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ALL WINTER STOCK MUST GO

All Suits Sold $25 to $50
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Dresses Sold $15 to $40
$5.95 $10.00 $15.00

Coats Sold $12 to $45
$5.95 $10.00 $15.00 $19.95
A Few Evening Wraps Sold to $80, Now $25 and $35.

AS SEEN BY A WASHINGTON WOMAN

THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

Yesterday the Congressional Union celebrated the third anniversary of its formation with a reception at the newly established national headquarters on Lafayette square. It recalled to the scores of folk who visited the Cameron House during the afternoon how phenomenal is the growth of that little organization which had its unostentatious beginning in January, 1913, just three years ago.

Washington had known suffrage clubs since the early days of Susan B. Anthony, but they were inclined to be nice, quiet, societies, with the happy faculty of keeping out of trouble and hence not specially active. The first evidence of an aggressive and politically alive suffrage organization came in the days just preceding the inauguration of President Wilson, when the Congressional Union was mainly responsible for the staging of that magnificently spectacular pageant and parade which preceded the inaugural ceremonies of 1913.

The union headquarters, at that time, was just a basement shop in 1416 F street, fitted up for temporary occupancy, but it swarmedwith inaugural visitors, suffrage sympathizers, ready converts, and idly curious. The idea of an outward and visible sign of the growing activity of suffrage organizations took the suffragists of the Capital by storm, and when the out-of-town women had departed, there were scores of Washington volunteers to keep the good work going. The basement shop rooms were rapidly converted into a presentable club suite, with burlap and crisp curtains and the unconquerable feminine touch. A tea set was contributed, in suffrage yellow, and on Sunday afternoons the union was a popular rendezvous, where the suffrage talks were only a bit more excellent than the tea.

With the extension of the activities of the union, more offices were leased until, finally, there were suffragists on every floor of the F street building. Then a question of executive expediency arose, and the union, once a branch of the National Association, became an independent organization in pursuance of a definite political policy, and spread its chain of activities across the continent. The individual who has not heard of the Congressional Union is beyond the reach of newspapers or railroads, and the lawmaker who has never met a union organizer in his pet political territory had best touch wood when he boasts.

In January, 1913, the membership of the union was a mere handful, but today it is 10,000 strong. At the national convention held in Washington last month delegates came from subordinate branches in practically every State, and the historic old Cameron House was requisitioned to accommodate the enormous executive sessions. The charm of the old mansion appealed so strongly to the unionists that it was retained as a permanent headquarters.

Society women, distinguished statesmen, prominent members of the world of art and letters called there yesterday to pay their respects to the "three-year-old" and sip a cup of tea in a drawing room gay with flowers where an open fire burned brightly on the hearth. And, incidentally, the charming atmosphere of hospitality routed the convictions of the most skeptical that suffrage can be destructive to home ideals.

THE WOMAN.

Erlebacher's
High Grade--Not High Priced.
Advance Showing of Women's and Misses'
New Spring Suits
Models suitable for immediate wear. Fashioned in Velour Checks, Poiret Twill, Gabardine, English Serges and Mannish Mixtures. Also English Tweeds.
Every New Spring Shade at
$25, $29.50, $35 and $40
New Spring Millinery
You will enjoy seeing and trying on the beautiful New Spring Hats that we now have on display at
$5, $10 and $15
Remaining Stock of Winter Suits and Coats.
Now Offered at (Including Velvets) $15.00 and $25.00 Formerly Priced $25 Up to $95.
There is still a wonderful assortment to select from, and as all are very late models, most of them can be worn throughout the Spring.
1210 F Street

The One Really Sanitary Kitchen Cabinet
—Made of White
—Enameled Steel

TO MEET ITS PRIME REQUISITE, a ktcheni cabinet must be sanitary—it must be clean and sweet and easily kept in that condition. It must repel the odors, fumes, and moisture present in every kitchen, and it must not offer even the smallest abiding place either for dirt of any kind or for the germs and vermin which every woman knows must be battled against constantly. To do this, it must be made of steel, *because steel repels, while wood absorbs;* it must be highly finished and impervious to moisture; it must be without open seams or glued joints; it must be without holes and dark recesses, or it will soon become the lurking place of all manner of dirt and vermin—the abiding place of a thousand hidden dangers to the household. To be safe, buy a McCLERNAN—*which costs no more.*

Dulin & Martin Co.
1215 F St. and 1214-18 G St.

