AMUSEMENTS.

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Daily Matinees, 25c. Evenings, 25c, 50c, and 75c.
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In "One Night Only." Their New Hit.
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NEXT WEEK—"COLLEGE LIFE," 20 COMEDIANS, SINGERS, AND DANCERS, IN MUSICAL REVELS. NELLIE NICHOLS, GERALD GRIFFIN & CO., &C. BUY SEATS TO-DAY.

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"THE STRANGER"
A Play of Southern Political Life, Love, and Intrigue, with a Vein of Comedy.
To-morrow, Feb. 7 At 4:30 — BUSONI The Celebrated Pianist.
Tickets, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, and 75 cents. Now on sale at Theater.
Chickering Piano Used.

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SAT. (ONLY) MAT. AND NIGHTS, 50c to $2.
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To-night, "Macbeth;" Tues. night, "Taming of the Shrew;" Wed. night, "Hamlet;" Thurs. night, "Macbeth;" Fri. night, "Merchant of Venice;" Sat. mat., "Macbeth;" Sat. night, "Romeo and Juliet."

NEXT WEEK—SEATS NOW.
MRS. LESLIE **CARTER**
In Her Greatest Success,
"TWO WOMEN"
By RUPERT HUGHES.

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Thursday, Feb. 9.
AT 8 P. M.
GRAND OPERA
BY THE
CHICAGO GRAND OPERA COMPANY
THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST
(IN ITALIAN.)
Great Cast, Including WHITE, BASSI, SAMMARCO, DUFRANNE, WARNERY, HUBERDEAU, BRESSLER-GIANOLI, CRABBE.
General Musical Director, CAMPANINI.
Seats Now Selling at Albaugh's Ticket Office, Charles and Fayette streets.
PRICES, $4, $3, $2.

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Continuous Performance.
12:45 to 11 P. M.
Another Big Show This Week.
Fun for All.
BLAKE'S ANIMAL CIRCUS.
RUTAN AND HIS SONG BIRDS.
Held Over by Popular Demand.
And Five Other Big Acts.

GAYETY
ALL THIS WEEK—MATINEE DAILY.
ORIGINAL IN EVERY DETAIL.
THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA
WITH AN ALL-STAR CAST AND AN ALL-STAR BEAUTY CHORUS.
NEXT WEEK ..... GOLDEN CROOK

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ALL THIS WEEK.
Elmer Tenley's
PENNANT WINNERS
The Classiest Show In Burlesque.
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Matinees, 10c; evenings, 10c and 20c.
THE FOUR ALVORDS,
Character Singing and Dancing Melange.
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TWO BIG SHOWS EACH WEEK.
Change Monday and Thursday.

SUPPER AND DANCE
BENEFIT ST. THERESA'S SCHOOL, Anacostia, D. C.
TO-NIGHT.
IN THE SCHOOL BUILDING, V ST., BET. 18TH AND 19TH SE., ANACOSTIA, D. C.
Supper, 5 to 9 p. m. Dancing, 8 to 12 p. m.
ADMISSION, 50c.

MOVING PICTURES.

THE PLAZA
434 NINTH STREET N. W.
12 Noon to 11 p. m.
First Shown
Biographs To-day.
Franklyn Wallace, Jim Harkins, Metropolitan Quartet, in Songs.
5c 5c 5c

HAS NO EQUAL
HARRY CHICK
Soloist.
Voice Like "Tinkling Bells"
VIRGINIA
9th, Between F and G.

You'll enjoy the fine flavor of the cooking at the
Hotel Engel Cafe and Restaurant
Famous for steaks, chops, and salads.
Imported German beers on draft.
New Jersey Ave. and C St.
'Phone Lincoln 71.

Ham in Virginia Style.

From the Philadelphia Star.

In the first place, be sure you have a Virginia ham, which is a far cry from the hams usually sold here. In such cases this is the real way of preparing it:

Wash the ham thoroughly in tepid (not hot) water and scrape clean. Soak over night in tepid (not hot) water, to which enough New Orleans molasses has been added to give a decided flavor. In the morning cover with clear cold water, bring slowly to the boiling point, then simmer from eight to ten hours, according to the size of the ham. If you have a fireless, so much the better, for then the ham needs no attention aside from twice taking out, bringing the water again to the boiling point and returning to the cooker. When tender, let the ham stand in the water in which it was cooked until cold.

