

Semi-annual Stock-taking Sale.
5,000 Sheets of Music,
 Classic Songs, Popular Piano Solos,
 Latest Musical Productions, Rag and
 Classic Piano Solos,
5c a Copy.
Sanders & Stayman Co.,
 1327 F Street.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.
MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

WILLIE, aged three,
 Died of summer complaint caused by bad milk poisoned by flies.
 You would think that an extraordinary epitaph if you saw it on a tombstone, wouldn't you?
 And yet, if tombstones should take to telling the truth, that, or some variation of it, would be placed on a good many of them.
 In a circular sent to every home in one of the most active State boards of health in the United States, that epitaph printed upon a tombstone is displayed in the margin. Besides that, there are also most vividly portrayed a few of the haunts and habits of our friend, the housefly. His birthplace in the manure heap, the garbage can, or as a maggot in the corpse of some animal, is most faithfully pictured. His subsequent parades across the unweeded floor in our pantries and tables, or across the fruit at the fruit stand, is elaborately set forth. His charming habit of flying straight from the consumptive or typhoid patient to the baby's bedside, or the cream jug on your dining table, and wiping off all the filth and germs he has gathered in the first spot in the second, is made pleasingly graphic.
 You think all this description needlessly disgusting, no doubt. The circular, has provided for that state of mind, for beside the pictures is printed:
 "Look at the marginal illustrations. They are disgusting, it is true. So are flies. The disgust that your stomach receives through your eye is as nothing, however, to the probable and possible benefit which you will receive by giving due heed to the warning suggested by the etchings."
 I wish I might have several million of these circulars printed and one of them tucked up in every home in the land.
 I think if I could accomplish that I should be doing more to save life than by endowing a dozen hospitals.
 The season of the fly is at hand.
 Why not make up your mind here and now that there shall be fewer flies in your house than ever before, and that those who do escape your vigilance shall have less chance to contaminate you?
 How can you accomplish this?
 Well, here are a few suggestions:
 Look after the garbage pan daily. See that it is carefully sprinkled with lime or kerosene oil and effectually covered.
 Never leave any garbage in your sink can one moment longer than necessary.
 See that any manure box near your home is made fly-tight and frequently emptied and sprinkled with lime and sand.
 Keep flies from the sick, especially those with contagious diseases. If necessary, cover them with a mosquito netting, as you do a baby.
 Of course, have your home thoroughly screened.
 Do not leave the food in pantry or icebox, or even on the table, uncovered one minute longer than necessary. A single fly speck may contain 2,000 germs.
 Devote a few minutes daily to a personal battle with those flies which have gotten in despite all your precautions.
 "All this fuss over such a little thing as a fly is absurd," I know some one is saying.
 But some night when you watch helpless and agonized above the sick bed of your baby, perhaps you won't call that which may have caused the illness a little thing.
 RUTH CAMERON.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

While exhibitions of improved methods may show an interest in the welfare of tired mothers with little or no money, they are far from being remedies. There are remedies, of course, the best of which is a scale of wages that makes decent living possible. Living wages mean homes with some degree of comfort, medical attendance and medicine when health fails, nourishment and warmth for the body, and a bit of pleasure to ease the strain of hard work.
 Well-to-do men and women rarely have any conception of the manner in which poor families live. Children are put in work before they have learned enough to find any but the hard hand of life, and if they happen to be girls, they go to wifehood and motherhood without preparation. Perhaps they may blunder into decent living, but the road is mighty hard before they have found the turn, and there is no time to be no time in which to learn better ways.
 The government is generous in many ways. Like free schools and text-books, but it might do much more for children's teeth should be saved, and children's stomachs be filled once each day independent of parents. There ought to be doctors and nurses for those who can't afford neither. There is only one practical way to eliminate poverty, and that requires money, a steady stream of it, and there must be enough somewhere to meet urgent demands.
 I have seen towns and small cities where there was so little poverty that the casual observer saw nothing of it. Some family charged itself with each new case, and the temporary ones could be dismissed after a while. Chronic ones became burdens and cheerless, and were borne by people with easy incomes. In large cities there is more selfishness, as well as more poverty, and the combination makes for continual misery.
 Nobody knows why the big city calls so alluringly to poor people. There may be enjoyment there, but it is for the well-to-do, or comfort that is very little when the purse is empty most of the time. In large cities where families may die of hunger and few know of it; in small places such happenings would be regarded as disgrace to civilization. I do not mean to say that starvation would be impossible; it would be improbable, to say the least. A deal of money is spent upon experiments which are not of human interest. Why cannot a portion be saved for actual human use?
 BETTY BRADEN.