Felix Diaz Talks to Miner Of His Plans for Mexico

New York, Jan. 30.—Gen. Felix Diaz, whose revolution against Madero set all Mexico afame, is now living in New York and has been here for a couple of weeks. He has apartments in a fashionable boarding-house on West Seventy-second street, directly back of the Lincoln Trust Company Building. Some day he hopes to live again at the palace in Mexico City and in the castle at Chapultepec. But all is on the knees of the gods.

Gen. Diaz is a typical Mexican in appearance, but has little of the rugged personality that so distinguished his famous uncle, Don Porfirio. He was chief of police in Mexico City when I first knew him and has changed little since then except to become a trifle heavier.

"If Madero had carried out the sentence of death passed on you when you were a prisoner in Vera Cruz would it have stopped the revolution," I asked, "and Madero been alive today and Mexico at peace?"

No Use to Shoot Him.

"By no means," he replied. "Killing me would not have affected the revolution at all. It was bound to come. Had Madero shot me, then Gen. Barnadio Reyes would have taken my place. Had they shot him, then another man would have been the leader, and so on. You cannot stop a revolution in Mexico by executing the leaders. It has been tried many times, but never successfully."

Gen. Diaz has had his first experience with New York reporters and he came out second best. He was almost pathetic about it when we were taking this morning. The general does not speak English at all. His secretary speaks it only on the installment plan, while New York reporters are not even halter broken to Spanish.

A report came from Washington that Diaz was organizinz an expedition to overthrow Carranza. The reporters hotfooted it to the West Seventy-second street boarding-house and began to bombard the secretary with questions which he could only half understand and one-quarter answer. They did not see the general at all. The result was that Diaz was made to say some things which he believes and a good many which he doesn't.

An Impossible Proposition.

"I am quoted," said he, "as saying that the only way the Mexican problem ever will be settled is when the United States assembles the truly great and substantial men that have been exiled from Mexico and returns them to their country backed by the influence of the United States. Such an idea never entered my head. That would mean nothing less than intervention, and I am bitterly opposed to intervention.

"While it is true that all the men of any ability have been driven out of Mexico and are now refugees, we do not ask the United States to take them by the hand and lead them back. That's ridiculous. Also impossible."

"What do you ask then?"

"Just to be let alone and to let Mexico alone. I sincerely believe that in time peace and a good government can be established in Mexico if the Mexican people are allowed to do it themselves and not meddled with."

"Do you think Carranza can do it?"

"No, I have no faith in Carranza. The United States has recognized him and so I shall have to accept that, but it seems to me like recognizing a government when there is no government to recognize. I am a refugee in this country and so I shall do nothin to abuse its hospitality or embarrass it. I assure you that I am not getting up an expedition to invade Mexico. The rumor to that effect was nonsense. I shall certainly do nothing until Carranza proves whether or not he can rule.

After Carranza, the Exiles.

"When he has failed, as I believe he will, then these exiled men in whom the Mexican people have confidence may be able to return and reorganize the government, secure the credit necessary to restore industry and commerce, build up a national army and in every way rehabilitate Mexico as a nation. There are many of these very men in New York today and many more in other of your large cities.

"If the Mexican problem is to be settled it must be done by the Mexican peoples themselves. No intervention. If an American army were to invade my country the Mexicans would forget their hatreds and jealousies and all combine to fight the invader. To the last man they would fight him."

Escape of Lincoln, the Spy.

The escape of Ignatius T. T. Lincoln, who styles himself "an international spy," from a United States deputy marshal a week or so ago has created a great deal of newspaper comment. It strikes me as a good deal of a temptest in a teapot, for to my personal knowledge, Mr. I. T. T. Lincoln, or whatever his real name may be, is a loud-talking, self-advertising, presumptuous faker. I doubt if he has spied anything. Philo Gubb, the correspondence school detective, is a regular Sherlock Holmes compared to him.

