AS SEEN BY A WASHINGTON WOMAN

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Without comment, simply as a matter of figures, a recent expert shows that, whereas the women of our own land call for more stockings of sizes 9 and 9½ than of any other size the women of the Latin-American lands to the South of us demand hosiery from one and a half to two sizes smaller. And added to this is the fact, proved by figures, that the average size of stockings worn by American women is larger now than ever before.

Yes, it is an uncontrovertible fact that American women are passing out of the class of the fairy footed, and the time when we could look with amazement at the size of the hands and feet of our English cousins is no more. But who cares for a size more or less if the foot is of good shape and proportion? Our women now are taller and of better build generally; they are more athletic and of greater powers of endurance than they were a generation or so ago. So why should we bewail the tendency that shows that their feet have kept pace with the other members of their bodies?

Chiropodists and shoe dealers tell us that the craze for dancing brought about a demand for larger shoes—not because dancing actually enlarged the feet, but that it made necessary shoes that permitted freedom of motion. And with the present vogue for skating, which we are told is having an effect on almost every detail of woman's attire, there will be no return of the tendency to wear stockings too small for comfort.

—

Beware the oyster that is white and plump! For, according to recent health investigations, these good-looking bivalves may not be naturally plump and juicy at all. They may simply be water-soaked by the unscrupulous tradesman who seeks in this way to augment his profits on selling oysters. And the worst thing about this new phase of food adulteration is that no one but a chemical expert can tell the difference between an oyster that is pleasingly plump, because nature and favorable surroundings made it so, and the poor, measly little specimen that has been water-soaked into his present prosperous condition. The only thing to do, it would seem, is to deal with oyster dealers whom we can trust and who are too honest to take part in this recently exposed dishonest practice.

MARY MARSHALL.

HOUSEWIVES DAILY ECONOMY CALENDAR

By FRANCES MARSHALL.

FAVORS TO MAKE.

Every hostess has innumerable occasions for the use of pretty place favors, and it is a lucky hostess indeed who always has on hand either ideas for the quick making of attractive favors or the favors themselves.

There are so many lovely things that can be made of crepe paper, that nobody need be at a loss for favors simply because of their expense. For made of crepe paper they are decidedly inexpensive.

Easiest to make are paper-covered fluted paper patty cases. The cases can be bought for a small sum, and then crepe paper in the desired color should be cut in narrow strips, fastened neatly around the patty cases in one, two or even three ruffles, and tied with colored ribbon. The addition of a little bunch of paper flowers under the bow of ribbon adds to the attractiveness of the baskets, and a handle, made of wire, covered with a twist of paper, can also be added.

There are also the tiny crocheted baskets, made of crochet cotton, and stiffened in equal parts of raw starch and granulated sugar, dissolved in lukewarm water. These are very pretty, and cost only a few cents, and to the woman who knows how to do thread crochet they are easy to make.

These, like the baskets made of crepe paper, are for holding bon bons and nuts, and the crochet baskets can have the handles run with ribbon of the color of the other decorations.

Flowers always make lovely favors In the winter, a single rose at each plate at dinner, with a pin whereby it may be pinned to the frock, is a worthy favor. Of course a bunch of violets is an even lovelier favor, and also a much more expensive one.

Tiny flower holders of glass—they can be bought in pretty shapes for as little as 5 cents each—are also dainty favors. Each should hold a few flowers, and the holders, as well as the flowers, are for the guests to keep if they wish to.

Small candlesticks in glass or brass, each holding a burning candle, are also pretty favors, that add much to the attractive appearance of the table. One stands burning before each plate.

(Copyright, 1916.)

FAMOUS WOMAN, HER BIRTHDAY AND YOURS

By MARY MARSHALL

January 8—Emma Booth Tucker, Mrs. Julia Glover.

Almost a hundred years apart were the birthdays of the two most famous birthday patronesses of January 8. Eva Booth Tucker was born in 1860 and Julia Glover was born in 1779.