STAINSON'S
 8th St. & Pa. Ave.
 "THE BUSY CORNER"

CHOICE of TAILED LINED LINEN SUITS,
 Worth \$12.50, \$15.00, and \$20.00, for **\$7.50**
 They are samples, and represent the product of three different makers. Materials are all heavy but cool Russian linens or imported ramsie, and practically all are made in the plain mannish cut suit styled with pleated or pored skirts.
 Plenty of plain tans—plenty of pure white. Many trimmed on collar and cuffs with bright blue, white, black, or red, or with collar and cuffs hand embroidered in bright. Some are perfectly plain.
 A great chance to secure a tailored linen suit at a small outlay—and the most stylish kind, too.
 Second Floor.

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 XVIII.

It's All My Fault.
 I didn't go to the drawing-room again. I went into my own room and sat in the dark, and tried to be furiously angry, and only succeeded in feeling queer and tired. One thing was absolutely certain; the same man, but two different men had kissed me on the stairs to the roof. It sounds rather horrid and discriminating, but there was all the difference in the world.
 But then—who had? And for whom had Mr. Harbison been waiting on the roof? "Did you know that I nearly choked you to death a few minutes ago?" Then he had rather expected to finish somebody in that way? Who? Jim, probably. It was strange, too, but suddenly I realized that no matter how many suspicious things I was mugged up against him—and there were plenty—down in my heart I didn't believe him guilty of anything, except this last and unforgivable offense. Whoever was trying to leave the house had taken the necklace, that seemed clear, unless Max was still foolishly trying to break quarantines and create one of the sensations he so dearly loved. This was a new idea, and some things upheld it, but Max had been playing bridge when I was in the room, and there was still left that ridiculous incident of the comfort.
 Bella came up after I had gone to bed, and turned on the light to brush her hair.
 "If I don't leave this mausoleum soon, I'll be carried out," she declared. "You in bed, Lottie Mercer, and Dal flirting. Anne hysterical, and then Jim's sermon in the den! You will have to take Aunt Selma to-night, Kit; I'm all in."
 "If you'll put her to bed, I'll keep her there," I conceded, after some parley.
 "You're a dear," Bella came back from the door. "Look here, Kit; you know Jim pretty well. Don't you think he looks like 'Thinner'?"
 "He's a wreck," I said, soberly. "You have a lot to answer for, Bella. You looked in it. 'I avoid him all I can,' she said, pouting. 'He's awfully funny; he's so afraid of me, I think he's afraid of me. He can't realize that for me he simply doesn't exist.'"
 "Well, I took Aunt Selma, and about 2 o'clock, while I was in my first sleep, I woke to find her standing beside me, tugging at my arm."
 "There's somebody in the house," she whispered. "If they're in they'll not get out to-night," I said.
 "I tell you, I saw a man skulking on the stairs," she insisted, and put on my dressing gown. Aunt Selma, who had her hair in curls, tied a veil over her head, and together we went to the head of the stairs. Aunt Selma leaned far over the railing and glared down.
 "He's in the library," she whispered. "I can see a light."
 The lust of battle was in Aunt Selma's eyes. She glared her stare about her and began to descend the stairs cautiously. We went through the hall and stopped at the library door. It was empty, but from the den beyond came a hum of voices and the cheerful glow of fire-light. I realized the situation then, but it was too late.
 "Then why did you kiss her in the dining-room?" Bella was saying in her clear, high tones. "You did, didn't you?"
 "It was only her hand," Jim whispered. "I've got to pay her some attention, under the circumstances. And I give you my word I was thinking of you when I did it. The wretch!"
 Aunt Selma drew her breath in suddenly.
 "I'm thinking of marrying Reggie Wolfe." This was Bella, of course. "He wants me. He's a dear boy."
 "If you do, I will kill him."
 "I'm so sorry," she sighed.
 "We could hear the creak of Jim's shirt bosom that showed that he had slipped also. Aunt Selma had gripped me by the arm, and I could hear her breathing hard beside me.
 "It's only Jim," I whispered. "I don't want to hear any more."
 But she clutched me firmly, and the next thing we heard was another creak, louder and more distinct.
 "Get up! Get up off your knees this instant!" Bella was saying, frantically. "Some one might come in."
 "Don't send me away," Jim said in a smothered voice. "Every one in the house is asleep, and I love you, dear."
 Aunt Selma swallowed hard in the darkness.
 "You have no right to make love to me," said Bella. "It's—it's highly improper, under the circumstances."
 And then Jim: "You swallow a camel and stick at a goat. Why did you meet me here, if you didn't expect me to make love to you? I've stood for a lot, Bella, but this foolishness will have to end. Either you love me—or you don't. I'm desperate." He drew a long, forlorn breath.
 "Poor old Jim!" This was Bella. A pause. Then—"Let my hand alone!" also Bella.
 "It is my hand!"—Jim's most fatuous tone. "There is where you were my ring. There's the mark still." Sounds of Jim kissing Bella's ringless finger. "What did you do with it? Throw it away?" More sounds.
 Aunt Selma crossed the library swiftly, and again I followed. Bella was sitting in a low chair by the fire, looking at the logs in the most exquisite negligence of pink chiffon and ribbon. Jim was on his knees, staring at her adoringly, and holding both her hands.
 "I'll tell you a secret," Bella was saying, looking as coy as she knew how—which was considerable. "I still wear it on a chain around my neck." Bella. On a chain around her neck? Bella, who is décolleté whenever it is allowable, and more than is proper!
 "That was the limit of Aunt Selma's

AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBIA To-night CURTAIN UP AT 8:15 Sharp
 The COLUMBIA PLAYERS IN
A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE
 MATINEES THURS. and SAT. 25c & 50c
 "NEXT WEEK—" "MISS ROBERTS."
BELASCO—TO-NIGHT AT 8:15
BEN GRETT STOCK CO.
 25c
 50c
 75c
 Mon., Tues., Wed. Mat. and Eve.
"CASTE"
 Thurs., Fri., Sat. Mat. and Eve.
"School for Scandal"

MENUS AND RECIPES.

TO-DAY'S MENU.
 BREAKFAST: Strawberries
 Cereal Eggs, Convent Style Sugar and Milk
 Milk Biscuits Hashed Potatoes Coffee
 LUNCH: Scotch Eggs Spanish Puffs
 Fruit Macedoine Tea
 DINNER: Fillet of Beef, Mushroom Sauce. Mashed Potatoes Canned Peas
 Cream Cheese Water Crackers Iced Coffee

Recipes.
Eggs, Convent Style—Boil four eggs for fifteen minutes, then put them into cold water to cool. Put one tablespoonful or one ounce of butter in a frying-pan; add two slices of onion and fry until a golden brown. Then add one even tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth; add one-half of a pint of milk and stir continually until it thickens; add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper; now add the eggs, cut into six slices each; toss them up, and when thoroughly hot, serve on buttered toast.
Fillet of Beef with Mushroom Sauce—Remove all the skin and fat from the top of the fillet; trim and lard the upper side. Place it in a baking-pan on the top of a very small onion sliced, one and one-third of a small carrot sliced, one bay leaf, one stalk of celery, and the pieces of pork left from the lardoons. Put one-quarter of a cupful of hot stock in the bottom of the pan and bake for thirty minutes in a hot oven, basting occasionally with stock and melted butter. When the fillet is done, take from the pan and serve with mushroom sauce.

NATIONAL Aborn Grand Opera Company
 EVERY NIGHT, WED. AND SAT. MATINEES,
"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL"

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 AMERICA'S BEST PICTURE PLAYS
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 EVENINGS, 10c AND 20c.
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POTOMAC COUNCIL, K. of C.
Chesapeake Beach
 THURSDAY, JUNE 30.

BASEBALL
 4 P. M. To-day—4 P. M.
Washington vs. New York

MASONIC AUDITORIUM 17th St., N. W. Ave.
 Every Eve. From 7:30 to 10:30
MOVING PICTURES
 ALL SEATS, 10c AND VAUDEVILLE ALL SEATS, 10c.