Take out, skin, trim neatly, glaze with currant jelly softened by heating, and set in a steady oven for thirty minutes.

Some cooks prefer to coat the ham before setting in the oven with a dressing made from one beaten egg, two spoonfuls brown sugar and rolled bread crumbs or cracker dust beaten together and spread over the surface.

After the ham is put in the pan to bake, a pint of sherry is poured over it and the ham basted with this until the wine is absorbed and the top of the ham well browned.

Largest Morning Circulation.

A SPLENDID HAZARD

By HAROLD MacGRATH

(Copyright, 1910, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

CHAPTER I.

A Memorable Date.

A blurring rain fell upon Paris that day; a rain so fine and cold that it penetrated the soles of men's shoes and their hearts alike, a dispirting drizzle through which the pale, acrid smoke of innumerable wood fires faltered upward from the clustering chimney pots, only to be rent into fragments and beaten down upon the glistening tiles of the mansard roofs. The wide asphalts reflected the horses and carriages and trains and pedestrians in forms grotesque, zigzagging, flitting, amusing, like a shadow play upon a wrinkled, wind-blown curtain. The 16th of June. To Fitzgerald there was something electric in the date, a tingle of that ecstasy which frequently comes into the blood of a man to whom the romance of a great battle is more than its history or its effect upon the destinies of human beings. Many years before, this date had marked the end to a certain hundred days, the eclipse of a sun more dazzling than Rome, in the heyday of her august Caesars, had ever known: Waterloo. A little corporal of artillery; from a cocked hat to a crown, from Corsica to St. Helena: Napoleon.

Fitzgerald, as he pressed his way along the Boulevard des Invalides, his umbrella swaying and snapping in the wind much like the sail of a derelict, could see in fancy that celebrated field whereon this eclipse had been supernally prearranged. He could hear the boom of cannon, the thunder of cavalry, the patter of musketry, now thick, now scattered, and again not unlike the subdued rattle of rain on the bulging silk careening before him. He held the handle of the umbrella under his arm, for the wind had a temper mawling and destructive, and veered into the Place Vauban. Another man, coming with equal haste from the opposite direction, from the entrance of the tomb itself, was also two parts hidden behind an umbrella. The two came together with a jolt as sounding as that of two old crusaders in a friendly joust. Instantly they retreated, lowering their shields.

"I beg your pardon," said Fitzgerald, in French.

"It is of no consequence," replied the stranger, laughing. "This is always a devil of a corner on a windy day." His French had a slight German twist to it.

Briefly they inspected each other, as strangers will, carelessly, with annoyance and amusement interplaying in their eyes and on their lips, all in a trifling moment. Then each raised his hat and proceeded, as tranquilly and unconcernedly as though destiny had no ulterior motive in bringing them thus really together. And yet, when they had passed and disappeared from each other's view, both were struck with the fact that somewhere they had met before.

Fitzgerald went into the tomb, his head bared. The marble underfoot bore the imprint of many shoes and rubbers and hobnails, of all sizes and—mayhap—of all nations. He recollected, with a burn on his cheeks, a sacrilege of his raw and eager youth, some twelve years since; he had forgotten to take off his hat. Never would he forget the embarrassment of that moment when the attendant peremptorily bade him remove it. He, to have forgotten! He, who held Napoleon above all heroes! The shame of it!

To-day many old soldiers were gathered meditatively round the heavy circular railing. They were always drawn hither on memorable anniversaries. Their sires and grandsires had carried some of those tattered flags, had won them. The tides of time might ebb and flow, but down there, in his block of Siberian porphyry, slept the hero. There were some few tourists about this afternoon, muttering over their guide books, when nothing is needed on this spot but the imagination; and that solemn quiet of which the tomb is ever jealous pressed down sadly upon the living. Through the yellow panes at the back of the high altar came a glow suggesting sunshine, baffling the drab of the sky outside; and down in the crypt itself the misty blue was as effective as moonshine.