Julia Glover was the daughter of an actor named Betterton or Butterton, and when she was about ten years old she began to play youthful parts with her father's company. He was a stern father, it is said, and domineered over all his life, taking her earnings, and finally selling her for some thousand pounds—which, by the way, was never paid—to Samuel Glover, whom she married when she was twenty-one.

Julia Glover went through most of the famous parts of her day. She played much Shakespeare and it is said that she excelled in middle-aged, cheerful parts. She was so successful that she was called the "mother of the stage," but her life was never happy, for her husband, as well as her father, was brutal to her.

She was plump—she was even called "monstrously fat"—and she had a most wonderful memory—two things emphasized by her biographers. Far different was the life of Eva Booth Tucker. She was born the daughter of Gen. William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, and she was married to Commander Booth Tucker. Her active work among the poor and needy endeared her to thousands of people, and when she was killed in a wreck a few years ago her death was mourned throughout the world.

(Copyright, 1916.)

TOMORROW'S MENU.

"Bad men live that they may eat and drink, whereas good men eat and drink that they may live."—Socrates.

BREAKFAST.

Grapefruit.
Cereal and Cream.
Broiled Bacon.
Waffles. Coffee.

DINNER.

Oyster Cocktails.
Roast Beef.
Stuffed Sweet Potatoes.
Asparagus Tips.
Lettuce Salad.
Orange Ice Cream.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.

Ham Patties.
Cinnamon Toast.
Cream Cheese.

Waffles—Sift three teaspoonfuls of baking powder with a cupful and three-quarters of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Gradually add a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and then fold in the yolks and whites of two eggs, beaten separately. Cook on waffle irons and serve with honey or maple syrup.

Orange ice cream—Mix equal parts of orange juice and cream, sweeten to taste, and freeze. Serve with diced oranges, sweetened and chilled, around the ice cream.

Ham patties—Moisten a cupful of breadcrumbs and two cupfuls of cold minced ham with milk. Put into muffin pans or ramekins; break an egg into each, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, brown and serve.

PRACTICAL HEALTH TALKS

By Lillian Whitney, M.D.

Dr. Whitney's popular articles on health and beauty subjects in several leading magazines have been attracting marked attention for a number of years. No other writer on similar topics is better equipped for the work, for Dr. Whitney has established an enviable reputation as a specialist and is endowed with the ability to make herself easily understood by her readers. She will answer all letters relating to her department as promptly as possible. All letters should be accompanied by a stamped envelope and should be addressed care of this paper.

Nerve Tire.

The French were formerly considered the nervous race of the world. One spoke of the phlegmatic German, the stolid English, and the hysterical French. Today the American has usurped the Frenchman's claim to this unenviable title, and not only do we hold the world's championship in this respect, but we as a nation are rapidly developing into a race of irritable, ill-mannered nervous cranks. The various manifestations of these conditions are exhibited by the hurrying throngs wherever Americans gather, and foreigners sojourning in our land soon lose their look of serenity and their good manners in the necessity of keeping up with the American pace.

There is no question that we are the pacemakers of the world, but our nerves, and notably our looks suffer horribly in consequence. This is especially true of the wage-earners, upon whom the greater burden falls. Not so many years ago one heard a good deal about "neurasthenia;" it was a term used in season and out for every functional nervous trouble in the calendar. As this word is now understood, there are few neurasthenics compared with the masses who suffer from nerve tire (which seems to be a chronic state among us).

Evidences of nerve tire are seen all around us. Few awaken in the morning refreshed from the night's slumbers, bright, thoroughly alert and eager for the joy of another day's toil; instead of this delightful response of the nervous system to a perfectly healthy impulse, the jaded nerves must be whipped into action. Hot food is required to start the internal machinery, and after considerable effort the lagging body is started on its weary way.

In the majority of cases, the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, and these are they who, despite every warning, go on until the nervous system breaks down completely and further effort of any kind is unbearable. Nature never fails to send out indications when it is being abused, although it is amazing the amount of abuse that can be tolerated. It makes us wonder what kind of beings we would be were our condition one of perfect health. Every man and every woman would be radiantly attractive in one way or another.