About a year ago, I had the misfortune to buy his first articles on "The Revelations of an International Spy," and I was stung. They were palpable fakes, and he did not even know anything about the localities where he pretended to have done his spying. He spent his time talking and writing about what a dangerous man he was. Just looking for trouble. The English government, which since the war has been shaking with spy ague, heard about him and asked for his extradition. That's just what he wanted. Notoriety. He knew he was perfectly safe. He had done nothing and so they could prove nothing.

I don't believe our officials took his detention very seriously, so he escaped easily enough. Walked out of a restaurant and left his guard sitting at the table. The next day his book came out. Wasn't that smooth work? The English government needn't worry. The best thing all hands can do is to let him stay escaped. He is only offensive in that he is a tiresome bore.

It now appears that Lida van Wedell was mixed up in Capt. von Papen's operations. His checkbook shows that she received $700 from him and went to Germany some time ago, where she now is. Baroness Lida von Wedell is a tall, thin girl with yellow hair and blue eyes. She was born in Brooklyn and has never been out of the United States before. She thought she was a comic artist and used to draw pictures for the newspapers. They were so badly done that some editors thought they were funny. Her husband, Lieut. Baron Hans von Wedell, used to make a precarious living as an interpreter. They lived in a $20-a-month flat in the Bronx. The title of baron was a barren one. It didn't get him anything. The war got him a regular job as a gatherer of passports for Von Papen.

The last time I saw the baroness she told me she was trying to get the German Embassy to pay her expenses to Europe so she could live with her husband's folks, as they couldn't make a living here. She made no secret of it, and talked openly of how the embassy paid people for carrying papers

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Aunt Chatty's Mothers' Club

Conducted by Mrs. Charity Brush

USE AND ABUSE OF THE VOICE.

THIS is a real Mothers' Club, for the benefit of mothers everywhere who are struggling with questions of discipline, training, education, clothing, for the children. Write to Aunt Chatty of problems which are vexing you, and she will advise and help you to a solution of them. Write to her, too, of your own discoveries, of methods you have found successful in smoothing the rough paths of life for the tender, childish feet, that through the Mothers' Club your experience may be of benefit to other mothers who are still tangled in the web of perplexity you have so happily unraveled.

Co-operation is the secret of success in any business; so why not in the business of motherhood, that highest and holiest calling which always has been and always will be woman's crown of glory, no matter what other avenues of usefulness may be opened to her? Address Mrs. Charity Brush, care of this paper.

Until a few years ago almost no thought was given to training the voices of our children for ordinary speech. If we thought they had good singing voices we gave them, if we could afford it, the advantage of studying under a vocal teacher, but few mothers gave the slightest heed to the quality of the tones used by their children in their speech.

That is all changing now. Newspaper and magazine writers are calling our attention to our American defects of speech so frequently that we are being made to think, whether we will or no. In a recent letter one of our members spoke of the interest in this matter roused in her by something she had been reading. She wrote:

"Dear Aunt Chatty: I wonder why we American mothers have never awakened to the fact of our responsibility for the uncouth and unmusical speech of which we, as a nation, are justly accused. I confess I never gave the slightest thought to it until I read not long ago that the great writer, Henry James, on visiting America after an absence of twenty-five years, was so shocked and horrified by our faulty diction and dissonant tones that he said we had no standing in the "international concert of culture"—whatever that may be. At any rate, I understand enough of his meaning to see that he criticises us for our unhappy and uncultured manner of speaking. Since I read that, I have been listening to the queer, nasal tones and the careless, faulty pronunciation of most people and I believe Mr. James spoke the truth.

"Now, I want to ask you to give a Mothers' Club talk on this subject. If it is true that we as a nation are careless of speech, is it not the place of us mothers to see that that reproach is removed? I have begun to train my boys to well-modulated tones since my attention was called to our faults of speech, but I am ignorant of all but a few rudiments of the matter. How can I learn about it, and where can I get the information I need to help me train my children?"