Camp Schedule.
 A careful schedule should be made out by any one wishing to conduct a successful boys summer camp, and then it should be strictly adhered to, says the New Idea Woman's Magazine for July. The following for the general camp is an especially good daily programme:
 6:30. Reveille and setting-up drill.
 7:15. Breakfast.
 7:45. Tent duties.
 8:00. Tutoring.
 9:00. Preliminary field and track trials.
 11:00. Swimming and water sports.
 12:00. Council meeting.
 12:30. Dinner.
 1:15-2:00. Rest hour.
 2:50. Baseball.
 4:00-4:30. Group activities: Swimming, photography, shop-work, tennis, rehearsal for dramatics.
 6:00. Supper.
 7:30. Camp fire: Reading aloud of Camp Weekly, songs and stories.
 9:15. Devotions.
 9:30. Taps.
 Add to the diversified activities careful individual attention, daily tramps afield with men, versed in the lore of birds, flowers, trees and minerals; teaching or coaching in swimming, rowing, sailing, tennis, baseball, and photography; and last, but not least, the gratification of that primitive longing, inherent in boys nature, to learn to pitch a tent himself, to build a camp fire, to cook thereby, and to live with one ear to the ground.
What Else.
 From Prospective Lodger—I hope you will have those cobwebs swept away before I come in. We only leave them there in the summer so as to catch the flies.

Heart and Home Talks
 by Barbara Boyd

Where New York Marries.
 The marriage-license bureau is a crucible in which takes place the first process in the fusing of a race, it has been said. It is so of every marriage bureau, but more particularly of one like that of New York. It is the gateway of the New World and the city of extremes, declares the New Idea Woman's Magazine for July. Then, too, its laws require the presence of both the man and woman—a decided advantage from the viewpoint of an observer.
 And though usually the gathering is as varied as humanity itself, the bureau has its special seasons as well as its dull and joyous seasons. There are the seasons of the New Year, of Lent, of the summer, when the Italian and Irish, good Catholics, are at liberty to marry; or following the Jewish holidays, when the sons and daughters of the Jews throng the bureau.
 Then, again, September brings a crop of suburban faces, suggesting that Cupid has been hard at work at the seaside. You are told that 50 per cent. of brides rush; while dull times in the world of business makes dull times for the bureau. During the hard times of the winter of 1908 the marriages in New York declared 43 per cent.
 But no matter what the day or season, you will be impressed most forcibly by the poverty of the majority of the applicants. The man with the roll of bills is an oddity. Nine times out of ten the fee seems wrung from the others. You wonder how they propose to take on the responsibilities of married life. The man fishes through his pockets for a dirty, crumpled bill or loose change to make up the dollar fee; and often the bride-to-be must help out. An ominous beginning, you think; but obviously she is of different mind. As the scene repeats itself you begin to realize that self-interest plays no part in the marriage of the poor, particularly on the part of the woman.
 And then the ignorance! It is appalling. You are told that 50 per cent. of the applicants are of foreign birth or extraction, but even then the figures fail of explanation. Skillful interpreters are at hand, but the applicants of this type seem conscious of nothing but their love for each other, that they want to marry, and that all other considerations seem useless and painful.
Charitable.
 From Souris.
 "A dear little girl your daughter is. She always has something to say to me when I meet her."
 "Oh, yes; she's not a bit proud. She speaks to everyone."
 When using grater for chocolate or lemon, don't wash in water, but have a little brush for that purpose and brush grater; will all come off and there won't be any waste.
 Turn a cut lemon upside down on a waxed paper. It will keep fresh a long time.

The Church's Millinery Section.

From the Millinery Trade Review.
 Because many of the feminine members of the congregation of a Baptist church in a Southern city insist on wearing their hats in church, its pastor has set aside a certain portion of the church as the "millinery section," for use of these hat wearers.
 The minister announced that all women who come with large creations adorning their heads must either take them off or sit in the "millinery section."
 The practice of women wearing hats during the services has been a subject of contention for some time with the attendants, and the pastor has from time to time openly opposed it. The minister commented rather sharply on the practice of wearing hats in church, and announced the new programme for a "millinery section."
 This is all right in its way, but to eliminate the hat is to eliminate the wearer. When it comes to such with the men of the sheep from the goats, the dominion will be charged up with the loss of souls and the dismembering of his church, because where the women are there the men will be also, especially the dominions.
LATEST FASHIONS.



NEW YORK MILLINERY.