There is an indescribable fascination about a physically perfect being, one in whom all the functions of the body are performed with unconscious ease, leaving a surplus of radiant health to be felt and in a measure absorbed by those lesser mortals fortunate enough to experience the charm of such a presence. Some one exclaims, "But this is the superman or the superwoman," as the case may be. Very true, they are the rarer exceptions; few have such health and many of us were marred in the making. But no matter, given what material we have to work upon, every man and every woman could improve physically and thereby in attractiveness if a conscious effort were made to attain results.

What would you have—a nerve-racked body, weary in mind and soul, or one dependent upon a healthy nervous system that does your bidding without fatigue? Choose!

A word before I close this article to the busy woman of the value of ten to fifteen minutes' complete rest and relaxation during th day. It is one of the greatest beautifiers. No matter what the demands upon one's time may be, it is economy in the long run to shut oneself away from everything for fifteen minutes during the afternoon. It may be a difficult habit to acquire in the beginning, but the results, in the sense of calm and subsequent grasp and hold upon things that follow, soon make the habit a necessity, to say nothing of the improved complexion, disappearance of lines and wrinkles, clearness of the eyes and brightness of disposition that succeed these tranquil moments.

Answers to Queries.

Help Wanted: An ingrown toe nail may reach such a stage that only the surgeon's knife can bring relief. If yours has not advanced to this degree, lift the nail from the bed of flesh and gently slip under it a small bit of absorbent cotton which you have first dipped into a solution of silver nitrate (40 per cent). This solution will blacken the flesh and nail (and everything else it touches), but it will reduce the inflamation. The nail must be kept raised from the flesh by packing cotton under it until it is well.

(Copyright, 1916.)

HOROSCOPE.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Saturday, January 8, 1916.

Astrologers read this as an unimportant day, but the stars are mainly adverse. While Mercury is faintly helpful, Mars and Sun are in malefic aspect.

It is a fairly good direction under which to balance accounts or to seek publicity.

Writers come under a rule of the planets, which is read as helpful to those who treat serious subjects. Fiction continues to be directed by evil stars, but a new romance will gain extraordinary popularity next month.

This month carries ominous signs for both Germany and England. Royalty is under a sway that is read as threatening to health and power.

Several weeks of exceedingly severe weather are foreshadowed and agriculturists may suffer heavy losses to crops and stock.

The prevalence of skin diseases is prognosticated and the public is warned to exercise precautions against infection.

A disaster near Leadville, Colorado, is prophesied by a western astrologer.

Fires in places of amusement again are forecast. Railway accidents also will be more numerous than usual.

Another crisis in the Parliament of Great Britain is probable within the next fortnight.

Canada has a business outlook that is vefy favorable for the spring. Manufacturing comes under good influences.

The eclipse of the sun next month is read as foreshadowing continued warfare, earthquakes, famine and robbery. Columbia and Venezuela have a most threatening outlook. China and Japan, also, will be seriously disturbed.

The planets presage the rise of many new heroes in the United States. The older public gods have little hope of revived popularity.

Persons whose birthdate it is have a year of stress before them, but they should be able to maintain moderate progress in business affairs.

Children born on this day may be self-willed and fond of material pleasures. Boys are likely to have reverses in business life. These subjects of Capricorn have Saturn as their principal ruling planet.

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Will Not Use Brick After All.

The brick controversy between Secretary of the Interior Lane and designers of the new home of the Interior Department regarding the material to be used in putting up the structure is at an end. Neither the warm gray-colored brick called for in the original specifications nor the red brick desired by Mr. Lane will be used. It will not be brick at all. Officials have decided to end the dispute by employing light limestone.

A method has been invented by a Russian artist for painting several theatrical scenes on the same canvas, the pictures changing as the light thrown on them is changed.