All that Mr. Henry Jories said about our manner of speech is true. If one listens to the speech of the people, the high-pitched, nasal voices, the slurred and flatted vowels, the faulty enunciation of words in speaking become as distasteful to the ear as are the unmusical tones and bad diction of a poorly-trained singer.

I haven't space to give a list of the commonest faults of which we Americans are guilty. The flat a in the words calm, and palm, and psalm and the burring r of the middle West that goes off like a mad telephone bell detached from its clapper are among the most usual of them. A person with a sensitive ear feels cold shivers, even at a temperature of 75 degress Fahrenheit, when he is told to "shut the doorrrrr" in that hard voice with a nasal twang like a violincello out of tune! We are not all to be accused of the glaring faults I have mentioned, but the best and most cultivated among us are still guilty of mispronunciations, of dissonances, of faulty tone production that does indeed, as Mr. James says, put us out of the "internationl concert of culture."

The worst of it is, with those of us who are mature, many of our faults cannot be completely eradicated. We have lost that flexibility of the vocal cords that will enable us to change from a faulty to a musical tone production. Our only hope for a purer national speech process lies in our children, and for these, we mothers are, as the club member whose letter I have quoted suggests, to be held responsible.

Now, how are we to accomplish this? We can do much, even without special training ourselves, by listening to the pitch and the reaonances of our children's voices when they speak. We will soon find the shrill voice, the wrongly-pitched voice, exceedingly distasteful to our ears. It needs only a little thought to show us something of what is wrong. We can insist upon soft tones, low, well-modulated voices, if we will trouble ourselves to attend to them.

But I do think for the wrongly-pitched voice, or for the voice of the child who has no musical ear, a few lessons in singing will be of the greatest possible benefit; the preliminary lessons, I mean, by which the pupil is taught proper breathing and the diction that gives resonance to the voice. This means a great deal to a child's future for a good speaking voice often brings success to a man or a woman quite independently of other qualities, and many a lawyer or clergyman who would have risen to first rank in his profession if he knew how to use his voice, remains mediocre in spite of much talent, simply because he has never acquired this valuable business asset.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. D. W. writes: "Please tell me how I can teach my children self-control. My boy has a violent temper, which I am sorry to say he has inherited from me, and it is growing on him as he grows older. He must be taught to govern it, but how?"

The best method of teaching is by example.

Mrs. G. A. B. asks: "Is there any good lotion for chapped hands? My skin is so tender that I am a constant sufferer from this affliction in cold weather."

There are a great many good cold creams and other ointments in the market that will relieve a chapped skin. Your druggist can furnish you something which he can recommend. If you like, you can try the old-fashioned mutton tallow. This you can render for yourself and it will afford great relief.

(Copyright, 1916.)

FAMOUS WOMAN, HER BIRTHDAY AND YOURS

By MARY MARSHALL

January 31—Mrs. Priscilla Bell Wakefield, Miss Harriett Parr.

Two women writers grace January 31 as birthday patronesses—Mrs. Priscilla Bell Wakefield and Miss Harriet Parr. Both are English.

Mrs. Wakefield was born in 1751 at Tottenham, of a family of Quakers, and although she was a Quaker throughout life, she never conformed to the simple Quaker dress, and she did not deny herself amusements as rigidly as most Quakers did.

Almost the first savings bank in existence was one founded by Mrs. Wakefield. She called it a frugality bank, and did much to establish these places for saving money in England. However, she is best known as a writer of books for children. Her first, "Juvenile Anecdotes," reached eight editions. Another, about an imaginary tour through England, reached nineteen editions. She also wrote books on botany and natural history. Elizabeth Fry, the great prison reformer, was her niece.

Harriet Parr was born in York in 1828, four years before the death of Mrs. Wakefield. Her first novel did not receive much attention, so she sent the manuscript for her second, "Gilbert Massinger," to Charles Dickens, whose opinion she naturally judged very highly. He was much impressed with it, and it was through his encouragement that she decided to keep on writing novels. "Gilbert Massinger" was very successful, and was translated into Italian, and "Thorney Hall," another successful novel, was translated into French. Between 1854, when she began to publish her novels, and her death in 1882, she produced some thirty novels.

