

Open 8:30 A. M. Close 5:30 P. M.

THE BUSY CORNER S. Kann Sons & Co. 8TH ST. AND PENNA. AVE.

A Sequel to the Big Sale of Dresses

Which is as important as the Original Sale, Because It Combines a New Lot of

STREET AND MATINEE DRESSES

And numbers left from the highest-priced lot (\$19.90), in one big and varied assortment, to go at—

\$15.90

Georgette Crepe and Taffeta Dresses, Charmeuse Dresses, Pussy Willow Taffeta Dresses And Many Other Kinds

Made up in the new tunic, corded fold trimmed, and full-cut styles. In all the wanted colors, such as mode, biscuit, gray, brown, blue, etc. There are also a number of dainty evening dresses at this price. All sizes, but not in all styles. Kann—Second Floor.

ROMANCE OF A BUTTON.

LOVE WILL FIND ITS WAY.

Left with a Note, It Brings a Wedding. Gardner, Kans., April 2.—When James H. Newton, a banker of Williamstown, Utah, punctured a tire on his motor car he was forced to lay over two days in Edgerton, near here. While walking along the road Newton found a button of a woman's coat. He wrote this note and hung it and the button on a fence post. The owner of this button has found a place in his heart. Laura Ellsworth, a school teacher, the owner of the button, found it and the note. She took the button and left this message: "Tomorrow this button will be worn over my heart."

Transcontinental Romance Bound Up in Pennsylvania Wedding. Ardmore, Pa., April 2.—A transcontinental romance is bound up in the wedding here of Miss Martin Ingraham, of Noble, Ontario, and William Gamble, of Vancouver, British Columbia. The bride is an efficiency expert employed by a large powder manufacturing company and was sent to install a new system in the office of the company at Vancouver, of which Gamble was manager. He liked Miss Ingraham so much that he obtained a transfer to a branch of the powder firm near Noble when Miss Ingraham was ordered there to install the new system. She found him there when she arrived to take up her duties at that place.

Given Highest Honor.

Chalons-sur-Marne, April 2.—Gen. de Langle de Cary, commander of the central group of armies, was decorated yesterday by Gen. Joffre, in the presence of Gen. Cadorna, with the military medal, the highest distinction which a French general officer can receive.

Qual hunters have nearly obliterated the birds in Missouri. Ten thousand have been imported from Arizona to restock the depleted coveys.

HOSPITAL CLEARS YEAR'S EXPENSES

Alexandria Institution Had \$147.66 of Balance on January 31.

GIFT IS NOTABLE EVENT

R. E. Looker Will Lecture on War Zone Experiences on Next Wednesday Evening.

THE HERALD BUREAU. R. E. Looker & Son, 612-614 King Street. Alexandria, Va., April 2.—The forty-third annual report of the Alexandria Hospital for the year ending January 31, 1916, together with reports of managers, treasurer, superintendent and auxiliary societies, was distributed today in different Protestant churches in the city.

According to the report of Arthur Herbert, Jr., treasurer, the receipts during the year amounted to \$12,303.33 and the expenses \$12,255.67, leaving a balance of \$147.66. The report of the superintendent, (Miss Etton V. Bowling, now Mrs. Saum), shows that the total number of patients admitted during the year was 299; total number treated, 755; dispensary cases treated, 190; largest number in any one day, 37; number of free patients registered, 23; number of children born in hospital, 38; surgical operations, major, 14; minor, 200; total operations, 344; number of patients a day not including dispensary, 21; number of deaths during the year, 50.

Mrs. R. N. Ballenger, president, says in her report that the most notable event during the year was the gift of a site for the new hospital by Edward L. Daingerfield.

Fire at 1:40 o'clock this afternoon, which started in the hallway of the two-story frame building at 106 Queen street, caused the stock of goods in the store of William P. Woods, 101 Queen street, to be badly damaged by water.