SOCIETY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX.

o'clock, and will be assisted by Mrs. Kate Waller Barrett, Mrs. Arthur Ramsay, Mrs. Edmond Hamilton, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. George E. Tower, Mrs. John N. Culbertson, Mrs. Archibald McLachlin, Mrs. Norman N. Hill, Mrs. P. Edwin Dye, Mrs. Albert Dillie, Mrs. William C. Woodward, Mrs. M. A. Winter, Miss Winter, Mrs. Anson Rogers Tracy, Mrs. Ella S. Knight, Mrs. J. Edson Briggs, Miss Flora Briggs, Mrs. Walter Hamilton, Miss Katherine Cissel, Mrs. Clayton E. Emig, Mrs. William B. Todd, Miss Cecelia Todd, Miss Helen Todd, Miss Elizabeth Warman, Mrs. S. Russell Bowen, Mrs. Henry T. Rainey, of Illinois; Miss Carrie E. Rogers, Mrs. Edward Dana Hardy, Miss Cornelia Heartt Hill, Mrs. James Wright Clarke, Miss Burnina Clarke, Miss Daisy Clarke, Mrs. Matthew Trimble, Mrs. Appleton P. Clark, jr., Mrs. George Howard, Miss Howard, Mrs. Otis Joel Rogers, Miss Virginia Cull, Mrs. R. E. Lowe, Mrs. R. H. McNeill, Dr. Helen F. Perkins, Mrs. R. V. Hellams, and Mrs. MacAllester.

—

Mrs. Beverly Randolph Mason will be at home today and the following Saturdays in January and February at 1906 Florida avenue.

—

Mrs. Charles C. Rossire, jr., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Burrell, at their home in Cleveland Park.

—

Mrs. A. C. Downing and the Misses Downing were at home yesterday afternoon for the first time this season, and will receive on the remaining Fridays during the season.

—

Mr. and Mrs. F. Carl Smith will not be at home this afternoon, but will receive the following Saturdays during the season at their studio, 1739 Seventeenth street.

—

Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury Blair, who are in Newport, R. I., will return to Washington on Tuesday.

—

Mrs. Point, wife of Capt. Will H. Point, U. S. A., received the guests at the informal hop which the officers stationed at the Washington Barracks gave last evening at the Officers' Club.

—

Mrs. J. Franklin Jameson will be at home this afternoon and the remaining Saturdays in January. Miss Frances Mesler and Miss A. E. Jameson will preside at the tea table today.

—

A wealthy and somewhat eccentric ex-deputy, M. Carret, who retired from political life in France many years ago to live in an Alpine grotto in Savoy, has left his fortune to his native town on condition that each year a prize of $2,000 be awarded to the most perfect girl, both physically and morally, in Savoy.

FOLK WE TOUCH IN PASSING

BUSINESS NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.

By JULIA CHANDLER MANZ.

(Copyright, 1916.)

"The Girl is trying to mix business and pleasure in business hours and it can't be done without seriously affecting her work. I shall have to let her go," declared The Busy Man to The Little Lady who companions him through life.

Whereupon his companion, with instant sympathy for both The Girl and her employer, made gentle intercession, and saved the young woman's career.

But suppose there had been no Little Lady to intercede with The Busy Man?

"Why, you're fifteen minutes early," exclaimed The Little Lady happily when The Busy Man put in his appearance at a quarter to twelve instead of at noon as had been agreed.

"Turned my office over to that snob. Just as well you know, for after he drops in The Girl's attention is so divided that she doesn't know chalk from cheese. Making mistakes in her figures lately, too."

The Little Lady, who also has the happiness of being The Busy Man's wife, was quickly sympathetic, for she knew perfectly well that he referred to his head bookkeeper who was a trusted employe, and one upon whom The Busy Man had relied for fidelity to her business and accuracy in her work for many a moon.

"Tell me all about it," solicited The Busy Man's companion gently.