From the Millinery Trade Review.
 Unusual climatic conditions have affected the millinery business during the past month, and the retailer has many complaints to make, but perhaps it is some consolation to know that the millinery department has suffered less than any other department. An early season was predicted, so that it can hardly be wondered at that the activity died out somewhat, since the buying of midsummer millinery, outing hats, which embraces summer felts, as well as Panamas, and hats of duck, batavia, etc., is hardly timely before June.
 Business in hats for motoring and for steamer wear has been good. New York apparently are always either going or coming. No sooner is the Southern season over than week-ends to the smart country houses are on the tapis, followed by the exodus to Europe, which each year becomes heavier.
 Social life peters out in town during May, and as the theaters close their doors one by one the smart restaurants take on a deserted air and the tea-rooms are filled with a hurrying throng, chattering of voyagers to be made or courtes to be taken. It is, as usual, a well-dressed throng—the New York crowd. At a recent opening night at one of the principal theaters in Washington, the brilliant as one would find early in the season. It has become the mode for women to affect décolleté for theater-going—a fashion new to New York, but one that is universal in England and across the Canadian border. American women wore low-cut gowns to the opera, to dinners and balls, but until recently the theater-going, while the décolleté, perhaps was still high. It must be noted that this new mode shows the hats to greater advantage. It is curious, perhaps, but nevertheless a fact, that a hat which is extremely becoming, worn with a décolleté gown, will be quite the reverse when with a "choker collar." The wide brim hats that sweep to the shoulder are much more affected when the throat and shoulder line is left exposed. For evening wear the hats worn are, of course, huge, and aigrettes in abundance are used for their adornment. They are put on at every conceivable angle, but probably the smartest arrangement is to mount them to shoot straight upward in an Indian-like head dress, which may extend around the entire crown or only partially around it at back, front, or side, the preference being shown by the order given. Black aigrettes on white hats, white aigrettes on black hats, but most elegant of all black and white aigrettes on pressed hats that may be white or black. Such a hat may be described as simple, since aigrettes are the only trimming. But it can hardly be anything but costly, considering the quantities of aigrettes used. There is something delightfully light and airy looking about a sweeping hem hat with feathery aigrette grimming.

BOYS' SUIT.

Paris Pattern No. 3301
 All Seams Allowed.
 We illustrate in the accompanying picture one of the pretty modifications of the popular Russian suit. It is really not Russian at all; it is more of a sailor suit. The center of the front is in one long panel from the neck to the hem of the jacket. On each side of this panel is a box pleat which runs to the shoulders, and from this point back the entire garment is plain, the back having only a very little fullness, due to the cut, and held in by a belt. The one ornamental feature of the suit is the large sailor collar. The small sleeves are very slightly gathered at the armhole, and at the wrist is a group of small tucks to confine the fullness. The small knickerbockers worn underneath the jacket give a final touch of manliness to the little suit and thus appeal to any properly constructed boy. These cuts are shown in the shape made of poplin, in white or colors, for dressy wear, and also in linen, duck, galatea and kindergarten cloth. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years. To make the suit in the 4-year size will require 3 yards of material 24 inches wide, with 1/2 yards of contrasting goods 24 inches wide and 4 yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

Sisters Made Oldest Ship's Flag.

What became of the first flag made by Mrs. Ross is not known, but in the National Museum at Washington is the first American flag ever hoisted over a ship of war. It was made in Philadelphia by the Misses Mary and Sarah Austin, who failed to put the thirteen stars in the field of blue, according to the original design. This flag was unfurled by the famous Paul Jones, says the New York Magazine for July.
 After retiring from active service, Capt. Driver settled in Nashville, Tenn., in 1837, and the flag, which had accompanied him to the Pacific, was displayed from the window of his home. At the beginning of the civil war it was fired upon. Then it was kept out of sight until February 27, 1862, when Gen. Nelson appeared at Nashville with a division of the Union army. Capt. Driver presented the flag to the general, to be hoisted on the capitol.
 After the war the original "Old Glory" in 1831 by William Driver, a skipper, hailing from Salem, Mass., and captain of the brig Charles Doggett. Just before leaving Salem for the Southern Pacific Ocean, a young man presented Capt. Driver with a large and beautiful made to order flag. It was a light blue, soft, the captain christened it "Old Glory."
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 After the war the original "Old Glory" was carefully reworked. And on the death of the captain in March, 1886, the flag was presented by the compiler of the Driver Memorial to the Essex Institution, at Salem, Mass., where it is now securely kept.

Refrigerators
 We have an unusually large stock on hand—54 different sizes and styles. Prices begin at \$5.75 for one of fair size and tested reliability.
 Get the things here to make your home comfortable for the summer, and have them charged on an open account if you wish.
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 Name
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 Fill out the numbered coupon and cut out pattern, and enclose it with 10 cents in stamps or coin, addressed to Pattern Department, Washington Herald, Washington, D. C.
TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.
 To rid the house of flies, place pots of nymphettes in the different rooms. Their odor is very distasteful to flies, and they will not remain near them.