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CHARITY.

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TO know when to give and on whom to bestow favors—that is deserving of the greatest consideration. To give too freely is as great a social sin as to give too little, and for our mistakes some one else must always suffer.

Those who have written to me asking me to aid them financially do not know how deeply I feel for them, although I am helplessly unable to give to all. Then, out of the countless thousands of letters I receive, I have had the misfortune to find too many flaws in the diamond. To be frank, like all people in the professional limelight, I have been spotted as an easy mark by those clever tricksters who make a business of stealing from our pocketbooks all we would willingly give to the deserving.

My heart has been wrung by appealing letters and I have turned them over to my manager, telling him to send immediate help.

"Are you sure they deserve it, Miss Pickford?" he has asked me in the past.

"Deserve it!" I would repeat after him indignantly. "Do you suppose any one would ever do such a thing? Of course, I believe it, and I am anxious to help them, too. Here is a letter from a little girl which almost broke my heart. We must send her warm clothes immediately and some money to buy food for her father and herself." He picked up the letter critically and read it aloud.

"Albany, New York.

"Dear Friend Mary Pickford: You were once a poor girl yourself, so you will know what I am suffering when I tell you my papa and myself haven't had anything to eat for two whole days and we have been sleeping in a barn after being turned out of our house because we didn't have the money to pay the rent. You would cry if you could see my papa, because his eyes are all filmy and he can only see a little bit when the sun shines. He does not complain because I have to work and he does not want to make me unhappy. Poor papa! We had a nice home before mamma died, but papa's eyes got bad and the doctor said he had awful cataracts, and I was only twelve years old at the time. I am sixteen now, but look old for my age. I have not been getting much work lately, so we are starving. You are so lucky to be well off now and can't you help us? God would bless you if you did, and if you don't my father and I will die. If you send to the General Postoffice, Albany, we will watch for your letter. I will pray to God that you will be kind to us.

"Jennie Pierceson."

Revealed by Fate.

By fate's coincidence that evening there came to visit us another professional woman, a stage star. And because my mind was ebbing to charities and what we owed the world, our conversation drifted toward the letters we receive from unfortunates.

"Here is one that touched me deeply," I said, handing her Jennie's letter. "It has made me unhappy all day."

As she was reading it, a puzzled frown deepened between her eyebrows, and then she laughed quite merrily. "With the exception of a few changes in phrasing, this is a duplicate of the letter I responded to not only with money, but with clothes."

"Poor child," interrupted my mother, whose heart is always bursting with sympathy for others. "Mary is going to help her, too."

My manager said nothing, but a week later he brought me a full report from the police department of Albany. Jennie Pierceson was one of the cleverest crooks in the country and had written successful letters to professional people for the last five years. This led to an investigation on my manager's part of all my charities, and four-fifths of them proved undeserving.

I made up my mind that unless I had a personal letter from friends, introducing them, I could no longer go to any one's aid. Sometimes these letters came from people in very good circumstances, and when faced with their guilt they took the defensive and told my manager they knew I had a fine salary and did not deserve it.

One woman visiting the studio took a handful of letters addressed to me. She opened them, and as most of them asked for pictures, she wrote to the people, signing my name and saying that upon the receipt of a dollar she would forward an autographed picture of me. She collected quite a large sum of money before the police stopped her. The gossip that I had charged for my pictures leaked out and I was heartbroken.

These kinds of theft are the cruelest, far more serious than pocketpicking, for that only robs the individual, but the former steals from the multitude.

I am so interested in my large family, as I call the little girls and boys I have been supporting, that some day I hope to own a real farm in the country, just as a heaven for the children I take under my wing. One little deserted baby is growing to be a beautiful, fat, roly-poly, and he is called the "Mary Pickford Baby."

One interested party told another disinterested party about my small charges and when the latter repeated it, the story was about "Mary Pickford's baby."

Some Startling News.

Perhaps that accounts for the following. I overheard a group of people talking the other afternoon as they came out of a theater where "The Girl of Yesterday" was playing.

"You wouldn't think to look at Mary Pickford she is a woman over thirty-five, would you?" asked one.