"Well, you know The Girl is worth her weight in gold—or was—to me, until some luckless moment brought that sawdust stuffed chap into her life. Now he invites her out to lunch every day in the week, and has formed the idiotic habit of dropping around about eleven thirty to wait for her," came the explanation.

"And she had just as well go when he comes as try to work until noon, for she is obviously frustrated, and lately there have been mistakes—serious mistakes

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

—in her figures. I would wager my life they have been made between eleven thirty and twelve o'clock," he went on, impatiently.

"When her fashion plate of English checks took his seat this morning I walked over to him.

"'What can I do for you?' I asked.

"'Oh, nothing whatever, thank you. I am waiting for Miss Winthrop,' he answered me in a tone that implied that my inquiry had been an unwarranted presumption.

"I pulled out my watch and suggested that it lacked a half an hour until The Girl's luncheon hour, and remarked that she would not be disengaged until that time.

"'No trouble at all to wait,' he assured me, with an assinine grin. It required every ounce of self-control I possessed to keep from kicking him out of my office.

"So to get control of my temper I put on my hat and coat—and here I am," finished The Busy Man.

"Why not have a frank talk with The Girl and tell her that this sort of thing can't go on. Tell her that it would be just as well if her men friends didn't call for her during business hours, and call her attention to her recent errors in her work," suggested The Little Lady, whose feminine sympathies were divided between her interest in The Busy Man's affairs and the romance she scented in connection with The Girl of whom she had always been fond.

"It isn't up to a man to make such a suggestion to an employe. It's her own affair if she ruins her business career by a lot of sentimental rot."

"I know," answered The Little Lady with a gentle hand upon The Busy Man's arm, "but The Girl is so capable, and so worthy the suggestion. I'm sure she doesn't understand that a business man hates to be stumbling across a woman's admirer in his office every time he opens the street door.

"Of course you are right in thinking it a nuisance to have a man calling for The Girl during her office hours. But she does herself as great an injustice in allowing it, as she does you.

"Certainly," agreed The Busy Man, "but I am less interested in her injustice to herself. Any woman who is absorbed in social pleasures to an extent where she allows them to interfere with her business success is very near-sighted, and doesn't deserve anything better than being fired.

"But," he sighed with a sense of relief, "I'll take your suggestion, for The Girl has been with me a long time and knows every detail of my business. I would hate to lose her. But I shall only suggest to her, remember, that social activities during business hours may be responsible for the recent mistakes in her figures. If she doesn't fall for that out she goes."

Whereupon the Little Lady smiled up into The Busy Man's face and said she was sure that The Girl had just been thoughtless and was too keen to win a higher place in her business life not to see his drift with instant appreciation.

And The Little Lady was right.

Albert Brayshaw Ordained Deacon.

Albert Brayshaw was ordained deacon by Right Rev. Dr. Gravatt, Bishop of West Virginia, assisted by Rev. R. E. L. Strider, of West Virginia, at services yesterday morning at the Church of the Advent, Second and U streets northwest. Rev. Edward Marshall Mott was master of ceremonies. Rev. Canon De Vries, of Washington Cathedral, and Rev. C. T. Warner, of St. Alban's Church, assisted in the ceremonies.

Concert Aids New Hospital

A recital was given at the Playhouse on Wednesday afternoon for the benefit of the New Emergency Hospital by the Boston Quartet, composed of Sylvain Noack, first violin; Otto Roth, second violin; Emil Ferir, viola; and Alwin Schroeder, violincello, with Mrs. George Eustic at the piano. The program included Haydn's quartet in D major and two movements from Debussy's quartet, opus 10.

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DAILY TALKS By Mary Pickford

THE GIRL WHO MADE GOOD.

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QUITE contrary to Miss Pretty Girl, who resented having to start on the lowest rung of the ladder, is today's story of a little girl whom you all know, but whom I will call Elizabeth.

She came to the studio without an introduction, came for days and days without ever being given an opportunity even to become a part of the mob scenes. She was not very pretty, but there was nothing garish about her appearance. She had on a neat, plain little suit, cotton gloves and a sailor which showed signs of a long season's wear. But she never complained, sitting there quietly, hour after hour, hoping that the opportunity she was longing for would arrive.

