home Talks
by Barbara Boyd

To tip or not to tip, that is the question. Whether it is wiser to endure the covert sneers and gibes of minions, or by generous tipping to end it all, and thus secure attention above one's neighbors, though one may call this but a lesser form of bribery—
One's mind runs somewhat after that fashion nowadays, since tipping has become so universal a practice. Perhaps the bothersome question will not worry us much longer, for legislators are taking up the matter, and even so august a body as the House Committee of the District of Columbia is considering a bill to abolish the practice, which they very aptly term a nuisance. The measure provides that any proprietor, manager, waiter, or servant, of any hotel, restaurant, or cafe in the city of Washington, who accepts a tip shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and fined in a sum not exceeding \$50. A second and far more important clause stipulates that any person who offers a tip shall be equally guilty and subject to the same penalty. The bill is based on the simple principle that the tipper is as bad as the tippee—like the bribe-giver and the bribe-taker.
The American has never taken kindly to the tipping system, not solely because he begrudges the money, but because the practice goes against the grain of the American spirit. It intimates a certain attitude of servility on the part of the one receiving the tip, and that attitude is un-American. It smacks too much of the Old World ways of regarding one's fellowmen.
But the practice, despite the hostile feeling toward it, is growing. The proposed measure shows what a foothold it has, but the measure will not be effective unless backed up by public opinion. It will simply be a dead-letter law. The people who tip lavishly and unthinkingly are, of course, the wealthy. But their action makes it necessary for

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

I MET a young person yesterday whom I had tried half an hour the evening before to get by telephone.
"Where were you and your mother between 7 and 8 last night?" I demanded.
"At home," she said. "No, let me see. Oh, yes, we went over to the Loomises to hear their new phonograph, and had to stay an hour to hear all the records. Why?"
"Well, I tried and tried and tried to get you by telephone. Marston and I were going to the theater, but Marston was called on a case at the last minute, and I thought you'd like to go."
"Like to go," she said, solemnly. "Ruth, you ought to be given a week in solitary confinement on bread and water for telling me that. Don't you know I haven't been to the theater for months, and that I was bored to extinction last night, and that I hate phonographs anyway, and that I'll spend the rest of the day thinking if I'd only stayed at home instead of going over to hear that wretched thing I'd have had such a good time. Positively you are cruel."
I own the soft impeachment.
I certainly ought to have known better, for haven't I, like all the rest of the world, suffered agonies of regret over the might-have-been opportunities and pleasures that the people who just missed being able to bestow them upon me, insisted upon telling me about?
Indeed, I ought to have been especially thoughtful about that detail, for even now I am tormented with useless but persistent regrets over a beautiful bargain in a horse that would have been just that spirited but obedient, able-to-go-a-mile-in-two-forty-and-get-gentle-as-a-lamb mirage of a horse that I've been dreaming of and saving for many years.
"All but had a chance to pick him up for you, Miss Cameron. The man that owned him had to go away, and sell him at an auction. If I'd been half an hour sooner I'd have cinched him for you."
"Of course, I'm awfully grateful for my friend's kindness in thinking of me. But I do wish he hadn't told me about it, for I suppose the ghost of that lost opportunity will haunt me for life; and if I were to own a stable of Arabian mares it would be incomplete without that phantom horse."
Regrets are most unpleasant things to feel.
It might have been as infuriating out of all proportion to their importance.
The pleasures and opportunities we just missed are the most tantalizingly enjoyable things on earth—aren't they?
Well, then, if you assent to that, I'm going to consider that you have promised yourself never to inflict the knowledge of their lost opportunities upon your friends.
RUTH CAMERON.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

There is some recompense for adversity—it brings to the surface whatever supply of courage may be lying dormant under the comfortable blanket of prosperity. The merest spark can often be fanned into a respectable flame. It takes courage to go through life in the shadow of disgrace; to leave a comfortable home and a host of friends for humble surroundings and strangers; to carry disgrace and disappointment to the grave—and give no outward sign of the struggle. The great majority find it when it is most needed, but the few who sink into oblivion or continually appeal for pity, are those in whom courage was left on at creation.
Most of us accept what comes to us in the spirit of deservings it, and make no complaint. The few even rebel pity and sympathy like a crippled boy whom I know. He was very young when a blow upon the back rendered the lower part of his body almost useless. He had grown to manhood when his mother told me that she had never heard a complaint from his lips or a wish that he was like other boys and could do as they did.
She found him a great joy just for his courage—had he been otherwise, I doubt if she would have been able to bear life for many years. As it was, every wish of the boy was cultivated, every wish gratified, and for he was somewhat selfish it was given because of his un-failing cheerfulness. It is not within the

the less wealthy to tip if they hope in many places to secure any attention. A certain type of the wealthy will not stop tipping because of the law. Low to them means little. The people, then, who can really make the measure against tipping effective are the business men themselves whose employes receive tips. If hotel and restaurant keepers and all such employers would make a stringent rule that their employes should not receive tips, and back it up with instant dismissal if they accepted gratuities of any kind, they would create a public opinion that would make the proposed law effective. The public would be with them, and tipping would soon be abolished. The few who might insist upon tipping because they have more money than they know what to do with would soon be cried down.
The hotel and restaurant manager who would take this stand and publicly announce it on all his advertising matter would soon be overrun with business, for it is a reform the people want. But to institute it, these employers would need to pay their employes more wages—and that is the fly in the ointment. The public opinion that would make the proposed law effective, by means of its tips, helps to pay the wages of employes in restaurants, hotels, and such places, and while the public will do this, employers are loath to stop them. So that it is a difficult proposition to get hotel keepers and restaurant managers to act together in the matter. But those who would take the lead would make a big hit, and in the course of time others might be induced to follow.
Tipping is, as the bill names it, a nuisance. It is also an imposition; and if one looks at it rationally, it has no ground to stand upon. For the tip is of the family of bribes and it lowers the self-respect of the one who takes it. Every one should lend his voice to creating a strong public opinion to back up the measure to abolish the tip.
High minded men and women do not want pity. They demand justice and accept sympathy in a proper spirit, but in pity they find something galling. I often pass a whining beggar, who calls attention to his deformity in unabashed persistence, which never brings him substantial rewards. Farther down the street stands a blind man with a bundle of pencils—a mute, pathetic figure, whose patience is rewarded by patronage so liberal that he can support his family. He does not ask for charity, and nobody thinks of offering it—he makes a profit on his wares.
I have always thought that it would be better to take helplessness from the street and care for it, but perhaps I am wrong. It may be selfishness that makes me wish to see pitiful sights eliminated—it may be better for me as well as for the helpless to strive in our different ways. It all comes in the day's work. I reckon, although few of us take the trouble to find out by balancing accounts at night.
BETTY BRADEN.
There are at the present time over 2,000 varieties of postage stamps in the world.
Dyed linen pieces are in high style for linen and cotton dresses.
Quite short skirts are being worn this summer, showing not only the shoe, but a bit of the hosiery.