Napoleon had always been Fitzgerald's ideal hero; but he did not worship him blindly; no. He knew him to have been a brutal, domineering man, unscrupulous in politics, to whom woman was either a temporary toy or a stepping-stone, not overparticular whether she was a dairy maid or an Austrian princess; in fact, a rascal, but a great, inventive, splendid, courageous one, the kind which nature calls forth every score of years to purge her breast of the petty rascals, to the benefit of mankind in general. Notwithstanding that he was a rascal, there was an inextinguishable glamour about the man against which the bolts of truth, history, letters, biographers broke ineffectually. Oh, but he had shaken up all Europe; he had made precious kings rattle in their shoes; he had redrawn a hundred maps; and men had laughed as they died for him. It is something for a rascal to have evolved the Code Napoleon. What a queer satisfaction it must be, even at this late day, nearly a hundred years removed, to any Englishman, standing above this crypt, to recollect that upon English soil the Great Shadow had never set his iron heel!

Near to Fitzgerald stood an elderly man and a girl. The old fellow was a fine type of manhood; perhaps in the sixties, white-haired, and the ruddy enamel on his cheeks spoke eloquently of sea changes and many angles of the sun. There was a button in the lapel of his coat, and from this Fitzgerald assumed that he was a naval officer, probably retired.

The girl rested upon the railing, her hands folded, and dreamily her gaze wandered from trophy to trophy; from the sarcophagus to the encircling faces, from one window to another, and again to the porphyry beneath. And Fitzgerald's gaze wandered, to. For the girl's face was of that mold which invariably draws first the eye of a man, then his intellect, then his heart, and sometimes all three at once. The face was as lovely as a rose of Taormina. Dark brown were her eyes, dark brown was her hair. She was tall and lithe, too, with the subtle hint of the woman. There were good taste and sense in her garments. A bunch of Parma violets was pinned against her breast.

"A well-bred girl," was the grateful spectator's silent comment. "No new money there. I wish they'd send more of them over here. But it appears that, with few exceptions, only freaks can afford to travel."

Between Fitzgerald and the girl was a veteran. He had turned eighty if a day. His face was powder-blown, an empty sleeve was folded across his breast and the medal of the Legion of Honor fell over the sleeve. As the girl and her elderly escort, presumably her father, turned about to leave, she unpinned the flowers and offered them impulsively to the aged hero.

"Take these, mon brave," she said, lightly; "you have fought for France."

The old man was confused and his faded eyes filled. "For me, mademoiselle?"

"Surely!"

"Thanks, mademoiselle, thanks! I saw him when they brought him back from St. Helena, and the Old Guard waded out into the Seine. These were days. Thanks, mademoiselle; an old soldier salutes you." And the time-bent, withered form grew tall.

Fitzgerald cleared his throat, for just then something hard had formed there. Why, God bless her! She was the kind of a girl who became the mother of soldiers.

With her departure his present interest here began to wane. He wondered who she might be and what part of his native land she adorned when not gracing European capitals. Well, this was no time for mooning. He had arrived from London the day preceeding, and was leaving for Corfu on the morrow, and perforce he must crowd many things into this short grace of time. He was only moderately fond of Paris as a city; the cafes and restaurants and theaters amused him, to be sure; but he was always hunting for romance here and never finding it. The Paris of his Dumas and Leloir no longer existed. In one way or another, the Louvre did not carry him back to the beloved days; he could not rouse his fancy to such height that he could see D'Artagnan ruffling it on the stair case, or Porthos sporting a gold baldric, which was only leather, under his cloak. So then, the tomb of Napoleon and the articles of clothing and warfare which had belonged to him and the toys of the poor little King of Rome were far more to him than all the rest of Paris put together. These things of the first great empire were tangible, visible, close to the touch of his hand. Therefore, never he came to Paris that he failed to visit the tomb and the two museums.

To-day his sight-seeing ended in the hall of Turenne, before the souvenirs of the Duc de Reichstadt, so called the King of Rome. Poor, little lead soldiers, tarnished and broken; what a pathetic history! Abused, ignored, his childish aspirations trampled on, the name and glory of his father made sport of; worried as cruel children worry a puppy; tantalized; hoping against hope that this night or the next his father would dash in at the head of the Old Guard and take him back to Paris. A plaything for Metternich! Who can gaze upon these little toys without a thrill of pity?