The other women seemed surprised. "We thought she was just a young girl," suggested an old lady mildly.

"Indeed not," emphasized the other woman. "I have friends who know her very well. She has three children, the oldest nearly twelve, and is divorced from her husband."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the other women. "We never knew she was married."

"She's been married twice." And the woman settled everything decisively.

Husbands! Children! Thirty-five birthdays! I left the group quite bewildered. We learn something new about ourselves every day we live!

Answers to Correspondents.

A. L., ——, ——: I should advise you to take a deep breath before you speak. You had better consult some specialist.

A. W., ——, ——: Yes, I have one brother and his name is Jack. I have a light complexion.

L. K., ——, ——: You acted as every sensible, refined girl would under the circumstances. I think your photograph will be returned if you write asking for it. Could you not interest yourself in some other vocation?

M. E. C., ——, ——: I think if you would get some kind of a pet you would feel less lonely. Have you no avocation, no hobby in which to interest yourself in your leisure time? You know when one is busy there is no time for vain regrets.

Mary Pickford.

SOCIETY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR.

Chevy Chase. Lieut. Everett has been detailed as professor of military science and tactics at the Maryland Agriculture College, College Park, Md., and will be with Col. and Mrs. Beall until they are located in their own home.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris P. Ferris, of Garden City, Long Island, are at the New Willard for a short stay.

Miss Vivienne Conline has returned to Washington after making several visits in New York and Philadelphia, and has joined her parents at 1725 H street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have just arrived in Washington from New Orleans and are at the Shoreham Hotel.

Mrs. George W. Baxter, of Knoxville, Tenn., who was at the Willard until a short time ago, and who has been visiting at Garden City, Long Island, returned to Washington yesterday and is at the New Willard.

Mrs. A. M. Miller, wife of Capt. A. M. Miller, U. S. A., with her two young sons, Macomb and Richard, has taken an apartment at the Dresden for the remainder of the winter. Capt. Miller is still on duty in London, England.

Mrs. Lang, wife of Commander C. J. Lang, U. S. N., has given up her apartment here and gone to California, where she will spend the winter visiting her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Galt are in New York City and are stopping at the Wolcott Hotel.

Mrs. Juliet Low, of Savannah, Ga., is spending some time in Washington and is at the Shoreham Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Crocker, of Minneapolis, returned to Washington yesterday and are stopping at the New Willard.

Mrs. Claude Murdaugh, of Portsmouth, Va., is passing the winter in Washington with her son-in-law and daughter, Lieut. Col. and Mrs. John A. Lejeune, at their residence on R street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Tinker, Miss Julia Ward, Miss Grace Murray and Mr. St. George B. Tucker, all of New York, are stopping at the Shoreham Hotel.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans will be well represented at the Charity Ball in the Willard this evening. W. E. Brockman, commandant of Washington Camp, has named the following committees who will have charge of the floor: Reception, Mr. E. A. Brand, Mr. J. Joy Price, Mr. W. S. Stampler and Mr. John L. Alverson; boxes, Mr. Frank R. Fravel and Dr. W. B. Hicks; programs, Mr. George T. Rawlins, Mr. W. C. Black and Mr. Hugh Brewster. Mr. C. A. Bennett heads the floor committee. The Sons will be recognized by a white carnation and the official button of the S. C. V. in their coat lapels. Miss Jane Gregory, sponsor, and Miss Grace Overman, maid of honor, will represent the Sons on the young ladies' committee.

Among those entertaining at dinner at the New Willard yesterday were Mr. and Mrs. George T. Bishop, who had as their guests former Speaker Joseph G. Cannon and Miss Helen Cannon, former Senator J. A. Hemmingway, and former Representative and Mrs. Dwight, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wickersham, Senator and Mrs. James E. Martine, Commander and Mrs. William R. White, Representative and Mrs. C. B. Ward, Judge and Mrs. C. C. McChord, Mrs. John W. Wiley, Senator Mark Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Shannon, Representative and Mrs. Fred A. Britten, and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Sheridan. Miss Mary Temple, of Tennessee, also gave a large dinner party, as did Representative and Mrs. William Calder.