Her First Opportunity.

At last it came. A director was short three or four girls and sent out to the waiting-room to see if there were not the necessary types who could step in and fill the vacancy. Elizabeth looked up eagerly as the assistant director analyzed their faces, and her bright, tense expression caught his eye.

"Have you had any experience in pictures?" he asked her, studying her features, which he saw immediately would be of photographic value. They were clear cut and her eyes were beautifully expressive.

"No, sir," she replied, looking him straight in the eyes.

For a moment he wavered, selected another girl, a prettier girl, then came back to Elizabeth.

"It's extra work," he said finally. "It doesn't need much experience, if you do what you are told. Come on in and we will give you a chance."

That was the beginning. For weeks she was on the regular staff of extra girls. Because she was always on time, was quick to observe and comprehend everything told her, and showed an absorbing interest and genuine love for her work, she attracted the attention of several of the directors.

Not Pretty, But Clever.

"She is not a pretty girl," one of them was overheard to remark, "but I think she will be one of the greatest actresses on the screen, if someone takes an interest in developing the art which I am sure she possesses. I am going to give her a trial myself at the first opportunity."

A few days later, one of the actresses was indisposed during a scene. It was not an illness such as would arouse one's sympathies and make the director glad to wait until she recovered, but it was that distressing sickness known as "temper-ament." The girl had resented the director's scolding because she had not done as she had been told, and in a spasm of anger had walked off to her dressing-room, pouting and aggravated. She was confident that as soon as her dressing-room door closed upon her, she would be sent for, and cajoled into returning to her position on the stage.

But in this case it did not happen as Miss Temperamental Actress would have had it. The director looked around and saw Elizabeth sitting there, looking like a bright little squirrel on the limb of a tree.

"You, little girl, with the brown hair," he called, "would you mind coming over here and letting me rehearse you for this part? I want workers and not pouters in my scene."

Elizabeth was rehearsed. Though this was her first individual role, she lent herself to it with the manner of one long experienced. She had poise, she absorbed all the directions that were given her, and commingled her art with pathos and humor; in fact, she touched even those who watched the scene with cold, analytical eyes, looking constantly for the flaws which would be made visible upon the screen.

This was her first chance and the beginning of a steady climb, both artistically and financially. She had not come with a false conception of the inflated salaries picture actresses are supposed to get. She knew she would have to work many months before her real opportunity came, but that she would be prepared to meet it and should ultimately be the conqueror.

Even after she had been there for weeks, I noticed that she still wore the plain little suit and hat she had come in. She was not bedecking herself in gaudy splendor, such as a great many of the girls seem eager to do, but she was saving every penny she could and storing it away for a wardrobe, which is so necessary to the actress.

Today this girl, whom I call Elizabeth, is not only one of the most popular girls in pictures but she is a very high-salaried artist.

Patience, courage and determination to work hard are the three essentials of success.

Answers to Correspondents.

Miss Elvernon, ——— ———, is eager to find out what questions I answer. Almost any question that I can that bears upon the subject of acting, life on the stage and in studios, the care of oneself, what books to read and study, my experiences in the different countries in which I have traveled, and any question that can be logically answered. Of course, it is difficult to answer personal questions, as I cannot see into the future, and, not knowing the individual, feel that I cannot give the advice that really should be given by the father or mother of the family.

Articles for the New Year.

I am going to write a series for the girls who are ambitious to become actresses on how to conduct themselves upon their entry into a studio, the art of make-up and the tricks I have learned through my long experience. The best way to illustrate these will be to take individual cases, such as I have done in "The Pretty Girl" and "The Girl Who Made Good." I would appreciate any letters from my friends giving suggestions as to what subject would interest them most or the advice they desire before entering the picture field. All letters reach me in time, though there are often unexplained delays. The letters I do not answer through the medium of the newspapers I will answer personally.

Mary Pickford.

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