"Poor little codger!" Fitzgerald murmured aloud.

"Yes, yes!" agreed a voice in good English over his shoulder; "who will ever realize the misery of that boy?"

Fitzgerald at once recognized his jousting opponent of the previous hour. Further, this second appearance refreshed his memory. He knew now where he had met the man; he even recalled his name.

"Are you not Karl Breitmann?" he asked, with directness.

"Yes. And you are—let me think. Yes; I have it. You are the American correspondent, Fitzgerald."

"And we met in Macedonia during the Greek war?"

"Right. And you and I, with a handful of other scribblers, slept that night under the same tent."

"By George!"

"I did not recall you when we bumped a while ago; but once I had gone by you, your face became singularly familiar."

"Funny, isn't it?" And Fitzgerald took hold of the extended hand. "The sight of these toys always gets into my heart."

"Into mine also. Who can say what might have been had they not crushed out the great spirit lying dormant in his little soul? I saw Bernhardt and Coquelin recently in 'L'Aiglon.' Ah, but they play it! It drove me here to-day. But this three-cornered hat holds me longest," with a quick gesture toward the opposite wall. "Can't you see the lean face under it, the dark eyes, the dark hair falling upon his collar? What thoughts have run riot under this piece of felt? The brain, the brain! A lieutenant at this time; a short, wiry, cold-blooded youngster, but dreaming the greatest dream in the world!"

Fitzgerald smiled. "You are an enthusiast like myself."

"Who wouldn't be who has visited every battlefield, who has spent days wandering about Corsica, Elba, St. Helena? But you?"

"My word, I have done the same things."

They exchanged smiles.

"What written tale can compare with this living one?" continued Breitmann, his eyes brilliant, his voice eager and the tone rich. "Ah! How many times have I berated the day I was born! To have lived in that day, to have been a part of that bewildering war panorama—from Toulon to Waterloo! Pardon; perhaps I bore you?"

"By George, no! I'm as bad, if not worse. I shall never forgive one of my forbears for serving under Wellington."

"Nor I one of mine for serving under Blucher!"

They laughed aloud this time. It is always pleasant to meet a person who waxes enthusiastic over the same things as one's self. And Fitzgerald was drawn toward this comparative stranger, who was not ashamed to speak from his heart. They drifted into a long conversation, and fought a dozen battles, compared this general and that, and built fancies upon what the outcome would have been had Napoleon won at Waterloo. This might have gone on indefinitely had not the patient attendant finally dandled his keys and yawned over his watch. It was 4 o'clock, and they had been talking for a full hour. They exchanged cards, and Fitzgerald, with his usual disregard of convention, invited Breitmann to dine with him that evening at the Meurice.

He selected a table by the window, dining at 7:30 o'clock. Breitmann was prompt. In evening clothes there was something distinctive about the man. Fitzgerald, who was himself a wide traveler and a man of the world, instantly saw and was agreeably surprised that he had asked a gentleman to dine. Fitzgerald was no cad; he would have been just as much interested in Breitmann had he arrived in a cutaway sack. But chance acquaintances, as a rule, are rudimental experiments.

They sat down. Breitmann was full of surprises; and as the evening wore on, Fitzgerald remembered having seen Breitmann's name at the foot of big newspaper stories. The man had traveled everywhere, spoke five languages, had been a war correspondent, a sailor in the South Seas, and heaven knew what else. He had ridden camels and polo ponies in the Sudan; he had been shot in the Graeco-Turkish war, shortly after his having met Fitzgerald; he had played a part in the recent Spanish-American, and had fought against the English in the Transvaal.

"And now I am resting," he concluded, turning his shamberlin round and round, giving the effect of a cluster of rubies on the table linen. "And all my adventures have been as profitable as these," indebted for the moment to the phantom rubies. "But it's all a great stage, whether you play behind the wings or before the lights. I am thirty-eight; into twenty of those years I have crowded a century."

"You don't look it."

"Ah, one does not need to dissipate to live quickly. The life I have led has kept me in health and vigor. But you? You are not a man who travels without gaining material."

"I have had a few adventures, something like yours, only not so widely diversified. I wrote some successful short stories about China once. I have had some good sport, too, here and there."