EXECUTIVE VS. CONGRESS.

Miss Richards Will Review Today Differences of Opinion Existing.

Miss Janet Richards, at her talk on "Public Questions" this morning at the Woodward & Lothrop auditorium, will discuss "The President and Congress; Which Will Win?"—which means that the Sixty-fourth Congress, though Democratic in both Houses, is far from being a unit with the Chief Executive on several items of proposed legislation, particularly preparedness, hence the President's speech-making tour through the Middle West.

Other bills now before Congress that will be mentioned are the Keating-Owen child labor bill, the Philippine independence bill and the Brandeis nomination.

WANT GRAND CIRCUIT MEET.

Poughkeepsie Seeks Dates Awarded to Empire City.

New York, Jan. 30.—Col. Jacob Ruppert, the baseball magnate, today offered his Hudson River Park mile track at Poughkeepsie to New York horsemen, free of charge, for a grand circuit trotting meeting during the week of August 28. The offer was made through E. J. Tranter, of the Fasig-Tipton Company.

At the annual meeting of racing stewards, held in Cleveland on January 12, a date was assigned to R. M. Williams, manager of Greater New York Fair Association, a regular member of the circuit, and is still held by him, but as his race track, the Empire City, has now been turned over to the owner, James Butler, and the lease broken, the Yonkers plant is considered out of the circuit.

AMUSEMENTS.

BELASCO—Tonight, 8:20. 50c to $2.00. MATINEE WEDNESDAY, 25c to $1.00. A New Virile Play of Strong Human Interest. First Time on Any Stage. "The Co-Respondent" Company Includes Emily Ann Wellman and Rodcliffe Fellows.

NEWMAN Traveltalks Color Views Motion Pictures. Today AT 4:00 CHILE VIA STRAITS OF MAGELLAN. POP. PRICES, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Yvette Guilbert TWO SPECIAL MATINEES. Tomorrow, February 1, at 4; Friday, February 4, at 4. Eight Centuries of Song. Seats now on sale at Box Office. Direction Cath. A. Bamman. Knabe Piano.

NATIONAL TONIGHT, 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. A. H. WOODS Presents JULIAN ELTINGE In His Best Musical Play, COUSIN LUCY By CHAS. KLEIN. NEXT WEEK—SAME THURSDAY. The Bright and Tuneful Comic Opera, THE MASKED MODEL. Book by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. Music by Carl Woess. 60 in Company. Orchestra of 30.

BURTON HOLMES Tomorrow 4:30 CALIFORNIA Prices, 50c, 75c, $1.00.

SECOND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT. THURS. 4:30 o'Clock PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF N. Y. ORCHESTRA JOSEF STRANSKY, Conductor. Soloist—HAROLD BAUER—Pianist. Tickets, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, 75c. T. Arthur Smith, 1306 G.

Tuesday Feb. 8 PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA FOURTH CONCERT. Leopold Stokowski, Conductor. Soloist—Florence Hinkle—Soprano. Tickets, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c. T. Arthur Smith.

B. F. KEITH'S TWICE Every Day. ALL WEEK AND NEXT SUNDAY. ELSIE JANIS "IMPRESSIONS OF MY FAVORITES." Ralph Dumbar's Maryland Singers. Eight Other Hits in the Bill. NEXT WEEK MRS. LANGTRY in "Ashes"

LOEW'S COLUMBIA Continuous, 10:30 A. M. to 11 P. M. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, JAN. 31—FEB. 1, 2. PAULINE FREDERICK —IN— "THE SPIDER" THURS., FRI., SAT. Fannie Ward in "Tennessee's Pardner." Morning, Afternoon, 10, 15c; Night, 10, 15, 25c.

GAYETY THE Smiling Beauties HARRY K. MORTON and ZELLA RUSSELL. Next—Geo. Stone and Social Maids.

POLI'S TONIGHT, 8:15. MATS. DAILY EXCEPT MONDAYS, 25c. 25 50 75 "THE DUMMY" Next Week—"House of 1,000 Candles."

The new rice crop pays California $70 an acre, or more than finest wheat land gives.