Announcement is made that R. E. Looker, who recently returned from the war zone, where he served with the American ambulance service, at 10:30 o'clock Wednesday morning will address the members of the Alexandria branch of the Virginia War Relief Association in the rooms of the chamber of commerce.

The funeral of Mrs. Sarah Tallaferra Carter, 86, who died Saturday morning, will be held at 5 o'clock Monday afternoon at her late home, 1026 King street, by the Rev. W. J. Epelone, of Washington, pastor of Christ P. E. Church.

Polger McKinsey, of Baltimore, will give his interesting lecture on the Westminster Building of the Second Presbyterian Church. There will also be a musical program in which the following are scheduled to take part: Mr. and Mrs. Whitman and Miss Epelone, of Washington; Mrs. Harrie White, Mrs. Sherman B. Fowler, and Wilmer Waller.

Before a large congregation which filled St. Paul's P. E. Church, Rev. Dr. Hall, a Philadelphia evangelist, tonight concluded his services held during the week at the Episcopal church. This morning he preached at Grace Church and this afternoon addressed a men's meeting in Christ Church, Grace and Christ churches were closed tonight in order that their congregations might attend the services at St. Paul's.

Rev. A. C. Bridgman, secretary of Hampton Sydney College, preached this morning at the Second Presbyterian Church, taking for his subject "Christian Education."

Services this morning at Trinity M. E. Church were conducted by Rev. H. V. Deale, of Baltimore, and the evening services by Rev. William Lewis, formerly of Wales.

It is expected that Rev. L. M. Ferguson, pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, will be returned to his charge by the conference which is now in session in Washington. Appointments are expected to be announced tomorrow.

The annual meeting of the Old Dominion Boat Club will be held at 8 o'clock Wednesday night in the rooms of the chamber of commerce, at which time officers will be elected to serve for the ensuing year.

The body of Mrs. Ellen V. Harryman, mother of Prof. Harry G. Harryman, of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, who died yesterday morning at her home, Seminary Hill, will be shipped on Monday to Baltimore for burial.

It is announced that the debating and reading teams of the Alexandria High School will meet the Herndon High School in debating and reading next Friday night in the Young People's Building. The winner of the contest will compete in the State contest to be held this month at the University of Virginia.

BY PHILIP GOODMAN

TWO THOUGHTS ON MAN

When old Davy Thoreau said that a man must love flowers to make them grow, he said a mouthful. The tickling touch of love is necessary in the cultivation of all things from flowers to jobs. Most men have a queer idea of their work. They believe that a job gets bigger when in reality it is themselves that grow. You can see your development day by day—there is no mirror to equal your own occupation. If it seems empty and hollow, make up your mind that it is you that are empty and hollow. Feed it more love, for Nature never betrayed the heart that loved her. Your estimate of a man's size depends upon the distance you stand off from him. If it is the physical man you see, he becomes smaller and smaller as he moves away—larger and larger as he comes toward you. But how different to you does the Intellectual Man appear! The closer he approaches the smaller he is—the farther off he moves the greater he becomes. Indeed, if he pass entirely from our sight, and the dust of centuries cover him, he grows so big that we call him Saviour, Saint, Master—Gull!

HORSE FALLS HUNDRED FEET.

Truckee, Cal., April 2.—Hank Weber, with his snowshoe horse, arrived at Truckee the other day after a hair-raising trip down the mountainside. After leaving the Southern Pacific snowsheds at the summit, the way to the bottom of the mountain was almost straight up and down, with many drifts of snow nearly fifty feet deep. The only way over some of the drifts was to tie a rope on the horn of the saddle and let the horse slide down. The horse slipped on one of the drifts and fell to the bottom, almost a hundred feet below, luckily escaping injury.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN By MABEL HERBERT URNER. Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc. A Delayed Breakfast Gives Warren a Chance to Rail at Helen's Incompetency. (Copyright, 1916.)