"You live well for a newspaper correspondent," suggested Breitmann, nodding at the bottle of twenty-eight-year-old Burgundy.

"Oh, it's a habit we Americans have," amiably. "We rough it for a few months on bacon and liver, and then turn our attention to truffles and old wines and Cabanas at two-francs-fifty. We are collectively a good sort of vagabond. I have a little besides my work; not much, but enough to loaf on when no newspaper or magazine cares to pay my expenses in Europe. Anyhow I prefer this work to staying home to be hampered by intellectual boundaries. My vest will never reach the true proportions which would make me successful in politics."

"You are luckier than I am," Breitmann replied. He sipped his wine slowly and with relish. How long was it since he had tasted a good chambertin?

Perhaps Fitzgerald had noticed it when Breitmann came in. The latter's velvet collar was worn; there was a suspicious gloss at the elbows; the cuff buttons were of cheap metal; his fingers were without rings. But the American readily understood. There are lean years and fat years in journalism, and he himself had known them. For the present this man was a little down on his luck; that was all.

A party came in and took the near table. There were four—two elderly men, an elderly woman, and a girl. Fitzgerald, as he side-glanced, was afforded a shiver of pleasure. He recognized the girl. It was she who had given the flowers to the veteran.

"That is a remarkably fine young woman," said Breitmann, echoing Fitzgerald's thought.

The waiter opened the champagne.

"Yes. I saw her give some violets this afternoon to an old soldier in the tomb. It was a pretty scene."

"Well," said Breitmann, raising his glass, "a pretty woman and a bottle!"

It was the first jarring note, and Fitzgerald frowned.

"Pardon me," added Breitmann, observing the impression he had made, smiling, and when he smiled the student slashes in his cheeks weren't so noticeable. "What I should have said is, a good woman and a good bottle. For what greater delight than to sip a rare vintage with a woman of beauty and intellect opposite? One glass is enough to loose her laughter, her wit, her charm. Bah! A man who knows how to drink his wine, a woman who knows when to laugh, a story-teller who stops when his point is told—these trifles add a little color as we pass. Will you drink to my success?"

"In what?" with Yankee caution.

"In whatever the future sees fit to place under my hand."

"With pleasure! And by the same token you will wish me the same?"

"Gladly!"

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

A Dressmaking Hint.

In stitching the work drops over the machine and often is dragged into the wheel. A plain cretonne curtain, tacked just under the shelf or table of the machine, helps wonderfully with this trouble. Tacks must not be left out to catch on the work.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

MORNING CHIT-CHAT.

"AS the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."

I wonder if any truer application of that old adage can be made than to a child's reading.

Start a child to reading some of the really fine books written for children, and some of the really fine books not written especially for children, but simple enough to interest them, and by and by you will have a grown man or woman capable of enjoying—not just reading because he ought to—but capable of enjoying good literature.

Leave a child to read indiscriminately upon a predigested diet of the average harmless but valueless child's book, and by and by you will have a man or woman with a weakened literary digestion, capable of enjoying nothing heartier than the current novel or the average magazine.

And yet how many parents keep a really careful oversight of their children's reading?

I don't mean merely a censorious oversight, that says, "Do not read this or that," but a constructive, suggestive oversight that says, "Why don't you get this or that book out of the library? I'm sure you will like it."

I have occasionally been asked by mothers who do seem to feel this responsibility to give them a list of good books for children to read, and for them and for the benefit of any other mothers who may be awakened to this responsibility, I submit the following little list.

It is compiled with the assistance of several excellent children's librarians. It contains books suitable for children from five to sixteen years, but does not, of course, claim to be exhaustive, only suggestive. Any one who wishes to give a child books at any time might find the list valuable, as they are all books worth owning.