"What the devil are you prowling about for?" growled Warren, when she came back to bed. "I thought I heard Dora." "Jumping up every ten minutes to see if she's in, eh? Well, you cut that—and go to sleep." "Turning over, with enforced quiet, Helen tried to induce drowsiness. But the clock struck one before her brooding indignation merged into a dream-worried stupor. "Eh? What time is that?" Warren was on his elbow peering blindly at the bedside clock. Instantly awake, Helen sprang up with a dismayed: "Oh—oh, it's after seven! And you wanted an early breakfast!" "Never get anything you want in this house," as he lurched out of bed. "I'll hurry her up! Breakfast'll be ready by the time you are." It was not until Helen ran out to the dining-room and was confronted by the drawn shades and unmet table that the memory of Dora's late hours came with a rush. "So she had overslept! This was the result of her staying out until after midnight. But at the sight of the note still pinned to her door, Helen's flaming indignation changed to anxiety. Bursting into the room, the empty bed and Dora's idle apron held an alarming note. Something must have happened. A sudden shirring of the phone confirmed her fears. Stumbling over the trailing cord of her bathrobe, she reached the instrument. "Hello! I'm Dora's sister." The voice was blurrily foreign. "She's lost her pocketbook with all her money—more'n \$20. I had her stay in Dora's door, Helen hurried through her bath. By the time she was ready for bed, Warren was asleep and she crept in without arousing him. The library clock struck twelve, but still there was no sound of Dora coming in. So the girl was deliberately ignoring her orders! She would speak to her very plainly tomorrow. Dozing off, Helen was awakened by a sound from the kitchen. Sitting up in bed, she listened tensely. Then, feeling for her slippers, she groped her way out through the dining-room. But Dora's room was still dark and empty. Pussy Purr-Mew must have been the intruder, for now she was rubbing against Helen's bare ankles. "Huh, take a darned sight longer

thing, until, distracted, she stopped to pin it up. In maddening succession came the ice, the mail, the returned garbage can and a man to look at the gas meter. Helen was always at a disadvantage when she was hurried. If she had known she was to get breakfast, she would have got up in time. But now her haste left her nervously flustered. She was doing everything with the most cumbersome and time-consuming indirectness. Awkwardly she scraped from the skillet the egg she had just dropped in. Warren would not eat a broken yolk. She broke two more, but in both a thin run of yellow streaked the white. "Get DOWN!" crossly, elbowing the importuning Pussy Purr-Mew off the kitchen table. "See here, I've got to get to the office some time today." Warren was glowering from the doorway. "Just a moment, dear. Here, you can take in the coffee. Don't set it on the cloth. Wait, take this mat." When she finally brought in the bacon and eggs, he was stirring a muddy cup of coffee with unfeigned disgust. "Oh, I'm afraid I forgot to settle it." "Talk about incompetent maids," with a snort. "If you're so blamed incompetent yourself—no wonder they put it all over you." "But, dear, I so rarely have a chance in the kitchen. Dora resents it—they all do." "Well, if you'd spend half the time on straight, plain cooking that you do on mayonnaise, fancy salads and all the other fool kickshaws, you'd know how to fry bacon and eggs. Huh, this layout's a fine looking mess," scowling at the broken eggs and thick, greasy bacon. "Those yolks are so thin skinned," apologetically, "you can't help breaking them. Oh, wait, I forgot the butter." Returning with a freshly cut square of butter, Helen was confronted by Warren's pushed-back, empty chair. "Why, dear?" rushing out in the dim hall where he was jerking on his overcoat. "I'm off for a decent breakfast downtown," stamping on his overshoes. "Hereafter when the girl's out of commission—we'll beat it to the nearest restaurant. Understand? We'll not spoil any perfectly good food in the messes you spill out! Where the deuce is that umbrella?" MORPHINE IN POTATOES. Frisco Restaurant Popular with Users of Forbidden Drug. San Francisco, April 2.—The unusual popularity of Mike Ade's restaurant was accounted for when Detective Nelson Mathewson discovered that Mike served morphine with mashed potatoes. Men and women were seen slinking in, hands trembling, lips quivering, their eyes dull. When patrons emerged their step was buoyant, their lips wreathed in smiles and their eyes a-sparkle. Mathewson paid for a meal and plunged a fork into the center of the dish of mashed potatoes and penetrated the secret. Ade was arrested, charged with violating the State poison law.