Louisa Alcott—Little Men, Little Women, Under the Lilacs. (These three books are considered far and away her best.)
Defoe—Robinson Crusoe.
Wyss—Swiss Family Robinson.
Eggleston—Hoosier Schoolboy.
E. E. Hale—Man Without a Country.
Hughes—Tom Brown's School Days, Tom Brown at Oxford.
Kipling—Jungle Book, Captains Courageous.
Stevenson—Child's Garden Verse, Treasure Island, Kidnapped.
Mark Twain—Tom Sawyer, The Prince and the Pauper, Huckleberry Finn.
Cowper—Last of the Mohicans, Leather Stocking Tales.
Cervantes—Don Quixote.
Burnett—Little Lord Fauntleroy, The Little Princess.
Wiggin—Polly Oliver's Problem, Birds' Christmas Carol.
Sydney—The Five Little Pepper Series. (Earlier ones.)
Swift—Gulliver's Travels.
Aesop's Fables.
Scott—Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, Quentin Durward, The Talisman.
Dickens—David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickleby, Old Curiosity Shop, Tale of Two Cities, Christmas Carol.
Selections from Les Miserables.
Lamb—Tales from Shakespeare.
Aldrich—The Story of a Bad Boy.
Hamlin Garland—The Long Trail.
Hawthorne—Tanglewood Tales, Wonderbook.
Ruskin—King of the Golden River.
Bible for Young People. (Century publishers.)
Bunyan—Pilgrim's Progress.
Arabian Nights.
Anderson and Grimm—Fairy Tales.
Carroll—Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Through the Looking Glass.
Mrs. Gaskell—Cranford.
Helen Hunt Jackson—Ramona.
Barbour—For the Honor of the School.
Macleod—The Book of King Arthur and His Noble Knights.
Lew Wallace—Ben-Hur.
Van Dyke—The First Christmas Tree.
Kingsley—Water Babies.
Bulwer Lytton—Last Days of Pompeii.

RUTH CAMERON.

MENUS AND RECIPES.

To-day's Menu.

BREAKFAST.
Fruit
Cereal — Sugar and Cream
Fried Smelts — Sauce Tartare
Broiled Potatoes
Muffins — Coffee

DINNER.
Clear Soup
Roast Mutton — Currant Jelly
Boiler Rice — Okra and Tomatoes
Escarole — French Dressing
Wafers — Cheese
Pineapple Ice Cream
Coffee.

SUPPER.
Egg Salad — Ham Sandwiches
Bavarian Cream — Sponge Cake
Coffee

Recipes.

Sauce Tartare—Te serve with the smelts take one cupful of mayonnaise. Chop very fine two tablespoonfuls of cucumber pickles, press dry, and mix with one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Pound to a paste and blend with the mayonnaise.

Pineapple Ice Cream—Use any good recipe for ice cream. To it add, when almost frozen, one cupful of grated or finely chopped canned pineapple for each quart of the cream.

Mourning Neckwear.

From the Philadelphia Star.

White crepe Dutch collars, with a double fold of crepe at the edge.

The same with the border of black crepe instead of white.

Turnover stocks, the foundation tucked linen, the turnovers the edge of a mourning handkerchief.

Turnovers where a white embroidered handkerchief has been done over in black and then made into stock and jabot.

White lawn jabots, held in place by two black crocheted rings, like shade rings.

Stiff collars of black pique, with a white border connected by a row of fagoting.

The same style, all in white, with black hemstitching between collar and border.

Black silk Dutch collars, moire or grosgrain, veiled by black chiffon stitched in plain folds.

White crepe collars, with applied bands of black moire silk, about half an inch from the border.

Pork Tenderloin, Cucumber Sauce.

From the Philadelphia Star.

To make this delicacy in a chafing dish, put one level tablespoonful of butter in a hot water pan. When melted and bubbling put in one rounded tablespoonful of green cucumber cubes or sour apples, tossing lighting in the butter. Add one saltspoonful of salt and a quarter saltspoonful of pepper and cook slowly over the flame. Put one level tablespoonful of butter into the chop pan; let it get very hot and brown. Pepper the tenderloin, put quickly in the browned butter with a saltspoonful of salt. Add to the cucumber sauce a level tablespoonful of flour, and when "bubbly" pour in one-half cupful of gravy or veal or chicken stock. Add one cupful of hot water or milk and water and cook until thickened. Push the chops to one side of the dish and put in one level tablespoonful of flour. Stir until thickened, then add the sauce gradually to the chops. Pickles may be substituted for the green cucumbers.

Gift for Engaged Girl.

A very pretty gift to give either an engaged girl or one who is going to Europe is underwear straps made of narrow strips of scrim, or scrim belting by the yard can also be used. Each strip is about ten inches long and two or three inches wide. There are six or eight of these, each having the name of an article of underwear, such as shirts, gowns, skirts, &c., done in cross-stitch, in a dainty color of silk. A simple scallop is crocheted around the edges of the strip in silk, the same as used in the cross-stitch. Each strap is then lined with ribbon the color of the silk, the ends of the ribbon extending far enough in length to allow for tying the underwear together with a bow.

S. KANN SONS & CO.
8th St. & Pa. Ave.
"THE BUSY CORNER"

"OXYDIZED" PONGEES
Entirely new process in cloth finishing.
Beautiful texture. Unparalleled, permanent luster.
Actual value, 25c yd.
Guaranteed sun-proof. Guaranteed soap-proof.
Every yard guaranteed by the manufacturer.
Sale price, **19c yd.**

In a collection of a thousand different kinds of dress fabrics these OXYDIZED PONGEES would attract your attention. They are so pretty—and so distinctive. They have the qualities that immediately attract the attention of careful, discriminating dressers. The width—32 inches—insures economical cutting of the material. A rare line of shades is offered for so good an underprice purchase:

Helio,	Tan,	Navy,	Light Blue,
Silver,	Steel,	Pink,	Cream,
Nile,	Brown,	Gobelin,	Garnet,
Champagne,	Copenhagen,	Lilac,	Black.

First Floor—Bargain Tables.

SHOP TALK FOR MONDAY'S REAL BARGAIN HUNTERS

By DOROTHY AVERY HOWARD.

One of the very nattiest little frocks seen for many a day is a spring model shown by a French shop located near Twelfth and F streets. It is just the thing to wear now at Palm Beach or other resorts where the air is balmy and the sky is blue—the places where fashion's favorites flit this time of year to be amused. The material is a cream serge, and is designed on the straight lines, which are so becoming to most women, giving that slenderness to the average figure which savors of youth, even if youth is developing toward middle-age and embonpoint. Mind you, I say developing—the present participle—not the past perfect tense. The empire waist line gives another youthful touch to this gown which has three bias tucks confining the fullness at either side just under the arm holes.

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A Dutch collar and turn back cuffs of red satin, braided all over in white soutache braid, furnishes a bright bit of color which is further brought out in square medallions of the same forming a buckle at the waist and another near the bottom of the skirt in front, a narrow sash of black satin being run through the two. A black satin hem finishes the skirt, and straps of the black appear at the neck, while from the collar to the bottom of the skirt the dress is fastened with big round white pearl buttons, having eyes of red satin. Can't you just imagine how very jaunty is this little gown for spring?

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One of the best things I have found lately in my round of the shops is a linen towel adorned with an embroidered design and an initial worked above it, which sells for 50 cents in the household linen department of a big shop in F street. A damask towel with just the embroidered initial sells for the same price. These are exceptional values—indeed, I do not think I have ever seen such things before for a half-dollar. As this is not a regular value, but a special price, you housekeepers who like pretty things but cannot make them yourselves should avail yourselves of this opportunity to buy them cheap.

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Women's knit underwear—the celebrated Merode brand—is reduced to half price in a well-known ready-to-wear shop in F street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth.

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Men's $2 shirts are cut to $1 at a haberdasher's in G street, near Fourteenth. One to two dollar neckwear is reduced to 50 cents in the same shop.

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A smart shoe store located in F street, near the corner of Tenth street, is now advertising its high-class footwear for much less than the regular prices. A pair of buckskin boots made all in one piece except for the fly for the buttonholes, and of the quality that will wear well, is now reduced from $7 to $5 a pair. Five-dollar shoes are now marked $4, and other equally good things may be found here at this time.

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Very dainty handkerchiefs of pure linen, with pastel borders, and initials embroidered in a wreath in one corner, are priced at 25 cents each in an exclusive shop in F street, near the corner of Thirteenth, which is known for its new ideas in all kinds of women's wear.

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A sale of crex rugs in a department store in Seventh street, near K, to-day means a saving of a good deal on the usual price of these popular matting rugs used in so many houses. A 9 by 15 rug, which sells usually at $10, is marked for to-day at $8.50, while the smaller sizes are marked even less in proportion. Mattings by the yard are also marked at special prices, among them the 35 and 40 cent Japanese goods being reduced to 25 cents.

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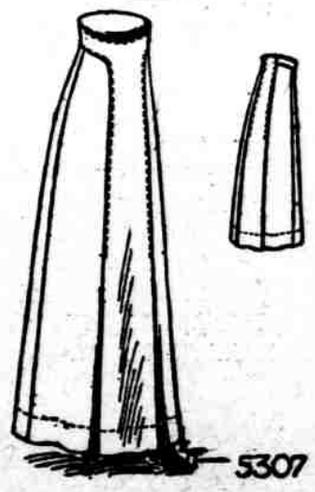
A showing of spring tailored suits by a Seventh street shop, between D and E streets, will attract many women who are tired of wearing their winter clothes, and want to buy a light-weight suit and get the good out of it before the warm days put in an appearance. Suits well tailored and in the correct spring styles are shown here at $19.50, $25.00, $29.50, and $32.50.

FASHION HINT.



SIX GORE EMPIRE SKIRT.

The stylish Empire skirt is now worn by every one. The illustration shows a graceful adaptation of this style. Front and girdle are cut in one and the long panel in the back extends in an unbroken line to the hem of the skirt. The two gores at each side are shaped to the figure by the seam which joins them.

This would be a very handsome skirt made of fine broadcloth, of satin, vicuna or other fabric of soft but firm texture.

The pattern, No. 1357, is cut in sizes 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Medium size requires three and three-eighths yards of 36 inch material.

The above pattern can be obtained by sending ten cents to the office of this paper.

Women Parasites? Certainly Not!

From the Philadelphia Star.

Should domestic, home-making women of the "middle class" be regarded as self-supporting and helpful to their husbands, or are they wholly supported by the men and a burden upon them?

Mrs. Jessica G. Finch, who runs a high-toned girls' school in New York, declares there is a certain common type of the American wife who is frightfully artificial and without sympathy for her husband or sense of responsibility, and can only be described as parasitic. She includes most women of the great "middle class." Well, there may be some. There may be some husbands, too. There are whole families that are nothing but parasites upon society.

But with all respect for Mrs. Finch's high-faluting notion, just stop and think a minute. If housekeeping does not pay, then the domestic woman earns nothing. If home-making does not pay, then the wife is not self-supporting. If the raising of children counts for nothing, then the wife and mother is a parasite.

But think again. If the home and its influences were taken out of our civilization for a single generation, we would revert to savagery. All the mighty works of man, that he brags so much about and that "pay" so well, would turn to swift decay.

We hear a lot about "self-made" men. But the "self-made" man who really amounts to much is generally ready to admit that he is not self-made but mother-made. It would be hard to convince any real man that the mother who gave him health, character, and high vision was a parasite. The busy husband who finds his home a haven of rest and a fountain of inspiration, cannot look upon his wife, who makes that home, as unworthy of her keep or as not contributing her share. It is a safe bet that there are more husbands who fail properly to appreciate their wives' helpfulness than there are wives who are parasites.

A Lovely Frock.

From the Columbian.

These mid-season frocks have the same straight, slim lies with little surplice bodices above a high sash or girdle which were noticeable in the earlier costumes. From Callot has come one of the sweetest little debutante frocks of the year—a dancing frock patterned after a little morning costume worn by the Empress Josephine in the days when Napoleon was first capitivated by her slim lowliness. Josephine's dress—like all the costumes of those days—was very thin and very, very transparent and was so narrow and straight that it revealed the slender, rounded limbs beneath with the frankness of a veiled statute; but, of course, the Callot reproduction is more in keeping with the customs of later times. Here is the quaint little high-waisted frock with long sleeves to the wrist and a perfectly straight, narrow skirt, but this little frock, made of very fine pure white lace, falls over an equally straight, narrow slip of pale pink satin. Around the high waistline, reaching from just beneath the bust to almost the natural waistline, is a broad girdle of the pink rose buds, and at the back sash ends fall from this girdle to just below the hip.

Truly no girl or matron need lack the possession of a pretty scarf for evening wear, for bordered chiffon in the daintiest of backgrounds, printed in the prettiest designs and colorings, may be bought for 25 cents a yard, while triangular ends in above the same styles.