BIRD MAN PLANS UNIQUE BIRTHDAY

John Burroughs Will Make Lockjaw from Maple Sap for Grandchildren.

STILL WORKS EVERY DAY

Naturalist Is 79 Today—His Motto Is, "Mind Your Own Business and Be Cheerful."

New York, April 2.—Up on the Hudson where the map shows West Park, but where the world places John Burroughs, the snow is still lying on the ground, and the golden-wing woodpeckers are darting like sheets of sunshine among the trees. The great naturalist told the world today that on the eve of his 79th birthday he is hale and hearty, if not quite as strong as a year ago, and just as much convinced as ever that the best solution of life is to be found in the words "Mind your own business, and be cheerful." Burroughs, "from a long walk through the hills. "The birds, who are always my dearest companions, are returning. The robins are here, the bluebirds, the sparrows, the high holes, those golden-wing woodpeckers, and in the river the ice is beginning to break and to move. "Tomorrow I am going to celebrate my birthday with my son and my three grandchildren. I am going to boil sap and make lockjaw for my grandchildren." "Lockjaw, Mr. Burroughs?" "Yes, the sandy that is made from the sap of the trees. You don't mean to say that you have never eaten lockjaw? There was never anyone more fond of lockjaw than Wait Whitman and my grandchildren. "Still Works Every Day. "I still work every day, but not, perhaps, quite as much as I did a year ago. But I take out the back yard as usual, and walk a mile or two, and write a little with each day. It is my object to write a new book every year." "Mrs. Burroughs is in Georgia, where she and the naturalist went in the early winter. She will be at the West Park home within a few weeks. DOES LOVE HIS LAGER. Horsehoer Drinks 210 Quarts of Beer in One Week. St. Louis, April 2.—Patrick Powderly, 22, a horsehoer, living at 406 North Broadway, who is in the city hospital suffering from bronchitis, told physicians that he is one of the best beer drinkers in St. Louis. "He asserts that during the week beginning Monday, January 17, he drank 210 quart buckets of beer. Powderly says his illness is due to his going after a bucket of beer in his shirt sleeves upon a cold morning. The stilted plover is so named because of its long, stiltlike legs. Only one species is found in England.

PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT STORE JOSEPH GOLDENBERG, Proprietor. 8TH STREET AND PENNA. AVE., S.E. TWO BIG SPECIAL FEATURES DISTINGUISH THIS FURNITURE DEPARTMENT We want you to know about the GUARANTEE that goes with every piece. This is a guarantee without a string to it—it means exactly what it says—and it says this: If any piece of furniture you buy here does not meet your expectations, no matter how long you may have had it, we will make it good. This is not the "selling talk" of a salesman, but a rule of the house. That's why you can feel perfectly secure in selecting the furniture here—secure because we stand behind every purchase and sell only the kinds of furniture we can afford to guarantee as we do. The other point is the system of modern credit at cash prices. We'll gladly charge all furniture purchases; and you can pay the bill at convenient future dates. No annoying details—no red tape. Just say "charge it."

ALL THIS WEEK MATINEES DAILY GAYETY SUNDAY PERFORMANCES 3 & 8 P. M. DAINY EVA MULL MARGARET FLAVIN Sam Howe's Theatrical Producing Co., Inc., Presents the Strongest Company in Burlesque "The Kissing Girls" All for Fun and Fun for All. In a Snappy, Gingery Two-Act Musical Comedy FEATURING THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN SAM HOWE A LAUGH EVERY MINUTE Dainty EVA MULL and Beautiful MARGARET FLAVIN THE LAST WORD IN MODERN BURLESQUE—GORGEOUS COSTUMES ELABORATE STAGING—NOVELTY FEATURES GALORE—AND GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS